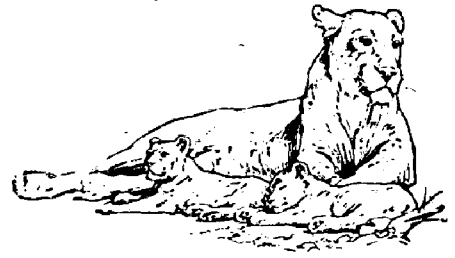




Bibliotheca Lundensiana

PHILATEL. SECT. ON.

"THE CAPTAIN," April, 1903.



"The Tiger Hunter of the Himalayas"

See "THE CUB HUNTER."

From the original painted by Martin Goodrich

Crawford 2392

THE CAPTAIN

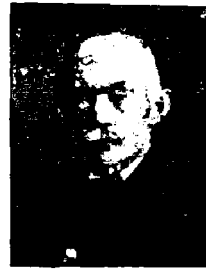
A MAGAZINE
FOR BOYS & "OLD BOYS".



E. J. NANKIVELL.
Philatelic Editor.



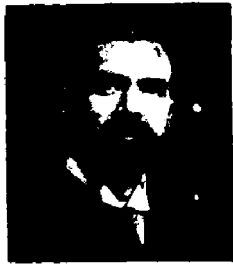
C. B. FRY.
Athletic Editor.



C. H. LARRETTE.
Cycling Editor.



VOL.



IX.

EDWARD STEAD, F.L.S.
Natural History Editor.

APRIL to SEPTEMBER, 1903.

London:

GEORGE NEWNES, LIMITED, 7 to 12, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND.

SOME CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS VOLUME.



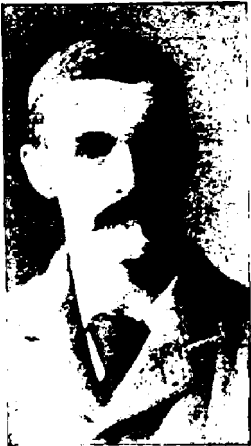
FRED SWAINSON.
Author of *The Will and the Deed*, &c.
Photograph by Gilbert Wilson.



R. S. WARREN BELL.
Author of *The Long 'Un*, &c.
Photo Russell and Sons.



P. G. WODEHOUSE.
Author of *The Manœuvres of Charteris*,
How Pillingshot Scored, &c.



HAROLD BINDLOSS.
Author of *The Cub Hunter*, &c.



GORDON BROWNE, R.I., R.B.A.
Illustrator of *The Long 'Un*, &c.



CAPTAIN CHARLES PROTHEROE.
Author of *The Isle of Fortune*.



T. M. R. WHITWELL.
Illustrator of *Lower School Farns*,
The Will and the Deed, *The*
Manœuvres of Charteris, &c.



E. COCKBURN REYNOLDS.
Author and Illustrator of *The Man-*
Eater, *The Elephant's Story*, *Cowah's*
Revenge, &c



E. F. SKINNER.
Illustrator of *The Bullet Maker's*
Strategy, *Our Uninvited Guest*, &c.

INDEX.

	PAGE
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS. By the Editor	93, 192, 289, 388, 496, 583
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS. By C. B. Fry	26, 168, 253, 333, 444, 542
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS. By E. J. Nankivell	70, 146, 232, 311
ATHLETIC CORNER, THE. Conducted by C. B. Fry.	
ON OVERDOING IT	24
HINTS ON NEW BATS	166
CONCERNING CRICKET PITCHES	249
ON MAKING CATCHES	329
LETTERS FROM A SELF-MADE BISHOP TO HIS NEPHEW	
HOW TO CHOOSE AN ENGLISH "EVEN"	442
AUSTRALIAN SCHOOLS. By F. E. Beaver	540
BARS TO SUCCESS. By Alfred T. Story.	
I.—UNPUNCTUALITY	79
II.—ON CHOOSING THE WRONG PROFESSION	126
BATTLESHIPS, TYPES OF BRITISH. By A. B. Cull	222
BIG GUNS. By Edward Tebbutt	297
(With Illustrations from Photographs.)	
BISLEY, PUBLIC SCHOOLBOYS AT. By Harold Macfarlane	320
(Illustrated.)	
BODIAM CASTLE. By L. J. Hodson	275
BOOKS, MY. By Leslie Alan Snow	46
BOY'S LIFE AT SEA, A. By J. E. Patterson	
VI.—IN A COVEYER	475
(Illustrated by George Hawley.)	
BULLET-MAKER'S STRATEGY, THE. By Franklin Welles Colkins	395
(Illustrated by E. F. Skinner.)	
CAMP HILL OLD EDWARDIANS—CAPTAINS, 1903	459
"CAPTAIN" CAMERA CORNER. By the Photographic Editor	82, 175, 281, 357, 479
"CAPTAIN" CLUB CONTRIBUTIONS	86, 183, 293, 383, 576
"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS	85, 185, 278, 380, 483, 587
"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS—A BICYCLE RACE	
(Photograph by George Newnes, Ltd.)	204
"CAPTAIN" PRIZES	157, 189, 279, 381
CHANGE OF EXPRESSION. By Felix Leigh	197
COLLINGHAM'S CLOCKWORK CHAIR. By Alfred J. Judd	170
(Illustrated by Tom Browne, R.I.)	
COMMENTS ON THE COMPETITIONS	96, 194, 272, 390, 488, 586
CONDOR, THE. By W. P. Dando, F.Z.S.	99
COWARD'S REVENGE. By E. Cockburn Reynolds	499
(Illustrated by the Author.)	
CRICKET TIPS DEMONSTRATED. By C. B. Fry	412
(Photographs by George Newnes, Ltd.)	
CRUELTY TO ANIMALS. By Tom Browne, R.I., R.B.A.	491
CUB-HUNTER, THE. By Harold Bindloss	1
(Illustrated by George Soper.)	
CYCLING CORNER, THE	76, 134, 240, 343, 427, 556
DICK GOLDIE'S ELEPHANT. By Alfred Clarke	528
(Illustrated by J. Macfarlane.)	
DULWICH COLLEGE. By A. E. Johnson	215
(With Illustrations from Photographs.)	
ELEPHANT'S STORY, THE. By E. Cockburn Reynolds	435
(With Illustrations by the Author.)	
FAGGING AND SLANG AT WESTMINSTER. By A. E. Johnson	514
FORGERY BY PHONOGRAPH. By Harold Bolce	303
(Illustrated by George Soper.)	
GIANT CAT, THE. By J. MacDonald Oxley	47
(Illustrated by George Soper.)	
HAILEYBURY COLLEGE. By A. E. Johnson	399
(With Illustrations from Photographs.)	
HOW PILLINGSHOT SCORED. By P. G. Wodehouse	177
(Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.)	
HOW UF RED HAIR BECAME A CHIEF. By Edwin Lester Arnold	422
(Illustrated by Paul Hardy.)	
HUNTING BREAKFAST, A. By A. G. Hyde	20
(Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.)	

	PAGE
IN THE BABOUGU. By J. MacDonald Oxley (Illustrated by E. S. Hodgson.)	344
INSTITUTE OF BANKERS EXAMINATIONS. By W. A. Oldfield	505
IRONY OF FATE, THE. By Sybil Reid	497
ISLE OF FORTUNE, THE. By Captain Charles Protheroe (Illustrated by George Hawley and E. S. Hodgson.)	28, 101, 228, 334, 414, 506
"LATEST," THE. By J. A. Kay	97, 195, 293, 391, 489, 588
LIBRARY CORNER, OUR	81
LORETTO, THE NEW MASTER OF	182
LOWER SCHOOL YARNS. By Harold Burrows.	
I.—"OCARINA."	5
II.—A BONE-SHAKING ADVENTURE	118
III.—"OUR OWN INVENTION."	233
IV.—"FISHERMEN ALL."	312
V.—THE TENTH PLAGUE	405
VI.—JOEY'S REVENGE (Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.)	544
LUBENSTEIN'S BIG DEAL. By C. Malcolm Hincks (Illustrated by E. F. Skinner.)	129
MAN-EATER, THE. By E. Cockburn Reynolds (Illustrated by the Author.)	137
MANŒUVRES OF CHARTERIS, THE. By P. G. Wodehouse (Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.)	446, 515
MANITOBA, ROUGHING IT IN. By Roy Carmichael	205
MARLBOROUGH, THE HEADMASTER OF	271
MY RUN FOR LIFE. By Clive Phillipps-Wolley (Illustrated by George Soper.)	244
NATURALISTS' CORNER. Conducted by Edward Step, F.L.S. (With Illustrations.)	84, 181, 276, 376, 481, 538
OURS OF FAME. By Harold Macfarlane (With Illustrations from Photographs.)	13
OLYMPIAN WALK, THE. By Andrew G. Leigh (Illustrated by Conrad H. Leigh.)	303
OUR UNINVITED GUEST. By Franklin Welles Calkins (Illustrated by E. F. Skinner.)	493
PAT AND THE GAMBLER. By May Cross (Illustrated by E. F. Skinner.)	322
PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERY, THE "CAPTAIN"	431, 526
PRINGLE'S MOTOR CAR. By Thomas E. Knowles (Illustrated by E. F. Skinner.)	71
RACE OF BOAT, THE. By "Vive la France" (Illustrated by Rex Osborne.)	43
RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS:	
FEBRUARY	96
MARCH	194
APRIL	291
MAY	389
JUNE	488
JULY	585
RUN OF THE CHARTER CAR, THE. By J. Geo. Frederick (Illustrated by Charles Grunwald.)	199
SCHOOL MAGAZINES REVIEWED	164, 270, 377, 554
SEDBERGH SCHOOL. By A. E. Johnson (With Illustrations from Photographs.)	111
SHOOTING THE WHITE HORSE RAPIDS. By A. MacDonald, F.R.G.S. (Illustrated by George Hawley.)	30
STAMP COLLECTOR, THE. Conducted by E. J. Nankivell.	
GREAT RARITIES	67
NOTABLE NEW ISSUES (With Illustrations.)	145, 231, 309, 410, 552
THE LONG 'UN. By R. S. Warren Bell (Illustrated by Gordon Browne, R.I.)	52, 147, 255, 360, 460, 557
"THE OLD FAG." Editorial	91, 190, 286, 396, 481, 580
TONBRIDGE VILL. AT BISLEY	583
TORPEDO FLOTILLA, TYPES OF THE BRITISH. By A. B. Cull	38
UP-RIVER CAMPING. By a Holiday Camper (With Illustrations from Photographs.)	456
WESTMINSTER SCHOOL. By A. E. Johnson (With Illustrations from Photographs.)	350
WESTMINSTER, PAST AND PRESENT HEADS OF	379
WHAT HAPPENS ON THE 22ND. Photos by a "CAPTAIN" Reader	295
WILL AND THE DEED, THE. By Fred. Swainson (Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.)	207
WINTER v. SUMMER. By Harry Payne	525

THE CUB HUNTER

BY HAROLD BINDLOSS.



IT WAS a scorching morning when a young whiteman lay face downwards along a flat-topped rock upon a low hillside of Eastern Africa. He was bronzed to the colour of coffee, and dust lay thick upon the thin white clothes he wore. The fierce sunrays which beat through the brim of his broad hat turned him faint and dizzy, while the stone he lay on was almost insufferably hot. Contractor Rainforth, who brought in supplies for the railroad builders, was, however, used to discomfort, and lay still as the dead staring through his field glasses into a narrow valley that opened between the hills. A dusky patch on the rock side near its summit showed through the quivering heat, and Rainforth watched it intently, as he had done for several days. That shadow marked the entrance to a lion's den, and a German naturalist had offered him a tempting price for a young male specimen.

It grew still hotter, and a fiery breeze blow-

ing towards him from the ravine whirled up the dust when Rainforth raised his head, for something white had appeared far down in the hollow and vanished again. It was a signal that his comrade was waiting with a rifle and a big elephant gun. At last a tiny, tawny-coloured object, frolicking like a kitten, appeared in the mouth of the cave, and Rainforth, closing his glasses, slipped behind the rock where the last horse the tsetse fly had left him stood ready. He tightened the girth, and, knowing that he might have to ride for his life, glanced at stirrup leathers and bridle, stripped off his jacket, and fastened a heavy revolver by its lanyard to his wrist. It was not the weapon he would have chosen to face a lion with, but he could not carry a rifle. Then he led the horse behind the rocks, and only mounted when a rise hid him from the top of the contracted gorge which dipped to the valley.

Ten minutes later, while his throat grew

parched and his heart thumped fiercely, he crept towards the ridge. The cave lay close behind it, but after their nightly hunting lions lie close by day, and he hoped the breeze would carry his scent away. If the whelp strayed a few yards further from the cave he might secure it, though he knew that if he blundered, or the lioness were watching, death would be the penalty. Dropping on hands and knees he looked over the ridge, saw the little tawny creature rolling in the dust beneath, and, wriggling softly backwards, reached his horse and sprang into the saddle. Now was the time or never, but he felt a cold sinking beneath his belt as, setting his lips tight, he drove the spurs home.

There was a clatter of hoofs, a rattle of stones, and man and horse swept over the ridge and down the ravine. Rainforth saw only the little furry body in its centre, and, jamming his feet in the stirrups as he raced towards it, swayed suddenly downwards from the saddle. It was a risky trick he had learned from reckless stock-riders in Western America, but it was successful. His hand closed on the whelp's neck; he swung it up before him into the hollow of his left arm, which it clawed savagely, and cast a swift glance over his shoulder as he drove the spurs in again. He had been just in time. The hot rocks flung back a savage growl, and a great maned creature sprang out of the dusky opening, while a smaller, smoother head appeared behind it. Lion and lioness had been both at home, and were now starting in chase of him, scarcely a dozen yards behind. He must check them by some means, and though he felt it was almost hopeless twisted round from the waist as he pitched up the big revolver, and fired straight at the lion's left eye. A roar broke through the detonation, the lion seemed to swerve, but a spark and a smoke wisp blew into Rainforth's eyes, and it was aimlessly that he fired again.

This time he saw nothing, for the horse, plunging violently, nearly unseated him, and dust and thin smoke filled the hollow, while the whelp he crushed beneath his bare arm buried its sharp claws in his flesh. Still the patter behind him told that the pursuers were following fast. Rainforth knew that in the ravine the odds were in their favour, and great drops of perspiration dripped from his set face, as, tightening his grip upon the reins, he turned his eyes ahead. The narrow gorge dropped steeply between walls of sun-baked rock. It was strewn with loose stones, and seamed by slippery ledges, but a dangerous fall was the least risk, and he must go down

at a gallop. Once he won the more level tract below the horse's speed might tell, but it was certain the lions would pull him down if he faltered on the declivity. A lion will charge home even with bones and muscles torn up by a heavy ball, and Rainforth did not expect to stop them with a pistol.

The horse responded gallantly. It was mad with terror, and with the stones rattling beneath them, and the hot dust whirling up, they plunged down and down at the risk of neck and limb. The rocks rang to the clang of iron; now and then the hammering hoofs lost hold, and Rainforth bore up the beast with the bridle as it blundered in its stride, while each time a gully crossed the way it launched itself bodily into the air as he buried the reddened spurs. Rainforth was a daring horseman, but he had never raced for his life with two lions before, and his face grew furrowed while the perspiration ran into his eyes, for, though the rocks flashed past faster and faster, the fall of padded feet continued behind. He commenced to long desperately for the ringing of his comrade's rifle.

Suddenly the horse stumbled over a loose stone, and its rider had barely time to clear his feet from the stirrups before it came down heavily. He was flung, fortunately, into soft dust, a score of feet away, but instinctively clung fast to the whelp and was up in a few moments, badly shaken, but without serious injury, though the first thing he saw clearly was the horse, which had scrambled to its feet, flying for its life down the valley. Thereupon, Rainforth, whose face was drawn and grey, set off at an unsteady run. He knew he could not escape the lions now, and sought a rock or boulder from behind which he could make a last fight for his life. Perhaps because he was partly dazed he still carried the whelp.

"Jump clear and slip in behind me!" a hoarse voice cried, and Rainforth had hardly swerved a pace aside when a train of red sparks blazed out close before him, and, while a bullet whirred past, the rocks vibrated to the clang of a rifle. Next moment he staggered behind a boulder over which thin smoke curled, and flinging the whelp down jammed it between his knees. A blue rifle barrel jumped in the hand of another man kneeling close by, who, snapping down the lever, pointed to a heavy gun as he said breathlessly, "Got him once, but he's coming on as fresh as ever! If you can't stop him with the elephant bullet, he'll be in among us in a few more seconds!"

A cartridge fell rattling on the stones, and Rainforth, fanning the smoke aside, could see

the shaggy head of the lion with dripping jaws close in through the dust. Another lither body slipped in and out among the rocks a few yards behind. Then, though his fingers quivered from the strain of the ride, he dropped the long barrel on the stone, and his wet cheek upon the stock, held his breath as he turned the foresight on the tawny head, and steadily squeezed, not pulled, the trigger, trying to stiffen himself into woodenness. He

haste when his comrade's rifle flashed, and once more the gauzy vapour hid everything. It cleared in a moment or two, and the other man leapt up with a shout of triumph.

"We've got him, but another six yards would have carried him in!"

Rainforth said nothing. Now the strain was over he felt limp and faint, and sat down beneath the stone while his comrade fired at the lioness, which presently disappeared.



NEXT MOMENT HE
STAGGERED BEHIND
A BOULDER.

knew he was shooting for his life, and that, if he missed, the beast coming straight on would be upon them before he could cram another cartridge in. Then the muzzle tilted, there was a heavy crash, the heel plate jarred his shoulder, and Rainforth, jerking open the smoking breach, tore savagely at the cartridge rim. Something that rolled over clawing at the dust struggled upright again, and he was thrusting a second cartridge home in feverish

"All things considered, we have come out of it very well," said the other man. "But do you know that little beast has torn your arm from wrist to elbow for you?"

"So I see!" said Rainforth, a little thickly. "Until this moment I never noticed it. Wouldn't you like to take a turn at carrying him?"

The other declined promptly and offered to catch the horse instead, which he did

parched and his heart thumped fiercely, he crept towards the ridge. The cave lay close behind it, but after their nightly hunting lions lie close by day, and he hoped the breeze would carry his scent away. If the whelp strayed a few yards further from the cave he might secure it, though he knew that if he blundered, or the lioness were watching, death would be the penalty. Dropping on hands and knees he looked over the ridge, saw the little tawny creature rolling in the dust beneath, and, wriggling softly backwards, reached his horse and sprang into the saddle. Now was the time or never, but he felt a cold sinking beneath his belt as, setting his lips tight, he drove the spurs home.

There was a clatter of hoofs, a rattle of stones, and man and horse swept over the ridge and down the ravine. Rainforth saw only the little furry body in its centre, and, jamming his feet in the stirrups as he raced towards it, swayed suddenly downwards from the saddle. It was a risky trick he had learned from reckless stock-riders in Western America, but it was successful. His hand closed on the whelp's neck; he swung it up before him into the hollow of his left arm, which it clawed savagely, and cast a swift glance over his shoulder as he drove the spurs in again. He had been just in time. The hot rocks flung back a savage growl, and a great maned creature sprang out of the dusky opening, while a smaller, smoother head appeared behind it. Lion and lioness had been both at home, and were now starting in chase of him, scarcely a dozen yards behind. He must check them by some means, and though he felt it was almost hopeless twisted round from the waist as he pitched up the big revolver, and fired straight at the lion's left eye. A roar broke through the detonation, the lion seemed to swerve, but a spark and a smoke wisp blew into Rainforth's eyes, and it was aimlessly that he fired again.

This time he saw nothing, for the horse, plunging violently, nearly unseated him, and dust and thin smoke filled the hollow, while the whelp he crushed beneath his bare arm buried its sharp claws in his flesh. Still the patter behind him told that the pursuers were following fast. Rainforth knew that in the ravine the odds were in their favour, and great drops of perspiration dripped from his set face, as, tightening his grip upon the reins, he turned his eyes ahead. The narrow gorge dropped steeply between walls of sun-baked rock. It was strewn with loose stones, and seamed by slippery ledges, but a dangerous fall was the least risk, and he must go down

at a gallop. Once he won the more level tract below the horse's speed might tell, but it was certain the lions would pull him down if he faltered on the declivity. A lion will charge home even with bones and muscles torn up by a heavy ball, and Rainforth did not expect to stop them with a pistol.

The horse responded gallantly. It was mad with terror, and with the stones rattling beneath them, and the hot dust whirling up, they plunged down and down at the risk of neck and limb. The rocks rang to the clang of iron; now and then the hammering hoofs lost hold, and Rainforth bore up the beast with the bridle as it blundered in its stride, while each time a gully crossed the way it launched itself bodily into the air as he buried the reddened spurs. Rainforth was a daring horseman, but he had never raced for his life with two lions before, and his face grew furrowed while the perspiration ran into his eyes, for, though the rocks flashed past faster and faster, the fall of padded feet continued behind. He commenced to long desperately for the ringing of his comrade's rifle.

Suddenly the horse stumbled over a loose stone, and its rider had barely time to clear his feet from the stirrups before it came down heavily. He was flung, fortunately, into soft dust, a score of feet away, but instinctively clung fast to the whelp and was up in a few moments, badly shaken, but without serious injury, though the first thing he saw clearly was the horse, which had scrambled to its feet, flying for its life down the valley. Thereupon, Rainforth, whose face was drawn and grey, set off at an unsteady run. He knew he could not escape the lions now, and sought a rock or boulder from behind which he could make a last fight for his life. Perhaps because he was partly dazed he still carried the whelp.

"Jump clear and slip in behind me!" a hoarse voice cried, and Rainforth had hardly swerved a pace aside when a train of red sparks blazed out close before him, and, while a bullet whirred past, the rocks vibrated to the clang of a rifle. Next moment he staggered behind a boulder over which thin smoke curled, and flinging the whelp down jammed it between his knees. A blue rifle barrel jumped in the hand of another man kneeling close by, who, snapping down the lever, pointed to a heavy gun as he said breathlessly, "Got him once, but he's coming on as fresh as ever! If you can't stop him with the elephant bullet, he'll be in among us in a few more seconds!"

A cartridge fell rattling on the stones, and Rainforth, fanning the smoke aside, could see

the shaggy head of the lion with dripping jaws close in through the dust. Another lither body slipped in and out among the rocks a few yards behind. Then, though his fingers quivered from the strain of the ride, he dropped the long barrel on the stone, and his wet cheek upon the stock, held his breath as he turned the foresight on the tawny head, and steadily squeezed, not pulled, the trigger, trying to stiffen himself into woodenness. He

haste when his comrade's rifle flashed, and once more the gauzy vapour hid everything. It cleared in a moment or two, and the other man leapt up with a shout of triumph.

"We've got him, but another six yards would have carried him in!"

Rainforth said nothing. Now the strain was over he felt limp and faint, and sat down beneath the stone while his comrade fired at the lioness, which presently disappeared.



NEXT MOMENT HE
STAGGERED BEHIND
A BOULDER.

knew he was shooting for his life, and that, if he missed, the beast coming straight on would be upon them before he could cram another cartridge in. Then the muzzle tilted, there was a heavy crash, the heel plate jarred his shoulder, and Rainforth, jerking open the smoking breach, tore savagely at the cartridge rim. Something that rolled over clawing at the dust struggled upright again, and he was thrusting a second cartridge home in feverish

"All things considered, we have come out of it very well," said the other man. "But do you know that little beast has torn your arm from wrist to elbow for you?"

"So I see!" said Rainforth, a little thickly. "Until this moment I never noticed it. Wouldn't you like to take a turn at carrying him?"

The other declined promptly and offered to catch the horse instead, which he did

with some difficulty, and in due time the pair safely reached the railway camp, bringing their captive with them, and sent back dusky labourers to skin the lion.

Smarting from his wounds and weary with his exertions, Rainforth, nevertheless, felt highly satisfied with himself as he and his comrade sat talking over what had happened in their galvanised iron quarters late that night.

Presently Rainforth made some remark about housing the cub for the night.

"Don't worry about him," returned the engineer. "He was snug enough on the forage outside there, and well tied up when I looked at him half an hour ago. He's a playful little beast, and when I tried him with some milk stuck his claws into me. Henceforward you can look after your own menagerie. Hallo! who's coming now?"

There was a curious shuffling on the verandah stairway, but Rainforth, looking out of the window, could only see the red glare of the fires built to scare away the lions which had twice carried off a human victim from the Hindoo coolies' camp. It was a very hot and thick dark night, and he wished the light shone further along the verandah. "I can't make that noise out. A bare-footed nigger would not tread in that way," he said.

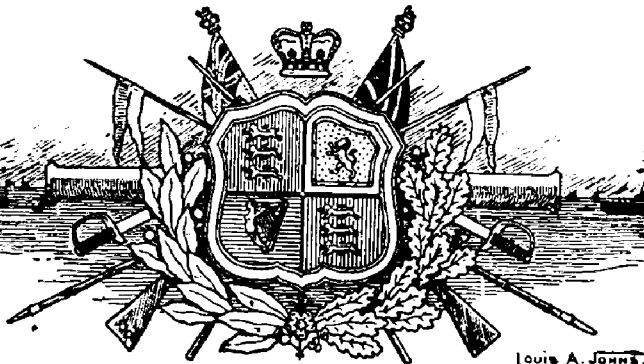
"It's some of the coolies wanting medicine, or dragging a sick man with them for me to dose," answered the engineer, as he walked towards the door. He flung it open, then halted on the threshold as suddenly as though paralysed, and his face was white under the lamplight as he said in a hoarse whisper, "Get the repeating rifle, and be quick, for heaven's sake! There's a lion here."

Rainforth, snatching the weapon from the rack, bounded to the doorway and stood with

his back to the light, blinking into the darkness outside. His eyes were partly dazzled by the change, but he could just distinguish something dim and shadowy moving along the verandah. He fancied it had a beast's shape, and, when it sprang towards the door so that a ray of lamplight touched it, was certain. Expecting to be struck down next moment he pitched up the rifle and blazed twice in its direction; then he gasped with relief, for the second flash showed him a shadowy body launching itself over the balustrade. There was a heavy thud below, something bounded away into the darkness, and then while acrid vapour hung heavily beneath the eaves, the shouts of the startled coolies broke the silence that had settled down again. Rainforth strained his ears, but could hear nothing except their clamour. Neither was there anything visible save the columns of flame that rushed skywards as diminutive black figures hurled fresh thorns on the fires. The engineer came out with the lamp, and the two hurried towards the little heap of forage which had served for their captive's bed. A broken cord lay beside it, but the cub had vanished. When they went back into the room Rainforth mopped his forehead while the engineer dropped limply into a chair.

"If I had stepped outside I'd have been a dead man now," said the latter. "I have never heard or seen anything like this before, and certainly don't want to do so again. Still, there's proof enough that the lioness came for her cub, because the little beast was there and has gone now. I'm not coming with you the next time you go lion hunting. It's a little too exciting."

Rainforth laughed ruefully, "There's no doubt the lady has taken back her own," he said, "and I'm not particularly sorry. After all, she's got the best right to it!"



Louis A. Johns.

LOWER SCHOOL YARNS.

HAROLD BURROWS.
AUTHOR OF "TOLD ON THE JUNIOR SIDE."



No. I.—"OCARINA."

I.

READERS of those veracious memoirs entitled "Told on the Junior Side" may remember that the name of the coachman at our school was Joey. This sobriquet was invariably bestowed upon the doctor's factotum, who, in addition to his duties as coachman, acted as butler, and in many other capacities. It was borne by holders of the office from time immemorial. Fond god-parents might have christened him Frank, Robert, Thomas, William, or any other name they pleased; but the school tradition decreed that he should be termed "Joey," and Joey he was. Another tradition which invariably clung to each successive butler was the belief that he always wore the same clothes as his predecessor. Not a similar uniform resplendent in blue cloth and brass buttons, but actually the same clothes. If Joey the long was succeeded by Joey the short, rumour had it that the matron and female staff had sat up all night taking in and turning up the historic garments. If Joey the fat succeeded Joey the lean, they were depicted as busily engaged in letting out a reef or two. Occasionally, a boy was to be found who claimed to be an eye-witness of the operation. Some of us believed; others wondered, but held their peace. Schoolboys are not fond of iconoclasts, as any one rash enough to intermeddle with their traditions may find to his cost.

Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.

The actual Joey who held office at the time the school first had the honour of receiving me as an inmate, was not long in obtruding himself upon my notice. He introduced himself to me on the day following my arrival, as I stood in the playground, apart from the madding crowd, disconsolately wondering if I should ever get to know even one of the boys, who, to my novel sense, appeared almost countless.

"Ah, you be one of the new young gentlemen," remarked he.

I blushed, and admitted my undoubted newness.

"Never 'ee mind, sir; I be always on the side of new young gentlemen, I be. I'll see 'ee get on all right."

A doubt crossed my juvenile mind as to what possible influence he could wield with boys or masters. Still, it was pleasant to find a friend, and I thanked him. Joey waxed confidential.

"New young gentlemen," he remarked, "find as it pays to make friends of Joey. Some of 'em gives me half-a-crown, they do."

Now, my parents entertained very strict views as to the amount of pocket-money suitable for a small boy; and it was with great reluctance that I slowly produced two shillings and a sixpence, and handed them over to my new-found chum.

Joey solemnly bit each coin, and then slipped them into his pocket. "Thank 'ee, sir," said he; "I thought 'ee wouldn't mind my giving 'ee a hint." Then he ceased to take any further interest in my welfare.

I am afraid the giving of hints was one of Joey's regular accomplishments, since he always appeared to exhibit a like friendly interest in each new-comer. He had tried the same device on Carter, who was a term ahead of me. He tried it on Bannister, who came a term later, and in process of time he experimented on Lewis. The last-named

received his advances with a beaming smile. "Yes," he admitted in reply to the butler's opening remark, "he was a new boy. He supposed that Joey was the old boy?" Joey mopped his bald forehead with dignity, and a bright blue handkerchief, and was doubtful whether to take offence. Visions of extracting two shillings and sixpence decided him in the negative. He was glad to see a new young gentleman in such spirit, he was. They weren't always in such spirit. He himself had been there a long time, and he was never in spirits—. Here Lewis sniffed a sniff of inquiring innocence, and opined it must be peppermint that scented the air. Joey with difficulty gulped down his rising wrath. He was always on the side of new young gentlemen, he was. If so be it should happen as how this particular new young gentleman wanted a friend—

"A friend!" cried Lewis, clasping his hands together in ecstasy; "oh! Joey, you shall be much more than a friend to me. You shall be a father, you shall. A father, Joey!"

And with a sudden spring upwards the boy clasped his hands round Joey's neck, and imprinted a sounding kiss upon his cheek. Joey staggered back thunderstruck. Lewis regarded him reproachfully.

"Some fathers," remarked he in a wheedling tone, "give their boys half-a-crown when they come to school." Joey gasped. "Haven't you half-a-crown, father?" continued Lewis confidently, as he nestled up to his side.

I know not whether the butler really began to fear that the boy would worm the coin from his pocket, but he had had enough of the encounter, and, turning, walked away with rapid strides.

"Father Joev, father Joey!" cried Lewis plaintively, as he trotted after him.

"Father Joey!" yelled the school, taking up the chorus.

Joey broke into a run. For days afterwards the mere sight of young Lewis was enough to send him skulking back to his pantry. It was weeks before he fully recovered his ruffled dignity.

And from that time forth Joey sought occasion to get even with the youth who had not only succeeded in evading his hints but had turned the tables so completely upon him. Yet very few youngsters get into any serious scrape during their first term at school, and for a long time the butler nursed his wrath and waited an opportunity for revenge in vain.

II.

"O, DEAR!" exclaimed Carter, and then came to a sudden pause.

"O, carina!" rejoined Bannister. "What is the row now?"

Carter eyed him disdainfully. "If you cannot speak a decent language," said he, "you had better find a chum elsewhere. English is quite good enough for me."

"Ocarina is English right enough," opined Lewis, as he flung a stone at an imaginary cat. "I play one."

Carter glared. "Well, you had better not let old Slowcoach catch you, that is all. Anything in the nature of street noises or music gives him a fit."

"I cannot imagine the Senior Classic catching any one myself," remarked Bannister meditatively. "Except perhaps a hurdy-gurdy grinder with one leg and a blind eye."

"I wonder," said Lewis, as he produced the instrument of torture and handled it fondly, "I wonder if it would be worth while to make the experiment? He might give me something to move on."

"You could make up for any part," said Carter, eyeing him critically; "but where would you get the clothes?"

"Joey," said I.

"Joey, of course," acquiesced Bannister, "he has always two or three spare suits to fit any Muggins that comes along"—If Joey was always the name of the butler, equally invariably was the name of Muggins applied to the youthful subordinate who assisted him to clean knives and boots and otherwise made himself useful.—"But is Joey safe?"

"Joey is generally faithful enough for a consideration," said I. "We might muster a shilling between us for the sport. There is just the chance of Lewis wheedling it back out of old Slowcoach."

So to the grim-visaged factotum we repaired, and explained that we had temporary need of a rough suit of corduroys for young Lewis. "Any old suit will do, Joey; in fact, the older the better. We can do it no harm, and you shall have it back in a day or two."

Joey was doubtful. "I ain't agoin' to be mixed up with these 'ere little parlour tricks. 'Cos why? I knows my place, and I ain't agoin' to risk it;—leastways, not for young gents as ain't young gents, or don't behave as such." And he regarded Lewis with severity.

"Oh, that is all right, Joey," cried Carter, impatiently. "There is no risk at all, I tell you, and we shan't do the clothes any harm."

And he proceeded rashly to confide to the butler's ears the scheme for tormenting the Senior Classic by playing the popular airs of the day outside the latter's study window.

"And you know what old Slowcoach is," concluded Carter, disparagingly; "he is so short-sighted that there is no fear of his recognising young Lewis, let alone the clothes."

"Besides, Lewis will be disguised, you see," I pointed out to the wavering butler, who was no friend to the Senior Classic. The unsuspecting master, in his aloofness to everyday affairs, had administered many unconscious snubs to Joey's dignity. "Even his own mother would not know him!"

Carter clinched the argument by holding up the shilling which represented our united subscriptions. "And we don't ask you to take all this trouble for nothing, you know. Old Slowcoach never tips you; does he, Joey?"

For the life of him young Lewis could scarcely repress a snigger, and the butler, who had begun to relax when he saw the coin, bestowed on him a ferocious frown. Nevertheless, he took the proffered bribe, and bit the coin once or twice with an abstracted air. "You gives me this," he said, "to make up for my trouble like, and precious little it be——"

"The trouble?" inquired Bannister, with simulated anxiety.

"The emolliment," corrected the butler, with dignity. "And for the trouble, I takes



"I AIN'T AGOIN' TO BE MIXED UP WITH THESE 'ERE LITTLE PARLOUR TRICKS."

it. But, mind you, it ain't for any risks. I must do as I thinks right to protect myself."

"Oh, that is all right, Joey," said Carter, cheerfully. "We will take all the blame."

And thereupon the butler proceeded to produce the coveted garments; and whilst we were inspecting them and selecting those which seemed most fitted for the part young Lewis was to play, Joey entered into the details of our scheme with much gusto; inquir-

ing exactly when we meant to surprise the Senior Classic, and giving us some useful information as to his doings, which would ensure our trespassing upon him at his busiest hour. Bannister, Carter, and I chatted away to him merrily, and put down the change in his attitude to the magic effect of the nimble shilling. Only Lewis remained rather silent and thoughtful, and looked somewhat doubtfully at the butler as the latter plied his questions. When we at last departed with our booty, and Joey was safely out of earshot, Lewis gave vent to his suspicions.

"I believe old Joey means to sell me," he said.

A chorus of dissent ridiculed the proposition.

"Old Joey is all right enough," said Carter. "He only wants his little bit for himself, and then he will stick to you like glue."

"You are not funkng, are you?" inquired Bannister, sarcastically.

"I am not funkng," said young Lewis, with emphasis. "I mean to have my fun with old Slowcoach, don't you fret."

III.

LEWIS had not had so much opportunity as ourselves of forming an estimate of Joey's character, but his prevision as to the manner in which the latter would act on this occasion proved correct. The treacherous butler, scheming to be avenged upon his young tormentor, took the first opportunity of seeking an interview with the Senior Classic and narrated at length the conspiracy against his peace. The master heard him at first with incredulity, and then with indignation.

"And do you really assert, butler," he inquired, in slow and measured tones, "that this misguided boy will have the impudence to perform upon his wretched instrument outside my study windows?"

With many asseverations the butler adhered to his story. The Senior Classic stalked grimly to the cupboard and selected with care a stout and pliant cane.

"Since my ears are to be assailed with music," said he, "I will resign myself to a little noise. But it will be of a kind the performer hardly anticipated."

"Wallop him well, sir," cried Joey, enthusiastically, "and don't forget, sir, as how he will be in disguise like. 'Made up so as his own mother wouldn't know him,' the young rascals said, they did."

"I will not forget that," said the master. "It is a serious addition to his offence, and it shall be expiated accordingly."

Joey coughed deferentially. "And I 'ope, sir, as how you won't forget me, sir. It comes very 'ard on me, it does, and is much against my feeling, sir, to turn on any of the young gen'lemen. But dooty, sir, is dooty."

"And you have done yours well," said the master, approvingly. "Rest assured, butler, your services shall not be forgotten. My thanks and gratitude are yours."

"Lor! sir," said Joey, in a disappointed tone, "I'd have done it on my own account, without either of *those 'ere* little perquisites."

The Senior Classic waved him away, and the butler departed. As soon as he was outside the room he gave vent to his feelings in an explosion of anger, and shook his fist at the closed door.

"Old Skinflint!" he ejaculated. "Never mind. I only hopes as Master Lewis will give him a good dose, afore he catches hold of him and gives *him* a good dose. I reckons as Joey will get his own back this time."

Meanwhile, Lewis was carefully revolving the situation. Convinced in his own mind that the butler meditated treachery, he was not anxious to thrust his head into the mouth of one he might find a very wideawake lion. Nor was his reputation as yet sufficiently secure to permit of his backing out, and laying himself open to the charge of funkng. Pondering these things in his mind, Lewis felt somewhat uneasy as, morning school over, he sauntered away by himself on the noon of the appointed day in order to reflect carefully on the situation. At the school gates he paused a moment, and, producing the beloved instrument which had given rise to the suggested escapade, stood regarding it half fondly and half reproachfully. How many hours of delight had it brought him in the past! Was it going to betray him in the near future? His meditations were interrupted by a deftly aimed stone which just missed its mark by the fraction of an inch. Looking up, Lewis discovered his aggressor in a small towns-boy, of much about his own age and very much the same size, who stood a few yards away preparing to bolt if he saw Lewis was reinforced. Finding no one else appear, the urchin was moved to hurl a compliment, to follow the stone, at the hereditary foe.

"Yah, toff! What are you doing with that? It is only the likes of us as ought to play them things."

Lewis regarded the intruder placidly. He felt quite capable of tackling him single-handed if the occasion arose, and rather welcomed the interlude than otherwise.

"You play it?" said he. "What rubbish! Why, you would not know what to do with it if you had it."

"Wouldn't I just? Just chuck it here and see!"

"Could you play it if I gave it you?"

"Not half! What do you think?"

Lewis had not been thinking of anything in particular, but a sudden scheme now flashed into his mind. He paused, and looked regretfully at the ocarina. Could he bear to part with it? After all, its cost was trifling; and if old Slowcoach was to be assailed as suggested, its retention might prove incriminating. His mind was made up.

"If you will play it just once as I want you to," said he, "I will give it you."

"Gammon! What honour bright?"

"Honour bright," quoth Lewis.

"It's a broke 'un," hazarded the urchin, suspiciously.

"It is not," responded Lewis indignantly, much moved at this attack upon his treasure. "Come and see."

Fearing an ambuscade, the gamin approached with all due precaution, which, however, soon departed when he was permitted to inspect and handle freely the coveted instrument.

"You will gimme this?" he inquired, still doubting.

"If you will play it just once this afternoon as I want you to."

"How's that?"

"Come with me," said Lewis. And steal-

ing cautiously a few yards down the High, they arrived beneath the window that marked the study of the Senior Classic.

"There," said Lewis, pointing upwards; "an awfully testy old fellow lives there and he hates any kind of noise. You come back at half-past four, when he is sure to be there, and start playing under his window. Never mind what he says. You just stick there, and he will be sure to give you something."



THE SENIOR CLASSIC WAVED HIM AWAY.

"But suppose he licks me?" said the boy, doubtfully.

"Lick you?" quoth Lewis. "He won't venture to go as far as that. You don't belong to the school. Now, if it was me, it would be another matter."

This seemed to his inquirer to be good sense. No master was likely to risk coming into contact with the town authorities.

"And suppose he gives me something?"

"Whatever he gives you," said Lewis, impressively, "you may keep entirely for yourself."

"I'm on," quoth the gamin. "Hand that thing over. What do you call it? Oh, my! Ocarina!"

IV.

THE clock chimed the quarter-past four. Carter and Bannister and I, perched on a coign of vantage from which we could survey the window of the Senior Classic's study, began to wax a little impatient. Five minutes and ten minutes passed away, and still no Lewis. We began to exchange more than doubtful glances.

"He has funked!" exclaimed Bannister. "I said he would."

"Looks like it, I admit," said I. "We will just give him to the half-hour and see."

"He has had plenty of time to change since four," grumbled Carter, "and he said he would only be a few minutes."

"Hush!" exclaimed Bannister, "here he comes. No, it can't be. It is, though. By George, is that really young Lewis? What a make-up!"

A youth came swaggering down the High, noisily playing an ocarina, and halted exactly beneath the master's window. Loud and shrill were the notes that were wafted upwards in the summer air.

"It is young Lewis," said Carter, with undisguised admiration. "I would swear to that ocarina anywhere."

The master's window was flung open, and the well-known form of the Senior Classic appeared.

"Wretched boy," he demanded severely, "why do you come to torment me with that miserable instrument?"

"G'arn!" retorted the performer. "Who are you a-talkin' of? Wretched boy, indeed!" And again the weird notes of the ocarina re-echoed through the air.

"I suppose you think, my boy," said the master, in tones of withering sarcasm, "that you are immune of punishment? But rest assured my eyes can easily penetrate that exceedingly thin disguise."

"By George," muttered Carter in an undertone, "that is more than mine can."

"And he always pretends to be so jolly short-sighted, too," added Bannister. "What an old fraud!"

"Now, I warn you, my boy," continued the Senior Classic, after some further altercation,

"to have done with this foolery. Desist at once from this performance—which, however creditable to your powers of mimicry, does not become an inmate of this school—and go your way."

The last words only of this portentous sentence conveyed any meaning to the urchin addressed.

"If you want me to go away you just gimme something," said he.

The pent-up wrath of old Slowcoach burst forth in full torrent.

"Wretched and insolent boy! Come up here, and I will give you what you deserve."

"Gammon! You just chuck it out."

The window closed with a bang, and the ocarina resumed its jubilant notes. But the triumph was short-lived. The next moment the door was flung open and the much-provoked master appeared, armed with the instrument of correction, and followed by an excited and enthusiastic butler. The Senior Classic flung himself upon his tormentor, and, putting him across his knee in the twinkling of an eye, proceeded to administer chastisement with a vigour and energy which we should hardly have credited old Slowcoach with.

"Per Jovem!" exclaimed Bannister, as the victim's shrill cries re-echoed through the air. "Lewis is getting it hot."

Meanwhile, the jubilant butler danced round the twain in unrestrained joy and triumph, and egged on the master with encouraging shouts.

"That's right, sir. Give him another one just there, sir. Never mind his squealing, sir. The impudent young rascal!"

At last the master's strength and anger began to exhaust themselves, and, with a stroke between each phrase, he thus began to admonish his writhing victim by way of conclusion.

"I hope, sir—that this punishment, sir—most distasteful to me, sir—will be a warning to you, sir—you, Lewis——"

"Me, sir?" interjected a voice of inquiring innocence. The Senior Classic looked up and saw young Lewis, who, quietly and unobserved, had appeared upon the scene.

The astonished master, dropping both flail and victim, gazed at the new-comer in amazement. Joey stood as one petrified.

"You, Lewis! Where do you come from? I thought this wretched boy was you!"

"Me, sir?" again repeated young Lewis, this time with a note of indignation underlying surprise; and, turning to the boy, he held up his hands in affected amazement.

The move was not without design. In the palm of his right hand glistened a bright new shilling, and the eyes of young Lewis met those of his substitute with a significant gaze.

Revenge and interest struggled keenly for the mastery in the youngster's breast. To see the young swell take his place would be sport indeed. But, on the other hand, he had already had the licking. It could not be undone, but it would be something to make sure of a shilling. Moreover, if he confessed the true state of affairs, the master might in-



"GIVE HIM ANOTHER ONE JUST THERE, SIR."

sist on his giving up the ocarina; and he had further a dim suspicion that Lewis might be operated upon in private, in which case he would have but little interest in the proceedings. Injured innocence, an ocarina in

hand, and a shilling to come! Each of the three had its own attractions for the youthful mind. Interest triumphed over revenge. Still rubbing tenderly his injured parts, the urchin turned on the master, and relieved his

feelings by assailing him with a flow of language which said much for the capabilities of rustic eloquence when fired with due cause for its exercise.

"There, there," said the master, at the first pause in the stream of objurgation, "that will do. I have made a mistake and must afford you some compensation. Go away, Lewis, you are not wanted here. You, sir"—to the slinking butler—"you stop. I shall have something to say to you."

Lewis slipped the shilling into the boy's hand and departed; leaving the Senior Classic sandwiched between an extortionate youth, determined on extracting an adequate salve for his wounds, and an apologetic butler, who was trying to make it clear that he was not to be blamed in the matter. Soon Carter, Bannister, and I rejoined the triumphant Lewis, to be regaled with a full, particular, and true account of the suspicions he

had entertained of Joey's good faith, and the means he had taken to secure his own safety.

"But we may be done after all," said Carter, at the end of the recital. "How are you going to explain to old Slowcoach your possession of the clothes?"

Lewis regarded him compassionately.

"I knew, if I was right," said he, "that old Joey would be lurking in the hall to see the fun. So at a quarter-past four I went off to the matron to beg a clean collar; and, as the nearest way was through the servants' quarters, I thought I might as well leave the suit in Joey's bedroom."

Carter regarded him for a moment in silent admiration, and then began to laugh.

"O, dear! O, dear!" said he.

"O, carina!" responded Bannister.

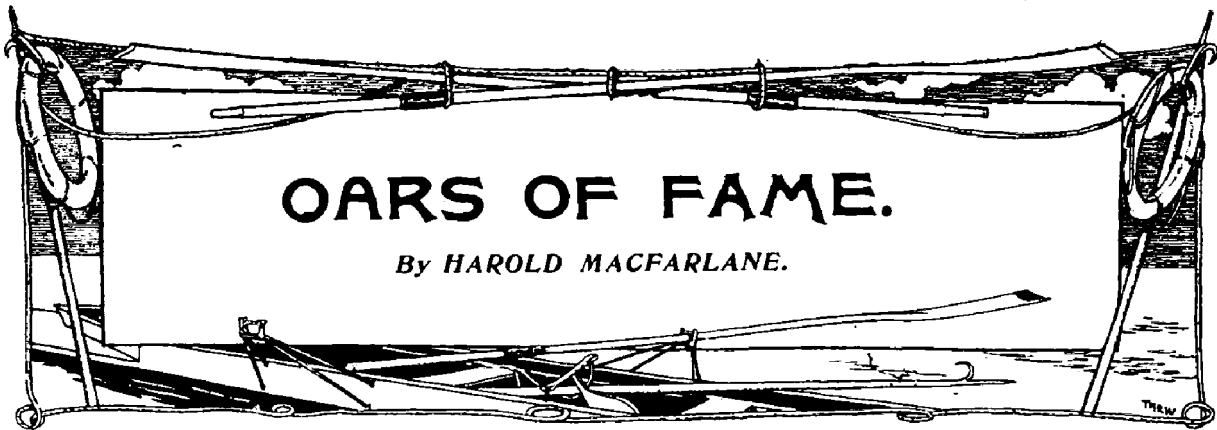
*The story for next month will be entitled,
"CYCLING EXTRAORDINARY."*

HOW PHONOGRAPHIC RECORDS ARE MADE.



This photo shows how the Edison Phonographic Manufacturing Co. make their records. Bands are engaged to play into a number of recording machines, and in this way several records are secured at one "sitting."

From a Photograph.



OARS OF FAME.

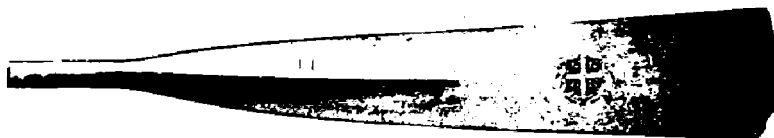
By HAROLD MACFARLANE.

HAD the oars been preserved that the eight tributary kings used when in state they rowed Edgar the Peaceable, who steered the eight, upon the placid waters of the Dee, from his palace at West Chester to the Church of St. John and back, they might, though it is doubtful, have rivalled in fame the renowned blades that figured in the never-to-be-forgotten incident of the celebrated "seven-oar" race of June, 1843.

Fifty-nine years ago, though the clouds were lowering on the opening day of the Henley Regatta, the sport-loving populace of London and elsewhere, but particularly of the Universities, flocked to the little Oxfordshire town in their thousands.

In point of fact, no less than five tandems were observed to enter the town at one and the same time. The many members of the crowd certainly had their reward, for, in addition to witnessing the Oxford University boat win two heats in the Grand Challenge Cup, they were vastly edified

by what followed, the finest that ever came from Oxford; it undoubtedly was the heaviest that up to that period had ever entered a rowing eight, and its pluck was unparalleled. Of one member of the crew, and we gather that the Old Etonian, G. D. Bourne, is referred to, seeing that he was the heaviest man in the boat and is described as "a rare powerful oarsman and



DECORATED OAR USED BY G. M. ROBINSON, CAMBRIDGE UNION, 1872.

in first-rate condition," it was remarked "that he looked as if he had swallowed a small crew whose heads could be seen bulging out near his ribs." Of another, F. N. Menzies, prior to the description of the race against Trinity, who went off at such a pace that the London watermen manning the Umpire's boat had the greatest difficulty in keeping up, it was written "the stroke oar of the University crew had, it appeared, caught cold on his journey, and was feverish and indisposed, but his 'pluck' was such that he determined to take his station."

The tenacity of purpose that enabled the captain to stroke the boat in its two races on the first

day of the regatta was sufficient on the second day to direct his footsteps to the river, though the large quantities of medicine he had taken on the Thursday night and the one or two warm baths he had had on returning from racing, had failed to relieve him to any great extent of his indisposition. Notwithstanding



SCULL USED BY B. H. HOWELL, WINNER OF DIAMOND SCULLS, HENLEY ROYAL REGATTA, JULY, 1899.

by the spectacle of three men in wherries trying to catch a certain "whiskerandos" in a canoe. Of the Oxford crew that beat the Etonian Club in the second and the Trinity (Cambridge) Boat Club in the third heat of the Grand Challenge, contemporary reports waxed most enthusiastic. It was, indeed, and the statement was borne out

the violent headache that racked him, the Dark Blue captain made his way to the river with the idea of taking his place in the boat he had so carefully planned, and upon which, if report speaks true, he wrought with his own hands, but at this point, fortunately—for had he rowed the results might have been disastrous in the extreme—Nature refused to be denied, and the plucky Oxonian fainted in the arms of Mr. Bourne, was placed upon a hastily-procured sofa, and carried back by his disconsolate crew to his headquarters. Having per-



ENDS OF THE FAMOUS 7-OAR BOAT, NOW IN POSSESSION OF LADY STAINER.

(From a Photograph by Hills and Saunders.)

formed this kindly service, the famous "Septem contra Camum" conferred amongst themselves as to their course of action. On the bank was a useful oar in Chetwynd-Stapylton: should he be pressed into service as a substitute for Menzies? The question, however, was answered in the negative, for "the discussion that took place last year"—when the Cambridge men made a

double entry, in order that in the event of the University failing to win their heat, the best oars could be drafted into the Subscription Room's eight with the view of strengthening the crew—"respecting drafting persons from one boat to another, and the withdrawals of the Oxonians from the contest," was held to be a barrier against the adoption of this course.

According to one contemporary account of the incident, in the course of the interval of an hour granted by the Cantabs in order to give Menzies a chance of rowing, the seven decided to move Mr. Lowndes from bow to stroke, and Mr. Hughes from seven to two, dispensing with a bow and moving up the remaining oars one place; but what really appears to have been the course adopted was to move Mr. Hughes from seven to stroke and to fill his place by Mr. Lowndes, whose seat at bow was left vacant, more strength being required on the stroke side on account of the presence of the wind to starboard.

When the Oxford seven rowed up to the starting-point the Cambridge crew appealed to Lord Camoys as to whether they were bound to row against a boat in which seven men alone pulled, and on being informed that there was no rule to the contrary, and that the Cup would be awarded to Oxford if they did not, the crew were divided in opinion as to the advisability of rowing at all.

It appears, according to contemporary accounts, that the majority of the Cambridge men were far from being in condition, "several members had not pulled more than twice or thrice in the season," and others "had not taken pains with themselves." Although the Dark Blue partisans appear, according to Mr. Tom Hughes' "Memoirs of a Brother," to have had but little hope of pulling off the event, the public at large, that had, notwithstanding the indisposition of the Oxford captain, laid 3 to 1 on Oxford earlier in the day, "had the impression that the seven oars would beat the eight oars," an impression that was speedily verified. That things did not go happily with the Light Blues at any time in this race is exemplified by the fact that, on winning the toss, their captain, playing into the hands of the Dark Blues, chose the Berkshire station, giving to Oxford the situation they had made up their minds to occupy in any case, had they the choice, as the trees sheltered them from the wind, and by rowing to the bank they were in dead water.

The vivid account of the race penned by the author of "Tom Brown" renders any other attempt to describe the encounter in detail puerile. In that admirable history of the final

heat the scene and the incidents of the race are presented in a manner that transports the reader to the spot and wipes off almost sixty years as though with a magician's wand. We see the athletic partisans of the Dark Blue flag, sorely despondent, take up their position a hundred yards in advance of the starting-point and prepare to race along the banks urging on their heroes. We see these tow-path enthusiasts start on their journey and note the wonderment expressed in their faces as they glance over their shoulders to verify for themselves the cries of "The Light Blues are not gaining on us" of those standing further down the bank. The dawn of hope is discernible in their eyes as the shouts of "We hold our own" reach their ears. On, on, they speed, and with every stride hope runs higher, for the exulting shouts of the men from the Cam are yet to be uttered. Breathless with excitement and exertion, with eyes dimmed with the intense emotion that this race of races engenders, they continue on their course, longing to reach the still distant tower of Henley's Church, and lo! something in the river creeps level with their line of sight. It cannot be, yet in their heart of hearts they know it is, the dark blue flag of their champions, that now, framed and glazed, honourably hangs in the barge of the Oxford University Boat Club on the Isis. With throats parched and hoarse with shouting and a suspicious lump rapidly materialising that refuses to be swallowed, they ever stagger on, keeping an eye upon the boat that continually gains upon them. Now the empty bow seat is level, and now Menzies, of University, the brother of the stricken captain, creeps up, and then the old Rugby boy, Royds, of Brazenose, the future rector of Brereton, Cheshire, comes in view. After him the two Etonians, Brewster, of St. John's, a future gallant colonel, and Bourne, of Oriel, a canon of Gloucester in embryo, pass him as he runs; Winchester, in Cox of Trinity, the eventual vicar of Felstead in Essex, is next represented in the kaleidoscope that passes before the eyes of the panting runner, then Lowndes, also of Winchester and the "House," looms into view, and immediately after Hughes, of Oriel, the gallant stroke of that gallant crew, and Shadwell, of Eton, and future rector of Ilford, rapidly overhaul him. Well rowed, Rugby! Well rowed, Oxford! But—where is Cambridge? Struggling gamely on almost a length behind—a beaten crew. No wonder that, as Canon Lowndes related, he and Hughes, forgetful of all! except the result of the encounter, should race to the house where Menzies was lying, "and very nearly kill him by rushing into his room." No wonder that the other members of the crew had to fight their way

to their hotel and barricade themselves in in order to prevent the mob from capturing them and bearing them round the town of Henley shoulder high, and no wonder that, "urged thereto by a small, decorous, shy man in spectacles, who had probably never pulled an oar in his life, and who had gone temporarily mad with excitement," a crowd of Oxonians should



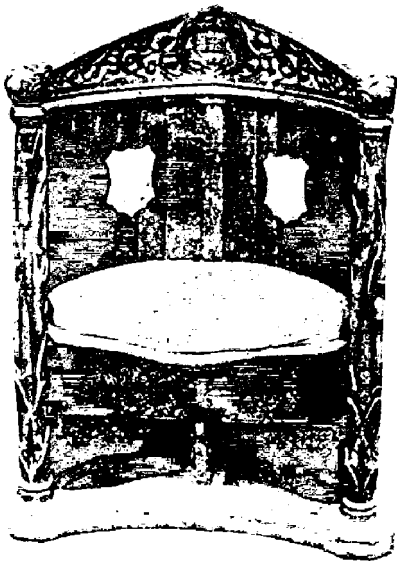
ENDS OF THE FAMOUS 7-OAR BOAT, NOW IN POSSESSION OF LADY STAINER.

(From a Photograph by Hills and Saunders.)

have been seen to pull down and hurl into the river a heavy toll-gate—a votive offering at the shrine of Father Thames.

The course, it should be mentioned, was covered in 9 minutes by the "seven" as compared to 8 minutes 46 seconds when the full "eight" beat the Trinity Boat in the third heat the previous day.

Purchased by Mr. Alderman Randall, of Oxford, who in 1867 invited the seven with their captain, who had sufficiently recovered in the evening of the race to accept the Cup from Lord

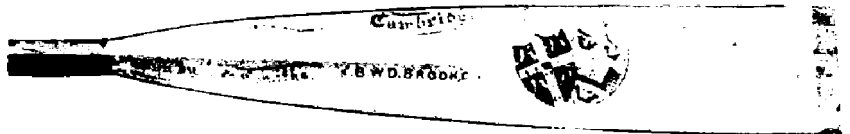


THE COX'S SEAT OF THE FAMOUS 7-OAR BOAT, WHICH WAS CONVERTED INTO A CHAIR AND PRESENTED TO THE O.U.B.C. (Photo by Hills and Saunders.)

Camouys, to a banquet at which all but one attended, the boat was afterwards cut up, and whilst the two ends were placed upright on stands and are in the possession of Lady Stainer, that part of the boat that included the cox's seat, as a silver inscription in Latin tells us, was converted into a chair and presented to the O.U.B.C., and now forms

the Presidential throne. The two photographs taken on board the O.U.B.C. barge show the details of the carving on the spandrail and elsewhere of this famous seat, and also show the blades of the seven famous oars, more precious, in the opinion of 'Varsity

numerous trophies of the river that are to be seen at the residence of his Honour Judge Wightman Wood, who rowed in the Eton boat that won in 1864 the Ladies' Plate at Henley for the first time for the famous school, and also in the Dark Blue boat of 1866 and 1867—that excels in interest and completeness that which decorates the walls of Mr. Muttelbury's sanctum. In addition to thirty cups and prizes, the old Cambridge oar has about his room the sculls with which he won the Colquhouns in 1888, the oars used by him when a member of the Eton College boat that won the Ladies' Plate at Henley in 1884 and 1885, the four oars used when he was rowing in the winning boats in the Inter-Varsity races of 1886 (the year of Pitman's famous spurt), 1887 (the year when McLean broke his oar), 1888, and 1889, and the oars with which, in company with Mr. F. E. Churchill in 1886, Mr. C. T. Barclay in 1887, and Mr. J. C. Gardner in 1889, he won the Silver Goblets. There, also, in addition to a curiosity in the shape of an oar probably fifty years old, is to be seen a trophy consisting of oars used by him in the University Pairs of 1886, 1887, 1889, and



OAR USED BY R. B. ETHERINGTON-SMITH IN THE BOAT RACE OF 1900, WON BY CAMBRIDGE, BY 20 LENGTHS.



SCULL USED BY H. T. BLACKSTAFFE, WHEN HE WON THE WINGFIELD SCULLS FOR THE SECOND TIME, IN 1901, DEFEATING MESSRS. ST. GEORGE ASHE AND M. H. CLOROTTE BY OVER 24 SECONDS.

men, than the historic silver oar that, through the efforts of Sir Francis Jeune, was restored a few years ago to its proper resting place in the Admiralty Court, that gracefully decorate the back.

It is doubtful if any private and personal collection of oars exists—and we are not unmindful of the

1890, in which years his boat was victorious, the oars he used when assisting Third Trinity to win the University Fours in 1885 and 1889, the same club to win the Visitors' Cup at Henley in the latter year, and the Thames Rowing Club to win the Stewards in 1894. While, in addition to these relics of his aquatic prowess, the bows



OXFORD TO PUTNEY—TRIPLE SCULLING, APRIL 22, 1901. BOW, SPENCER GOLLAN, NEW ZEALAND; MID., GEORGE TOWNS, NEW SOUTH WALES; STROKE, TOM SULLIVAN, NEW ZEALAND.

of the boat in which he twice won both the University Pairs and Goblets have been preserved and placed in a position of honour.

The most remarkable display of oars and sculls of fame that has as yet been gathered together in one place, was, however, to be seen last March, thanks to the energy of Mr. Ayling, of Putney, whose oars are famous all the world over, at a Boating Exhibition held at Earl's Court. Probably no one possesses the facilities enjoyed by Mr. Ayling in respect to the formation of a temporary exhibit of oars, and it is extremely doubtful whether any future exhibit of a like character will vie in interest with that which formed the most attractive feature of the show organised by the Thames Boat-Builders' Association early last year.

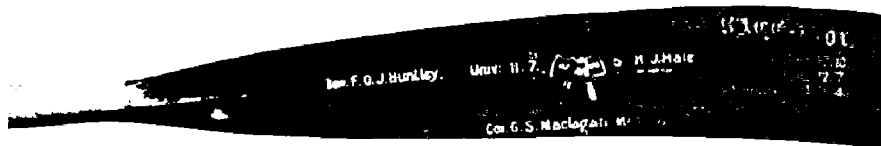
The stand of decorated oars shown boasts in the background the oars that were used in the 'Varsity Boat Race of 1902. It includes, in addition to an oar used in 1800—a cumbersome-looking object when compared with the graceful proportions of the present-day oars, for it possessed a blade thirty-nine inches in length, but only four inches in breadth—three decorated oars used in the 'Varsity boat races of 1872, 1900, and 1901, the sculls used when the record race between Oxford and Putney was accomplished in 1901, the sculls used by G. Towns when he beat Jake Gaudaur for the Championship of the World at Rat Portage in September, 1901, and other interesting objects.

The three decorated



BACK VIEW OF THE COX'S SEAT OF THE 7-OAR BOAT, WHICH NOW FORMS THE PRESIDENTIAL THRONE OF THE O.U.B.C. THIS PHOTO SHOWS THE BLADES OF THE SEVEN FAMOUS OARS.

(Photo by Hills and Saunders.)



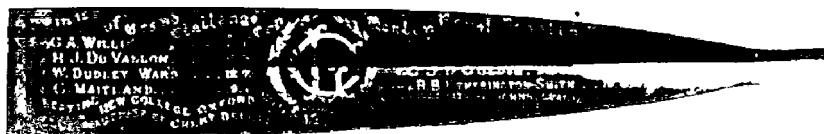
OAR USED BY T. B. ETHERINGTON-SMITH IN THE BOAT RACE WON BY OXFORD, 1901.

oar, the body of which is painted green, and not light blue, as might be expected, was used by him when the Old Reptonian rowed at No. 3 in 1872, the year of Mr. J. H. D. Goldie's last appearance in the boat. The race of 1872 was rowed in a snow-storm of considerable severity and on a perishingly



SCULL USED BY ST. GEORGE ASHE IN SIXTEEN RACES DURING 1901.

'Varsity oars aforementioned, the property of Messrs. G. M. Robinson (Cambridge), and T. B. (Oxford) and R. B. Etherington - Smith (Cambridge), respectively, are particularly interesting, as they were each used in a race that was more than ordinarily noteworthy. Mr. Robinson's



OAR USED BY R. B. ETHERINGTON-SMITH WHEN HE STOKED THE LEANDER EIGHT TO VICTORY IN THE FIRST HEAT, AGAINST PENNSYLVANIA UNIVERSITY, U.S.A., OF THE GRAND CHALLENGE CUP IN 1901.

cold day, and was chiefly remarkable for the fact that shortly before, or, according to other authorities, shortly after shooting Hammersmith Bridge, Mr. Goldie's outrigger snapped and the famous stroke, whose son was the President of the Cambridge University Boat Club in 1899, was unable to use his full strength for the



DIAMOND SCULLS, HENLEY ROYAL REGATTA, 1901, WON BY 2ND LIEUT. C. V. FOX, SCOTS GUARDS.

remainder of the race. Keeping the information to himself, however, Mr. Goldie continued to set the stroke in a manner that earned for him the title of the most famous stroke that ever rowed in the Cambridge boat, and had the satisfaction of winning his last race by three lengths according to some, two lengths according to others, or one clear length if a contemporary report is to be relied upon. The 'Varsity race of 1900, which is recalled by the inscription on the oar that is the property of Mr. R. B. Etherington-Smith, who rowed at No. 5 in the winning Cambridge boat, is chiefly remarkable for the fact that the Cambridge time equalled the record of 18 minutes 47 seconds set up by Oxford in 1893, and that the victors came in 58 seconds or twenty lengths ahead of the losing crew, whose time, 19 minutes 45 seconds, was, however, considerably faster than that of the winners of the previous two contests. The race



SCULL USED BY GEORGE TOWNS WHEN HE DEFEATED J. G. GAUDAUR AT RAT PORTAGE, ONTARIO, CANADA, ON SEPTEMBER 7TH, 1901.

was further remarkable for the fact that both crews boasted an Etherington-Smith in their respective boats, the first time on record that brothers have pulled against each other in the Inter-'Varsity boat race. At the subsequent dinner on the night of the race, the menus, it is

interesting to note, were supported by miniature wooden oars bearing the colours of the crews. Although in the losing crew of 1900, T. B. Etherington-Smith, the blade of whose oar, when rowing in the boat of 1901, is shown in one of the accompanying photographs, had his revenge the following year, when the late Mr. Culme Seymour, whose death later in the year was universally deplored, after a long, stern chase, made a wonderful effort at Barnes Railway Bridge, with the result that his boat, three-quarters of a length behind at the point specified, eventually won by two-fifths of a length, after one of the most sensational races ever witnessed.

The second of Mr. Ayling's trophies—which included the companion oar to the one already mentioned that was used in 1800, and a scull that was used in 1747, and weighed 6½lbs. by itself, as compared to the 8lbs. 6oz. that the *pair* used by Lieutenant C. V. Fox when winning the Diamond Sculls in 1901, weighed—might



OWR USED BY 3RD TRINITY—STEWARDS' CUP—HENLEY, 1901.

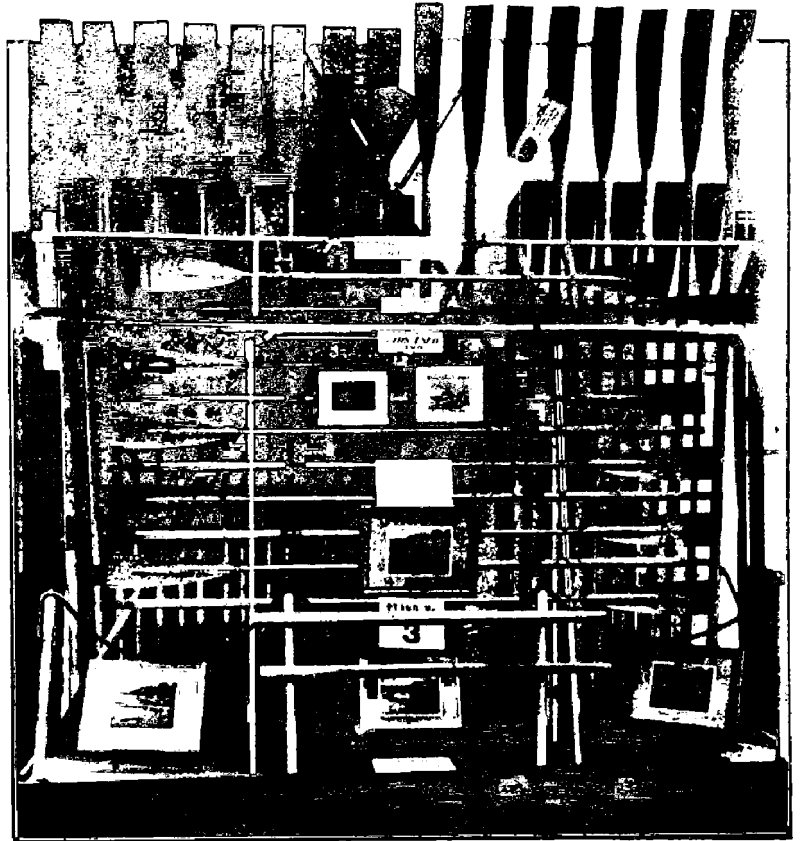
very well be styled a "reminiscence of Henley," inasmuch as so many notable sculls and oars used in recent regattas at that ancient riverside town were included in it.

Very vividly did the scull used by B. H. Howell, an American born sculler who learned to row at Cambridge, when he won the Diamonds for the second time in 1899, recall the regatta of that year, with its galaxy of talent that included in the fight for the trophy, in addition to Howell, E. G. Hemmerde, the winner of 1900; H. T. Blackstaffe, the winner of the Wingfields in 1901, which confers the title of Amateur Champion of the Thames; C. V. Fox, the winner of the Diamonds in 1901; and St. George Ashe, whose sculls, used by him to win sixteen races in 1901, were also included in the group. It is interesting to note that Mr. H. T. Blackstaffe, who accounted for Mr. C. V. Fox, then of Pembroke College, Oxford, in the third

beat, and Mr. St. George Ashe in the sixth, and was beaten in the final by Mr. Howell, was second in this particular contest for the third year in succession. On the first occasion of his winning this event, Mr. Howell sported the colours of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, but on the second occasion he was rowing under the flag of the Thames Rowing Club; his sculls, therefore, bore their insignia and colours—red, white, and black—as, indeed, did those of Mr. St. George Ashe. Although Mr. Fox's victory in the Diamonds in 1901 over Mr. St. George Ashe was a most noteworthy event in the aquatic history of the popular Irishman, the race of his life, and that of Mr. Howell, took place in the final for the Wingfields, from Putney to Mortlake (4½ miles), which the guardsman won in the record time of 22 minutes 54 seconds.

One of the decorated oars here-with shown is an appropriate souvenir of one of the most remarkable incidents that the aquatic history of the Thames can point to. On April 22, 1901, Mr. Spencer Gollan, an enthusiastic sportsman and member of the Thames Rowing Club, together with two other New Zealanders in George Towns, the Champion of the World, and Tom Sullivan, ex-Champion, after undergoing severe training for some considerable time, beat all previous records by pulling from the Folly Bridge, Oxford, to the Thames Clubhouse at Putney, a distance of 104½ miles, in 13 hours 56 minutes, thereby beating by over an hour the feat accomplished by six officers of the Scots Fusilier Guards, who, as the outcome of a wager for £200 between Sir John Burgoyne and Captain Standen, in 1824, rowed from Oxford to Westminster Bridge in 15¼ hours, that portion of the journey between Putney Bridge and Westminster, rather over five miles, being accomplished in the last forty-

five minutes. In more recent years the feat was accomplished by Messrs. W. H. Grenfell (O.U.B.C.), R. C. Lehmann (C.U.B.C.), and W. F. C. Holland (O.U.B.C.), who had no thought of creating a record when they set out to row to Putney in one day, in 22 hours 28 minutes, in 1880, in a randan, and by Messrs. Cooper, Atkinson, and Bates, who, on a water cycle, pedalled the distance in 19 hours 27 minutes 50 seconds. Mr. Spencer Gollan and party, it should be mentioned, started on their



A TROPHY OF UNIVERSITY AND OTHER OARS OF FAME. THE OARS IN THE BACKGROUND WERE USED IN THE 'VARSITY BOAT RACE OF 1902. (Photo J. Bulbeck and Co., by permission.)

journey at about half-past five in the morning and reached their destination at about half-past seven in the evening, having travelled at the average rate of seven and a half miles an hour.



A HUNTING BREAKFAST.

By A. G. HYDE.



DEAR old governor can never do it," he almost gasped, "never in the world at his time of life!" And for a short space his parent's inability, or rather certain refusal, to rise to the

duties of a country gentleman, weighed him down. If his father would not accept his high responsibilities, there was no reason why he should not relieve him of the burden. "Of course one can't expect him to change after so many years," he said. "But I'll do what I can for the sake of the girls."

Already he saw himself a Master of Foxhounds, bounding over impossible fences with a numerous following in red.

He was a well-grown, good-looking youth, not quite over his schooldays; and he was also, which, perhaps, was of no importance, the son and heir of John Milsom, Esquire, J.P., head of the firm of Milsoms, Limited, the great maltsters of Broomsborough. The whole of his life thus far, excepting his absences at school, had been spent with his parents, his two sisters, and their occasional aunts, in one of the fine old mansions for which the town is famed. And here, doubtless, he would have continued but for his father's sudden, and, as he regarded it, ill-advised step. This was his purchase, with a view to residence, of a large country seat near the venerable abbey town of which he was an alderman and ex-mayor—the property having come into the market through the failure of its last owner, a manufacturer of corsets.

Now, Bexton Hall was the home of the extinct Trescott family, whose traditions young Milsom had held in awe from his childhood. Therefore, though at first glad, he was afterwards sorry, for the reasons given. The truth was that he had a too exalted and wholly wrong idea of the life proper to such abodes, derived mainly from his perusal of works of fiction. Probably it was not their fault; but it is always safer to get one's ideas from some person who knows.

The impression this had left on his mind was that the guests in those aristocratic resorts come and go very much like people in a hotel; that they enjoy a complete and unfet-

tered freedom, and revolve in their orbits like solitary moons; and in particular that their hosts never introduce them to each other. The last point seemed to him the essential principle of country-house hospitality. "However it's going to be managed I don't know," he said dismally. "The dear old pater and mater are so chirpy and sociable they'll never let 'em alone; they'll be fussing 'em up all the time, and, if a duke should call, the governor'd introduce him all round." And so no doubt he would.

The news of the great change came to him at the expensive and highly select school he had long attended; and so severe was the shock that he smote the desk with his fist, thereby spattering the ink in his face. This unusual demonstration brought half-a-dozen of his friends about him.

"What's the matter, old chap?" they questioned anxiously, for he was something of a favourite by reason of his cash and his good nature. "Governor hasn't smashed up, I hope?" said his particular chum, Ralph Henderson; and here Milsom made another mistake. He should have told the whole story; but he didn't, and began to cultivate reserve instead. Throughout the remainder of the term his coming responsibilities weighed upon him, affecting his appetite and spirits, and even his football and cricket. These strange symptoms were resented by his companions, who wanted to know if he was going to turn into a parson or a prig; because if he was they'd take measures accordingly. The popular view was that he had done something particularly mean, and was suffering from remorse in consequence. "Come now, Milly, old man, make a clean breast of it; you don't know how much better you'll feel," urged little Maclise, the Albino, who kept a tally of his own thrashings on a notched stick—the longest record in the school. One youth boldly asserted that he was in love.

This happened to be true. He was, indeed, extremely attached to Henderson's sister Mabel, whom he had met at their home the summer before; and the chief desire of his life now was that she should visit his own sisters, and incidentally himself, in their new abode. It was a difficult thing to arrange;

but the best way seemed to be to have Henderson down first. That would lead up to it nicely.

Henderson was a pale youth of his own age, with classical features and a firm mouth; his forte was knowledge, and his future the pursuit of science. Being shy himself, and with immense self-respect, he was always difficult to deal with.

Milsom's policy was not to seem too urgent.

"I say, old fellow," he remarked one day, "I suppose you can come down to our place next summer?"

"Thanks," said the other, who was hard at work; "but I'm afraid I can't."

"Why not?" asked Milsom, feeling suddenly anxious.

"Going with a reading party into Wales."

Milsom's face fell many degrees. "Oh, come now!" he said with more warmth; "we've been expecting you—ever since last year. Besides, we've just taken an old country-house—rather a nice place."

This was his first allusion to the Hall. Henderson liked old places, and spoke with regret: "Very sorry, but my plans are all made. Wish you had mentioned it before."

The future Master of Foxhounds was plunged into gloom, for he knew his friend's fixity; once his mind was made up he was no more to be moved than a battleship ashore, or the rock of Gibraltar. He tried all baits—the scenery, the excursions, the fishing, the ruined priory on the estate; but only after long entreaty and a special invitation from Mrs. Milsom did he consent to visit the Hall, and then only for part of his time.

Milsom went home a fortnight earlier, and spent the interval in reorganising the establishment. Fortunately, his parents gave him a free hand. He engaged a solemn butler, who had been all his life in large country-houses; he secured an experienced gamekeeper; he transformed Bill, the stable-boy, into a groom; and he cut off the Christian names of all the maid-servants, so that they became Crump, Hopkins, Badger,

and so on, just as he had read in books. Chiefly, however, he studied the attitude he must preserve towards his guests, which was to be a blend of dignity and affability, but mostly the former.

In July Henderson alighted at the railway station, and was met by the improvised



"THERE ISN'T NO 'UNTING ON NOW, SIR," THE BUTLER GASPED IN AMAZEMENT AT THE STRANGE PROPOSAL.

groom. But his friend did not appear. "Rather cool of him, after making such a fuss," he thought, but held his peace. At the Hall he was heartily greeted by the ex-mayor and his wife, their daughters, and one or two aunts; his young host, however, was absent. "Gone into the town for something," his father explained, apologetically. Late in the evening he returned, and thrust out two fingers with a languid "Glad to see you, old fellow—hope you'll enjoy yourself." Henderson went to bed angry and puzzled beyond measure. "The beast!" he exclaimed. "To think of his putting on all that 'side' just because his father's saved enough money to buy a house in the country.

Won't he catch it, though, when we get back to school!"

He stayed a week. "There's a lot of interesting places and things about, and you can go anywhere," his friend said to him in the morning, and then went off by himself. Henderson, despite his astonishment, took the cue and did likewise. "What precious game he's up to he knows best himself," he said; "but I think I can play it as well as he can." Therefore, throughout the week, when his hosts and their friends boated, he botanised; when they drove, he cycled—another way; when they inspected ruins, he read in the library; and, in short, whatever they did he did something else. At last, noting a reluctance on Milsom's part to introduce him to a young lady, he refused to be introduced to anybody at all, and so was thought an odd creature.

The prospective lord of the manor, however, was himself ill at ease. "I let him do just as he likes," he said, ruefully; "but somehow he doesn't seem happy."

The climax came at the end of the week. All the other members of his family having gone away on short visits, Milsom tried a novel experiment in housekeeping. He had an impression, faint it is true, that in the great country mansions people commonly breakfasted off the sideboard—certainly he had read something of the kind.

"There isn't no 'untin' on now, sir," the butler gasped in amazement at the strange proposal.

"Never mind if there isn't," said Milsom, growing red. "And, anyhow, what difference does it make?"

"It's only a 'untin' or a shootin' breakfast, sir, where they 'elps themselves from hoff the sideboard. When there isn't no 'untin' or shootin' they feeds at the table in the usual way, and 'as to be waited on."

Milsom saw his error, but it was now too late. "Do as I say," he commanded; and the butler obeyed, though meditating an early resignation should such things continue.

He ate in solitary discomfort, and departed for an early cycling excursion, leaving word, however, that the meal should remain for his friend. But the butler, being immersed in bottles, forgot, and the maid, thinking they had both finished, removed all. So Henderson, who came down rather hungry, found the room swept and garnished, but empty of food.

This was the final straw. Refusing to believe the servant's explanation, he ordered

the dog-cart for the earliest train, but before going penned the following note:—

"DEAR MILLY,—I've had a glorious time, and thank you for all your kind attention; but I really can't do without food. See you again at school in September.—Yours,

"R. H."

The rest of his holidays he spent in Wales reading the Latin poets and laying plans for returning evil not with good.

Now the school of Milsom, though select and expensive, was not a place where they hid each other's faults under a bushel. So, despite his former popularity, Milsom quaked on his return in the autumn. And his fears were not allayed by the abnormal and excessive politeness of his reception—they bowed down before him, but would have no conversation; wherefore, he kept alone and chewed the cud of bitterness. This lasted some days. Then one afternoon, while walking in a corridor, he was seized from behind, dragged into the reading-room, and laid on the table, where two or three youths sat on him. As they were discussing the respective merits of a ducking in the horse-pond and tossing in a blanket, he managed to get his breath: "I say, this isn't fair," he gasped.

"We'll let you up if you'll promise to be quiet," they said, pleasantly.

"I was quiet enough before you grabbed me," he protested.

They put him in a chair at the table, between two of the largest youths in the school, the others ranging themselves round in formal order. At the head of the table sat a sharp-featured, black-haired young man named Rookwood, who was going to be a barrister and was fond of legal methods.

"I think the case—the inquiry rather—may now proceed," he announced.

"What's it all about, anyhow?" demanded Milsom, still red and breathing hard.

"The complainant, Henderson here, informs us—with the greatest reluctance I beg to state—that, after having you down at his delightful place last summer, and treating you with an almost Oriental hospitality, you induced him to visit your own home—"

"I didn't want to see his blessed old mausoleum," interrupted Henderson, sulkily. He had taken no part in the assault, and now looked rather ashamed.

"And it seems," continued Rookwood, "that when you got him there you introduced him to nobody, cut him dead on all occasions, and at last actually deprived him of food!"

"That's a lie!" Milsom exclaimed, angrily.



"AND YOU ACTUALLY DEPRIVED HIM OF FOOD."

and most painful indignity they ever inflicted); but he wished, as the saying is, to "die clean." They listened with sympathy, tempered by grins; but when he got to the sideboard breakfast they shouted with uncontrollable mirth, laughing till they sank back in their chairs exhausted.

"And are we to understand," said Rookwood, who had succeeded in maintaining a judge-like gravity, "that you thought it was a regular breakfast practice in country houses for people to 'elp themselves from hoff the sideboard,' as you say your butler expressed it? I don't wonder that he was astonished."

"I suppose I did," said Milsom, who had laughed with the rest; "but never mind that. Here's my offer now. I'll have the lot of you down in batches during the Christmas holidays, and if I don't treat you handsomely and introduce you to every sister, cousin, aunt, and acquaintance I've got, you may duck me, or blanket me, or 'barrel-organ' me if you like when I get back. Only we've lived in Broomsborough ever since the flood, and you may meet some queer people."

"Agreed," said Rookwood, judicially. "The case is now concluded, or, at least, adjourned to allow the prisoner time to fulfil his promise."

"Didn't I say how much better you'd feel if you'd only confess?" said Maclise the Albino; and he sang:—

"For he's a jolly good fellow!"
the others joining in.

"He knew it was a mistake, and, besides, he'd no business to tell tales."

"Fair comment, and in the interest of the public," said the chairman, suavely. "You might have entrapped some other poor beggar—one of us, perhaps. Well, then, this is the case," he went on; "and the object of our inquiry is to ascertain the prisoner's mental state, and the degree of responsibility attaching to his actions. If found to be of a sound mind—of which, however, there can be little doubt—it will be your—our—duty to decide what punishment must be inflicted, for the honour of the school and his own good."

"Don't be an idiot," Milsom struck in. "I suppose you all want to know how it was?" he asked, looking around.

"Yes, Milly, that's just it," they said in a breath. "How was it, old chap?"

"I'll ask you a question," he said. "Ever know me to do anything like it before?"

"Not quite, old man, and that's why it's so funny."

Then he told the whole story from the beginning. He did not fear punishment, he said, even to the extent of the "barrel-organ" (this was their name for the worst



ON OVERDOING IT.

MR. WALTER WINANS, the most expert shot with a pistol in the world, gives the following advice about practising with a revolver. "When first practising, care should be taken not to shoot too many shots, else the muscles may get too tired for good shooting to be possible. A good plan is to make, say, twenty shots the first day and note the best score made. Then, next day, stop shooting as soon as this score is beaten, even if on the very first target. If tired, stop at once, even if the scoring has been bad. It may, of course, be necessary to go on in a competition; but it may be permanently injurious to a man's shooting."

TRACK ATHLETICS.

Any one who has had much to do with boys knows how extremely difficult it is to persuade them of the fact that harm and not good comes from overdoing practice in games and athletics. A boy who is keen on success in any pursuit is inclined to assume that the more he practises it *at a time* the quicker he will improve. But the boy is wrong. The old proverb that practice makes perfect is only true if by practice is understood practice of the right kind and of the right amount. Now, in revolver shooting it is found that if a man goes on practising after the muscles of his arm grow tired he cannot hold the weapon steady or press properly with his trigger finger, and if he persists every day in over-practising he simply gets into the habit of holding unsteady and of pressing the trigger improperly. And the same principles hold good in track athletics, cricket, football, and kindred pursuits.

In track athletics, or, as they are usually called, athletic sports, boys are specially liable to overdo practice. Some years ago the

hurdles champion of the period went round the grounds of a big public school with me in the athletic term. Many of the boys were engaged in their usual every day training for the sports. One boy we saw practise for some time at the broad jump, then he had a long turn at the high jump, then he ran twice through the 100 yards, twice over the hurdles, and finished up with a couple of laps round the long distance course. My companion, who had himself just begun training for the championships, was astonished. "That boy must be daft," he said. "He has done more work this afternoon than I would in three days, and he is only a slip of a lad!" He asked me whether all public school boys trained on such an exhausting plan, and I had to tell him they did, mostly, and that I had done much the same myself at school. Naturally, he scoffed at such folly.

PLAN OUT YOUR WORK.

Of course, it was all wrong. That boy ought to have planned out his work quite differently and spread it over several days. One day he should have run two or three short dashes of about forty yards and his two laps. Another, he might have taken a couple of eighty yards sprints and spent a quarter of an hour at the high jump. Another, he might have taken four or five long jumps and done some short dashes. Another he might have given to hurdling, first running full speed over three or four flights about three times, and then running right through over the ten flights. Four days instead of one! But the boy would be much farther ahead in his training at the end of four days of this divided-up work than if he had done four times the amount per diem. I do not mean to say that a boy cannot stand much more exercise than the divided-up plan allows

him per diem. He ought to supplement his work on the track by, say, either a game of fives or a good walk. But playing fives or walking is entirely different from track athletic practice: the two former provide a greater amount of exercise, but neither inflicts so great a strain upon the muscular system. The reason why it is necessary to be careful always to keep track athletic practice within small limits per diem is that the strain upon the muscles and the muscular energy is much greater than can be detected by the athlete, for it is out of all proportion to the actual fatigue of which he is conscious.

A WORD TO THE SPECIALIST.

This is even more so in a case where the athlete is not going in for the general all-round training which is usually adopted by boys, but is taking up one particular event and is specialising on it. For instance, let us take a hurdler, whose intention it is to train for the 120 yards hurdle-race and for nothing else. If he overdoes his hurdling work he calls too severely upon the sets of muscles involved; he loses his spring and dash, and therewith is liable to lose his precision and accuracy of action; he then begins to run carelessly and in bad style and contracts bad habits, and, as a result, his practice does him harm instead of good.

STYLE AND STAMINA.

The point to grasp thoroughly about almost every kind of athletic pursuit is that two things are involved—first, style, and, secondly, stamina. By style I mean that you must learn to do what you have to do in the manner which gives the greatest result in return for the least expenditure of energy; and by stamina, that you must gradually build up your power of expending the required amount of energy without getting tired. Style is acquired by very careful practice of correct methods: stamina by gradually accustoming yourself to the effort. Overdoing your practice is inimical to both style and stamina, it leads to exhaustion, and exhaustion leads to faulty methods as well as to staleness.

BUILD YOUR POWER DAY BY DAY.

Many a boy, to judge from the questions I have to answer often enough in my correspondence, seems to argue thus—In a month's time I want to win a mile race. I have got to last a mile, therefore, the oftener

I run the distance between now and the race-day the better chance I shall have of success.

Stated thus the idea looks grotesquely absurd. But its absurdity does not prevent boys from entertaining it. The proper way to learn to run a mile is to begin by finding out what fraction of it you can run at the pace which you must maintain over the whole distance in order to win. Then you should practise for several days at that fractional distance, and then gradually increase the distance as you find you can maintain your pace farther. That, of course, is only a rough plan, but it embodies the principle of building up your power day by day instead of exhausting it.

SPECIAL TRAINING IN FOOTBALL.

There is no sphere of athletics in which the disastrous results of "overdoing it" are more clearly illustrated than in football. Very often a professional club, whose team has been playing hard games and has been kept in strict training for four months, elects to go into special training, so-called, for some great match towards the end of the season, for instance, a cup-tie. If this special training means harder work and more exercise per diem, the result, in nine cases out of ten, is that the team goes stale to a man. The players are already as fit as they can possibly be. The mistake is to assume that, by increasing the amount of the same work by which they have become fit, they can be made still fitter. Far better to have given the players an entire rest from training. And in the case of wisely-conducted clubs this is just what special training means: the players have gone to the seaside for a restful holiday.

HOW TO PRACTISE AT THE NETS.

In cricket the evil of "overdoing it" presents itself chiefly in net practice. You see a batsman go out to the nets. He starts practising carefully just as he would play in a match. This lasts perhaps twenty minutes or half-an-hour, perhaps only ten minutes. Then he starts slogging and trying all kinds of strokes which he would not dare attempt in a match. Now this "humbug" practice probably undoes much of the good gained in the proper practice, for as likely as not the batsman acquires one or more of his slogging or experimental strokes as a habit, and is so much to the bad when he comes to a match. A batsman ought not to stay at the nets longer than he can give his attention to sound and correct play in his own best style,

that is, of course, if he wishes to improve his cricket.

BOWLING AND FIELDING.

Unfortunately, boys scarcely need any warning against overdoing practice in bowling and fielding. The fault at present is the other way: they rarely practise enough. But in the case of young professionals there is not the slightest doubt that many a promising young bowler is spoilt by having to slave at the nets. He has to bowl till he does not care how he bowls, and his natural talent is dissipated in slipshod weariness.

There is another and much more important aspect of "overdoing it"—one that goes much deeper into things than mere success in games and athletics. The following paragraph from a newspaper article is worth considering:—

"Too much is said in extolling the virtues of exercise. In moderation it is beneficial, but many of the public have strange ideas of moderation in such matters. A clerk will work all day with his head and work with his legs at night. He thinks the long walk is good for him. The fresh air is, but in the exercise he is not conserving his energy as he should do to make his life long. Mental and bodily energy come to the same thing at the finish. Having freely drawn upon the stock of one you must not tap the other with the idea that it is beneficial, for it is not. They have a common source."

MENTAL AND PHYSICAL ASPECT.

This gives an important point. Your vital energy is at any given moment of limited amount, and if you draw upon it for hard mental work you have so much less available for hard physical work. But it is quite possible to get through a great deal of mental work without so exhausting your energy that you are not fit for the ordinary exercise of a game or of a long walk. Moreover, unless you are really quite tired out with head work, the change to exercise, even of a fairly hard kind, is really a kind of rest. Change of activity is rest, though not the same sort of rest as sitting in an arm-chair.

I do not believe that any boy at school is benefited by doing so much mental work that it renders him unfit to take part in the usual games and athletics. The mental work involved in learning languages and mathematics ought never to be pushed to the point of exhaustion. That is the worst possible economy, and is bad education. But the fault

of overdoing mental work is not common among boys.

DON'T WORRY.

The mental work involved in commerce or trade and other means of livelihood is quite different, for it often carries with it a great deal of mental worry. It is the worry rather than the work that exhausts a man and renders him unfit for ordinary hearty exercise.

If, owing to unavoidable circumstances, you are tired and weary with mental work, you cannot safely go in for games and athletics to the same extent as you can when you are leading a life that makes no serious call on your vital energy.

But, after all, these are considerations which affect the "Old Boys" rather than the "Boys" among our readers.

One thing is certain: no one can have too much fresh air. You cannot overdo that.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

X. Y.—No doubt you have studied some book or other about physical measurement, and found a table showing the proper weight corresponding to your height. Most of these tables, however, refer to full-grown men, and not to youths who are still growing. From the age of twenty to thirty, a good average weight for a man of 6ft. is 12st. 7lb. But, as you are only nineteen, it is quite possible that you will put on a stone of weight or more in the next year or two. This would bring your 11st. about up to the average. But even without this, you are not extraordinarily light. You certainly take quite enough exercise. If you also take a proper amount of plain, wholesome food, you are doing all that is necessary for training. Bicycling is the best exercise I know for strengthening the knees. Although I cannot name it off-hand, there is sure to be a good book about walking tours. Any bookseller would know. R. L. Stevenson has something to say about walking tours, but I fear not quite the sort of something that you are after.

Pierce Eye.—I am afraid I can add nothing to the advice which I have already given you.

Paul Frommer (Budapest).—There have been several articles in back numbers of this magazine which give full directions about training for sprint races. It would take too long to repeat all the details here. The best way to cultivate pace is by practising short dashes of about 40 yards. These you should supplement by occasionally running through your full distance. Besides this, you must learn to start quickly, which is an art in itself, and needs much practice. The best book on the subject is the volume on Athletics in the Isthmian Library. There is also a good little book, much cheaper, on athletics in the All England series.

B. Lloyd.—Thank you very much for the Scorer, duly received. It is an ingenious instrument. You must not expect immediate results from any system of physical development. Grip dumb-bells certainly strengthen the muscles of the forearm, and for this special purpose they are good. But I do not think they are as good as ordinary dumb-bells for most of the usual exercises, especially

for those in which the arm is swung from the shoulder. The American system you mention is, I believe, good, but it is also expensive. Remember that the Americans are adepts at advertising. See my recent answers for good English systems.

N. D. Q.—In reference to some advice I gave about practising for football with a small india-rubber ball for the sake of acquiring accuracy in kicking, a correspondent suggests that the game of foot-fives as played at Portsmouth Grammar School would answer the same purpose, and would be more enjoyable than mere kicking practice. Foot-fives is played in an open court in the same way as hand-fives, with these exceptions:—(1) The ball is kicked instead of hit; (2) in serving, the ball is not hit up, but thrown; (3) the player who is in stands on the left-hand side of the court; (4) the server is one of the players of the side which is not in. A soft indiarubber ball is used, fairly bouncy, about 8in. in circumference. Our correspondent says that the game makes one feel very stiff at first, but is excellent for improving one's kicking powers. This, I should say, is very probable. Foot-fives is new to me; I do not think any other school plays it. It sounds good.

C. H. P.—Yours is rather a difficult letter to answer. If you are at office-work for about eight hours a day, and during that time are working really hard, the chances are you do yourself more harm than good by taking as much exercise as you do. If I were you I should do my dumb-bells in the morning; and use light ones. Also, you might reduce the length of your walks by half. You certainly ought not to feel tired in the morning; this probably indicates that you are over-doing it. As to your other questions, a sprinter is liable to spoil his pace by running long distances, but a long distance runner can hardly do himself any harm by practising sprinting. Good running shoes are not easy to get. You had better write to one of the athletic firms which advertise in *THE CAPTAIN*. I do not know whether the picture you mention is obtainable; but you might try.

A. B. C.—The fact that you have a big natural off-break ought not to interfere in the least with the accuracy of your length in bowling. To improve your length, however, you must, while you are practising, concentrate your mind on that alone, and forget all about break. If you have a natural talent for leg-break bowling, you would do well to take that style up; but, with leg-break bowling, accuracy of length is always a great difficulty. Remember that, unless you can keep a good length, your break is no use to you.

John Peel.—You need not alarm yourself by fancying that you are broken-winded like a horse. Your stitch simply came from the muscles between your ribs being unaccustomed to so much work. If you read the article about breathing which appeared two months ago in *THE CAPTAIN*, you will understand the reason.

Harrier.—You are anxious to join a good club of London harriers. He wishes to be recommended to one suitable to a fellow about seventeen years of age, and would prefer it to be in the W. or S.W. district. Can any kind friend oblige him with the information?

M. B. French has two cricket problems. Here is the first. A batsman runs out at a no-ball and is caught at the wicket off it. The wicket-keeper knocks the bails off. Of course the batsman is not caught and is not stumped, as the ball is a no-ball.

But as he hit the ball, no matter how slightly, ought he not to be given out, as run out? Strictly speaking, the man is run out. But I do not think the rule is meant to be interpreted in this way. For the man left his ground not for a run, but for a hit. Besides, the square-leg umpire would probably not know that the batsman had hit the ball, and would, therefore, treat the case as of one of stumping, and would give him "not out." Here is the second problem: The batsman, seeing that the ball is wide of the off-stump, shoulders his bat. The ball breaks away to short slip, who holds it. The batsman then brings down his bat, but in doing so hits his wicket. Is he out? Strictly speaking, a batsman is only out for hit wicket when he is actually making a stroke at the ball. The umpire would have to decide whether the batsman was doing this or not. As you describe the case, the man is not out.

Goalers.—In cold weather goalkeepers usually wear woollen gloves or mittens, and, of course, a thick sweater. They also keep themselves warm by walking about and by swinging their arms, and such-like obvious devices. Cold hands are slow, and not prehensile.

A. H. Dakers.—Two miles, three times a week, ought quickly to get you into training for long distances, if you can stand so much. It is a big "if." But for the first few weeks I would suggest only two runs, and, instead of the third, a fairly long walk. It is impossible to give general advice about the best way to take fences, hedges, and brooks, across country, except this, that it is a mistake to attempt jumping feats. Take your obstacle in a way which calls for the least possible effort. As a rule, climb or vault fences, push through hedges, and walk over or through brooks.

Meg.—Your chest measurement is not at all bad, but I expect you can improve it. You will find the breathing exercises very useful.

Peter Simple.—It is impossible to answer you without more particulars.

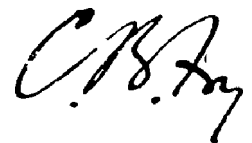
W. H. P.—Measurements quite satisfactory.

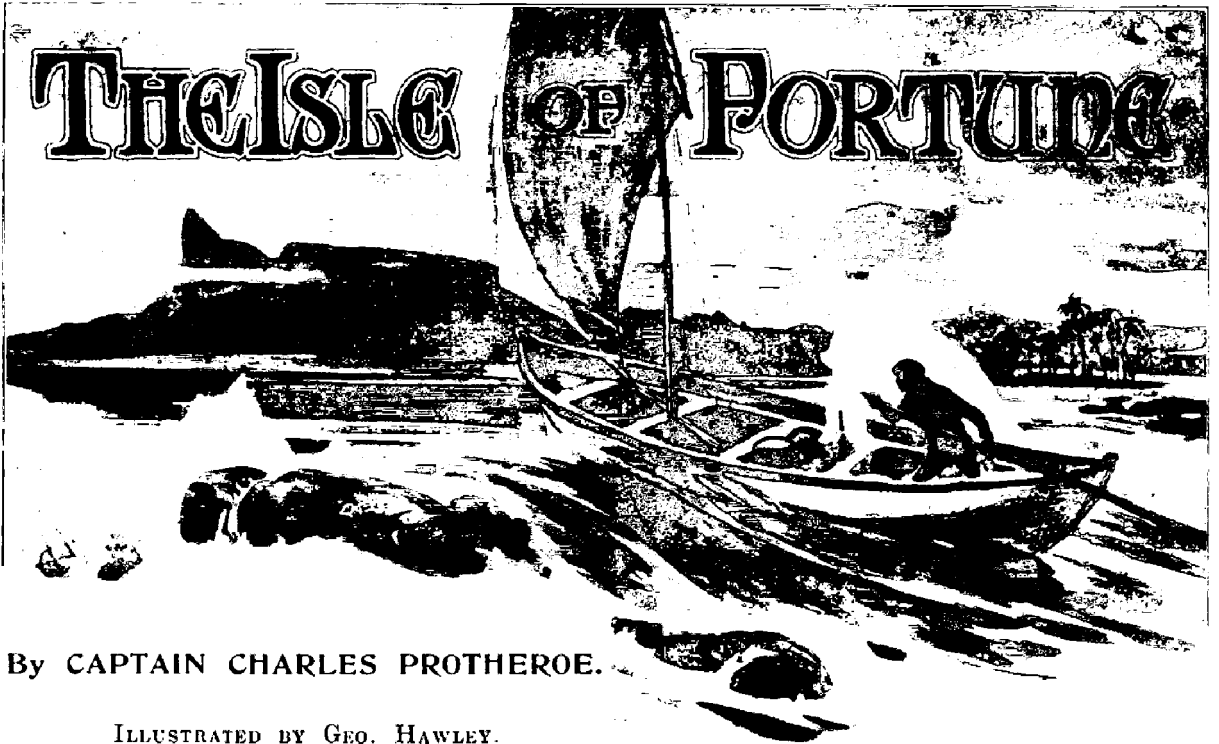
Hartlepool.—Ten minutes exercise, morning and night, with an elastic developer, ought to be enough for you. The great thing is to work on a proper system. Suppose you cannot get through all the exercises in so short a time as ten minutes, the best way is to reduce the amount of each exercise to a reasonable minimum and spend as much longer than ten minutes on the course as is then necessary.

Lois.—What very bad luck to be knocked up like that when you are so fond of outdoor pursuits. I am afraid I cannot think of any good indoor game for you, as I expect you have to lie pretty still. But I will keep your letter and try to answer it again in a future number. However, it is a very good thing for you that you are fond of books. I shall hope to hear from you again. Thank you for the picture.

Signia.—They are called golf-collars. I believe; they come from Wing's, in Piccadilly. No one else I know of wears them.

Epsilon.—I fancy 1s. is the only price for Sandow's Chart.
Captain.—Your measurements are quite good. Shooting, if it implies long walks in the country, is itself grand training.





By CAPTAIN CHARLES PROTHEROE.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEO. HAWLEY.

CHAPTER I.

"BULLY" HARKER.

WHEN men have reached two score years and ten, and followed the sea into the bargain, I suppose nine out of ten have experienced what it feels like to be in a tight corner. I have just been thinking of something of the sort which happened to myself, and by your leave, will set it all down and tell what came of it.

I refer to the morning I landed on the Island of Sanaroa. It was a black and unpromising-looking enterprise, but that day proved the most fortunate of my life. Out of evil good may come, and often does, but had it been possible for anyone to tell me that such a happy climax would be the end of this adventure, I should have said he was handling the truth very carelessly, for I had reason to believe I was in about as awkward and dangerous a position as a man could well be placed in. But there, let me start from the beginning and relate how it all came about.

One morning I found myself in George-street, Sydney, with the unpleasant fact forcing itself upon my notice that all the worldly possessions I could call my own consisted of a decent amount of clothes, one shilling in copper coin of the realm, an ounce of tobacco, and, if a headache

can be called an asset, I had that also—the effect, I remembered, of dining the previous evening not wisely but too well.

I had been paid off some three weeks before, the result of a six months' cruise being a good fat cheque. The adage, which, I believe, principally applies to sailors and their money, "earn it like horses and spend it like asses," fitted my case exactly, and I found myself, after living at the rate of a thousand a year for three weeks, pulled up with a round turn and at the end of my tether.

It had never been my way to bother about the future—I allowed that to take care of itself—and it was not until I found myself stranded, and the last shiner gone, that I ever looked about for another ship.

Well, why not? A man can be young but once, and surely youth is the time to enjoy. I'm glad I haven't to look back with regret. Whilst the money lasted I spent it like a prince and enjoyed myself. When it was gone I shipped again—six hard months for one of pleasure.

I was just coming out of a certain shop, where I had been transacting a little business connected with finance, when I almost ran into a man who was passing.

He snapped out some remark, certainly not complimentary to my personal appearance, and

then, catching my eye, exclaimed, "By jove! Jim Harvey, as I'm a sinner. Where on earth are you bound for in such a desperate hurry?"

As I raised my eyes I saw it was Jameson, an old friend of mine. We had nicknamed him "the Parson" on account of the beautiful flow of language he could command when his temper was warm. Given to him years since in an idle moment, the name had stuck to him like wax, and his acquaintances never thought of calling him anything else.

"Is that you, Parson?" I replied. "To tell you the truth, I've just been looking up a respected relative of mine. Left my ticker. Useless thing, anyhow, in a town where a clock stares you in the face every five minutes."

"So bad as that?" he answered, "the same old game, I suppose: painting the town red while the money lasts, and then flogging the cat afterwards?"

"Flogging the cat, no! Hard up, yes! A fellow can't have his cake and eat it too, can he? Anyhow, I've had my fun, and now I'm ready to take what comes along with the stoicism of a Red Indian."

"Looking out for a ship?" said he.

"Well, yes," I answered, "to find a ship seems about the most important thing I can think of just now."

"Come over to the Paragon," said he, "and put another nail in your coffin. I think I know of something that might suit you, as you don't seem particular."

"No," I replied, "I can't afford to be squeamish just now. I'll ship as mate in anything that floats, barring a lime-juicer, and that I have no use for."

When we had our drinks before us, he said, "Look here, there's only one thing I know of going just now; 'Bully' Harker wants a mate in the *Aurora*. What do you say to that?"

"Well," I answered, "it's not exactly what I should choose for myself, but 'any port in a storm, and any ship when you're hard up'—that's my motto. You know, he never carries a man two voyages. What's become of his last mate?"

"Well, now, that's the queer part of the business," he answered; "this trip he came back without one. There's a yarn knocking about that, down in the Solomons, he sent the mate and three hands ashore with the boat to bring off to the ship some cargo that was lying on the beach. The natives, apparently without any reason, made a bee-line for the mate and carried him away into the mountains. That yarn might pass muster with a greenhorn, but not with us, who know the Islands well; and, take my word for it, there's something very fishy we haven't heard of about that transaction. The natives

didn't love the mate so much to be sorry to part with him, we know. Then why did they carry him off and not interfere with the other three men? That's where the rub comes in. If they'd tackled that boat's crew and wiped the lot of them out I could have understood it, for that's their angelic nature, but that they should seize one man out of four, leaving the others unharmed, gets over me altogether, and requires a lot more explanation than I've heard so far. 'Bully' Harker says that, after waiting a day or two to see if the mate would turn up again, and not feeling inclined to wait for ever, he made sail and came away without him. That's the yarn, and you know yourself the name 'Bully' Harker has. To tell you the truth I should have to be very much down on my 'uppers' before I'd ship with him, and I'm not particularly afraid of most things. I thought I'd tell you about this berth, but more as a joke than anything. Any number of men knocking about looking for a ship, but just mention 'Bully' Harker and the *Aurora*—that's enough for them; they ain't wanting any."

"Anyhow, I think I'll run down and interview him," said I; "can't live on the interest of my debts comfortably for any length of time, so, 'Bully' Harker or no 'Bully' Harker, here's one that's going to try for it. At the best, sailorising isn't all beer and skittles, but, so I take it, neither is any other profession. I've managed to keep my end up so far, and I expect I shall be able to do so in this case."

"Well, you know best," he answered, "but I tell you straight, I wouldn't send a dog of mine to sea with him. Take my advice, don't go. You needn't let the fact of your being out of collar influence you—I can let you have a tenner until the clouds roll by and something else turns up."

"Thanks all the same," said I, "but you know that isn't my style. Uncle advanced enough on my 'ticker' to last me a day or two."

"Well, so long, old man," he answered; "if you've made up your mind I suppose there's no good trying to alter it, but," he added, coming back a few paces, "squeeze another pound or two a month out of him. He'll have to give it, for he can't get a man to ship with him for money, and I'm blooming well sure he can't get one to go for love—squeeze him."

The *Aurora* was lying over at Darling Harbour, and nearly ready for sea, her cargo consisting of almost everything under the sun, from Jew's harps to kedge anchors. She was a smart looking little top-sail schooner about a hundred and twenty tons, built at Brisbane River. "Bully" Harker, the skipper, was owner as well as master of her, and report credited him with having made plenty of money with her in the Island trade.

I asked one of the crew, an elderly man, who was passing cargo into the main-hatch, if the skipper was on board. Without pausing in his occupation, he jerked his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the cabin, this dumb show signifying that "Bully" Harker was inside. A minute or two later he appeared in the door of the cabin looking out on deck, a big, dark man, with a full beard and small beady eyes, and I remember noticing that there wasn't much daylight to be seen through the doorway as he stood in it.

"I believe you want a mate?" said I, walking up to him.

"That's so," he answered, running his shifty-looking eyes over me; "been in the trade before?"

For answer I placed my last discharge in his hand. "All right," said he, scanning it; "eight pounds a month, and join at once."

"Not my figure, Captain," said I, "I know the trade, and want ten."

"I'll see you overboard first," he replied.

"No, over the rail," I remarked, and turned to make for the gangway, but he called me back.

"It appears to me," said he, sourly, "you're one of those 'give you the long-boat want the ship' sort of gentlemen. If you're only as quick about your work as you are to get over that rail, you'll suit me well enough—split the difference and call it nine ten."

"All right, Captain," said I, "nine ten it is." And that's how I came to ship as mate on board the *Aurora*.

It didn't take me long to find out that the name "Bully" had not been given to Harker for nothing. The term fitted him like a glove, and he certainly spared no pains to live up to it. He was an ill-conditioned brute at the best, and the man who shipped with him couldn't, by any stretch of imagination, think he had struck a haven of rest. We had scarcely cleared the Heads after leaving Watson's Bay, where we had been lying waiting for a fair wind, before we came to loggerheads. I was taking the anchors inboard, and seeing them secured, for we were not likely to want them for a week or two.

"Bully" Harker was standing on the fore-part of the monkey-poop. "Why don't you 'haze' those lazy beggars, Mr. Harvey?" he shouted, "give 'em your tongue, sir, give 'em your tongue."

That wasn't exactly all the expression he used, but it will do here, anyhow.

Now I knew my business, and rather prided myself on being able to get as much work as anybody out of a man whether black, white, or copper-coloured, but "hazing" wasn't one of my methods.

I didn't take any notice of him, but my blood, which at that time was apt to run riot, surged within me.

When I had finished my work I came aft again.

He was leaning on the rail with his arms folded. "Say, Mr. Harvey," said he, in a tone I could have struck him for, "are you a Union man?"

"No," I replied, "I'm not; why do you ask?"

"Oh, I thought perhaps you were one of the brotherhood," he answered, offensively, "that works eight hours a day, and darned little at that."

"Then you are mistaken," I replied, losing my temper, for the jar of his tone riled me, "and I may as well tell you this also. I didn't come aboard this apology for a vessel to learn my business. I was taught that on ships that would have swung this craft on their davits for a long-boat."

"Yes, I know," he snarled, aggressively; "I've heard that sort of talk before, and it's cheap. But just understand, I'll have no kid-gloved, Sunday-school moves aboard this craft whilst I'm in charge of her. What I want you to do is to keep those lazy beggars on the jump, and give 'em the rough side of your tongue. You don't know me yet; we'll be better acquainted by and by."

"There you are mistaken again," I replied, now fairly roused, "and if I have a rough side to my tongue, you're welcome to it. You say I don't know you, but I know you well enough, and I know something else too. I know that your name is an offence to any decent sailor-man out of Sydney. Don't think for a moment I came here not knowing who you were, or that you are going to 'haze' me, because you're not."

I thought he was going to strike me, for "Bully" Harker had the reputation of hitting first and hitting hard, but apparently he thought better of it.

"You seem to have plenty to say for yourself, young fellow," said he, turning to descend the companion, "but I've no doubt you will alter your tone when you know me better and before you see Sydney again."

CHAPTER II.

TOM NICHOL'S STORY.



HAD been rather hasty, perhaps, in not giving more heed to the answer that turneth away wrath, but I doubt if soft words would have made things smoother, for "Bully" Harker was not the man to understand such niceties. It was a way I had, which was always part of my nature,

to grasp a bull by the horns at once and get the worst part of a business over.

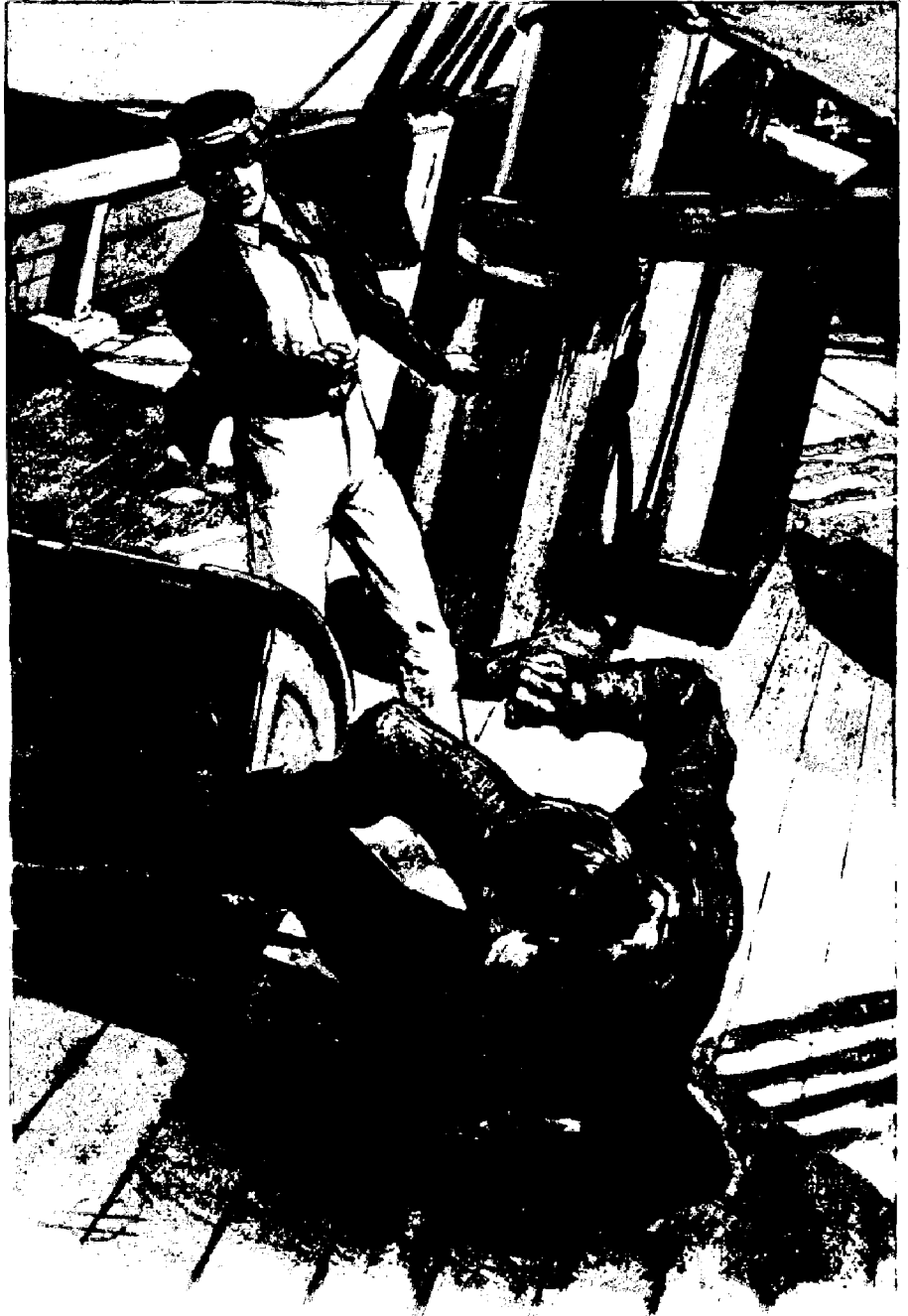
At the present time I have arrived at years of discretion, and my blood is cooler, but I am still open to conviction that there is no better way. True, the method I speak of has its penalties, for, figuratively speaking, the bull may toss you and do you some bodily harm, but how much better to receive hurt to the person than suffer damage to your self-esteem.

After I had reckoned him up, and he saw I wasn't the sort of man to put up with the amusement he delighted in, I thought he would have been better; but not a bit, it was his nature, and he was never happy unless barking at someone. When I shipped on board a vessel I didn't expect to be wrapped in cotton-wool exactly, but to have a man yapping at you day after day on every possible occasion, and without a legitimate reason, would try the temper of an archangel. The men, and I ought to be a judge, did their work well, and were neither better nor worse than any other crew it was ever my lot to handle.

The climax to all this came one day when we were about a fortnight out. Bound for New Britain and the Solomons, we were steering about N.N.E. I had brought my sextant on deck at mid-day to take the latitude. The sextant in question had been presented to me some years before by the Marine Board, in recognition of my conduct at a wreck, which they were pleased to term meritorious. There is no need to go into the particular circumstances, for I am afraid the reader will

think I have blown my horn quite sufficiently, long before this narrative ends. Enough has been said to make evident that I set great store by this article, and would have deemed it sacrilege, even at the lowest ebb of my fortunes, to negotiate a temporary loan upon it from my ever ready and obliging Uncle.

Finding that the sun was a long way from the meridian, I placed the instrument inside a



HE FELL TO LEEWARD WITH A THUD THAT MUST HAVE SHAKEN HIM CONSIDERABLY..

coil of rope that happened to be lying on the deck, to prevent it "fetching" away to leeward, a swell on the schooner's beam causing her to roll somewhat heavily. I had turned about, and was doing some little thing or other, when I heard "Bully" Harker shout, "Here, some of you lazy soldiers, take a pull on the gaff-topsail halliards."

I slewed round quickly, just in time to see him step up and let fly the rope by which my sextant was encompassed. Caught in the coil he had loosened, up they went together, and before I could do anything to save it, the sextant fell on to the deck with a crash. My first thought was for the instrument, as I picked it up and ruefully surveyed the shattered glasses, and every part that should have been straight and correct now all out of gear and crooked. My second thought was for the meanness of the whole proceeding. That it was done with intention I was perfectly assured, for not an inch could they have got had all hands swigged on the gaff-topsail halliards for a month. All the indignities he had offered me passed through my mind. But this was a last straw. No man had ever tendered me quite such an affront before without, at least, being called upon to answer for it, and in the white heat of my anger I vowed I would make no exception now. Laying the sextant quietly on the deck, I stepped up to him, and throwing my arm around his neck, cross-buttocked him on to the deck.

Taken by surprise, he fell to leeward with a thud that must have shaken him considerably.

"You dirty, mean dog," I cried, as he picked himself up. "You know the reputation you have ashore. Now, if you can, I'm going to give you the chance to add to it, but if you can't whip me I'll break every bone in your contemptible carcass."

As he made towards me I could see that one of his arms had suffered damage, but that wasn't the only thing that made him drop his hands. He was unused to such treatment, and I could see he was cowed, for he was a bully in every sense of the word.

"I'd give you all the fighting you want if my arm were sound," he shouted, livid with passion, "but let me tell you, you will repent this only once, and that will be as long as you live. I have a memory for debts of this kind, as my last mate had reason to know."

"Your last mate—" I repeated, but he had disappeared down below.

Like most men gifted with a passionate temper, mine was gone almost as soon as it had come, and I thank God that He made me so. The man to beware of is he who, instead of settling a quarrel off hand and having done with it,

nurses his resentment, which, although hidden from view, rankles in his breast, only awaiting some opportunity for reprisal. When my blood was cooler, and I had thought the matter over, I was sorry it had happened; but I was young and impulsive at that time, ever ready to resent an insult, and as Nature had made me so, how could I help it?

There was a marked improvement in "Bully" Harker's conduct after our quarrel, and we didn't see so much of him, nor hear his bark so often. "Look here, Mr. Harvey," said he, calling me to his berth some three days after, "just try and forget what has happened, and let bygones be bygones. It ought to be easy enough for you. I am the party most injured—this confounded arm of mine won't be good for a week. Forget anything I may have said—that cursed temper of mine got the better of me."

"And of my sextant too" said I, "but you're not the only one with a lively temper, and I'm more sorry than I can say that either event occurred." I looked him squarely in the face, and that's a sort of thing I like returned, but he didn't meet my eye, and that allusion to his last mate troubled me vaguely. I wasn't deceived by him, for he was the last man I should accuse of forgetting, so readily, what he thought an injury. For the next few days his small eyes followed me about when he thought I didn't notice it, and the amount of malice in them told me that my estimation of him was a correct one. The proffer of the olive branch was merely a bluff, and I was assured he was only waiting for an opportunity to get even with me. That this was in his mind I hadn't the slightest possible doubt, but how he hoped to accomplish it would never have entered my head.

One night we were rolling lazily to a light swell, for there was hardly sufficient wind to keep the sails full. I stepped aft to look in the binnacle and see that she was on her course, when old Tom Nichol—the same man, by the way, I had first seen when I came down to interview "Bully" Harker, and who was now steering—said:—

"Excuse me, sir, but you take my advice and keep your eye on the 'old man.'"

I froze, for although I was mate of a hooker of only something like a hundred tons, I didn't believe in talking my grievances over with the hands. "Don't bother your head about me," I answered curtly; "I'm quite capable of taking care of myself."

"I believe that," he replied, "if everything was fair and above-board, but it ain't, and you take it from me, the way I've noticed the skipper look at you, he means mischief. I can't say much here—he might overhear me—but I under-

stand what I'm talking about. I was here last voyage, and I know him better'n you do. Look here, sir, come for'ard when I'm relieved at four bells, and I'll tell you something that will perhaps make you see things differently. Believe me, I'm not talking for the sake of wagging my jaw tackle; it's a matter of life and death to you."

My curiosity was aroused, so soon after four bells I strolled for'ard. Old Tom Nichol was waiting for me at the forepart of the main-hatch, and he started at once. "This is the fifth voyage for me aboard this vessel. I think I am the only man who can boast of having made a second trip in her, anyhow, since this skipper has been in charge. One trip was much the same as another; the mate and skipper at it hammer and tongs the whole time. The difference about this trip is, I never saw anyone treat him as you have done—that is, get the best of him. The boot was always on the other foot, until now. What I want to tell you about is the last voyage. The mate who was here then was a middle-aged man, and 'Bully' Harker nearly 'hazed' the life out of him. They never came to blows, but that wasn't the skipper's fault, and the mate wouldn't have had the ghost of a chance in that direction if they had. One day after a bigger row than usual the skipper made a move to strike him. The mate whipped an iron belaying-pin out of the rail, and swore that if he so much as laid a hand on him, he'd break him up with it. As they stood facing one another, Mr. Johnson (that was the mate), fairly beside himself with rage, did a foolish thing. He showed his hand. I was steering at the time, and I plainly heard him tell the skipper that, instead of being master of the *Aurora*, he ought to be in Darlinghurst jail, and that as sure as daylight he'd be the cause of him reaching there yet. By what I could make out, he referred to something that had happened down the Islands years before, but what it was I never got to the bottom of. Now, that was silly, and, if there was any truth in it, a dangerous thing to let 'Bully' Harker know. What the mate should have done was to hold his cards up, until he was in a position to make use of his trump by plumping it down and taking the trick. Poor fellow! He didn't tumble to that until later on.

"'Bully' Harker dropped his arm at this, and didn't strike him, but the colour all left his face and he gave the mate such a queer look, just as I've seen him look at you now and again, and that's what makes me uneasy. There the quarrel finished, but he never forgot, and I'll tell you what the end was.

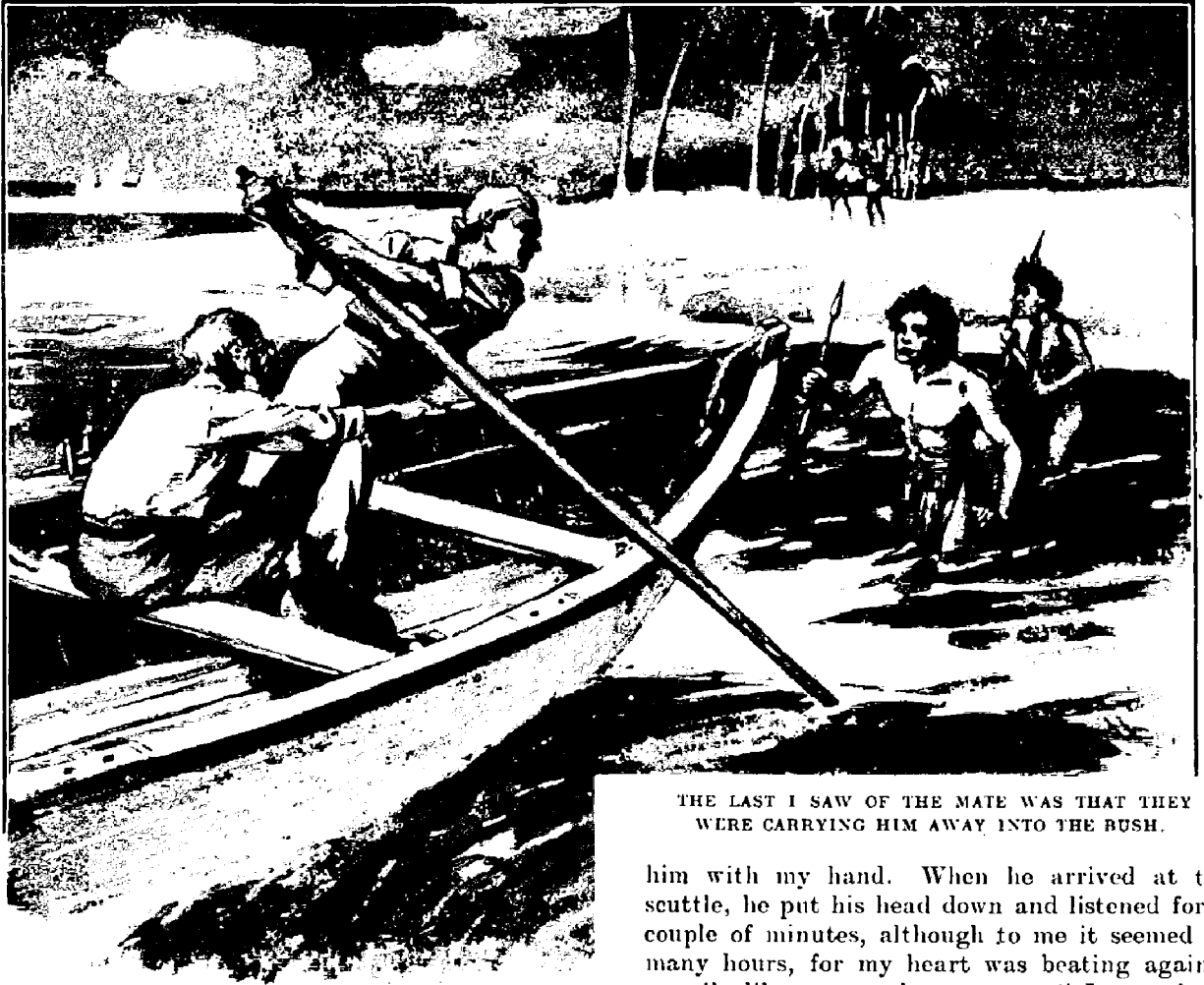
"The last place we called at was St. Christoval, and the 'old man' sent the mate and three of

us into the boat, to fetch the last of some cargo off to the ship. We had put the stuff on board and were just ready to shove off again, when the natives made for the mate and hustled him up the beach. I thought it was all up with the lot of us, and you may imagine my surprise when some of the natives shoved the boat with us on board out into the deep water, and took no further notice of it. The last I saw of the mate was that they had bound his hands and feet together, driven a stick through them, and two natives with the ends on their shoulders were carrying him away into the bush, just the same as they carry a pig. That's the last I saw of him, and you can bet your hat it's the last anybody else will see of him either. We pulled on board, and 'Bully' Harker made a great fuss, declared he'd put a man-o'-war on their track, and that sort of thing, but I can't say I was taken much with the idea, for a man-o'-war can't sail up mountains. He cursed and raved at those natives for a good solid half hour, but that sort of thing didn't bring the mate back again. Ah! he's a deep 'un, he is!

CHAPTER III.

I LEAVE THE "AURORA."

"EVERYBODY on board thought 'Bully' Harker was greatly concerned that Mr. Johnson should have been kidnapped, and I might have had the same way of thinking, but for a little circumstance which happened in the small hours of the morning. The skipper gave out he was so anxious he'd keep watch himself that night, and all hands, glad of a chance that didn't often come their way, were soon dead asleep. For my part, I'd had such a shock at the loss of the mate, that, try as I would, I couldn't get a wink for thinking of him. It must have been about two o'clock in the morning that finding I couldn't sleep, and getting tired of tossing and squirming about, I turned out, thinking I'd go on deck and have a quiet smoke by way of a soother. I had just put my head up the fore-scuttle, and was about to strike a match, when, between the surges of water on the reef, I thought I heard a slight noise like a canoe being paddled gently. I looked in the direction of the sound, and presently, sure enough, I saw a canoe loom out of the darkness. My first thought was to give the alarm, thinking we were being attacked by the natives, when the little gumption I have stepped in and kept me silent. There was only one canoe, and strain my eyes as I would, I could only see three men in her. They are not coming to take the ship, thinks I, with one canoe and three men. But something else kept me quiet too, for I heard the skipper's tread



THE LAST I SAW OF THE MATE WAS THAT THEY WERE CARRYING HIM AWAY INTO THE BUSH.

as he tramped up and down the poop. I was never good at riddles, and what this meant was beyond me, so I just stowed my pipe away, and crept into the shadow of the cook's galley to see if I could find out. The canoe came on cautiously until within ten yards of the ship, and presently I heard 'Bully' Harker say something, but in such a low voice that I couldn't make out what it was. They drew quietly up under the quarter, and a couple of the niggers climbed on board. A lot of trade stuff was passed up from below and handed into the canoe waiting to receive it. Then the natives who had been on deck swung themselves into her, and the next moment were paddling for the shore. I was asking myself the meaning of it all, when I heard a footstep along the deck, and saw it was 'Bully' Harker, who had come down the poop ladder and was making his way for'ard. It was no good trying to reach the fore-scuttle, for he must have seen me, so I stowed myself away behind the harness cask outside the galley door. He passed so close to me that I could have touched

him with my hand. When he arrived at the scuttle, he put his head down and listened for a couple of minutes, although to me it seemed as many hours, for my heart was beating against my ribs like a steam-hammer, until I was afraid that nothing short of a miracle could prevent him hearing it. He gave a grunt of satisfaction to find no one was stirring, and then, I was glad to see, passed over to the other side of the deck and went aft again. I was never good at guessing, as I told you before, but even to me the whole business became as plain as the nose on your face, and the man would have to be looney who couldn't see what it meant. Mr. Harvey, as sure as I stand here now, and that the sun will rise to-morrow morning, 'Bully' Harker bribed those natives to seize the mate and carry him away to the mountains. When it was too late I could have kicked myself for a fool that I didn't see it before, and call some of the other hands to witness it with me, but to tell you the truth, I hadn't gripped the thing until it was past and over. As this was the case, I thought the next best thing I could do was to get below as soon as possible in case he should come for'ard again, for it wouldn't have been good for my health had 'Bully' Harker known I was witness of that little transaction.

"We hung about for a day or two for he couldn't

go without making some pretence of waiting. I didn't let on to a soul, but I knew in my heart that 'Bully' Harker was just as much a murderer as if he had knocked the mate on the head and dumped him overboard. In my mind he is worse, for this was done when his blood was cold, and Heaven knows what wickedness the natives would be up to when once they had the mate in the mountains. Now, you've heard what I had to say, and it's as true as death—I didn't dream it. Just put two and two together and think what sort of a chance you are likely to have. If he could do such a thing to a man who only threatened him, what is he likely to do with you who have worsted him before all hands, and taken some of the stiffening out of him? True, you may say, Mr. Johnson knew something, or pretended to know something, which frightened him, but I've seen him look at you just the same as he looked at him, and I believe in his mind there isn't a pin to choose between you. Take my advice, sir, and don't trust him."

"Why did you come back this trip, knowing what you do?" said I.

"Well," he answered, "because I must do something for a living, and I ain't so young as I used to be. I did my level best the time I was ashore to find another ship, but it was no go, they weren't taking any stock in old men, so I had to fall back on this job again. I've heard tell of people who give big sums of money for old pictures, and old china, and the older they are the more they're worth. It's quite different with us, for I never heard of anyone collecting old men. If I do, here's one will join their collection quick and lively, for a decent amount of grub, and a pipe of tobacco now and then. No! we don't go up in value as we get older like pictures and china, and when a man gets a certain age it's hard to find any one who'll give him standing room, let alone pay a fancy price for him. Anyhow, this is the last voyage I'm going to make in this hooker, for I'd sooner stop ashore and beg my bread; and mind you, Mr. Harvey," concluded the old fellow, shaking his head impressively, "I've a sort of feeling that 'Bully' Harker will come to a violent end."

As regards the last of his remarks, he little knew that events were shaping ahead which, in their course, would make of him a prophet.

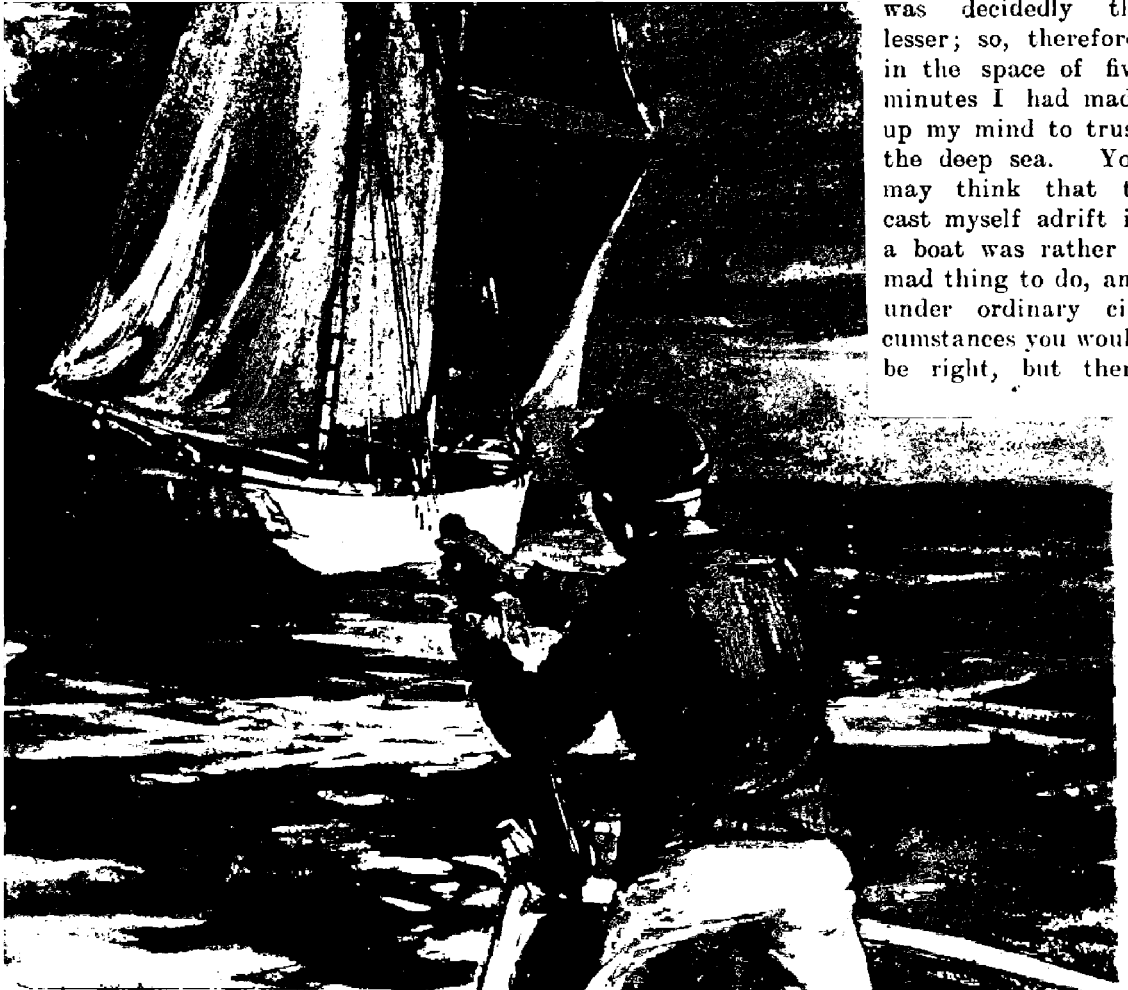
I came away after my interview with old Tom Nichol a more enlightened but scarcely a happier man. His advice to distrust "Bully" Harker was needless, for I did that already, but the story he had told me, which I saw no cause to doubt, opened my eyes to the fact that "Bully" Harker was a much more unscrupulous and dangerous man than I should have

given him credit for. If he had the same intention as regards myself, I stood in a more awkward position than I could have imagined, or even dreamed of. It appeared to me that if such was the case, I was literally between the devil and the deep sea, which is as tight a corner as any man need wish to occupy. The more I thought over it, the more critical seemed my case to be. I couldn't well refuse to go ashore in the *Solomons*, for that was part of my duty. If I declined to do so, by the account old Tom Nichol had given me, I realised that, if Harker made the bribe to the natives, or their chief, heavy enough, they were capable of taking me out of the ship itself. Of course, it would look rather queer losing two mates the same way in succession, but then, the Islands had the reputation for queer happenings. Who could hold "Bully" Harker responsible for the doings of natives, whose sole delight was head-hunting and other such little pleasantries? However, it has never been my nature to cry before I'm hurt, so I started to think the matter over a bit, and see if I could find a way out of it.

One way that presented itself to me was to get Tom Nichol to make a clean breast to the rest of the crew, and with their assistance put the skipper under restraint, and take charge of the ship myself. But I soon dismissed this idea from my mind, not caring to involve others in such a risky proceeding, which, at the best, had only supposition to justify it. Under such conditions it looked perilously like mutiny, and, unless I could furnish good and sufficient reason in a court of law, likely to land us all in a difficult sort of hole. So I put that notion on one side as a last extremity.

The wind, which had been light for some days, now left us altogether, and we enjoyed what sailors would term "Paddy's hurricane," up and down the masts. There were two whale boats across the main-hatch, to be used for beach work. Although covered, the hot sun striking down upon them was doing no good, and one morning "Bully" Harker ordered me to put them in the water, so that they might take up, and be ready for use when they were wanted, instead of leaking like a couple of baskets. I didn't hoist them on deck again after the sun went down, as there seemed no prospect of wind, and a liberal soaking in their natural element would do them a vast amount of good. It was my middle watch on deck that night. The boats were hanging astern, making a lapping sound as they rolled in the light swell, and shooting little rays of light from their sides, caused by disturbance of phosphorescent water, which twinkled and gleamed like hundreds of stars in the darkness. To my imagination, as I leaned over the rail, the noise

was decidedly the lesser; so, therefore, in the space of five minutes I had made up my mind to trust the deep sea. You may think that to cast myself adrift in a boat was rather a mad thing to do, and under ordinary circumstances you would be right, but then,



WITH THE AID OF AN OAR OVER THE STERN I PUT A DECENT SPACE OF WATER BETWEEN US BEFORE SHIPPING THE MAST AND HOISTING MY SAIL.

made by the boats in their gentle wallowing became a strain, which said as plainly as possible, "Here we are, come along! Here we are, come along!" An inspiration, that quickly shaped itself into a resolve, came into my head that here lay a way out of my difficulty. "Of two evils choose the lesser," may be very good advice in the majority of cases, but in this instance it appeared to me that the greater

you didn't know "Bully" Harker. After what I had heard and believed, I knew him well enough not to trust myself to his tender mercy, being convinced he was gifted with less of that sublime quality than the savage Islanders with whom he traded.

All day long we had been in sight of land, just the loom of it being visible far away to the Westward. This was New Guinea, the biggest Island in the world, and although, at the time, little or nothing was known regarding it, I had determined to take one of the boats and try to reach it. It was not a very healthy-looking picnic certainly, but it was better than stopping where I was, and running the risk of being made a "long-pig," this term being jocosely applied by the natives to their captives, because they were slung on poles and carried away in the same manner as a pig.

"You know, sir," said old Tom Nichol, when I told him what I intended doing, "I have a sort o' feeling as how it's the best thing you can do. I'll get a couple of hands and broach the matter to them, but there's no difficulty there, for they are with you to a man. Things are bad enough aboard this hooker already, and in the morning when 'Bully' Harker finds you and the boat missing, there'll be a bit of a bank-holiday. He'll make this craft a little floating paradise for us fellows, but anyhow, you've always behaved decently by the hands, and we'll stand the racket."

I went quickly down into the cabin, just to see that "Bully" Harker wasn't stirring. There was no fear of that, and when I looked into his berth, I thought, by glory! if you have a conscience at all, it seems to lie mighty easy, for he was sleeping as soundly and peacefully as a child. I went to my own berth, and gathered up anything I thought might be useful to me. When I came on deck again, the boat was alongside, and all the gear, mast, sails, and oars were ready for passing into her. I put together all I wanted in the way of provisions and water, and I didn't stint myself either, for this wasn't exactly the sort of expedition to be undertaken in the same manner as you'd go for a day up river. I knew there was plenty to live upon if I reached the place I was bound for, but that didn't trouble me much. What made me lay in

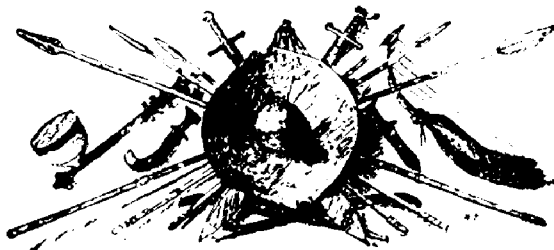
a good stock of the necessaries of life was, I didn't know the manner in which the natives would receive me. I stood at the top of the companion so that I should have warning if "Bully" Harker was on the move. If he had awakened, and wanted to know what was going on, I had the answer ready that the hands were simply baling the boat out before taking her on board again. If he made a move to come on deck, I had another argument to prevent him from doing so, which, although likely to be effective, I didn't wish to have recourse to.

When the boat was ready I left the companion way, and swung myself on board her. "Good-bye, sir, and good luck to you," whispered old Tom Nichol. "If the 'old man' should wake up presently, and send us after you in the other boat, don't bother your head, or flurry yourself. We won't overhaul you: we'll be as blind as men who can't see a hole through a ladder." Then he let go the painter, the old *Aurora* and the whale boat slowly drifting apart.

With the aid of an oar over the stern I put a decent space of water between us before shipping the mast and hoisting my sail. The cat-paws of wind that ruffled the smooth water occasionally, and which had hardly been sufficient to give the schooner steerage way, were strong enough, I was glad to see, to give the boat a rate of about three knots. At this speed the *Aurora* was soon lost to sight in the darkness, and with four hours in front of me, steering dead to the westward, I knew I should be well out of sight before daylight broke. When the sun rose above the horizon, turning everything it touched golden, I stood on one of the thwarts, and, steadying myself by placing an arm round the mast, looked long and earnestly in the direction where the *Aurora* should be. Not a sign of her could I discover, and the thought uppermost in my mind as I took my seat aft again was that we had parted company for good. But in this, as the startling sequel will prove, I was mistaken.

Chas Protheroe

(To be continued.)



SHOOTING THE WHITE HORSE RAPIDS

By A. MACDONALD, F.R.G.S.,

Author of "Pioneering in Klondike."

Illustrated by GEO. HAWLEY.

IT was late summer when we reached the shores of Lake Linderman *en route* for the frozen North. The Chilkoot Pass had presented an almost impassable barrier to our advance; a light film of snow clung to the bare rocks and filled the numberless crevices of the "Summit"—that last grim climb, where the Dyea trail mounts all but perpendicularly upwards to the blizzard swept glacier cap of the pass—and no room for foothold could be traced. It would be impossible to describe that frightful climb. When we reached the top and saw far below the twisting line of Indian "packers" who seemed to stick like flies to the white wall, we could not understand how the ascent had been accomplished.

Crater Lake, on the "other" side, was covered with a broad sheet of ice which was not sufficiently strong to bear our sleighs, or weak enough to allow of a passage being broken for our portable canvas boat. Here we were delayed many days, laboriously dragging our outfit to a less lofty and more congenial climate.

Long Lake, Deep Lake, and Mud Lake were successfully negotiated in turn; their waters glistened cold and cheerless, surrounded by the great snowy peaks that were rapidly opening out into the magnificent

Yukon valley. Far down in the hollow, seemingly in a sunnier and well timbered spot, nestled Lake Linderman, and beyond the Yukon channel could be traced between the



ever-widening mountain ranges. We had packed sleighs in our outfit, not expecting to use them until we reached the Klondike river, and how successful they might prove should it be necessary to force a trail across the frozen waters, was a matter for conjecture.

At this time Linderman's shores were the scene of much bustle; many intending voyagers were building their boats in feverish haste, for they knew that the elements must soon lay firm grip on the waters, and render their work useless.

Major Walsh, the Canadian Administrator of the Yukon Territory, had just made his appearance from over the Skagway trail, and he was all eagerness to proceed. He immediately bought—at fabulous prices—the boats that were built, and without a day's delay set sail northwards with his staff.

Two days after the Major's departure, I succeeded in purchasing a twenty-foot "Dorie" from a disheartened miner who had decided to return to Dyea and wait for the ensuing spring.

I need not detail our journeyings for the next few days; Linderman was sailed over within two hours, then the half-mile portage between it and Lake Bennet was accomplished after much labour. This latter lake is twenty-eight miles in length, its northern extremity narrowing down to a deep and swift flowing channel, which extends but a few hundred yards before expanding into a broad shallow lake or lagoon, colloquially known as "Caribou Crossing." The current here is sluggish and the water abounds in shoals and sandbanks, which at that time were a sore trial to the adventuresome navigator with his precious freight of flour and other necessities.

Tagash Lake forms the next link in the great lake chain of the Yukon, and it stretches full twenty-nine miles, then contracting to a fierce flowing stream by which the Canadian Customs Offices are now stationed.

Beyond this is Marsh Lake, and here it was that our troubles began.

Not a breath of wind stirred the waters of the lake, and our crudely built Dorie, containing 1,000 pounds of flour, and 1,000 pounds of miscellaneous foodstuffs, ploughed slowly through the wide expanse to the accompaniment of much wheezing and groaning of oars, and an endless string of forcible expletives that burst from the lips of my stalwart companions, who provided the motive power of the ungainly craft. The favouring wind had died away, and unaided

by the sails we could make but little headway over the still water. The weather had become strangely cold considering the earliness of the season, and I was almost benumbed as I sat in the steersman's perch, directing the course by sundry sweeps of a great bladed Indian paddle, which I wielded with both hands.

"Keep it up, boys," I encouraged. "We are more than half-way through the lake."

"Twa miles an 'oor!" grunted Mac between his efforts. "This is the worst boat a ever pulled."

Stewart, his companion, rested his oar for a moment to breathe a sympathetic swear word of much intensity, then together they bent to their labours, and the rasp of the oars, and the brief swish the eddying pools created, alone broke the deadly quiet.

Towards nightfall I was surprised to notice here and there large sheets of ice on the lake surface, and occasionally our heavily laden boat would grind against these obstacles, shouldering them off with much effort; then my oarsmen's long sweeps would rend and split them as they passed alongside.

It was very plain that the Yukon headwaters were fast freezing over.

"We'll have to keep going all night, boys," I said, "for we'll be ice jammed if we camp anywhere around here."

The fierce torrent issuing from the end of the lake and rushing towards the dread White Horse Rapids would in all probability be free from ice—if we could reach that far.

Strenuously my companions pulled at their oars. The gloom deepened, then the stars came out, and by their feeble light I could distinguish far ahead a scintillating field of ice.

The sight caused me almost to despair—we had been sailing since early morning and were tired and very hungry.

Before I could get the head of our boat turned in-shore, it had crashed through several flaking sheets, and immediately after I realised that we were hopelessly in an ice maze from which there seemed no exit.

"We'll gang straight on," said Mac with determination, and he levered powerfully with his oar against the frosted masses.

A quarter of an hour passed, then the upturning stem of the Dorie went thud against an immovable barrier, and I knew that we were indeed ice jammed beyond the possibility of forcing a passage with the oars. No: could we return, for the ice pack we had negotiated for miles was now seemingly welded together in one solid mass.

Cautiously Mac put his moccasined foot

over the prow and bore heavily on the glittering ice; it neither strained nor yielded.

With a fervent malediction he jumped on "shore," and felt the edge of the sheet.

"It's mair than twa inches," he said sorrowfully. "Hoo can we get through this?"

Very sadly we got out of our boat, and taking the cooking utensils, the tent, and some flour and coffee, sought a sheltered spot among the dense timber on the lake side. Soon we had almost forgotten our woes, and were regaling ourselves with copious draughts of coffee and much hard damper.

From our tent door we could see our boat stuck fast amid the ice. How we were to get it free I could not well imagine. In the morning, however, we awoke with renewed energy and more hopeful hearts.

"We cannot have far to go, boys," I said, "we'll cut down a couple of trees and use them to break a passage."

After breakfast we lost no time in making the effort. Armed with the heavy logs, we re-embarked, and soon the ponderous hammers had begun their work and a passage was slowly made towards the Yukon. With great reluctance our boat moved ahead, leaving a trail of glittering ice boulders. Mac leaned over the

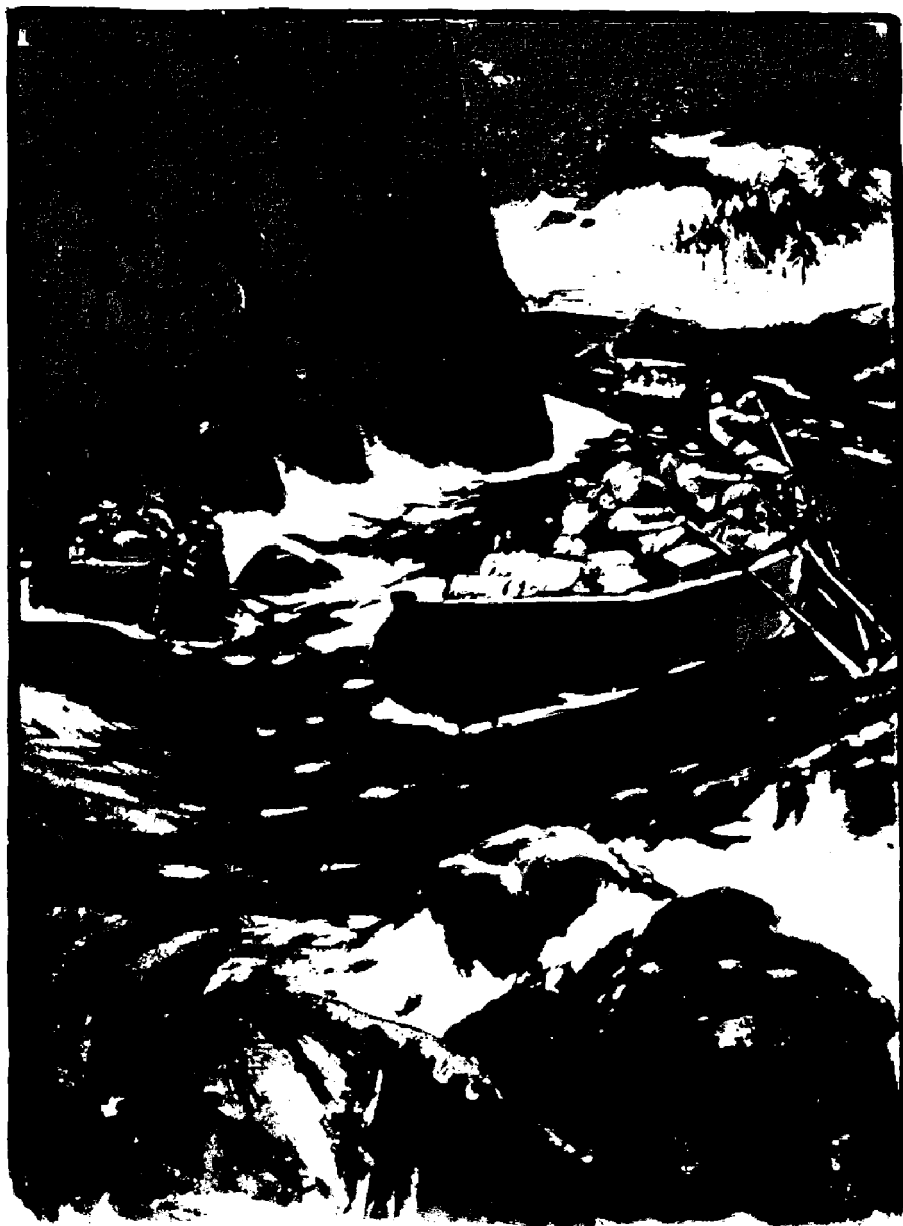
bow and opened the channel, while Stewart and I belaboured the masses that closed in on either side.

About mid-day we neared the end of the lake, and the channel beyond appeared a rippling, crackling flood of jagged ice floes.

We felt the suction of the current long

before we had reached the limit of the ice-field. The sheets became thinner and broke away readily, so that the oars came again into play, and we crashed onward impetuously on the bosom of an irresistible stream.

At last we were free, and our boat dashed



"KEEP HER GOING, BOYS," I YELLED, AS I WORKED MY STEERING PADDLE, EVADING ROCKS, BOULDERS, AND ICE FLOES IN TURN.

madly into the narrow egress, bumping, grinding, and rocking against the detached fragments of ice that appeared everywhere.

With a great effort we managed to slow our craft before coming into contact with a sharp, jutting rock that reared high in the middle of the stream, and then we found that

it required all our energies to evade the miniature icebergs that rushed alongside. These floating dangers looked harmless enough, yet they were fully six inches deep in the water, and contact with them would result in much damage to the planks of our dorie. Several times indeed we were almost overturned by colliding with unusually large floes.

In another hour we had nearly navigated the extent of Miles's canyon, and only several hundred yards ahead I noticed Major Walsh's flotilla, buffeting the seething waters cumbrously, while the men at the oars strained every muscle to escape the perils that abounded in their course.

"We're not far from the White Horse, boys," I said to my sturdy henchmen, who were working like galley slaves. They ceased their labours for a moment to look round, and at once our vessel swung about and drifted dangerously near the rocky river steeps.

"We maun keep a way on her," said Stewart. "Let's ken when we're through," said Mac, and their oars cleft the water like the paddle floats of a fast river steamer.

The current was flowing at the rate of ten miles an hour, and to keep a steering way on our unwieldy barge was, as may be understood, no easy matter.

Frantically I swung my paddle and strove my utmost to avert the calamity that every moment seemed to threaten us.

We were rapidly gaining on Major Walsh's outfit; he had four boats in all, three of them being clumsy barges laden entirely with provisions. These latter were manned by several members of the North-West Mounted Police, who worked their oars from difficult-looking perches among the flour sacks.

The police boats, however, steered a very erratic course, sometimes being carried forward almost on their beam ends. I guessed that the heavily freighted craft had become unmanageable; certainly the steersmen seemed to have no control.

Yet I had little time to notice those ahead, for our own "clipper" required every attention.

"Keep her going, boys," I yelled, as I worked my steering paddle with a will, evading rocks, boulders, and ice floes in turn.

Suddenly the white dashing surf of the Rapids came into view; the river narrowed to a fraction of its former width, and over the cataract a jagged sea of the dangerous floes crackled and roared into the abyss beyond.

I saw the Major's first boat fly like an arrow from the bow into the heart of the boiling foam; it careened dangerously on taking the sweep, then righted itself and disappeared into the flying mists.

"Steady, Mac!" I cried, as our craft entered the race; the dense spray almost obscured the great deflecting rock, and we rushed seemingly to destruction.

Then, before my eyes, there appeared an awful spectacle. Faster than I can write the words—*one, two, three*—each of Major Walsh's three boats reared high in the sleety mist and overturned one after the other as they took the curve.

"Let her go, boys," I bellowed. "Bend to it." The crucial moment had arrived; we were enveloped in foam, and were dashing straight towards the torrent-deflecting bluff.

I leaned far back over the stern of our half submerged boat, and with a mighty stroke of the paddle swung her head round, and we grazed death by barely half-a-dozen inches.

A moment more and we were floating in almost placid waters. Beside us bobbed three smashed boats. Major Walsh stood sorrowfully on shore assisting dripping men from the water.

"It's all over, boys," I said to my crew, "you can ease off now," and I steered for the beach and lent my aid in the work of rescue.

The half-drowned Canadians were dragged ashore gasping and almost senseless, and while we scanned the grim waters anxiously for a trace of one still missing, his body was tossed at our feet by the relentless waves. Soon after, the sand was littered with sacks of flour, and beans, and miscellaneous foodstuffs.

Several camps were in evidence around this melancholy spot, erected by men who had lost their all in the rapids, and were only waiting a chance of returning to civilisation. They eagerly accepted the Major's offer to purchase their scanty outfits, and without loss of time that intrepid old Indian fighter had embarked again for the North. To him it was a race with the elements, but the elements won after all, and compelled him to make his winter camp at Big Salmon River.

We waited by White Horse for a few days, assisting in the recovery of the wreckage, then we continued our northward course on the trail of the Major.

I have yet a curious little note which was entrusted to me by two of the tent dwellers, and addressed to Major Walsh. I gave the message verbally. The scribble runs thus:—
"Hester and Hardwick have recovered 2,000 pounds police goods at White Horse Rapids."



MR. THE EDITOR,—
 Me voici, one time
 more, the pen in
 the hand, a french
 critique of english customs.

Your cricket match, your football, your chase of fox, of bird, of hare, I have written of all. There rests yet another—a Combat National. What then? the box? No! The Derby horse course? No! The Mylor Mare's Spectacle? No! It is the Regata of the Universities of the Oxford and Cambridge colleges boats. My friend—he is of Oxford—a Bachelor in Arts—he invite me to come with him to the Regata. "At the sea?" "No, not at all." "Where then?" "Here in London." "Ah! that is good, easy—and for when?" "The Regata," he says, "celebrates itself on April 2nd, but it must to go and see the boatsmen in exercise first. The sailors of Oxford he knows them well: they are all good boys." Perhaps, but I also, I know sailors, they are rude, noisy; myself I like not the sailors—but patience, we shall see. The next day he comes to take me—we go to Putney—it is on the so dirty river—it makes cold, it is yet winter. I ask him, "This day, is it that they will make a course?" He tell me that no; it will be to-day only the exercise. "Ah, then, at least we shall see the boats; I have much envy to see them." "Yes," he say, "we shall see the boats." All at a blow, from a house on the other side of the river, comes a crowd of young men—boys—habilled in gross clothes, habits, jerseys; around the neck are long consolateurs,* as you say—they are as some momies of Egypt. On shoulder a long rame, of a colour blue at end. "But how?" I demand, "what is it that these are, these infants?" "Infants!" he say. "these are the Oxford crew." "But, my faith! they are not sailors, these gents here, they are not but boys of school!" "I never said they were sailors," he replique; "they are young men at the University—gentlemen, you know." "It is possible," I

* Monsieur must mean "comforters."—ED.

say; "but, my faith, they will find it difficult to rame habilled as that." "But they will not," he repond; "they will debarrass themselves of them—presently you will see them strip." "Strip! to go naked! but, thousand thunders, it makes cold, they will enrhume themselves." "Oh, no," he say, "the exercise will make them warm." "And the boat, where then is it?" "I do not see it," he say; "perhaps they will not serve themselves of it this morning: they will exercise themselves in tubs." "In tubs! ma foi, in tubs! you funny english, you are mad of your tubs! Each morning always, winter or summer, it must a tub! and now, regard then these poors shall take exercise, naked! in tubs! my faith, it is cruel, it is a savage custom! and the water, how it is cold and dirty! they cannot wash themselves of it, they will be more dirty as never!" He set himself to laugh. "I do not mean that they will have a tub, M'sieu; they will rame in tubs, for exercise, you know." "But, ciel, it is not possible to oar, rame—what is it?—in a tub; it shall not advance, it shall turn itself all round, and perfectly it shall upside itself. My faith! it shall be an exercise very curious!"

"No, no," he exclaim—"but look, here is the boat; they will go out after all."

"The boat! that a boat! ciel, it cannot

contain eight men; a cat shall reverse it." "Wait till you see," he say; "it will contain them all right."

With precaution the most excessive they enter the boat, they place their long rames, they debarrass themselves of their consolateurs, their jerseys of wool, but they are not naked—they have yet some clothes; this is not the course of tubs. A little boy seat himself at one end, he is the timonier, the governor. A word of commandment—they sort, my friend set himself to run: me also: but, my faith, one cannot run with a boat as that, very scarcely a boat at steam shall do so. Very quickly I arrest myself in palpiting; I regard the boat; the poor crew rame with desperation; the boat flies, but the banks are not firm—they are loose, always they slip each one—with difficulty they maintain themselves. The boat passes, one cannot see it more. I say to my friend, "What is it then that it is? they will return?" "Oh, yes," he say, "they will return in little of time; then we will go and visit them—I wish to see them again." "Good, I also; it shall be very interessant to speak with them; you will present me, is it not?" "Certainly, M'sieu, with great pleasure."

We cross the river; we promenade ourselves in attending; the time appears long; but bye-bye we see the boat in returning itself. All at the hour it is here: the crew put on their consolateurs, their jerseys of wool, their habits of blue; then debarque. My friend approaches himself of them: he addresses to them the word: they give him the wellcome with enthusiasm: it is evident that they love him much. He presents me in saying, "A french friend of mine wishing to learn all that there is of the most english." I raise my hat with politesse; they grimace and look stupid. Oh, how they look stupid, these young barbers! M. the little who governs the boat joins the conversation with me. He is not stupid; he is intelligent, what you call a smart. He explique to me the boat. I say, "But these banks, M'sieu, they are slippery, is it not?" "Oh, the banks," he say, "yes, they *are* slippery, but that does not matter, we don't touch them." "Not to touch them! mais, ma foi, you sit on them, is it not?" "Sit on them! the banks! rather not: too dirty, M'sieu, and too wet to sit on! why should we sit on them?" "But yes, for to oar, to rame, it must to sit on the banks." "No, no," he say, "it would be impossible in sitting on the banks—we sit in the boat." "But, ciel, the banks are in the boats." "Oh! the *seats* you mean? yes, they slip

all right—sliding seats, you know; they always make them like that." I tell him that they should be firm, fixed: always in France our banks, seats, are firm; that is for why no one is able to beat us." He repond that he will think about it. "And you, M'sieu," I say, "you govern the boat, is it not? without doubt you are the Captain?" "Yes," he say, "but we are not called Captain, we are called Cocks." "Ah! Cocks!" I say, "what a drôle of a name. Cocks! that is very curious. But, pardon me, you yourself, you are also without doubt of distinction in your University?" "Well," he reply, "one does not speak of oneself, but I have been plucked three times, if you regard that as a distinction." "Mais, pardon my ignorance, I do not comprend. What then is 'pluck?'" "Pluck," he say, "oh, pluck means valour, courage." "It is then of the highest honour?" "Well, yes," he replique with a modesty the most admirable, "I suppose it is." "And you are Bachelor in Arts?" "Not yet, M'sieu, but I hope to be some day." Regard then this prodigy—he appears as an infant, he is not yet Bachelor in Arts, yet he is already of triple honour in his University and the Cock of his boat; ma foi, a great distinction! en verité an exemple admirable! "Tell then," I say, "what is this giant who sits near to you in the beat? he is also of a high position, is it not?" "Oh, him," he says, "not at all, he sits near me that I may keep my eye on him—not to be trusted, you know—he only strokes the boat." "But, my faith, strokes! the boat is not perhaps as a cat that he shall stroke it." "Yes," he say, "to stroke, you know, to make smooth—makes her go through the water better." "But with what then shall he stroke her, the boat?" "Oh, with an oar," he replique. "But an oar! it is not possible that one can stroke with an oar; it is too hard, is it not?" "Ah, but," he repond, "it is well feathered." "Feathered! an oar! never I hear a thing so curious! an oar! with feathers! it is astonishing! ma foi, with feathers! it is incroyable! In France we rame with oars, yes; but with feathers, jamais. And this M. the Strokeur—he is you tell me not to be trusted; why then have you not another in his place?" "Oh," he repond, "the rest are all as bad; it is a great responsibility: if I did not watch them they would all be catching crabs." "But, ciel! catch crabs! in a course—a race?" "Yes," he say, "they *will* do it." "But how then? crabs? you attrappe them with the hand?" "No, with the oar." "But one cannot attrappe a crab with an oar."

"Oh, yes, you can," he repond. "My faith! it must be very difficult." "Not at all," he say, "all at the contrary, very easy." "But in France we do not peche in a boat as that, there is not of place; without doubt they shall be very small, these crabs." "No, indeed," he say, "I have known them to be so great as to upside the boat." "My faith, what monstres! to rame in the Thames is very dangerous; to upside, what horror! but what betise to try to attrappe them; and in a course, a race! these funny english, how they are barbers! To race, it is good: to peche, it is also good; but to peche in racing! Ah, bah! But these others, they are of a good position, is it not? my friend have tell me that they are gentlemen the all." He shake the head. He replique that no, it is very sad: they are gentlemen, it is true, by birth; but they are the bad subjects of the University: in effect they are all slaves of the oar, dangerous. Only he, the Cock, is of high position; these others are as detenus, convicts: it is necessary to whip them all the time cruelly: in place of names they have some numbers, 1, 2, 3, 4, etc.: only the last is called the Strokeur: their food is of raw beef and water, and of it a very little, hence the desire to attrappe crabs. "But my friend here, he knows them, they have received him with enthusiasm, how then that? *he* is not forçat." "Ah, no," he say, "but he has been here before, he has given them perhaps of money: it is defended, but what will you? the poor beggars have hunger."

He is interessant, this Mr. the Cock. I wish to learn more, but my friend call me: it is time to go.

One time more I go with my friend, but I do not see again nor Mr. the Cock, nor his miserables: they are in the boat in exercise, with another boat called a "Scratchit." How barbarous are your english names! I ask my friend, "For why then, a Scratchit?" and he repond, "Oh, scratch, you know, M'sieu, gratter, because the result is generally gratifying." I do not comprend; it may be so, but I think that he moque himself of me.

At last the day of the course, the race, the race-course, as you say. We hasten ourselves to the river: all the world also: it makes a

splendid day, the heaven is blue, the water is blue, and, my faith, all the world is blue also. M'amselle is with us; always she is enchanting, ravishing, but in blue! Ah, la, la, she is an angel. My friend has a boat at steam: we shall follow the course, we shall see everything. The boards of the river are stuffed of people, each one has a rosette, a cravate of blue; the ladies, even their gloves, their parasols, are blue!



REV. G. D. B. 1842

"BUT HOW THEN? CRABS? YOU ATTRAPPE THEM WITH THE HAND?"

Ah, regard then the boat of Oxford, of Cambridge. See, there is my friend, the Cock, he regard his men with severity. I do not see his cruel whip, but it is without doubt in the bottom of the boat. I do not desire to see him make use of it. Ah, the poor Strokeur, he appears sad, he has perhaps hunger, without doubt he desires crabs. A blow of pistol. Ha! they are parted: the boat of the Arbitrer advances—we also. The

gents on the boards roar; the boats at steam push piercing cries; the ladies agitate their pocket-handkerchiefs—*ma foi*, what a word! the wind blows; the smoke envelopes us. Me, I can see nothing; we rush on; the cries redouble themselves; our boat is dull, it cannot maintain itself; the course, bah! I cannot see it; what damage! But that makes nothing. I have seen enough—the misery, the cruelty, the biting hunger, the bleeding backs; it

little imports me who shall gain—*vogue la galère*—to me it is equal.

And this, it is the Sport, is it not?

England is the land of the Sport and of the Free.

The Sport of the Free, then, what is it?

My friend, it is a race of galley slaves.

Bah!

Agréez, etc.,

VIVE LA FRANCE.

MY BOOKS.

SINCE I sat me down to write, my respect for authors has enormously increased. To write about that which you love would seem an easy task to some, and so it seemed to me. But no longer am I so illusioned, for I have found it exceedingly difficult to put my thoughts into words that are clear. They get confused, come tumbling one on top of another, and are as difficult to get into order as an untidy desk. But I have stuck to my self-imposed task, and here you have the result: a small account of some of my books.

I am not a bookworm, but I am truly a lover of books; of a certain kind of book. There are many, many books which I cannot bring myself to love, and amongst these the six-shilling novel figures largely. But there are good and bad in every class, and many of our best books have appeared as six-shilling novels, and are worth keeping.

I do not care to keep a book which I do not like, or in which I cannot become interested. One or two of this kind I have, it is true, and I intend to keep them, but these were given me by friends and relations, and, though I may not like the reading in them, I like and value such books on account of the givers.

In choosing a book my first object is to select a good author, but an equally important consideration is that it shall be well and clearly printed. For what is the use of buying a book which perhaps ten, perhaps twenty, years hence you will be unable to read clearly? And, too, it is natural that one should desire to have one's favourites in good condition.

Some books I have which contain little that can be called literature. These I have bought because of their illustrations. Even here discrimination is required, for there are many ways

of illustrating a book, good and bad, and the good are few in number.

A book which I can hardly be said to love, but with which I would not part, is the "History of Architecture," by Banister-Fletcher. An architect I am to be, and therefore this book is of unique interest and value to me. I would not part with it, if only on account of its illustrations, and the glimpses it gives one of the habits and life of dead nations and races make it well worth keeping.

A more delightful companion than the "Essays of Elia" I know not. Especially is it welcome when one "travels in the train." The articles in it are not long, and treat of a variety of subjects, unusual and interesting, in a masterly way. One reads this book with the same pleasure that one experiences in listening to a well-educated man.

Who has not felt the influence and charm of Dickens, and in which of his many books are his qualities so well displayed as in "A Tale of Two Cities"? I regard this as his best book; the story is more sustained, the movement quicker, the characters even better than in his others, and, as the daily papers put it, "there is not a dull page."

I treasure no book more than I treasure "Esmond," and I have read no book with greater delight. Thackeray possessed, in a surprising degree, the great quality of literary charm, and his pages are passed without notice almost, though his books are so long. "Esmond" is conspicuous in this degree, and I am not alone in thinking it his best.

I could write at great length on my books, but fear I must not do so, for space is valuable, and so is time.

ALAN LESLIE SNOW.



THE GIANT CAT

BY J. MACDONALD OXLEY.
ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE SOPER.



DAVIE SMITH was a typical "John Bull" in regard to both physical and mental characteristics. He stood just five feet eight in his stockinged feet, measured forty-two inches round the chest, and had the thews and sinews of a Hercules. His "fighting weight" was a few ounces short of one hundred and ninety pounds. Blue eyes and blonde hair bespoke Anglo-Saxon lineage, while the frequent misplacing of that troublesome letter "h" betrayed a not too cultured birthplace.

The confidence that comes from the possession of a strong mind in a strong body showed plainly in Davie's bronzed and pleasing countenance. He had a mighty will of his own, the desires and decrees of which his mighty body so often enabled him to satisfy and execute that a certain amount of conceit was surely pardonable. No man had ever "bested" him in a fair contest at either boxing or wrestling, and he had come to believe that on anything like even terms he was a match for any opponent in the shape of man or brute likely to cross his path.

"That chap thinks he could whip his own

weight in wild cats," said a lean lank New Brunswicker, with a sceptical sniff one day, when Davie had been showing some feats of strength during the dinner hour at the quarries, and had gone off again to his work whistling merrily as was his wont, for he had the sunniest of dispositions.

"Perhaps he couldn't quite manage it," replied a sturdy Bluenose, who had been feeling his biceps, and wondering if *he* would ever be able to imitate the Englishman's recent performance, "but I wouldn't much care to be one of the wild cats all the same, thank you."

Davie's occupation was the appropriate one of engineer and machinist, and he was a very competent workman. He could not only run a steam-engine, but he could also take it to pieces and put it together again without misplacing a rivet, and if anything gave way he was quick to remedy the defect. Consequently he was held in high esteem by his employers, and earned big wages at the Miramichi quarries, where the whole of the powerful machinery for getting out and handling the huge freestone blocks was under his charge.

He felt the same pride in his reputation as an engineer as he did in his strength as an athlete, and not a man in the quarry could more confidently be counted upon for being prompt in beginning work.

The Miramichi quarries lie in a kind of valley or cleft of the hills that skirt the north shore of New Brunswick, and present about as dreary a spectacle as can well be imagined. The hillsides have been torn and gashed in unsightly fashion by drill and dynamite, the trees cut down to serve as food for the fires of the insatiable engines, leaving the jagged stumps to strew the ground, and everywhere around there is the hideous débris made by the trimmers of the brown blocks that are shipped away to be built into stately edifices.

Nobody lived at the quarries. Two miles away a pretty little village nestled beside a broad river, and here the quarrymen made their home, driving to and from their work in the big drays used for transporting the stone. Davie very rarely, however, availed himself of this mode of conveyance. If the day was fine, he altogether preferred "Shanks's mare" to the lumbering dray, and, as a rule, he reached his destination before the others.

This was not entirely due to his prowess as a pedestrian, although he could cover mile after mile at a pace that made him very hard to keep up with. He generally took advantage of a short cut—a rough indistinct path that led through the thick of the forest, whose verdurous billows rolled between the river and the quarries.

Few beside himself ever trod this path, and he had come to regard it as in some sense a bit of private property. His inseparable companion in these tramps to and fro was a fine fox terrier that he had brought with him from England. Grip was one of the best of his kind—a white and black epitome of courage, strength, and activity, to whom the burly machinist represented all in the world worth loving and obeying. His supreme indifference to other people was no less marked than his unswerving devotion to his master.

One cool autumn morning Davie and Grip set forth for the quarries at the usual time, the latter giving the rattling drays with their loads of noisy men a farewell bark that seemed to have a tone of contempt in it as they lumbered past them along the dusty road.

"You'd best take a lift this morning, Davie," called out one of the drivers. "They say the woods are full of wild cats."

A derisive smile curled Davie's lips as he made answer,

"And what do I care for wild cats, Alec? Indeed, I'd like first rate to see one and give Grip a chance at it."

Alec laughed as he touched up the horses. "Perhaps you'll have a different notion some day, and Grip too. They're not the fun to fight with you seem to think."

"Well—if I need any help I'll call on you, Alec," retorted Davie, adding, "Wake up those nags of yours or I'll be at the quarries before you."

Alec applied the whip—the horses broke into a trot, and the dray disappeared around a turn of the road just as Davie and his dog struck off across the dew-laden grass, heading for the dense forest through which the short cut wound its way.

The morning was bright and clear, the air deliciously cool, and Davie felt in excellent spirits, which his dog evidently shared. Half-way between the river and the quarries an open glade broke the monotony of the forest, on the right side of which stood the ruins of a once stately tree that had been shattered by a lightning stroke. Grip, who had been ranging widely, and reached the bare, blasted trunk fifty yards in advance of his master, came to a sudden halt at its base, and set up a furious barking.

"Hullo!" exclaimed Davie. "The dog's got something there. Another squirrel maybe."

But there was something in the tone of the terrier's barking that seemed to indicate a more worthy excuse for excitement than a common-place squirrel, and caused Davie to quicken his steps. As he neared the tree he saw what looked to him like a very much overgrown cat slowly descending head first while Grip's barking grew fiercer the nearer it got to him.

"That's one of those wild cats they've been blowing about, as sure as my name's Smith," ejaculated Davie, with a thrill of satisfaction. "Fetch him, Grip!—fetch him, good dog!"

Grip needed no encouraging. His whole frame quivered with eagerness for the fray, and he could not even await the wild cat's descent to the ground, but did his best to spring up the tree in frantic efforts to anticipate it.

A second glance at the creature which was making its way downwards with such curious deliberation gave Davie an unexpected start, for it looked like an antagonist not to be despised. It was, in fact, a fine specimen of what is known in New Brunswick as the "Indian Devil," perhaps because of the blood-curdling screech with which it delights to startle the echoes of the night, and which

bears some resemblance to the war-whoop of an infuriated Indian.

Its sinewy, supple form seemed full four feet in length as it came steadily down the trunk, and the cruel, curved claws that tipped the furry feet, the keen white teeth gleaming wickedly through the bushy whiskers, and the fierce snarl which issued from between them wrought a quick and complete change in the big Englishman's mind.

His intention had been to let Grip and the



HE GRASPED IT BY THE SMALL OF THE NECK AND THE MIDDLE OF THE BACK.

wild cat have a fair and square fight while he acted as referee and sole spectator. But he saw now that, with all his pluck and agility, the terrier would never be a match for such a brute as this.

"Bless my eyes!" he exclaimed. "You can't tackle that chap alone, Grip. I'll have to give you a hand myself."

VOL. IX.—7.

The wild cat was now just within his reach, and, meaning to throttle it before those teeth and claws could do any damage, he sprang forward and grasped it by the small of the neck and the middle of the back. That he would not be able to master the creature at once never entered into his head, and it was with a distinct thrill of surprise that, the moment his grip was fairly fastened upon it, he realised that he had before him a struggle which would test both strength and endurance to the utmost.

As his fingers sank into the grayish brown fur, the wild cat, with a horrible snarl of rage, tried to twist round in order to face its assailant, and Davie, to his consternation, discovered that so loosely did the skin hang upon its sinewy frame that it seemed able to accomplish its object, grip it as tightly as he might.

There was but one way of preventing the animal effecting its purpose, and the engineer's quick wit did not fail to perceive it.

"Ah! you ugly beast!" he hissed through his set teeth. "You'd like to get your claws into *me*, would ye? Well—I'll just put a stop to that."

So saying, with a sudden swift effort he tore the wild cat off the tree, dashed it to the ground feet first, and then threw his whole weight upon it, exclaiming:

"Now, you brute — scratch till you're tired."

The "Indian Devil" needed no such admonition. Snarling and spitting with a fury little short of appalling, it tore away at the unoffending ground beneath it, all the time making tremendous efforts to break free from the engineer's iron grip, and to use those pitiless claws upon him.

"No—you don't," cried Davie, holding on

with grim determination, for now he had awakened to the fact that he himself, and not little Grip, was the one in danger, and that if he would escape without serious injury, or, indeed, with his life, he must do unto death the powerful, agile brute he had challenged to mortal combat.

Before daring to loosen his first hold for an instant, he got his knees fixed firmly upon the

of muscle between the thumb and fore-finger, from which the blood spurted out.

With a roar of pain Davie withdrew his hand, and, improving its advantage, the wild cat almost succeeded in turning over and getting fairly at him. But happily the engineer was too quick for it, and, regardless of his agony, and the streaming blood, he forced it back into its place again.



THE TERRIBLE CLAWS, SHAVING PAST DAVIE'S EARS, RIPPED THROUGH THE MUSCLES OF HIS CHEST.

wild cat's back, and then put forth all his strength in an effort to throttle it with his right hand while holding down its head with the left.

But no sooner did his hand come within reach of those terrible claws than with a lightning like swiftness the cat made a pass at it, and tore a hideous gash in the thick triangle

"Keep down there, will you!" he roared, being now in as fierce a fury as the wild cat itself. "You'll not stir from this until I'm done with you."

The odds, upon the whole, were in favour of the man, and against the animal, yet no one could have been a spectator of the strenuous struggle for supremacy between them without

realising that the issue between them would not soon be decided. Poor little Grip was wild with eagerness to assist his beloved master, but all that he could do was to bark, and make futile dashes at the wild cat's head.

In the meantime the tremendous claws were channelling the ground, while the keen, white teeth were snapping in frantic rage. If the fight lasted long enough, there would certainly be a grave dug in readiness for one of the combatants.

Davie already repented of his rashness, and heartily wished himself out of the scrape into which it had led him, but now there was no possible escape, save through complete victory over his unexpectedly formidable antagonist.

Cool as the morning was, the sweat stood out in big beads on his forehead, and his breath came in quick, deep pants, that showed how great were his exertions. His mind was busy conceiving schemes for extrication from his perilous position, but one after another they were dismissed as fast as they suggested themselves, for they all turned upon temporary freedom of action, and Davie knew well enough that to loosen his tense grasp for a moment would be to have the wild cat at his throat before he could wink. There seemed no other alternative but to hold on until either he or the animal became exhausted, when the question at issue between fingers and claws would be soon settled.

And so Davie held on—getting a little respite from time to time when the creature abated its furious energy, only to be called upon for a renewed effort when it resumed its struggles. A whole hour passed in this way, and as the second drew towards its close Davie felt that his strength was undeniably waning. Another hour at the farthest would find him exhausted, and then, if the "Indian Devil" had any power to harm still left, it would have him at its mercy.

But, within half-an-hour, Davie realised that he had come to the end—or very nearly to the end—of his stock of strength. And the Cat, feeling its aggressor's grip lessening in intensity, gathered itself together and turned clean round, so that at last man and animal were face to face!

The snarling teeth were close to the man's

face, and the terrible claws, shaving past Davie's ears, ripped through the muscles of his great chest. For the moment Davie went mad with agony, and with a snarl as fierce as the cat's he closed his two hands with all his remaining strength round the beast's throat.

But as the cat gasped for the breath of life under this herculean pressure, the awful claws still ripped and tore at the bleeding chest. Davie's brain swam—his grasp of the cat's throat relaxed, and then, at the moment that he fancied the cat's fangs would be buried in his throat, some weapon descended from above, there was a crash, a last wild scream of hate from the cat . . . and Davie lost his senses.

* * * *

Owing to the non-arrival of Davie, the engine at the quarries was standing silent and motionless, the foreman was waxing furious at the engineer's dilatoriness, and the men who had seen him set out were wondering what could have happened to him.

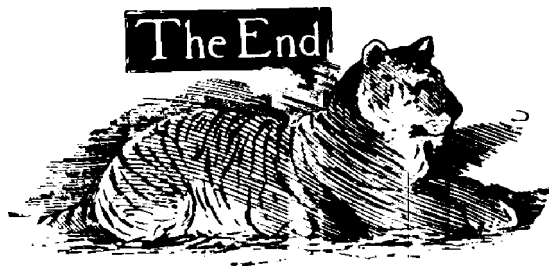
At last the uncertainty was no longer to be borne, and, with the foreman's approval, Alec and two others undertook to hunt up the missing one. As they started one of them picked up a short, heavy crowbar.

They were familiar with the short cut Davie had taken, and, pressing rapidly ahead, soon reached the little glade on whose edge stood the blasted tree. The excited barking of little Grip at once attracted their attention, and then their eyes fell on a spectacle which turned their blood cold.

Davie and the Giant Cat were wrestling each for the throat of the other. Spell-bound, the men halted for a moment; then they saw that Davie was finished, and he with the crowbar jumped forward. With a quick, well-aimed blow behind the ears, he crushed the cat's skull, and the once powerful body lay limp and lifeless amid the leaves.

"And now, Davie," said Alec, when the Englishman at length opened his eyes, "what do you think of our wild cats?"

"What do I think of them?" was the answer. "I think just this—that if ever I'm fool enough again to fight one with my bare hands, you're welcome to give *me* the crowbar over the head instead of the wild cat."



THE LONG 'UN.

By R. S. Warren Bell.

Author of "J. O. Jones," "Tales of Greyhouse,"
etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON BROWNE, R.I.



CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCING HIM.

PEOPLE, unless they be star-gazers, do not walk along, as a rule, with their faces turned towards the sky; hence it was that the slender telephone wire communicating between Dr. Mortimer's private resi-

dence, "Pangora," and the Doctor's private asylum, escaped the notice of all but a few who fared along the eight miles of high road which divided Threeways from Millingbourne, in the county of Eastfolkshire.

And yet this slender wire, which showed up against the blue sky much like a substantial cobweb, was fraught with interest. It was barely three hundred yards in length, its installation had been a comparatively cheap and simple undertaking, and it had payed for itself scores of times over. Messages of life and death passed across it constantly; instructions in cases of emergency, tingling over the white line of road, saved the time that would otherwise have been occupied in walking the three hundred yards—for doctors do not often run; reprimands were roared across it, bulletins dispatched by its agency, dietary altered, medicine nominated.

And so, you see, this little telephone wire worked very hard; busy it was all day, and often in the night—very busy was this little wire which stretched across the high road beneath the majestic shadow of great oak and elm trees.

The sunshine was coquetting with the little wire, and the great oaks and elms were surveying the flirtation with affected indifference, one bright September morning, when Mr. James Mortimer, the Doctor's grandson, who was known among his hospital intimates as the "Long 'Un," having breakfasted in trousers, shirt, and dressing-gown, rose from the table and ambled out into the surgery—for, in addition to an asylum, the Doctor had a lucrative practice in that part of Eastfolkshire. The waiting-room adjoining the surgery was empty, save for one small, pale boy.

Although James was on holiday, he occasionally acted as deputy when his grandfather and the latter's assistant were both absent. And James was quite competent to do so, for he was a fully qualified surgeon.

"Well, Johnny, been eating green pears?"

The urchin looked guilty.

"Y-yes, sir."

"Let's see your tongue—ah! hum!" and the Long 'Un affected a serious expression as he mixed a stiffish dose of black draught. The urchin pulled a very wry face as he tasted the dose, and stopped for breath halfway through it.

"Every drop!" commanded the Long 'Un.

The urchin obeyed him and then, bursting into tears, was pleased to be violently sick.

"You'll feel better now—and here's a penny for you," quoth Jim Mortimer, in a truly paternal way for four-and-twenty.

But the urchin renewed his howling.

"I—I came up for me mother's medicine," he quavered; "I—she—she didn't know I'd been eatin' pears."

The Long 'Un threw back his head and burst into a roar of laughter.

"By George! what a shot! Why, Johnny, I thought you'd come to be doctored. Ha! Ha! Ha! Well, here's sixpence for you. Call again for the medicine—I don't know anything about it."

The urchin took the sixpence with a smile showing through his tears, and with a final sniff shuffled out of the waiting-room.

The Long 'Un, still looking highly amused, approached the telephone and rang up the asylum.

"Aye, aye, sir!" came the response.

"That you, Hughes?"

"Yes, Mr. James."

"How's the Zoo?"

"All quiet except Richards, who's got 'em again, and the Major, who's in the padded room."

"The Major again!"

"Yes, sir; broke out at breakfast. It took three of us to get him down. He very near pulled Smith's windpipe out."

"He doesn't like Smith, does he?"

"'Ates 'im, sir."

"Well, well—I'll come across," said the Long 'Un.

"Glad to see you, Mr. James," replied the head attendant; "you're going back to town to-day, aren't you, sir?"

"Yes—back to-day, worse luck."

Without bothering to alter his garb, the Long 'Un, his gay dressing-gown sweeping the ground, strolled out into the garden and sauntered along the gravel path which led to the high road. As he went he pulled lazily at his pipe. Both of the gardeners touched their hats and smiled a welcome as he passed; the Long 'Un was a favourite all over the settlement.

Certainly he looked a quaint figure as he emerged into the high road—a quaint but not unpleasing one. Long he was—six feet and four inches over that—but square-shouldered and sup-

ple. His carriage was easy, but not of a military description, and he stooped slightly, with the stoop of the rowing-man rather than that of one engaged in sedentary work or of one who has overgrown his strength. He looked, as he strolled across the road, like a long, lean hound, trained to the hour, hard as steel and tough as hickory. His face was well cut, with rather sleepy eyes and a certain gentleness about the corners of the mouth that had caused his schoolfellows to regard him as somewhat of a "soft"—until he hit them. His hair was clipped short and well-brushed, and his complexion was pink with health and the application of cold water.

As Jim was moving across the road in his indolently graceful way, a carriage-and-pair approached at a quick trot. At a word from one of its occupants the coachman pulled up close by the Long 'Un.

"Can you tell me, please, if this is Dr. Mortimer's?" enquired a stern-faced elderly lady, whose rich mantle and handsome equipage betokened her to be a person of means and possibly of position.

"Yes, all of this," replied Jim, with a comprehensive wave of his hand which took in each side of the road, "is Dr. Mortimer's."

A pretty girl was sitting by his questioner's side, and the fact was not lost upon Jim.

"The Doctor is out," he added, "but I am a medical man. Can I be of service to you?"

The lady surveyed Jim's dressing-gown with evident disapproval, but Jim glanced unconcernedly at the telephone wire overhead. Meanwhile the pretty girl gazed straight before her at the blue smoke curling over the housetops in Three-ways, having decided that this very tall man in such unorthodox attire was quite good-looking.

"I prefer to see Dr. Mortimer himself. Do you think he will be in soon?"

"He may be in at any moment," said Jim; "that is the way to his house," he added to the coachman, "through those gates."

"I am obliged to you!"

The lady sat back without troubling to bestow another glance on Jim, but she observed to her companion as they entered the drive that the extraordinary young fellow in the dressing-gown was probably one of the madmen.

Jim Mortimer, sauntering on, at length reached the asylum, a cheerful-looking red-brick building, standing healthily high. He found Hughes in the patients' common room—a spacious and airy apartment provided with a piano, a bagatelle board, and other requisites for indoor pastimes.

As Jim was chatting with the head attendant, a grey-haired, round-shouldered man of some sixty summers came up to them.

"Take care, Mr. James!" he exclaimed, "he's just behind you! Oh, if I had a gun now!"

Jim knew that Mr. Richards—the speaker—had "alligators" on his bad days.

"No, he's gone under the table," replied Jim. "See him? Here, lend me a cue, and I'll kill him."

"That's right," said the poor fellow; "kill him, and I'll leave you all my money. He sat on the end of my bed last night—he won't let me alone. Kill him now he's not looking."

Jim seized the cue and slashed about under the table with it.

"There—I've done it. I've cut his head off."

"Oh, thank you, thank you!" cried Mr. Richards, bursting into tears, "you shall have every penny of my money."

They left him crying quietly for joy. In a corner of the room a saturnine-looking gentleman was standing stock still with his eyes closed.

"Hullo!" said Jim, "I've not seen this chap before. Who is he?"

"A new patient—a clergyman," replied Hughes; "he thinks he's dead. Comes to life for his meals, though."

Jim laughed—the careless laugh of thoughtless youth—but the next moment his face became grave. He felt very much for these afflicted souls, and they seemed to know it, for in their half-witted way they loved "Mr. James."

After passing through several corridors Jim and Hughes arrived at a room that was provided with a thick door in which was a grille of the old-fashioned kind. Within could be seen a red-faced, burly man, his clothing much disarranged, and his eyes wildly gleaming.

A stalwart attendant, with a bandage round his neck, was standing by, watching the occupant of the padded-room through the little bars of the grille.

"I'll go in and have a chat with him," said the Long 'Un.

"You'd better not, sir," returned Hughes; "you'll take your life in your hands if you do."

"Rot!" said the Long 'Un, "open the door, Smith."

The attendant Smith—he who had been so unfortunate as to earn the Major's ill-will—shot back the bolt and, as Jim stepped into the cell, made haste to secure the door behind him.

The patient fixed a glare of bovine ferocity on his caller as Jim advanced towards him.

"Morning, Major! Men pretty fit this morning?"

The Major had been about to hurl himself at the young fellow when Jim's words stirred an old memory in his inflamed brain.

"What's that to you—who are you?" he growled.

"The officer commanding the expedition," rapped out Jim.

The Major's manner changed on the instant.

"The men are as well as can be expected, sir, considering the beastly bad water. Three more down with enteric this morning."

"Dear—dear!" exclaimed Jim, "that's bad. Well, Major, we must hope for the best—hope for the best. And how are you yourself?"

"I think I've got a touch of the sun, sir," said the Major, "but I daresay it'll pass off. I've been feeling queer up here for several days now," he added, touching his forehead.

"What you want, Major," said Jim, "is a good sound sleep. You're looking over-worked. Now just you lie down on your mattress yonder and have a nap. You've been doing very well lately, Major, and I shall mention you in my despatches."

The poor madman's face glowed with delight.

"I'm very much obliged to you, sir," he said, with a world of gratitude in his voice.

"Well," said Jim, "I must be going on. Now, do as I say, and have some sleep."

"Thank you, sir, I think I will," said the Major, turning towards the mattress with touching docility.

Unfortunately, however, he happened to glance round at the grating, and in an instant his face and manner changed. Jim, following the lunatic's glance, saw that the attendant Smith was still peering through the bars.

"Get away from there—sharp!" he shouted, but even as he spoke the Major hurled himself against the staunch oaken portal, and tore at it with his nails as he yelled imprecations at the object of his detestation.

Jim stepped swiftly forward and laid his hand on the madman's shoulder. The Major turned like an infuriated beast, his fingers twitching and his whole body convulsed with fury.

"I told you to get some sleep, Major," said Jim, imperiously, "and I expect my orders to be obeyed."

For a terrible moment the issue hung in the balance. But Jim's eyes did not quail. Had he flinched the very slightest, the madman would have been at his throat.

Still steadily eyeing the man, Jim pointed to the mattress, and slowly, doubtfully, the Major crept towards it and lay down. In two minutes he was slumbering like a child.

Jim made sure that the Major was fast asleep before he softly approached the door. Hughes let him out and shot the bolt back into its socket with nervous haste.

"The Doctor himself couldn't have done it better, sir," said the head attendant, with heart-

felt admiration; "will you come and see the cricket now, sir?" he added.

The milder of the asylum's inmates were trying conclusions with bat and ball in an adjoining field. Jim, on arriving at the scene of play, displaced one of the attendants who was acting as wicket-keeper, and took up his position behind the sticks.

The ball came swiftly, and the batsman—a tall, broad-shouldered, ill-tempered-looking fellow—snicked it into Jim's ready hands.

"*How's that?*" roared the Long 'Un; but the attendant umpiring at the other end, being a diplomat, gave it as "Not out."

As Jim trundled the ball back to the bowler, the big batsman turned to him and testily observed, "Please don't ask a question of that sort again. I don't like it."

The next ball was a still more palpable catch at the wicket, however, and Jim held it.

"*How's that?*" enquired Jim, who didn't believe in showing the white feather. The words had hardly left his lips when the batsman swung round and aimed a terrific blow at his head—a blow that Jim, by great agility, just managed to avoid.

"I told you," said the batsman, with dignity, "that I did not like you saying that."

The ever-watchful Hughes hurried up.


"They're only satisfied by being clean bowled, Mr. James," he explained, and then proceeded to administer a few words of rebuke to Jim's assailant.

The Long 'Un was meditating trying an over with the laudable object of getting the big batsman out in a way he would quite understand—when a page-boy came hurrying towards him with a message to the effect that the Doctor wished to speak to him at the telephone.

So Jim had perforce to postpone his over, and left the field little dreaming that certain words which would shortly come to him across the wire were destined to affect his after-career in a remarkable manner.

CHAPTER II.

OVER THE TELEPHONE.

 OLD Dr. Mortimer was, in every sense of the word, a hard man. Of massive build and handsome countenance, upright and commanding in presence, with a clear brain, a resonant, penetrating voice, and a will of iron, his was at once a dominating and notable personality.

Dr. Mortimer's sphere of action, it is true, was limited and local, but if, by the accident of circumstances, his lot had been cast in a

military or political arena, he would assuredly have risen to a high place and possibly cut a name for himself in the rock of history.

Beginning on nothing, the Doctor had fought his way up to his present position by dint of sheer perseverance and strength of head. His indomitable will had cleared away all obstacles, and now he was seventy, hale and hearty, a man of wealth and a county magnate.

But Dame Fortune, while she gives with one hand, takes away with the other. The Doctor was now childless, and grandchildless, too, save for James. This man of iron had brought weaknesses into the world; his wife had died before she was thirty, and as his riches increased his brood had one by one faded into the grave. As his domestic circle lessened, his devotion to work increased, and now, when James—the only son of his eldest son—was in London, Dr. Mortimer sat at his mahogany every night all alone—proud, rich, powerful, feared, obeyed on the instant—but all, all alone.

His assistant, McPherson, a trustworthy middle-aged Scotchman, of no especial brilliance but conscientious to a hair, lived at the asylum and took most of his meals with the patients.

The Doctor had made his will years since, and James was absolutely heir to all he had, save for trifling legacies to his executors and such persons as Hughes, his cook, coachman, and gardeners. Every stick and stone was to be Jim's, and the Long 'Un knew it.

But the Doctor was not satisfied with his grandson. Throughout Jim's five years at Rugby, the general tenour of his reports had been: "Has done well on the whole, but might have done much better." His hospital career had been of a very similar character. Jim, though of a lazy temperament, had, nevertheless, won warm encomiums from great surgeons for his skill with the knife. Sir Savile Smart, the renowned specialist in abdominal matters, had written to Dr. Mortimer—who was an old friend of his—in high praise of Jim. But there, as ever, was the qualifying clause: "Your lad can do wonders when he likes, which isn't always." And then again Jim was given to bursts of rowdiness, accounts of which had trickled down to Threeways, where Jim was regarded as a lovable, harum-scarum youth, who would come into all the Doctor's money, "and so it would be all right." This meant that his wild ways didn't matter—he would never have to earn his living. Besides, he was only a youngster—he would sober down in time. He wouldn't go on fighting policemen all his life—"and so it would be all right."

Mammas in Threeways and neighbourhood

beamed upon Jim, and asked him to many parties. And Jim went, and flirted with their daughters, and had a real good time. Jim created a good deal of laughter by his free-and-easy ways. It was said that he was the only person in the settlement who wasn't afraid of the Doctor, and people chuckled over the thought that Jim's original methods of passing the time must have grated considerably on the proud, lonely old man who ruled over his small kingdom as despotically as any absolute monarch.

At dinner on the preceding evening the Doctor, warmed by the generous grape, had been in an affable, not to say confiding, mood, and it would have been well for Jim had this been their final conversation ere he departed for town, for the Doctor was in a high good-humour when they lit their bedroom candles, and even went so far as to pat his grandson on the back in a manner that was almost affectionate.

Jim guessed that this amiable frame of mind would decamp with the darkness, and his surmise proved correct, for when he got to the telephone and took the receiver off its peg, he knew by the sound of the Doctor's voice that his grandfather was in an irritable mood.

"Are you there, James?"

"Yes, sir."

"My carriage is waiting, and I must be off in a minute or two, but I want to have a word with you before you go."

"Shall I come across?" suggested Jim.

"No, that will waste time, and I haven't much to say."

It occurred to the Long 'Un that what little his grandfather wished to say would not be of an overwhelmingly genial character.

"I—ah—I received a bill this morning for a plate-glass window you smashed in the Strand about six weeks ago," began the Doctor; "I suppose you recollect it?"

"Seem to remember something of it," replied Jim.

"That's good of you. The bill is for twelve pounds."

"Those big shop-windows run into money," hazarded Jim.

"Somewhat superfluous information," snapped the Doctor; "what I want to say is that I won't pay any more of these bills—do you clearly understand?"

"I do," said the Long 'Un.

"And, moreover, I won't have any more of your drunken frolics—it's high time you dropped all that nonsense. I should advise you to drop the acquaintance of that disreputable reporter friend of yours—he seems to have a bad influence on you—Coke, is that his name?"

Jim chuckled.

"What—*Koko*? Most harmless man on earth! Gets me out of scrapes, not into them!"

A fresh grievance now occurred to the Doctor. "I am not at all satisfied with the way you are working," he said.

"We dig in pretty hard at Matt's," replied Jim, quite truthfully.

"Yes—but how about your degree? I expect more than a mere qualification from you."

"I'll read like a nigger this time, grandfather—"

"I'm glad to hear you say so," interrupted the Doctor, in a mollified tone.

"Time and weather permitting," concluded Jim, indiscreetly.

A short, ill-tempered cough sounded through the telephone. The Doctor was preparing his ultimatum; Jim's addendum gave him his cue.

"I suppose 'time and weather' mean such dissolute companions as Coker, or whatever his absurd name is. Well, now, attend to me, James. I'm not squeamish, but I expect you to pull up. I won't have any more playing the fool, either at the hospital or down here. For instance," he added, with growing ire, "what on earth d'you mean by masquerading about the high-road in a dressing-gown?"

"I prefer ease to elegance," said Jim, cheekily.

"Well, sir," shouted the Doctor across the vibrating wire, "I don't intend that my grandson shall be taken for one of my patients!"

"Why—who took me for one of them?" demanded Jim in amazement.

"The Countess of Lingfield."

"The *who*?" exclaimed Jim.

"The Countess of Lingfield. She spoke to you from her carriage half-an-hour ago."

"By George!" Jim broke into a mellow laugh. "Was that a Countess? I say, grandfather, who was the pretty girl with her?"

"Her daughter," replied the Doctor; "and it was she who observed that you were probably one of the 'harmless variety'!"

"Indeed!" said the Long 'Un, not quite so heartily.

"Yes, sir," said the Doctor, his ire rising again, "and I was placed under the ignominious necessity of having to admit that you were my grandson."

"Awfully rough on you, grandpa."

The Doctor was evidently fuming at the other end of the telephone.

"So," was his next utterance, "I shall be obliged if you will behave more like a reasonable being in future. No more window-smashing, no more fighting with policemen, and no more drinking. I give you fair warning that if you

cut any more capers, I'll stop supplies, and you'll have to get on as best you can by yourself. Good-bye!"

"Half-a-moment, sir! I should like to see you again before I go."

"I can't wait."

"Can't you spare a minute, sir?"

"No—I've wasted too much time already talking to you. Now remember! Any more nonsense and you sha'n't handle another penny of mine. Good-bye!"

CHAPTER III.

KOKO.

THE Long 'Un was seated at breakfast. His rooms were situated in a terrace leading out of a fashionable thoroughfare in Pimlico, but the terrace itself was not at all fashionable, consisting, as it did, chiefly of lodging-houses resorted to by medical students, clerks, actors, and ladies' maids and menservants out of places. The keeper of the house was a burly, strident-voiced,



"HULLO—KOKO!"

Jim let the receiver go with a bang, and a few moments later was flying across the road, his dressing-gown waving gracefully behind him. But he was too late. He arrived at "Pangora" just in time to see the carriage vanishing through the gates of the drive leading to a by-road on the opposite side of the house.

strong-willed lady of forty, rough but not unkindly, who always gave Jim what *she* liked (as opposed to what *he* liked) for breakfast.

This morning—the morning after his arrival in town from Eastfolkshire—his first meal was composed of cold eggs-and-bacon and cold tea—not a deliriously appetising repast, 'tis true, but then, if a man is summoned to breakfast at nine and eventually crawls into his sitting-room at

a quarter past ten, what can he expect? And Mrs. Freeman was not the sort of lady to keep anything warm for lie-abed lodgers.

We trust we shall not offend the delicate susceptibilities of our fair readers when we make it known that the Long 'Un approached his breakfast clad only in pyjamas, dressing-gown, and carpet-slippers. Socks he had none, and as the trouser part of his pyjamas had shrunk in many washings, a long reach of not over-plump ankle was exposed to view when the flanks of his dressing-gown flapped aside.

Having nibbled half a cold egg, the Long 'Un turned his attention to the loaf, and eventually breakfasted off bread and marmalade. The butter he eschewed, as it appeared to claim first cousinship with train-oil. As the tea was by this time black, and bitter to the taste, Jim sought to appease his thirst with a bottle of beer from the rickety sideboard. The cork of the bottle being in a state of crumbling decrepitude, the Long 'Un had to delay his drink while, with the help of a spoon and some expletives, he fished the broken fragments out of the beer.

"A picture," observed a quiet voice, while Jim was thus engaged, "calculated to melt the heart of any maid."

"Hullo—Koko!"

"While I object to that nickname," gravely responded the little man who had entered, as he removed his hat and displayed an almost entirely bald head, "I am compelled to reply to it. Well, how are you, young feller?"

Jim replied in a testy murmur that he felt all right, and proceeded to drag more fragments of cork out of the beer. Meanwhile, the man who had come in laid his hat, gloves and stick on the far end of the table, and then arranged his tie in front of the mirror over the mantelpiece.

"Doocid dude you are, Koko!" said Jim, looking at his friend over the edge of the glass; "why," springing up, "you've grown!"

Now, as the caller was but an inch or two over five feet in height, there was every reason why he should have felt congratulated by this remark.

"No," he said, in a resigned voice, "I haven't grown—I've only got some of my fat off."

As Jim towered high above his friend—his height, if anything, accentuated by the clinging folds of his dressing-gown—the little man gazed admiringly up at the Long 'Un, and deep down in his heart, perhaps, heaved a little sigh because of his own smallness. For, alas! Koko had finished growing. He was thirty, and already bald; he was years older than Jim—so was it likely he would grow now? And this was why, and quite naturally, George Somers, re-

porter on a sporting newspaper—this little, bald, quiet, unassuming man—had come, at first, to notice Jim Mortimer, and afterwards, when they got to know one another, to like him, and, finally, when they became close friends, to give him his whole heart in that sterling regard which men sometimes have for men, when each is sure that the other is worthy of such unflinching esteem.

Koko was neat and dapper in his dress, with nothing awry about him. He was excellently and attractively tidy, with the tidiness that little people have. So well-proportioned was he that his small stature never seemed ridiculous, even when viewed in close juxtaposition to the Long 'Un's great length. Koko was, in countenance, well-favoured, with a small, neatly-trimmed, dark moustache, and rather large, mild eyes. Though generally impassive, his face would at times light up with a wonderful, sudden smile—a smile that did you good to look upon, a smile that told you that Koko's nature was all gold.

And Koko, you must know, had for some years been inspired with the feeling that it was his particular mission in this world to look after the Long 'Un. Though he had many other duties, and one other hobby, he always found time to keep an almost maternal eye on Jim Mortimer.

But it must not be imagined that there was the slightest taint of servility in the attitude adopted by Koko. Mr. Somers was as independent a little man as you could find, and, though you might not have suspected it, to look at him, a proud little man to boot. As one goes through the world, and adds notches to the stick of his life's years, he will find, as he looks for them, other Long 'Uns, and other Kokos, the former accepting, and the latter paying, a free and independent homage which is as far removed from obsequiousness or flattery as the sun is from the earth it illuminates.

"By the way, old boy," said Koko, after a time, "have you unpacked?"

"Only my pyjamas and dressing-gown," said Jim.

"Shall I lend you a hand?" suggested Koko, quietly.

The Long 'Un gave a deep laugh.

"Anybody would think I was a blooming kid, Koko, by the way you talk," he said.

"So you are," said Koko, as he made his way to the adjoining bedroom, "in a great many things."

In a leisurely manner the Long 'Un followed after his friend, who was already bending over the unstrapped portmanteau. The Long 'Un was in a lazy mood, the beer he had consumed

having filled him with a feeling of lethargy. Sitting on the end of his bed, he smoked and watched Koko as the latter endeavoured to find his way through the hurly-burly before him—as he took the socks out of the boots in which it was the Long 'Un's custom to pack them, rescued a tin of tooth-powder from the toe of a dancing pump—wherein it had been wedged to ensure safe travelling—fished a razor and shaving-brush out of the sponge-bag, and a sixpenny popular novel from the folds of a fancy waistcoat, put everything into its proper place in the chest of drawers or wardrobe, and at length paused, his task accomplished, in a somewhat flushed and heated condition.

"First-rate valet you'd make, Koko," said the Long 'Un, ungratefully.

Koko, without replying, pushed the empty portmanteau under the bed, and then washed his hands.

"I must be off now," he said, simply.

"Oh, hang on a bit," returned the Long 'Un, as they went back to the sitting-room.

"Must go," said Koko, smoothing his silk hat with his coat-sleeve, "work."

"Where?"

"Billiards in the afternoon, fight in the evening."

And with that he quietly departed.

It was a peculiarity of Koko's that he only mentioned his work when he was obliged to. Very seldom did he ever volunteer any information about it. He would write a column concerning a contest between two crack professionals, that was being followed with enormous interest in the billiard world; he would referee at a blood-thirsty glove-fight in an East-end saloon—a saloon which the average respectable business man would think twice about visiting in a decent suit of clothes; he would act as judge at a swimming-match, and give his decisions in a confident and unerring manner which won him boundless respect in the big London and provincial "Baths";—all these things he would do, and say never a word of them to the Long 'Un, or to anyone else, save his chief on the *Sporting Mail*. For it is quite usual for a reporter on a sporting daily to act as a referee to the event he is reporting, and, as a rule, his decisions are accepted without a murmur, a big sporting daily being as much a power in its own sphere as the Speaker of the House of Commons is in his.

Nobody would have dreamed that this quiet little man with the bald head had attended and described in nimble boxing terminology some of the fiercest combats that have ever been held at the National Milling Club; nobody would have dreamed that the Mr. George Somers, whose hobby was the collecting of old, worm-eaten vol-

umes, and whose initials, "G.S.," were so familiar to the readers of the *Book-Hunter*, was a well-known figure in swimming-baths, gymnasiums, billiard-saloons, football and cricket grounds the country over, gun clubs, lacrosse clubs, tennis clubs, and weight-lifting clubs. Yet the little man who nosed round bookstalls in Holywell-row (that was), Wych-street (that was), and St. Martin's-lane (that is), in search of rare first editions, was identical with the little man who accompanied Jim on many of his freebooting expeditions "up West," and with the little man who attended sporting functions of every kind all the year round, rain or shine, in the proud capacity of the *Sporting Mail's* "special representative."

When Koko, some hours later, on his return from the billiard match, again looked in on the Long 'Un, he found Mr. Mortimer still in his dressing-gown, lolling over a book. The table bore the *débris* of Jim's lunch.

As Koko entered the room, Mortimer threw away his book and yawned sluggishly. Koko walked gently up to him, and stood by the arm of his chair.

"I've got a bit of news for you, Jim."

"Go ahead with it."

"I've found out who that girl is."

"What!"

The Long 'Un was out of his chair in a second, all life and fire and eagerness; the transformation was complete.

Koko laughed inwardly; he never laughed out loud.

"Yes, I've found out about her. She's one of the girls at the Milverton-street Post Office—she's the girl that takes in the telegrams."

"Are you sure?" exclaimed Jim.

"Certain," said Koko, selecting a cigarette from his little silver case.

The Long 'Un was struck dumb with delight. For, ever since Koko and he, whilst taking tea at an A.B.C. shop near St. Matthew's Hospital, had on three successive occasions observed an extremely handsome girl at a neighbouring table, the Long 'Un had been burning to know the young lady. That was before he went home for a month's vacation. It would appear that Koko, faithful as ever to his friend's interests, had not been idle during that month.

"Come on," exclaimed Jim, "let's go and send off some telegrams. She'll at least be obliged to look at us. That'll be something, won't it?"

"Yes, that'll be something," said Koko; "all right, go and get dressed."

The Long 'Un disappeared into the bedroom, and presently emerged in proper attire.

"You'd better wear your frock coat and top-hat, or I may cut you out," suggested Koko.

With a bellow of laughter, the Long 'Un hurried into his bedroom again, issuing therefrom a minute later clad in the kind of coat and the kind of hat affected by Koko.

"Now," said Koko, as they left Jim's sitting-room, "we start level."

CHAPTER IV.

DORA.

THE Long 'Un was in such haste to reach Milverton-street that it was all Koko could do, with his short legs, to keep pace with him.

"W-what sort of telegrams will you send?" presently demanded Koko, much out of breath.

"Oh, spoof ones, of course," replied Jim.

Just then a line of passing vehicles caused them to pause on the kerb, and Koko found time to regain his wind.

"You must send them to real people at real addresses, or they'll be returned, and she'll suspect you," said Koko, warningly.

"I shall send one to myself to start with," explained Jim, "and then I shall go in at intervals and send wires to you, and the fellows at the hospital."

"Won't you find it rather expensive?"

"My boy, what is money *for*?" exclaimed the Long 'Un with enthusiasm. "Could I employ it better than in——"

"Yes, a good deal 'better," retorted Koko; "couldn't you go in and buy halfpenny stamps, and just *glance* over in her direction?"

"The stamp girl wouldn't like that," returned the Long 'Un with frank vanity; "but, I say, old man, isn't all this reckoning up of the cost rather sordid?"

"Well, perhaps it is," agreed Koko; "but, apart from that, I don't quite see how you can effect anything. She doesn't look the sort of girl you can even discuss the weather with, unless you have been properly introduced to her."

Jim reflected.

"Well, it's something even to be able to see her, isn't it?" he said at length.

"You remind me," said Koko, "of a friend of mine—pressman—who fell in love with a famous actress. Of course, he had no chance, but, just to keep in touch with her, he proposed to her understudy."

Jim gave vent to a bellow of laughter which quite startled an infirm old gentleman who was hobbling past them.

"And had to marry her?"

"No; found she was already married to a jeweller."

Jim gave another bellow, which caused the

old gentleman to turn his head in a scared way, and then hobble along at an increased speed. But the old gentleman found an avenger, for at that moment one of the fast-travelling little evening-paper gigs, in which, besides the driver, sat three boys who were to be dropped at various points with bundles of papers for the news-agents, came to a standstill close to Jim and Koko.

"Tawk abart the long an' the short of it," jeered the driver, winking at the urchins, who cackled gleefully; "say, mate, is it cold——"

"I'll punch your head if you'll come down here," retorted Jim.

"Garn! Hit one your own size! Say, little 'un," continued the youth, pleased to find that he was diverting the bystanders, "why don't yer stand in the rain and grow a bit?"

Jim was accustomed to being chaffed in this way, and would have been engaged in constant brawls had he actively resented such speeches. Koko, however, though ordinarily so mild, winced and grew hot when made a subject of ridicule. On this occasion, the last taunt had hardly left the driver's lips ere Koko had sprung on to the step of the gig, seized a bundle of papers, and smashed the fellow's hat down over his eyes. The chastised wag was swearing and vowing vengeance under his mutilated hat, when the horse drawing the gig suddenly leapt forward, Koko sprang to the ground, and thus the incident ended.

"Bravo, little 'un," yelled a passing butcher's boy, and Koko rejoined the Long 'Un amid grunts of approval from the loungers round a neighbouring public-house.

"Well," said Jim, "to return to Milverton-street. Just suggest a suitable telegram for me to send to myself."

"Do you wish to impress her with the fact that you have means?" inquired Koko.

"Just as well," said Jim; "I shall have a tidy amount some day, you know."

"Then wire to me and tell me to put a thousand pounds for you on some horse."

"But she may think I'm a bad racing man," objected Jim.

"Then alter it to something about shares—'Buy me ten thousand American Rails,' or something like that."

"Well, and what's the next wire to be about? I can't put money on gees or buy shares every time."

"Make her jealous. Wire to yourself, and put 'Best love, darling,' at the end of it," suggested Koko, demurely.

The Long 'Un stopped dead, and faced round on his small companion.

"Look here, Koko," he exclaimed. "I've taken

your advice in several—er—affairs of this sort, and they've all turned out badly."

"In each case it was your own fault," said Koko.

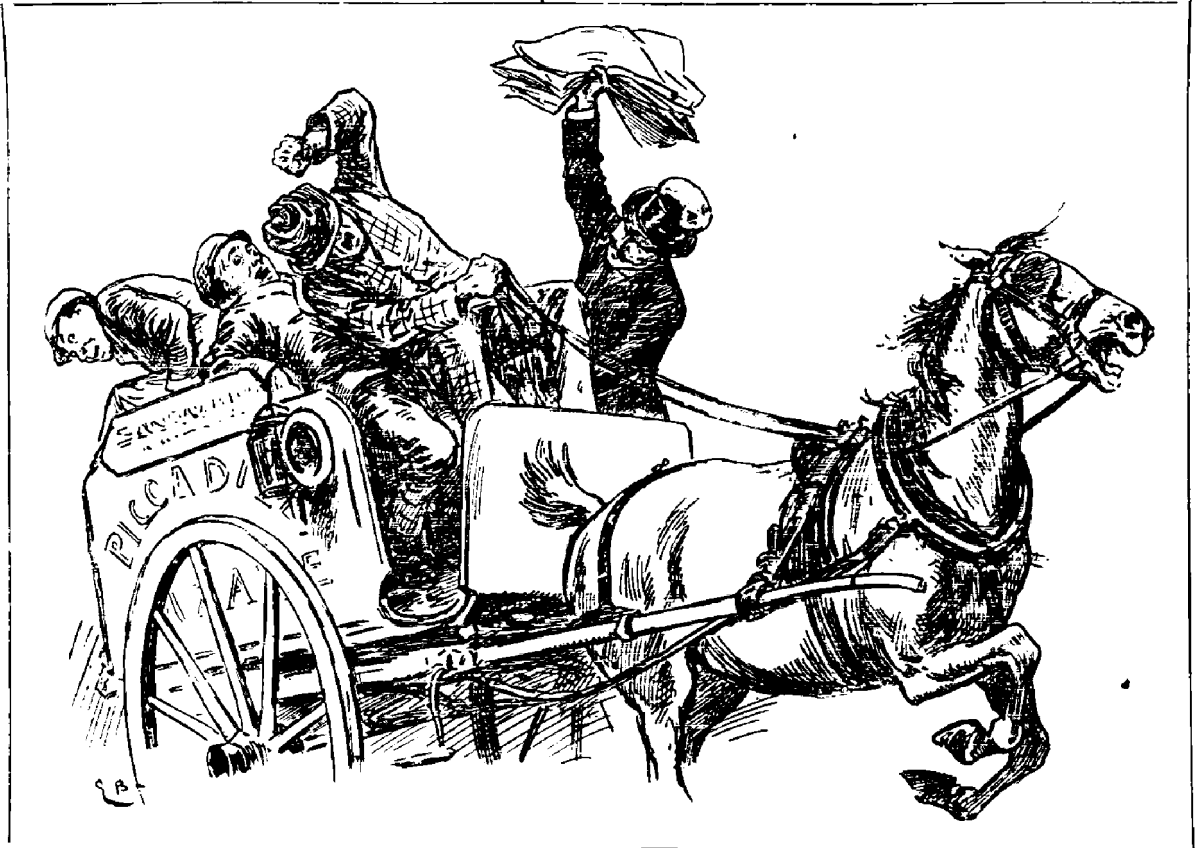
"In each case you really wangled the business, and it came to nothing. The fact is, you don't know anything about women. You may be all very well at a swimming race——"

"All right," said Koko, shortly, as he turned on his heel, "you can wangle this by yourself."

But the Long 'Un repented him of his haste.

trians in order that he may make the acquaintance of a certain young lady there.

Miss Dora Maybury was quite one of the handsomest girls that ever obtained employment—by competitive examination—in the London Post Office. It was, therefore, not at all surprising that the susceptible Jim Mortimer should have been so affected by her beauty. Dora's hair was chestnut-brown; the dreamy depths of her dark eyes were fringed o'er with long lashes, from beneath whose graceful shadow she gazed upon



KOKO SEIZED A BUNDLE OF PAPERS, AND SMASHED THE FELLOW'S HAT DOWN OVER HIS EYES.

"Hang on, old man—you'd better come, after all."

"No," said Koko, resentfully, "not after that ungrateful speech."

"I apologise," cried Jim.

"In that case," said Koko, relenting, "I'll come. But I don't want you to round on me if it's a failure."

"I promise I won't," the Long 'Un declared, and so once more Koko stretched his short legs to the utmost in order to keep in step with Jim Mortimer.

It is now necessary, for the due development of our story, that the reader should reach Milverton-street somewhat in advance of the pedes-

trian in order that he may make the acquaintance of a certain young lady there. Miss Dora Maybury was quite one of the handsomest girls that ever obtained employment—by competitive examination—in the London Post Office. It was, therefore, not at all surprising that the susceptible Jim Mortimer should have been so affected by her beauty. Dora's hair was chestnut-brown; the dreamy depths of her dark eyes were fringed o'er with long lashes, from beneath whose graceful shadow she gazed upon

the world with an expression that was at once distracting and unconsciously coquettish; her lips closed in exquisite lines upon teeth that were as white as you could wish them to be; and the whole form of her face—from forehead to chin—was such as the most censorious judge of a human countenance would not have desired to be other than what it was. Dora was tall, too, and of graceful figure—in brief, she was as comely a maid as you could well behold in a year's journeying. But beauty by itself, though the eyes may feast upon it, will soon pall if unaccompanied by brightness and intelligence, and, above all, that sympathetic companionableness which is the best quality a woman can possess. At eighteen,

which was Dora's age, one's sympathies have hardly had time to develop; it is the wear and tear of the world that does this. But it will be seen, hereafter, what manner of girl Dora was, and how she viewed mankind, and how Fate dealt with her.

It sometimes occurs that a girl brought up in luxury finds herself suddenly plunged into genteel poverty. Such was the case with Dora. Not so very long since she had lived in a great house, and ridden in carriages; then Fortune, in a sudden freak of fancy, had turned her back upon her, and, as if by a sweep of a fairy's wand, the mansion had changed to much humbler quarters in London, and the carriages into penny and halfpenny omnibuses.

It was natural that the unusually prepossessing girl behind the counter of the post-office in Milverton-street should attract a good deal of attention. Those who had occasion to send away telegrams pretty often—busy, preoccupied men though most of them were—soon came to notice this particular clerk's refined voice and manner. She had not been engaged in post-office work long enough to have acquired the slap-dash, curt style of the lady-clerk who has sat at the telegraphic seat of custom for several years; she was still sufficiently of an amateur, indeed, to display some human interest in many of the messages which were handed in to her. Not that a telegraph clerk is supposed to do this; but Dora could not forbear a smile when she was counting the many words of a wire from a lovesick swain to his lady-love, nor could she feel quite indifferent when a telegram bearing the direst ill-news—news of grave illness or even death—passed through her hands.

But we do not wish to have it supposed that we are holding Dora Maybury up as an angel of pity—or, indeed, as a perfect character in any sense. When business was slack, and Dora had time to think about herself, a pettish and discontented expression might often have been observed to flit across her pretty face. As a post-office clerk, Dora felt that she was not filling her proper niche in the world—and probably a good many other people thought so, too.

There were five other girls behind the counter of the Milverton-street post-office, in addition to telegraphists in the room above, several male clerks, and a small gang of telegraph boys. Dora's great friend among the other girls was Rose Cook, a fat, good-natured, sentimental creature who was at present desperately in love with a gentleman she had met at a dance—a Mr. Somers, who wrote for the newspapers. Mr. Somers was a friend of some friends of Miss Cook's, and that was how she had come to meet him, and to hear of his very tall friend, Mr. Mor-

timer. But it should be added that Mr. Somers had seen very little of Miss Cook, had no idea of the passion that consumed her, and was certainly wholly ignorant of the fact that she was employed in the Milverton-street post-office. He had only been in this particular post-office once in his life, and then he had had eyes for none save the young lady who took in the telegrams.

Now, earlier in this very day that witnessed the journey of the Long 'Un and Koko to Milverton-street, Miss Cook had been bemoaning the fact that "Mr. Somers" had actually been in the post-office a few days previously, and had not so much as glanced at her.

"He was looking at *you*—they all do!" she had exclaimed, while discussing the matter at lunch with Dora.

Dora made no reply, but she was thinking over Miss Cook's complimentary complaint later that day, when a very tall man entered the post-office and proceeded to one of the compartments where telegram-forms and pointless pencils attached to pieces of string were supplied for the convenience of the public.

Dora noticed that the tall man occasionally glanced towards the door, and presently began to beckon to somebody who was presumably standing in the doorway. And presently the person beckoned to entered the post-office, and, as he did so, Miss Cook, who was sitting next to Dora, gave vent to a little gasp.

"What's the matter, dear?" inquired Dora.

"That—that's—Mr. Somers!" exclaimed Miss Cook.

"And who is the other?" asked Dora, who was not greatly impressed by Mr. Somers' appearance.

"That must be his friend, Mr. Mortimer."

Quite unconscious of the fact that their identity was no secret in the post-office, the Long 'Un and Koko proceeded to compile telegrams.

"What a lot of forms Mr. Mortimer is tearing up!" whispered Dora to her friend.

"Evidently sending a telegram to a girl," replied Miss Cook, who was still looking agitated, and whose thoughts were naturally trending in a sentimental direction.

Dora smiled. The sight of Koko standing on tip-toe, and craning his head over the Long 'Un's arm, was certainly smile-inspiring. So Dora smiled.

Presently Mortimer withdrew his head and shoulders from the compartment, and turned towards the counter. It should be added that the various communications suggested by Koko had all been condemned by the Long 'Un, who, with some pains, had finally evolved the following bald and uninspiring message: "*Annie arrives nine to-night. Please meet. Jim.*"

Koko turned towards the counter at the same time as Jim, and as he did so his face underwent a striking change. For there, gazing ardently upon him, sat Miss Rose Cook. In a flash Koko took in the situation, and saw that here was Jim's chance. He could introduce Jim straight away.

It was too late to stop Jim from sending the telegram, for he was already handing in the message and gazing with undisguised admiration at Miss Maybury. And as Miss Maybury bent her beautiful head over the form, and with a swiftly-moving—far too swiftly-moving—pencil, proceeded to count the words thereon, Jim's heart thumped wildly against his ribs, Jim's brain seemed to reel, and Jim fell head over ears—hopelessly, irretrievably—
IN LOVE.

CHAPTER V.

JIM REJOICES.

FIVE minutes later Jim Mortimer was sailing down Milverton-street in a state of mild delirium. Instead of having to wait for months for an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the girl whose face had so captivated his fancy, the whole thing had been accomplished in a briefer time than it takes to write of it.

Koko it was who had effected this desirable consummation—Koko who had offered up himself on the altar of friendship. Koko saw as plain as daylight that Miss Cook was exceedingly pleased to see him, and knew that the introduction he contemplated would result in his having to meet with undesirable frequency a lady in whom he took no interest whatever. A few words of greeting were exchanged; then Miss Cook—who had an axe of her own to grind—introduced him to Miss Maybury, and then, as a matter of course, Koko made Mortimer known to the two girls.

Dora Maybury! So that was her name! What a sweet name! *Dora!* The Long 'Un dwelt lovingly on those two dear syllables. *Dora!* As they crossed the road, Jim dreamily repeated the name to himself—*Dora!* So absorbed was he in his occupation that he was within an ace of

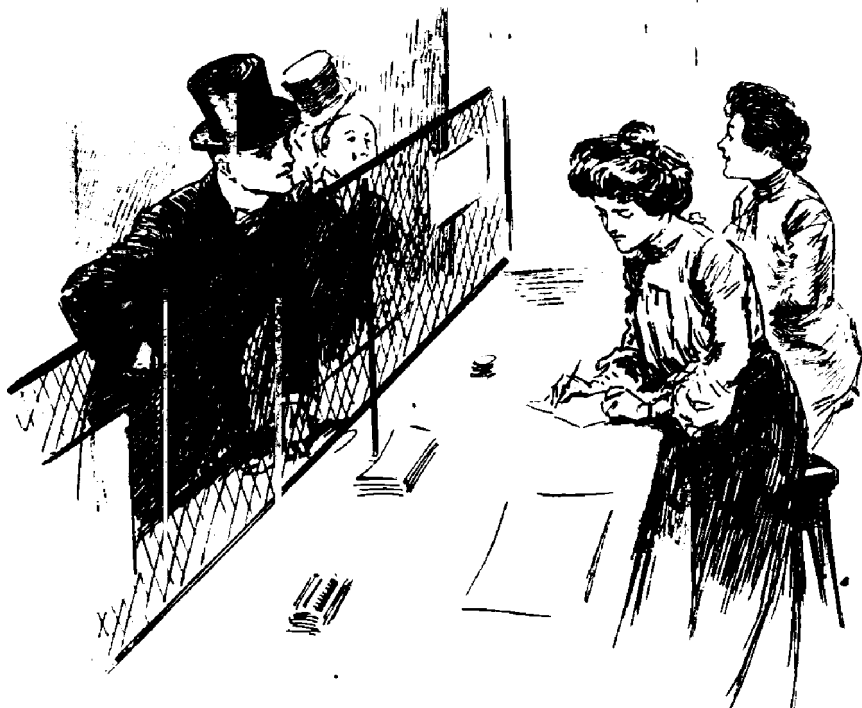
being run over by a hansom. Of course, it was Koko who pulled him out of harm's way.

The cabman's flood of abuse was quite lost on Jim. *Dora!*

"Well," said Koko, at length, "you know her now. All that bother about the telegram was so much waste of time!"

"*Dora!*" exclaimed Jim, gazing fervently at the sky.

He proceeded to murmur the name in an abstracted manner until they reached St. Matthew's Hospital. Here Jim's hosts of friends greeted him in the heartiest fashion, and bottled beer flowed freely in the students' common-room.



JIM WAS GAZING IN UNDISGUISED ADMIRATION AT MISS MAYBURY.

Koko knew many of Jim's friends, and always enjoyed himself when in the company of the light-hearted, happy-go-lucky crew at "Matt's." Jim sat down and rattled off a comic song on a piano which, by reason of much hard usage, had long since lost its purity of tone. Jim could read music easily at sight, and played cleverly by ear; and, as he could sing songs by the score, he was consequently the star artiste of "Matt's." Sang Jim:

Ladies and gentlemen, leave it to me,
Follow the man from Cook's!
Nobody else is as clever as he,
Follow the man from Cook's!

How can I tell if his duties he knows?
 Surely his manner intelligence shows!
 And if he go wrong, *I ponche him ze nose!*
 Follow the man from Cook's!

"Chorus, boys!" he roared, and the boys, forming up in a line behind a red-haired youth from Wales—with a voice worthy of his nationality—pranced round the table as they let go the taking refrain at the top of their voices:

*Oh, follow the man from Cook's!
 The wonderful man from Cook's!
 And, whether your stay be short or long,
 You'll see the sights, for he can't go wrong.
 Oh, follow the man from Cook's!
 The wonderful man from Cook's!
 For it's twenty to one that there's plenty of fun,
 If you follow the man from Cook's!*

The last notes of the chorus were ringing out into the quadrangle, when a porter entered the room and informed the pianist that a lady wished to see him.

"Lady!" exclaimed Jim.

"Yes, sir; wishes to see you very particular."

"Go on, Long 'Un!" yelled the students, "next verse!"

But Jim's head was filled with romantic ideas. What if, for some strange, inexplicable reason, it should happen to be Dora! True, it was not very likely, but he had read in books of things like this happening.

"Half a second, you men," he said; "I've got to see somebody."

"Girl?" queried the red-haired youth from Wales.

But Jim (hoping it was) hurried out without replying to him. In the hall he found his fair visitor, who was no other than Mrs. Freeman, his landlady.

"Mr. Mortimer, sir," she said, in some agitation, "this came for you just now, sir. I hope it's not bad news, sir."

For in the homely eyes of the landlady a telegram generally loomed large as a portent of ill.

Jim opened the flimsy envelope, and read: "*Annie arrives nine to-night. Please meet Jim.*"

Until this moment he had forgotten all about the wire he had sent himself. Now it had reached him in all its imbecile meaninglessness.

Mrs. Freeman regarded his face anxiously.

"Not bad news, I 'ope, sir?"

Jim crushed the thing into his pocket somewhat impatiently.

"No; it's all right, thanks, Mrs. Freeman. It's—it's nothing. Thanks for bringing it."

And so Mrs. Freeman had to retrace her steps to Pimlico, feeling (it must be confessed) somewhat disappointed at the non-tragic contents of the message she had so carefully conveyed to the hospital.

Jim imbibed more beer and sang more songs, and finally, when the party broke up, dragged Koko off to dine at the Trocadero. All through the meal Jim was excessively merry, his bursts of laughter causing many of the diners to glance curiously in his direction. Koko, knowing by long experience that he could do nothing to stem Jim's methods of letting off steam, decided that his place to-night must be by Mortimer's side; so he hastily scribbled a note asking a colleague to report the fight at the National Milling Club for which he (Koko) had been booked, and despatched it to the *Sporting Mail* office by a special messenger. Koko felt easier in his mind when he had done this; he saw that Jim intended to make a night of it, and that his programme would be a variegated one.

Dinner over, the Long 'Un hailed a hansom, and, Koko having stowed himself away inside, took his place with a brief "Exhibition!" to the driver.

"*Dora!*" breathed Jim, as the cab sped across the Circus and headed for Piccadilly, "*Dora!*"

"I expect she likes nice, quiet men," said Koko.

"Not she," returned Jim, with conviction.

"A nice, quiet, home-loving man—not a man who shouts, and swears, and behaves like an overgrown school-boy," persisted Mr. George Somers.

"You're very severe to-night, my bald-headed young friend," quoth the Long 'Un, with supreme good-humour.

"Never mind about *my* head," said Koko; "think what *yours* will be like in the morning."

"But it is to-night!" cried the Long 'Un, "it is to-night, and I mean to go the whole hog. Let the morning take care of itself. It is to-night; I have seen her; I *know* her; I am joyful."

"You are also," added Koko, "on the verge of intoxication."

"Very near the verge," whooped the Long 'Un.

The cab was approaching Hyde Park Corner when Jim raised the little trap-door above his head.

"I've changed my mind, cabby; drive back to the Empire."

"Empire? Yessir!"

"You'll be chucked out of there to a certainty," said Koko despairingly.

"Not me," said Jim, "I'll be as quiet as a little mouse all the time."

But at the music-hall Mortimer was politely refused admittance by a man as tall as himself, and considerably broader.

"No, sir; you gave us trouble the last time you were here. I haven't forgotten you, sir."

"But that was Boat Race night," protested Jim.

"No matter, sir; can't let you in."

And the official squared his great shoulders and glanced at another official, almost as big as himself, who was standing a few yards away. Simultaneously Koko gave Jim's sleeve a tug.

"Come on," he said; "no good getting into a row."

Reluctantly Jim turned on his heel; he was in a mood for battle, and he had an idea that, big as the official was, he (Jim) could have rendered a pretty good account of himself had it come to a scrap.

The cab they had employed was lingering in the

But Jim was bent on celebrating the great event of the day—his introduction to Miss Maybury. He was desirous of applying more rebellious liquor to his young blood, and intimated the fact to a little Swiss waiter.

"Dora!" Jim gave the toast and drained his glass at a gulp. Up came Carlo again with a smile of appreciation. "As before," said Jim, and again toasted Dora.

Just then a pale, well-dressed young man, passing by in the company of two ladies, trod on Jim's outstretched foot. Jim gave vent to an ex-



THE FAITHFUL KOKO FOLLOWING A FEW YARDS BEHIND TO BAIL HIM OUT.

vicinity of the entrance. Jim hailed it and again gave the order "Exhibition." And in the course of thirty minutes or so, Koko and he found themselves passing through the turnstiles at that popular pleasure resort.

Very pleasant it was, too, sauntering through the bazaars and make-believe old streets, and round the band-stands, while eye and ear were charmed with colour and music respectively, and the promenading multitude laughed and chattered, forgetting the day's cares in a spell of enjoyable indolence.

clamation, but the doer of the harm simply glanced over his shoulder without vouchsafing an apology.

"Why don't you look after your feet, sir!" cried Jim, angrily. To do him justice, he did not notice the presence of the ladies.

The perambulating crowd was thick just there, and the proprietor of the feet alluded to was brought to a standstill close to Jim by people coming in the opposite direction.

"It is never nice here," he observed to one of his companions, in tones evidently intended to

reach Jim's ears, "on Early Closing Nights. These shop-boys really ought to be kept out of the Exhibition."

For all Jim knew, the man who had trodden on his toes was making this remark to another man, but Koko had noticed the ladies, and now perceived that while one of them was regarding Jim with haughty disfavour, the other kept her face turned resolutely towards the bandstand.

"I'll show you what sort of a shop-boy I am!" exclaimed Jim, in a fury, and was jumping up when his leg got into difficulties with the little round table at which he was sitting, the result being that he fell over and broke the back of the chair he was occupying. In his struggle to retain his balance he swept the glasses off the table and smashed them, and, when the little Swiss waiter requested payment for the goods, rudely declined to give any compensation.

When the waiter beckoned to a policeman, men sitting at neighbouring tables rose to their feet, evidently expecting trouble. People in the vicinity stopped promenading, in order to look on. They talked about what followed for days afterwards.

The constable was not one of the gentlest of his species. He asked Jim for his name and address, and Jim produced his card; then the policeman told him he must leave the Exhibition, and, as Jim appeared reluctant to obey this order, gave him a push in the direction of the nearest exit.

Now the policeman, regarding Jim's long, slim form, had not anticipated much trouble from this customer. How was he to know that Mr. James Mortimer (that being the name on the card) had a marvellous way of hitting straight from the shoulder? Rough and unscientific he might be, but his blows came pat like a donkey's kicks, and hurt almost as much.

When the policeman had picked himself up and blown his whistle, the bystanders fairly tingled with excitement. They saw a little man urging the tall one to submit quietly, and they saw the tall man shake off the little man as one would brush away a fly. The tall man's hat had fallen off, and the little man was holding it. The tall man was a good-looking fellow, the bystanders remarked, and as he drew himself up, and glared defiance at the approaching enemy, he reminded certain spectators of some heroic subject in sculpture or painting. Of course, this was because they were inclined to be romantic. The bulk of those present saw in Jim merely a

young man the worse for drink and spoiling for a fight.

A burly sergeant strode up.

"Now, then, none of this nonsense," he said, roughly.

Crack! That peculiar straight left met him on the jaw, and the sergeant collapsed on to the gravel. Two more policemen rushed at Jim. Again the long arms shot out. One policeman fell, and the other staggered. Jim followed the latter up and delivered the *coup-de-grâce*. At that moment Jim felt a muscular hand gripping his neck. He lashed round furiously, then closed with his antagonist, and they fell among the chairs. Jim was on top, and wrrenched himself free as a fifth policeman charged at him. A bit of a boxer was this man, young and active, and Jim and he hammered each other with the lustiness of school-boys. Up and down among the chairs they went, and then Jim, seeing an opening, got home on the point, and turned swiftly to receive the sixth policeman, an enormous fellow who was unfortunately given to over-much beer. He hit Jim on the chest, and Jim gasped; then he hit at Jim again, and Jim, dodging the blow, retaliated with a sledge-hammer slap across the back of the big man's neck. The big man clutched at a table, and Jim hit him in the spine, and upset man and table. Then three policemen, sore and furious, rushed at Jim together, and there was Jim's close-clipped poll towering above them, and there were Jim's long arms dealing out donkey kicks, and leaving marks every time. And then Jim retired in good order, face and fists to the foe, towards the buffet, and then, suddenly altering his tactics, he put his head down, and butted the middle man of the trio in the stomach, and so made his way through them, and ran into the burly sergeant, who hit at Jim with his truncheon, but missed him, and got a crashing blow in the mouth by way of exchange. And that was Jim's last good donkey kick, for one of them got him by the leg, and another hit him over the hip with his truncheon, and next moment Jim was rolling about the gravel with four of them clinging to him. And, of course, he at length surrendered, and was marched off between two of the policemen to the police-station, the faithful Koko following a few yards behind to bail him out.

R. Warren Bell

(To be continued.)



GREAT RARITIES.

IN the early days of stamp collecting, away back in the 'sixties, a blank in an album was an eyesore. It was the first thing that caught the eye of every friend who inspected your collection, and the everlasting iteration of the remark "Oh, you haven't got the 3 lire Tuscany!" or some other rarity, was a perpetual cold douche on the pride of the possessor of even some of the best collections, for, even in the 'sixties, there were blanks. In those days the expenditure of a £5 note on a single stamp was almost a thing unknown. Stamp collecting in those days was the folly or fad of the rising generation, not the fashionable hobby of princes, peers, and millionaires, as in these latter days. But, with all this devotion of position, power, and wealth to the pursuit, blanks are not to be abolished even by the millionaire. I know of many a collection that lacks many a variety where the price would be no barrier whatever.

Rarities may be said to be of two classes. There is the great, world-wide, popular rarity, all the copies of which are known, together with the names and philatelic history of their owners. Those rarities are only to be had when one or other of the possessors realises his philatelic possessions, or passes away from this world of collecting altogether. And then there is a grand scramble for that copy, and wealth is pitted against wealth in the auction room, till the price rises to almost fabulous sums.

There are other rarities which, though comparatively low priced, are tantalisingly difficult to get. They figure on the "want lists" of the chief dealers, but, despite the continual search that is systematically carried on, they seem to elude the grasp even of the wealthiest. They

are philatelic varieties, known only to the specialist, but, all the same, they are highly prized. They fall mostly to the lot of the industrious, patient searcher, who has the knowledge that is necessary to guide him in his search. These rarities possess little interest for the general collector, and none for the outside public. The popular rarities, the high prices of which astonish the outsider, may be limited to even less than a dozen. The history of these will no doubt be of interest to the stamp collector readers of *THE CAPTAIN*. Let us take them in the order of their rarity.

British Guiana, 1856, 1c.—The postal authorities in 1856 ran short of stamps, and temporarily supplied their needs by having a crude design set up from type in a local printing office. In the centre they placed a ship, and around this they arranged the necessary lettering. Two values were issued, a 1 cent and a 4 cent. Copies of the 4 cents are catalogued at £25, but of the 1 cent only one copy is known, and that is in the collection of a wealthy Parisian. It is impossible to place any price upon such a rarity, but if it fell into the hands of a dealer to sell he would probably hunt up one of the millionaire collectors, and let him have it cheaply for a couple of thousand pounds.



Mauritius, "Post Office," 1d. & 2d.—Of all the great rarities these two stamps are the best known. They are always quoted as instances of the lengths of extravagance to which the craze

for stamp collecting will tempt a man. But, despite the enormous prices paid for these stamps,

I have never heard of one changing hands at a loss. The "Post Office" Mauritius is so called because the words "Post Office" were inscribed on the side of the design instead of the intended words "Post Paid." There were two values, 1d. and 2d. They were designed and engraved by a local watchmaker, and 500 copies of each were issued in 1847. Only twenty copies are known to exist to-day, and each copy is worth from £800 upwards, according to its condition.



Hawaii, 1851, 2 cents, blue.—Many of the early issues of Hawaii, better known in the old days as the Sandwich Islands, are very scarce, but the rarest of the lot owes its scarcity to an accident. The 2 cents stamp of 1851, here illustrated, had only been in use a short time when a fire destroyed the Post Office at Honolulu, and the stock of stamps was burnt.



The 2 cents value is now stated to be worth about £750.

British Guiana, 1850, 2 cents.—The early issues of this colony are amongst the most prized of all our colonial rarities. They are of the very crudest character in design, printing and paper. Some were printed on a common, soft paper, used for wrapping sugar. What is known as the "2 cents circular" is a great rarity. Like the "1 cent" already referred to, the 2 cents was of local manufacture of type-set design. It had a very short life, and only eleven copies are known to collectors. The market value of a good copy is about £600.



Moldavia, 1858, 81 paras.—This rare Roumanian stamp is one of a series of four values, all of which run into long prices. It was issued in February, 1859, and was printed by hand on coloured paper in sheets of 32 stamps in four rows of eight stamps. A fine unused copy of the 81 paras has sold for as much as upwards of £300.



United States, Millbury, 1847, 5c.—The general introduction of adhesive postage stamps in the United States was preceded by locally issued labels—known as "Postmaster Stamps," being really experiments by local postmasters. One of the rarest of these local fore-runners is a 5 cent stamp, issued by the postmaster of Millbury, in Massachusetts, in 1847. It is said to be worth upwards of £300.



Cape of Good Hope, 1861.—The two rarest stamps of South Africa are two errors of colour. In making up the plates of triangular stamps for printing, a 1d. was accidentally dropped into the 4d. plate, and a 4d. into the 1d. plate. Consequently, when the sheets of 1d. were printed, they were



found to contain a 4d. stamp, and the sheet of the 4d. stamps included a 1d. Hence the misplaced stamps got printed in the wrong colours. The 1d. blue is the greater rarity, and is worth about £70 used. An unused copy is unknown.

Tuscany, 1860, 3 lire.—In the good old days, high values were conspicuous by their absence. Anything above one shilling was something extraordinary. Hence, when Tuscany ventured upon the issue of a 3 lire stamp—representing about 2s. 6d. of English money—it was so little needed that copies are extremely scarce. Fine used specimens are worth about £65, and unused about £120.



Transvaal, 1878. Error "Transvral."—Of the many rarities of the Transvaal, the 1d. red on blue with the overprint spelled "Transvral" instead of "Transvaal" is the best known and the most popular. It occurs once on the sheet. Used copies are worth about £50, and unused from £150 to £200. In a pair *se tenant* with the normal variety, it is said to have fetched a very long price.



GREAT COLLECTORS.

The Prince of Wales.

Amongst the great stamp collectors of the day the Prince of Wales takes high rank, not merely because of his exalted position, but because of

his genuine enthusiasm as a collector. He probably caught the stamp collecting fever from his uncle, the Duke of Edinburgh. The Duke, however, though president of the Philatelic Society of London, never ventured into the depths of stamp collecting. He was a collector in a small way, and never became what we term a philatelist. The Prince

of Wales, on the other hand, is a very keen philatelist. He is, in fact, a specialist. He confines his attention to British colonies, and includes envelopes. The duties of his high position, of course, preclude his giving the time that is necessary to the building up of a great specialist collection, but it is no secret that he has many things that are unique, and not a few proofs and essays that many of the greater specialists would very much like to possess.

During his recent Australian tour, he enriched his collection with many scarce stamps. The postmasters vied with each other in making official contributions, and even collectors, en route, presented him with the pick of their collections. On the occasion of his marriage, his fellow members of the Philatelic Society of London made him a wedding present of rare duplicates.

Hence it is not to be wondered at that His Royal Highness can boast a collection that ranks high in the philatelic lists. He is the active president of the Philatelic Society of London, and a constant and valuable contributor to its great exhibitions.

Notable New Issues.

LATER developments of King's Head issues are getting more interesting, for there is a decided breaking away from the very monotonous design of the smaller colonies. For instance, we have had lately the Cape



THE PRINCE OF WALES.

of Good Hope and Bahamas with separate designs, and Ceylon, Orange River Colony and Canada will all be of separate designs.

Great things are being prophesied for the coming new Canadians, and I have very good reason for saying that the issue will be of more than ordinary significance. Indeed, I should not be surprised if it paved the way for the adoption of the approved, or a similar portrait, on our own stamps. Let us hope that it may. The printers of the new series will be the old firm of Perkins, Bacon and Co., who printed the first English penny postage stamp.

Canada has added a new value—7 cents—to the current series for the combined rate of postage and registration. The colour is a sickly greenish yellow. Report says that the stamp has already been withdrawn on account of its unsatisfactory colour, but that is most unlikely.

Bahamas has issued a King's head series all of the one design as illustrated. It is not a very striking one, but it is welcome as a variant upon the set colonial type. Wmk. crown CA. Perf. 14.



- 1d. carmine.
- 2½d. ultramarine.
- 4d. yellow.
- 6d. brown.
- 1s. black and carmine.
- 5s. lilac and blue.
- £1. green and black.

Cape of Good Hope.—We have already given an illustration of the 1d. King's head, and now we have the ½d. and 1s. King's heads, which we illustrate. It will be noted that all three



values differ in design. If this is continued through all the values our new Cape series will be a very pleasing addition to our new issues. Wmk. anchor. Perf. 14. So far the list stands as follows :—

- ½d. green.
- 1d. carmine.
- 1s. ochre.

Cook Islands are now coming printed on paper watermarked single lined N.Z. and star. The New Zealand stamp printers print the stamps of Cook Islands, hence all changes in paper and perforation in the stamps of New Zea-

land are generally found repeated in the issues of these Islands.

Cyprus is retaining its current design, but substituting the King's head for the late Queen's. The $\frac{1}{2}$ piastre has been issued as the first of the new series. Colour green. Wmk. crown CA., and perf. 14.



Iceland has changed its old numeral series for a portrait set. The portrait, of course, is that of King Christian of Denmark, the mother country. The stamps are badly engraved and rough in execution. Five of the set are bi-coloured. Wmk. crown. Perf. 14.



- 3 aur, orange.
- 4 " rose and grey.
- 5 " green.
- 6 " brown.
- 10 " carmine.
- 16 " reddish brown.
- 20 " blue.
- 25 " green and brown.
- 40 " mauve.
- 50 " slate and grey.
- 1 krona, brown and blue.

New Zealand.—The experimental stages of paper and watermark seem to be coming to an end at last in the stamps of this colony, for the single lined N.Z. watermark is now being adopted for all values. Thus far I have seen the $\frac{1}{2}$ d., 1d., 3d., 4d., 6d., and 1s. with the new watermark. At present they are mostly perf. 11., but it is said that the 14 perforation will be mostly used in future.

United States.—Here are a couple more of the pretty new series.



Western Australia.—We shall have to change our name for this colony in future, for the word "Western" is being changed to "West" on the most recently issued stamps. A batch of makeshift issues are to hand, made up of adaptations of some old plates of Victoria by the substitution of the name "West Australia" for that of "Victoria." Here are illustrations of three of the high values I have just received. They are not beautiful, but as makeshift issues the probability is that they will some day be as rare as they are ugly. When the values are all complete I will give the full list. The 1d. stamp

has been redrawn in a slightly larger size, but without noticeable change in design, and the two



pence has had the word "postage" added to the scroll containing the value.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. H. B. (Partick).—Your British Guiana purple and carmine is the current issue. It used to be purple and orange.

Shargar (Lindfield).—German stamps, with "Deutsches Post" instead of "Reichpost," are the current stamps, catalogued at 7d. unused and 2d. used.

D. H. B. (Edinburgh).—The Portuguese stamp you describe is the issue of 1894, and is catalogued at 4d. unused and 3d. used.

Kenneth F. Petrie.—I had noticed the bluish tinge on the New Zealand 4d., brown and blue N.Z. and star, and think it must be due to the ink. Our correspondent (Mr. Kenneth F. Petrie, care of James A. Petrie, High-street, Greymouth, New Zealand) would like to exchange stamps with other readers of THE CAPTAIN.

J. W. T. (Berlin).—Thank you very much for information about German official stamps, but I do not chronicle or advise the collection of officials or un-paids in THE CAPTAIN; there is so much else to collect of ordinary postage stamps.

Value Official (Southport).—The O.W. official $\frac{1}{2}$ d. vermilion is catalogued at 60s. unused and 2s. 6d. used, and the 1d. purple at 50s. unused and 6d. used. The $\frac{1}{2}$ d. green is not priced by Gibbons, but a used copy recently sold for 18s. in an auction. The O.W. King's heads I have not seen priced anywhere yet.

We are indebted to the following firms for early copies of new issues:—

Bright & Sons.—Cape of Good Hope and Canada.

Ewen, Ltd.—West Australia.

Stanley Gibbons, Ltd.—Cape of Good Hope and Cyprus.

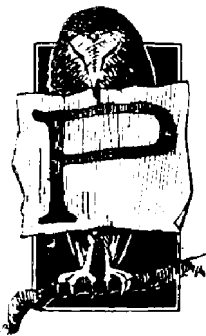
Peckitt.—Bahamas and United States.

Whitfield King & Co.—Cape of Good Hope and Cyprus.

Butler Bros.—Cape of Good Hope.

PRINGLE'S MOTOR-CAR.

By Thomas E. Knowles. Illustrated by E. F. Skinner.



PRINGLE was a born inventor —all his friends agreed upon that point. To add to this description of him, he was a youth who had great confidence in his own abilities, and was never so happy as when he had some mechanical scheme on hand. Whenever he undertook to accomplish any task of this nature, he usually did not rest content until he had

finished it; and, during the twelve months he attended Rodney House as a day scholar, he had allowed very few obstacles to stand in his way. His active brain seemed ever on the alert for some fresh opportunity to exercise his inventive powers, and, indeed, he at times displayed such remarkable originality in his undertakings that his school-fellows began to regard him as something of a prodigy.

Not a few of Pringle's contrivances, though ingenious in some degree, were the cause of much trouble. Amongst other things, he had invented an instantaneous brake, which he had experimentally attached to Rutter's bicycle, and which, on being applied while the rider was descending a steep hill, broke several of the spokes, utterly defaced the rim, and caused Rutter himself to be pitched head-foremost over the handle-bars. Not content with the amount of mischief already done, he had on another occasion affixed to Traddles's organette a contrivance which caused the handle to turn automatically, but which, refusing to stop at the right moment, damaged the internal mechanism of the instrument beyond repair. However, not all his inventions turned out failures, and when, one memorable day, Pringle introduced to the notice of his school-fellows a novel device for writing several lines of impots. at a time, he won for himself a reputation which clung to him for the rest of his schooldays.

For some time Pringle had talked almost incessantly of a motor-car he was inventing. It was to be impelled by a specially designed clock-work arrangement, and would, when completed,

far eclipse all other cars. With this resolve once fixed firmly in his mind, nothing could remove him from his determination, and, during the time his scheme was evolving itself, his whole mind was centred mainly upon one topic of thought and conversation, namely, motor-cars. His friends laughed at the idea, and ridiculed his ardour, but Pringle was too much wrapped up in his invention to succumb to their derision. For weeks his active brain was busy designing the construction of the car. Meanwhile the pages of his school-books became disfigured by diagrammatic sketches of levers, cog-wheels, and other mechanical contrivances. In fact, almost every moment of his spare time was occupied in drawing up plans of his invention. These, when completed, he usually exhibited to his school-fellows, who, observing the zealotry with which he threw himself into his new undertaking, began at length to display much interest in the progress of the car, and looked forward with eagerness to the day when it would be a finished article, and they would enjoy the privilege of taking a trip in it.

Every day Pringle came to school with fresh news of its progress.

"I expect it'll be finished outright by this time next week," he proudly informed a group of enquiring school-fellows one day. "It's ready all but the brake, and the pater says it's a credit to the family."

This joyful news spread like wild-fire, and, boyishly impatient, all his friends were anxious for the eventful day to arrive.

However, a few mornings afterwards, Pringle, with a doleful countenance, announced to his school-fellows that there had been a serious breakdown in the mechanism of the car, and that he feared it would be a long time before he could repair it.

The disappointment which accompanied this announcement was, to say the least of it, great, and poor Pringle, though most profuse in his apologies, was subjected to much harsh criticism.

"It's all very well trying to excuse yourself by trumping up a lame story of that kind," said Traddles indignantly, when he had listened to Pringle's explanation of the mishap. "It's all

pretence, and, what's more, I don't believe the beastly motor-car ever existed. Why don't you own up to the truth like a man, and confess you've been playing us false all along?"

Pringle was too much taken aback by this aspersion to retaliate, and, finding that a number of the boys confirmed Traddles's accusation, he quietly slunk away to avoid further censure. Up to that moment none of his friends had ever before accused him of insincerity, and he was now sorely mortified to think that he had given any of them cause to mistrust him.

Almost the whole of that night he lay awake in bed, disconsolately ruminating over the breakdown to the motor-car, and smarting under the

determined to carry it into effect at the first opportunity.

Next day Pringle announced to his school-fellows (though with what truthfulness we shall presently see for ourselves) that the car had been successfully mended, and that, in spite of his previous fears, their former hopes would yet be realised. This assurance revived all their past enthusiasm, and in a moment of generosity Pringle was made to promise that on the following Wednesday afternoon he would take a party of his most intimate friends for a short trip in the car.

Accordingly, at the appointed hour, the young inventor brought his new motor-car to the



THE LITTLE PARTY RATTLED GAILY AWAY.

poignancy of Traddles's accusation. The charge against him was a grave one, and unless he could, by some means or other, appease the indignation of his disappointed school-fellows—for the present, at all events—his reputation as an inventor would be seriously impaired.

In vain he drew on his invention, and racked his ingenious brain in the hope of hitting upon a remedy. At last, however, in a moment of desperation, a brilliant idea struck him, and he

school gates, where his friends were awaiting him. A loud cheer rose from the boys as they watched the car turn the bend of the lane, and, amid a thick cloud of dust, rattle up to where they stood filled with admiration.

"It's a ram-looking affair altogether," remarked Traddles, as Pringle proudly dismounted. "Looks more like a signal-box with the roof blown off than a motor-car."

Pringle, however, ignored this criticism,

and in technical phraseology voluntarily explained the use of the various levers. Of course, none of his friends understood him, but, in order not to expose their ignorance, they pretended to comprehend his explanations perfectly.

To confirm Traddles's observation concerning the car, it certainly was a queer-looking object; for, although that worthy's description of it was somewhat exaggerated, it did not in appearance resemble an ordinary motor-car. It was box-like in shape, and was constructed wholly of wood. It stood about five feet in height, had long, straight sides reaching down almost to the ground, and ran on two pair of wheels. The regulating gear was worked by numerous levers; while a rough plank, placed across the top of the car and supported at either end by a wooden block, offered accommodation for sitting. It was built to seat four (besides the driver), so Pringle was obliged to restrict his invitation to that number.

Traddles, Rutter, Spicer, and Pratt were the fortunates, and the envy of all the rest of their school-fellows.

"Now, then, gentlemen, I'm at your service," said Pringle, as, with a busy air, he sprang nimbly to his place in front.

Immediately the four took their seats, and at the words "Right away!" from Traddles, Pringle laid a hand on one of the levers and gave it a vigorous pull. Simultaneously the clumsy vehicle was agitated by a series of violent throbs, and, with a jerk that nearly threw its occupants out of their seats, started off at a rapid speed.

The boys cheered vociferously as the little party rattled gaily away, and several of them ran alongside the car until it reached a bend in the lane, when it was soon lost to sight behind a clump of trees. Pringle's face beamed with joyous pride as he deftly manipulated the levers, pulling first one and then another; while the clattering noise which proceeded from the inside of the car, and which, Pringle explained, was due to the vibration of the machinery, became louder as the speed of the vehicle increased.

The first part of the journey passed off successfully enough. During the whole of the time Pringle was busy explaining to his friends the construction of the car and diligently exaggerating the amount of thought and labour which had been involved in the building of it.

Quite unexpectedly, however, the car came to a sudden stop of its own accord. Pringle looked very confused, and when, after he had tried all the levers, the vehicle refused to start again, he was almost at his wits' end.

"The machinery is a little rusty, that's all," he said, by way of apology. "If you chaps'll all get out and give the car a shove, I daresay it'll go along all right again."

Accordingly, the boys dismounted, and, putting their shoulders to the back of the car, pushed with all their might. Notwithstanding their efforts it budged only a few inches, and poor Pringle began to grow desperate. Just then a harsh, grating sound came from the inside of the car, and, after continuing for several seconds, suddenly stopped.

"Whatever was that unearthly noise?" asked Traddles, his curiosity becoming aroused.

Pringle hesitated, turned very red in the face, and at length replied: "Oh, it's only the cog-wheels. They're just beginning to work again. They must have got stuck somehow!"

Once more he laid a hand on the starting-lever, and gave it a vigorous wrench. This time the result was instantaneous. With awkward suddenness the vehicle darted off at top speed, and, as the boys scrambled hurriedly to their seats, rattled on its way again.

This was the only recordable incident that happened during the earlier part of the trip. Later on, however, the journey proved much more eventful.

About two miles from home there was a long, steep, narrow incline which took rather an abrupt turn at its foot. Down this the car rattled at an ominous speed, and the boys, heedless of the danger-post at the summit, were so delighted at the rapidity with which they were travelling that they broke into singing.

In a very short time the bend was reached, and, with a few deft movements of the levers, Pringle steered the car safely round the curve. Suddenly, however, the singing ceased, as the boys, to their great horror, observed a large, bulky traction-engine, with a long train of cumbersome carriages, slowly making its way up the hill. A collision threatened them; but, as this would mean certain disaster to the car, and probable injury to the boys, Pringle in his desperation sought for some means to avoid such an occurrence.

In vain the men in charge of the engine signalled and bawled to the boys to stop the car, and, equally in vain, did Pringle pull and tug at the stoppage-lever. He had now become thoroughly alarmed, and the other boys began to tremble for their safety. The only way of escape was to run the car to the side of the road, and, even then, involve the risk of being hurled into the ditch that ran alongside. However, there was nothing else for it, and Pringle, knowing that in this exigence the safety of his companions was entirely in his hands, determined to run the risk and take the consequences.

At length the car came within a few yards of the engine. Pringle took in the situation immediately, and saw that there was not room enough for his clumsy vehicle to pass.



THEY WERE THROWN IN ALL DIRECTIONS.

There was not a moment to be lost, so, just as the two vehicles almost touched, Pringle tremblingly drew the lever that controlled the steering-gear. Instantly the car swerved round, and, dashing into the ditch, completely upturned.

The boys were thrown from their seats in all directions. Traddles alighted in the adjoining field; Rutter haplessly found his destination in the ditch, out of which he crawled, a pitiable-looking object; Spicer and Pratt fell at full

length upon the road; while Pringle, by a wonderful feat of agility, landed triumphantly on the top of the car itself. Fortunately, all escaped without injury, and, when the actual danger was over, the boys at once turned their attention to the car.

The revelations of the next few moments held the four guests wonderstruck. Inside the car, struggling and kicking frantically, was Pringle's pet donkey, Neddy. It was harnessed to the woodwork by means of ropes; and, as the poor animal lay there on its back, nimbly beating the air with its hoofs, it appeared to resent its new posture. The reason why the boys had not detected its presence before was because the sides of the car, which reached almost to the ground, completely obscured the animal's feet.

Pringle's contrivances for controlling the donkey were singularly unique. The lever by means of which he set the car in motion, was so fixed that the end of it, fitted with a sharp iron nail, was held in proximity to the hind part of the donkey, and, on being applied, caused the startled animal to break at once into a rapid gallop. The stoppage-lever was no less ingeniously devised. To the end of it were fastened a pair of reins, which, whenever Pringle gave the lever a pull, were simultaneously drawn, so that the animal might know when to stop.

Everything now became as plain as daylight. The clattering noise which had proceeded from the inside of the car, was no other than the beat of the donkey's hoofs; the obstinate behaviour of the car, when, during the earlier part of the journey, it had refused to act, was now easily accounted for; while the harsh, grating sound which Pringle had attributed to the rusty mechanism, was at once identified with the braying of an ass.

"So this explains everything!" said Traddles, with an amused chuckle, pointing to the struggling donkey. "Well, Pringle, all I can say is, you're a delightful old humbug; and, as sure as my name is Traddles, you'll come to a bad end—see if you don't. Now, what have you to say for yourself?"

"I—I'm awfully sorry," stammered Pringle, apologetically. "I didn't mean to deceive you fellows, but you drove me to it. When I told you about the breakdown to the car, you wouldn't believe me, you know; so I had to get myself out of the fix somehow. I couldn't think of any other way than to harness Neddy inside it, and I didn't think you'd find me out. It was very deceitful of me, I know," he added, with an air of

remorse; "but don't forget, it wasn't altogether my fault; you drove me to it!"

Pringle looked so distressed, and his tone grew so pitiful, that his friends felt quite sorry for him. After thoroughly investigating the *modus operandi* of the car, they burst into peals of hearty laughter, and concluded by wishing the young mechanic better luck next time.

With the aid of the two men, the boys succeeded in dragging the overturned vehicle out of the ditch, and, with great difficulty, set it upon its wheels again. Luckily, both car and donkey were substantial subjects, and had escaped without any serious injury. The car had been somewhat bruised, but Neddy appeared none the worse for the incident, and, on being restored to his feet, proceeded to express his gratitude in loud and prolonged brays.

Once more the boys took their seats, and the car started off again, and, amid the cheers of the boys and laughter of the men in charge of the engine, sped gaily on its way.

The rest of the journey passed off without further mishap. When, at length, the boys came within sight of the school-house, a number of their friends ran to meet them. At once the story of their narrow escape was recounted, and listened to by the others with open-mouthed incredulity. Their astonishment turned to mirth, however, when Traddles, in his comical way, proceeded to describe the interior of the car.

Poor Pringle experienced rather a rough time of it just at first; but his friends admired his originality, and, despite his attempt at deceit, he became more popular than ever. Indeed, the novelty of his idea set all the boys longing to ride upon the car, and, although on several occasions he threatened to put an end to it, his friends as often persuaded him not to.

So the motor-car continued to exist, and often was seen scouring the neighbouring roads and lanes of the country districts, conveying parties of laughing schoolboys; with Pringle as driver, manfully working the levers, and explaining in technical terms the mechanism of some new contrivance which, for the sake of experiment, he had attached to the car.

Without doubt, Pringle should one day make his mark as an inventor; but, we trow, he will never quite forget his first experiment in motor-car driving. The odour of flowers recall old memories to some of us; certain musical airs to others. Whenever Pringle hears a donkey braying, the events of a certain afternoon invariably recur to his mind in a most unforgettable manner.



THE CYCLING CORNER.

THE USE OF THE CYCLE IN BUSINESS.

THERE are so many ways in which the cycle can now be advantageously employed in the world of business activity that it is only possible in the space of a single article to suggest a few of the more important. We are all familiar with the errand boy on his bicycle, or small carrier tricycle.

BEATING A RACING PIGEON.

The saving of time is of the highest importance in the case of daily, and especially of evening, newspapers. Everybody is familiar with the cycling newsboy hurrying through the traffic in the endeavour to distribute a fresh edition before those of rival proprietors can reach the newsvendors, but few who are not "in the know" can have any idea of the extent to which the cycle is employed in the previous work of newspaper production. There are certain circumstances in which the cycle is faster than any other available means of carrying information. Suppose that you are reporting a cricket match, and that you have seen "Ranji" make the stroke which completes his first century of the season. Your first concern is to get the fact into the next edition of the afternoon papers. You may be two hundred yards from the telephone, and not sure of having the monopoly of it if you get to it. The same remark applies to the telegraph office. When the distance is short from the cricket ground to the headquarters of the newspaper, the despatch of a messenger on a bicycle is, in many instances, the most expeditious means available. In connection with matters to which the public attach great importance, or of which they await information with more than usual impatience, such as the result of an election or of a final tie on the football field, it is common for an enterprising paper to arrange all sorts of different ways of receiving the news, on the principle that one

will arrive before the others, and the matter can be set into type while second and subsequent confirmations are arriving. In some circumstances the best thing to do is to tie the message to a fast homing pigeon, as I have done hundreds of times from tennis grounds, golf links, and other such places. It is all a matter of judgment of time and distance, a knowledge of the habits of your birds, the momentary condition of the atmosphere, and so forth. If you think the homer will spend too much time in "circling" before he descries his landmarks, he cannot be relied upon to beat the bicycle at any short distance.

THE VALUE OF THE TRAILER.

There are many other businesses in which the cycle plays an ever increasingly important part. A manager of a large concern with many branch establishments attached can keep himself in touch with all of them if well mounted on wheels. He can make surprise visits more easily and in less time than by most other means of transit. The case of the man who has rents or insurance premiums to collect is another of those in which the use of the cycle is clearly advantageous. He can map out his rounds beforehand, and pass from point to point with speed and ease. The cycle is for such purposes better in many ways than the hansom cab. It can wait as long as you like; and, however hard the day's work, there is no tired horse to consider. The commercial traveller can similarly employ a machine to advantage if his wares are of light weight, and many now do so when they are working a fairly compact district. It is not within the present scope of this "Cycling Corner" to deal with the subject of motors generally, but the motor cycle is in this connection obviously involved. Personally, I do not believe that the motor cycle is destined to oust the cycle proper,

but I think that for commercial purposes, at any rate, it will occupy a legitimate and permanent place. From the errand boy with goods too heavy, right up to the commercial traveller with samples too heavy to be easily propelled by ordinary pedal work, the motor cycle with trailer attached offers a ready and convenient means of moving all sorts of materials rapidly from place to place.

MOUNTED POLICE.

Official uses of the cycle may next be dealt with. Many will remember the consternation with which the demon tribe of road scorchers first received the information that some of the police were to be mounted on cycles. My own belief, expressed at the time, was that, after the first inevitable flood of arrests and convictions, the step would bring nothing but good to the pastime of wheeling. This, I think, may fairly be said to have been proved to be the case. The roads have been rid of much of the bad behaviour which was intolerable to all good cyclists—not to speak of the public at large; while a better knowledge on the part of the police themselves of what the pastime is, and what its reasonable limitations are, have resulted in a great falling off in the vexatious prosecutions for "furious driving" due to the incompetence of constables to judge, even within fifty per cent. of the truth, of the speeds at which riders were travelling. The formation of cycling clubs among the police themselves is evidence of the interest in the sport which has sprung up within the force, and we may rejoice in the hope that this, coupled with a better understanding of the pastime on the part of magistrates and others, has brought us to a period when the unjust persecution of users of the wheel appears to be well nigh over.

AN ILLICIT STILL.

Higher officials find the bicycle of great value in the conduct of their callings. Inland revenue officers make extensive use of it, especially—my experience has been—in Ireland. I recall in this connection an incident which occurred once when I was touring in the western portion of that lovely isle. I was in the company of a clerical friend, and we had leisurely pedalled our way from Belfast all round the north-eastern and northern coasts, and were now making down the west in quest of the beauties of Killarney. I shall purposely suppress the names of persons and places, for as I had then no desire to play the part of defective, so I now have no wish to furnish, even in the most indirect manner, any information to the police. The facts of the case are these. In a tiny market town, so remote from civilisation that one heard little save the old Erse language spoken, I chanced to learn that not

far away there existed an illicit still. We both pricked up our ears. It was not, of course, that we wished to cheat the law by obtaining any of the whisky. My clerical friend is actually a teetotaler. But both of us had often heard, as every one else has, of the existence of such things in many parts of Ireland, and we were anxious to see one for ourselves, and to learn how such a business as the distilling of spirits could be secretly carried on. The genial Irishman who had been our informant readily gave further information. After a ride of a few miles we should come to a point where the road skirted a lake, with an island in it in the distance. One of us was to ascend a low white rock, which was carefully described, and make certain signals with a handkerchief. A boat would then be put off from the island, and we should be taken there and shown the secret still. The idea of the adventure pleased us, and we embarked upon it with some excitement.

EXCISE MEN ON CYCLES.

Everything transpired as anticipated, up to the giving of the signal. It was answered by persons running rapidly to and fro upon the island, and one of them, we could just discern, was making some sort of answering or inquiring signal which we had not been taught to expect. No boat was put off, although we waited an hour. I repeated our own signal from the rock until my arms ached, and kept it up long after the mysterious answer had ceased to be given. At last we decided to pursue our way. The explanation afterwards discovered was that at about that time the use of the cycle for inland revenue purposes had become so general that any cyclist was suspected, and it had been thought prudent by those engaged in this underhand trade to invent an additional and more complicated set of signals. These, of course, we did not know. But we have never begrudged that seemingly wasted hour, for it was passed amid the most romantic surroundings, with lake and mountain scenery such as can hardly be equalled even in Ireland, and the whole tinted with the most gorgeous colours by the sun of a summer afternoon.

THE CYCLE IN THE POST OFFICE.

But possibly by far the most important of the public services in which the cycle figures is that of the Post Office. The time has long gone by when postal servants were officially forbidden to use in the discharge of their duties cycles which they themselves possessed. This antiquated and ridiculous regulation has given place to a state of things in which the use of the cycle is actually encouraged—in some instances by a grant made to the owner, either based on mileage or upon

time, but often more directly by the provision of a machine by the Government. The advantage of such an arrangement is very clear in the case of a country letter-carrier, whose rounds are long, and whose calls are few and far between. Of still greater importance is the bicycle to the telegraph boy, and in many districts the public are becoming familiar with the special mail-cart red, which is the distinguishing colour of his machine. The postmaster of a busy and rapidly growing London suburb told me that the introduction of the bicycle into the telegraph service in his neighbourhood had exactly doubled the efficiency of his boys, and that on the average each messenger could deliver twice as many telegrams as before in the same working day. There is a special Government department for the repair of damaged bicycles, but an alternative arrangement is that of contracting at so much a week with a local repairer to keep the whole "stable" in order.

TEACHERS ON WHEELS.

Among professional men the machine is being increasingly used. Teachers use it to go to school and back, and so do scholars, while scholars and teachers together have employed it to get profit in ways which I may find some future opportunity of explaining. I know one college professor who took to cycling on my advice, and who shortly afterwards went out of his way to let me know that he could hardly estimate the value the daily ride to the laboratory had, not only as a physical tonic, but in the way of freshening up his ideas, loosening his tongue, and generally enabling him to make better contact with the minds of his students. Again, there is a large class of teachers to which the bicycle is of the greatest use. Take the case of the music teacher who visits pupils at their own homes. He is a good example. Incidentally this reminds me that I know a piano tuner who has regular clients scattered over three counties, and who tells me that he can doctor ever so many more pianos in a month when the weather permits him to cycle to them than at other times. You see, the railway guide cannot be bargained with. If my acquaintance, in order to finish off one instrument properly, just misses one train, he may have to wait hours for another; whereas the ready bicycle is always waiting for him at the door.

DOCTORS AND SURGEONS.

We have not yet reached the time when it is the usual thing to witness judges travelling circuit on bicycles. But outside the law there are other professions in which the cycle has proved of great service. I know of instances in which it has supplanted the doctor's carriage.

One medical friend of mine makes his daily visits to the hospitals he is interested in on wheels in all weathers. Whether the conditions be sultry, or whether there be storm and snow, his familiar figure, caped for the wet or otherwise, is seen passing along its accustomed route, and is recognised by thousands of the townfolk in the place in which he lives. Another case I know is that of a surgeon whom, so far as I can tell, I have never met. He wrote to me asking for advice as to what sort of bicycle to buy, and asked me whether, if he used the machine for business purposes, it would be at all likely to interfere with his work. I replied that so far from that the boot was really on the other leg, and that the cycle would positively help him in more ways than one. Among the things which a surgeon—to succeed—requires are a composed and collected intellect and a steady hand. I know, from my own experience, that the rational use of the bicycle will give me back either or both of these which I may for the moment be wanting; and the surgeon was good enough to write to me afterwards, telling me that he had learnt that truth also.

OTHER PROFESSIONAL MEN.

There are many painters who seek out half their subjects while a-wheel. This is markedly so in landscape work.

Solicitors, men on 'Change, City clerks, girl clerks, typists, stenographers, warehousemen, factory hands of all descriptions, may be seen any morning wheeling along the Victoria Embankment, or descending from the heights of Highgate, or crossing the bridges from the south side of the Thames to their respective places of business. Not all the cheap fares that can be devised fill the place of the cycle, and it fills a larger place daily in the ever-increasing volume of business which must be despatched.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. H. (West Didsbury, near Manchester).—The firm may be all right, but it is practically unknown, and I really cannot advise you. As to your second question, I should say unhesitatingly the Rudge-Whitworth, which firm may fairly be described as the pioneers of the production of material as excellent as it is moderate in price. **A. M. G.** (Cambridge).—It is not clear to me exactly which part has come to grief. You must in any case provide yourself with sufficient brake-power. "**Iona.**"—You send no name and no address. It is the rule of every well-conducted journal for these to be given for the satisfaction of the editor, and not for disclosure, if you prefer your answer under a pen-name. Whatever may be the "class" of the Cyclists' Touring Club, no application for membership would be listened to from any one who withheld his name and place of residence; indeed, several further particulars are required of him. **H. P.**

BARS TO SUCCESS.

By ALFRED T. STORY.

I.—UNPUNCTUALITY.

THE word "punctuality" is usually understood, and rightly, as meaning a careful observance of the exact time of attending appointments or keeping engagements; but it has a secondary signification implying a scrupulous and precise attention to details. In the ideas and considerations which follow I use the word somewhat in this double sense, or, rather, as including also this broader definition. Punctuality as to time is a very important matter in every sphere and department of life; but there are many persons who, while they show great scrupulousness in this particular, seem to have no idea of punctuality in regard to other matters equally weighty. An instance in point, which riveted the matter on my memory as a youth, occurred when I was attending a day school. One boy was so punctual that he always reached school first, but rarely, if ever, had he learned the work that had been set him along with the rest. He was so incorrigible in this respect that my form-master once said to him:—

"Garner, you are punctual as to time, but shockingly unpunctual as to everything else."

There are numbers of men who are just like Garner, and they could not have been so unpunctual as men unless they had fallen into careless habits as boys. That, at least, is the usual beginning of such laxity, although it sometimes happens, of course, that a man who has begun well falls off in later life through gradually contracting evil or unfortunate habits, or, it may be, through deterioration of health.

How much this unpunctuality, both as regards time and other matters as well, is a bar to success may be witnessed by any observant mind. It does not figure, perhaps, as the greatest cause of non-success in life, but it is responsible for a very large proportion of failures. I knew one man who attributed his non-success in the career he had chosen—that of a journalist—to his having one day missed a train. He should have been at a meeting in a neighbouring town at a certain time. When he arrived, half an hour later, it was impossible, owing to the crowd, for him to get near the platform. He, in consequence, obtained but an imperfect note of the proceedings, and was obliged to eke it out as best he could. His report was all right in the end, but his chief heard of his having had to

go round begging for "fill-in" notes, corrections, etc., and asked him why he was so unpunctual. His answer was that his watch happened to be a few minutes out that day. It was; and the answer satisfied the editor for the time being, but it could not satisfy the man himself, because he had noticed that his watch was out the previous evening, and neglected to put it right.

This man—and a very able man he was—had simply allowed himself as a youth to get into careless and unpunctual habits, and though he often vowed that he would reform, and sometimes tried to, yet he was never able thoroughly to take the matter in hand because of this very habit of "letting things slide," instead of attending to them promptly and on the spot. He would, for instance, put off writing an article or a report until almost the last moment; then it was necessary to hurry through it, and send it down to the composing room unread. The result, of course, was a host of corrections when it was time to go to press. One day, when a delay of the kind was particularly exasperating, the editor remarked with intention:—

"Mr. Brown, your watch always seems to be a few minutes late."

The end of it all was that Brown was eventually asked to resign, and he never got so good a position again.

That is a good example of what we may call an all-round unpunctual man. He is not careful of his "points," and, like a pointsman on the railway, he renders himself liable to make terrible—and as regards himself not unfrequently tragic—mistakes by his negligence. He cannot be relied upon for anything at the proper time or in a fitting condition. He has fallen so completely into the habit of the slipshod man that it is necessary for some one to be always behind him or very near at hand to make good his failures. Of course, a person of this extremely forlorn type is soon shot aside, if in another's employ, while, if in his own, the bottom of the down-grade presently finds him awaiting the inevitable close.

In such a case there is generally something inherently wrong, and, pitiable as the result is, it hardly moves one's sympathies in the same way, or to the same extent, as does the case of a young man with exceptional, and perhaps brilliant, qualities, who, owing to some strain of carelessness or indolence, falls into the habit of what our grandmothers used to call, with a nice figurative reference, "drop-

ping his stitches." If stitches be missed or dropped in certain sorts of feminine work, various ruin and entanglement are apt to be the result. Hence half the art of doing such work consists in a careful avoidance of dropped stitches, or, *if* dropped, in going back with a rectifying hand, ere it be too late. In the work of life, however, such missed "stitches" can rarely be retrieved, and that is why the habit of permitting such lapses often becomes so tragic.

There is a story told of a famous man, lately deceased, which points the moral here enforced very aptly. A young fellow sought an introduction to him with a view to employment. "Very well," said the great man to the gentleman who spoke in his favour, "tell your friend to call and see me to-morrow at ten." At 10.15 on the morrow the place-seeker turned up, and found the great man at the door just about to mount his horse. "Ah," said he, when he saw the young gentleman, whom he had been expecting, "didn't your friend give you the proper time—ten o'clock?" "Yes, sir, but—" So the youth began to stammer. But he was instantly cut short with the words, "I have not a moment to spare now. Come and see me at seven in the morning." Seven in the morning was early for our friend to rise, and he again had to make an excuse for his unpunctuality. His landlady, he said, had forgotten to wind up her clock. "Clock!" exclaimed the great man, "A man should have a clock in his head. Call again and see me when you have got one there."*

Thus the youth lost his chance of an appointment and was deep in his regrets when too late. But there was no one to blame but himself. He was given a second chance and missed it—one must say—like a fool. Sometimes parents are to blame in these matters. They will encourage their children in sleeping late; they will indulge them by calling them in the morning, instead of habituating them to wake up of their own accord at a given time, and they seldom train them to that persistence in attacking and mastering details which is of the very essence of punctuality.

A leading Sheffield manufacturer who, starting life as a nailmaker at a wage of two-pence a day, ended by becoming Lord Mayor of the city, told the writer a short time ago

* This incident reminds one of the anecdote related of the Duke of Wellington, who, annoyed by the unpunctuality of his private secretary, told him that either he must get a new watch or he himself should have to get a new secretary.

that he owed his success in the main to his punctuality, and the habit he early acquired of looking into even the most trivial details himself. By being thus attentive he caused those in his employ to be attentive, and so saved no end of time and prevented much friction.

Another man, a millionaire of the North, speaking of his success in life, attributed it very largely to the discipline he submitted himself to in his young days in regard to the punctual discharge of his duties. He never left any "loose ends," but made sure that he understood everything that he was called upon to deal with, and attended to it in such a way that there could never be any question thereafter as to the right and wrong of the thing. At the age of twenty-one he was manager of the works of which he subsequently became owner, and from which he made a princely fortune.

Of course he could not have been trusted in so important a position at so early an age unless that wonderful instrument which we know as the brain had done its work in him with extreme precision. Possibly nature had favoured him somewhat in that particular; but there is not, as a rule, so much difference in this respect between men, or perhaps we should say, between boys, as some would think. We find, of course, the geniuses and the men of special gifts; but among the ordinary run of mortals there is in the beginning a very fair equality of talent, the subsequent difference arising from cultivation on the part of some, from neglect on the part of others.

There is, however, cultivation and cultivation. Some kinds of cultivation are little better than neglect—may, indeed, be worse than neglect. An instance of the sort was exemplified by a touching scene that took place in the police-court of a Midland town a few years ago. A vagrant was brought up before the Bench charged with sleeping in a shed where he had no right to be. When asked his calling he said he was a showman, and complained that he had fallen upon evil times, that people would not pay for being entertained nowadays as formerly, and so forth.

During the hearing of the case the Mayor left the Bench, apparently deeply moved, and it subsequently turned out that the vagrant was his own brother. They had been left as orphans to fight their own way in the world, and while the one had worked his way up by diligence and study until he became a head manufacturer in the town, the other had been

content to learn to tootle upon a horn, to perform sleight-of-hand tricks, and generally to play the Merry Andrew for others to laugh at and reward in small coin. We may say that they both arrived at the same goal, but by what widely different ways and for how different a purpose!

The moral of it all is that it is worth while taking ourselves to task while we are young and making the most of our opportunities for development and training. It is worth while giving some time to intellectual pursuits, to the cultivation of habits of precision, to the encouragement of logical methods of thought, and to the exercise of exactness of memory. One might devote the space given to the whole of this article to this one subject of memory; but that cannot be at present. Howbeit, let it be said in conclusion, and this with especial reference to punctuality, that it is quite possible, in the words of the "famous

man" above quoted, to carry a "clock in the head," and so to be independent alike of bell or boots for a call in the morning. In other words, the mind can be trained to wake automatically at a given time, and to do it year in and year out, no matter how tired or how late we may go to bed. There are men who can *will* to awake at a given time, and even though that hour may vary from day to day, they are awake to the precise minute. And what one man is able to do, another can do too if he will only take the trouble to try, and to try persistently. Therein lies the whole of the law and the gospel as regards punctuality, both in its narrower and in its broader sense—the persistent cultivation of an effective and painstaking will.

(Next Month: "On Choosing the Wrong Profession.")

OUR LIBRARY CORNER.

WE have received copies of the following:—

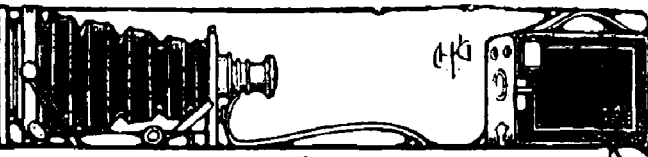
FICTION.

- J. O. Jones: And How He Earned His Living.* By R. S. Warren Bell. With 12 illustrations by Gordon Browne, R.I. 3s. 6d. (A. and C. Black, Ltd.)
- The Admiral and I.* By H. Escott-Inman. 3s. 6d. (Ward, Lock and Co.)
- Faithful.* By the author of "Laddie." 2s. 6d. (Ward, Lock and Co.)
- Hostages to Fortune.* By Miss Braddon. 6d. (George Newnes, Ltd.)
- Bunny.* By B. A. Clarke. (Ward, Lock and Co.)
- Miss Cayley's Adventures.* By Grant Allen. 6d. (George Newnes, Ltd.)
- Little Mother Meg.* By Ethel Turner. 3s. 6d. (Ward, Lock and Co.)
- Angelot: A Tale of the First Empire.* By Eleanor C. Price. 6s. (George Newnes, Ltd.)
- Fenton's Quest.* By M. E. Braddon. 6d. (George Newnes, Ltd.)
- Harry Lorrequer.* By Charles Lever. Thin Paper Edition. 3s. net. (George Newnes, Ltd.)
- Lost in the Slave Land.* By W. Murray Graydon. 2s. 6d. (S. W. Partridge and Co.)
- Godfrey Marten: Schoolboy.* By Charles Turley. 3s. 6d. (Wm. Heinemann.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

- The Story of Alchemy.* By Pattison Muir. 1s. (George Newnes, Ltd.)
- Who's Who, 1903.* 5s. net. (A. and C. Black, Ltd.)
- The Englishwoman's Year Book.* 3s. 6d. (A. and C. Black, Ltd.)
- Racquets, Tennis, and Squash.* (Isthmian Library.) By Eustace H. Miles, M.A. 5s. (Ward, Lock and Co.)
- The Sunday Strand.* Vol. VI. 6s. 6d. (George Newnes, Ltd.)
- The Strand Magazine.* Vol. XXIV. 6s. 6d. (George Newnes, Ltd.)
- Dogs and Doggerel.* By Carine and Will Cadby. 6d. (Art Record Press.)
- The Story of Our Army.* By Captain Owen Wheeler. 1s. (George Newnes, Ltd.)
- The Commission of H.M.S. Terrible, 1898-1902.* 7s. 6d. net. (George Newnes, Ltd.)
- Hazell's Annual for 1903.* Edited by W. Palmer, B.A. 3s. 6d. net. (Hazell, Watson and Viney, Ltd.)
- How to Become a Successful Insurance Agent.* 6d. (Insurance Agents' News.)
- The Public Schools Year Book, 1903.* 2s. 6d. (Swan, Sonnenschein and Co., Ltd.)
- The Unemployed.* Demand v. Supply. By Edgar Greenwood. 3d. net. (Scott, Greenwood and Co.)

THE CAPTAIN



CAMERA CORNER

“**D**IRT is matter out of place,” and dust is the arch-enemy of all photographers, especially beginners. One of the most general complaints is “why are my negatives so spotty?” and the plate maker is too often blamed—when, as a matter of fact, the fault lies much nearer home. The dark slides of a camera, or, as the Americans prefer to say, the plate-holder, should always be dusted with a camel-hair brush, and the plate also, before being used; if this were done, there would be fewer spoilt negatives. Water used for making up solutions should be boiled, allowed to cool, and then filtered and put into a stoppered bottle—we then have what, for all practical purposes, is as good as distilled water. Water may be filtered through clean *white* blotting paper. When development is complete, the plate—as the merest tyro knows—has to be fixed in hypo—and here we have another frequent cause of failure, for directly the “picture comes out,” the greatest anxiety is evinced to see it, and to get into the daylight. Hypo is very cheap, and a good sized glass jar or bottle with stopper should be at hand in the dark room, the solution being made up in the proper proportions:—

For plates { Hypo. 4 ounces
 Water 1 pint

Never use a dirty or stale fixing bath, and see that the negative is properly fixed; this is complete when the creamy white appearance on the back of the negative is entirely gone. If a negative be insufficiently fixed, when it dries, or at all events after a few days, the film will become damp, or crystals will appear; rendering it useless for printing. Should this be the case immerse it again in a fixing bath, and set up to dry; it will not always be successful, but, as the negative is useless, if not fully fixed, it is worth a trial.

EXPOSURE TABLES are trying things, especially for beginners. There are many very elaborate ones which require as much fag to work out as quadratic equations, but a reader has kindly sent us what may be called a tentative guide. He has based his calculations upon the well known tables of Dr. Scott, and adds that

“the numbers were calculated from trials made during the summer of 1902, and would be somewhat large for a really hot summer.” The table is designed for use with Kodak cameras and Roll Film.

Subject.	Large stop.	Medium stop.	Small stop.
Sky and sea	Snap		
Water or middle distance land-scapes	Snap.		
Figures, groups, &c., out-of-doors in shadow	2 secs.	8 secs.	16 secs.
Dark foreground and foliage	3 secs.	12 secs.	24 secs.
Light glades	3½ secs.	14 secs.	28 secs.
Light interior	10 secs.	1 min. 4 secs.	2 min. 8 secs.
Dark interior	12 min.	48 min.	96 min.

We should say that the table might be used with safety, but that there would be a leaning in all these “times” to over exposure.

READERS OF THE CAPTAIN will be glad to note that during this season the sale of half-boxes of plates is announced. It is better to take care of six plates and select good pictures than use twelve and snap off anything.

Don't use scissors to trim prints—only Editors, tailors, and some women can cut straight edges with a pair of scissors. There are some well-made little print trimmers being sold by all photographic dealers, “Stores,” etc., at 6d., 9d., and 1s. 0d., each. The maker is Richardson, of Sheffield. We prefer the knife, shaped like the old-fashioned craser. To trim a print, get a piece of plate glass or a large-sized spoilt negative, and use a strip of glass or metal for a straight edge. The Kodak Company sell a machine for trimming prints at a very reasonable price; but, if our advice is followed, there need be no ragged edges to prints.

We are announcing a photographic competition for the best set of four prints taken by readers of THE CAPTAIN with a hand camera—the prints to be from quarter plate or smaller negatives, and to be mounted upon card-mounts, either “paste-down” or “slip-in.” Those who desire a criticism of their contribution must enclose

stamped and addressed envelope. A selection from the prize photographs will be published.

Manufacturers of cameras are beginning to realise that the quarter-plate is the best size, and we are quite of opinion that it is the size for all those who are in earnest in taking up photography. With stand cameras we always recommend half-plate as the size, and to-day it is possible to obtain a really good class half-plate outfit for 70s. The lens, of course, is not a very highly finished one, but will do good, all-round work, and for another 20s. to 40s., a splendid lens may be purchased. Hand cameras cost anything from five shillings to five pounds, but a beginner is not to be despised because he starts with a 5s. camera; oftentimes his results will be quite equal to those secured by many another with much more expensive apparatus.

A GOOD PASTE for mounting prints may be made of arrowroot, but starch is the best home-made mountant; if the mount is slightly moistened with a sponge, it will prevent cockling. In making starch paste, if it is desired to keep it for any time, add a few drops of oil of cloves.

A correspondent asks "which is the best stand camera for one or two guineas." Well, frankly, we don't think he will get any *best* for the money, but he can buy a very good all-round folding camera—quarter-plate size—with R.R. lens, Gem shutter of three speeds, pneumatic release, focussing screen, and three double-plate holders for, say, £2 5s., or, with single view lens, £1 17s. 6d. These cameras are principally of American manufacture, and can be used in the hand or upon a tripod. Last year a large number were sold, and this year they are sure to be much in use. The cameras are sold in sizes up to half-plate, are exceedingly light, well made, and portable.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HAROLD V. LOVE (Southsea).—The prints you send appear very unequal. The small one of the arch is the best, but you did not hold your camera level, and therefore the lines converge at the top. Hold your camera level whenever you can, especially when dealing with any subjects of an architectural character. The little print of the Royal salute at Spithead is much too dark, but it is impossible to tell whether the fault is in printing or with the negative. Negatives should be sent for criticism when possible, or negatives and prints together. The

picture of the circus car appears to have been a very fair negative, though rather under-developed, but the enlargement appears to be fogged from extraneous light getting on to the paper, or from very great over-exposure. Comparing the small print of the arch with the enlargement, the latter is too much exposed as well as being fogged.



HOME PORTRAITURE.

Taken with hand camera in an ordinary drawing-room.

SPOTTY NEGATIVES (H. Tyrrell Green, Hastings).—The cause of the small spots on your little negative is that it was not quite dry when printed from recently, and so absorbed some free silver salt from the printing-out paper. This causes a small stain, which usually comes in small spots on a negative. They are best avoided by keeping the negatives dry. They may be removed, however, by a solution which is sold for that purpose by Messrs. Marion and Co., Soh-square, W.C., under the name of "King's Solution for Removing Silver Stains." I am pleased to see your prints, of which I like the fishing-smack best.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC EDITOR.

NATURALISTS' CORNER.

Conducted by EDWARD STEP, F.L.S.

The Age of Trees.—True, from the human point of view, five hundred years is a long period; but I have no doubt that an Oak of the dimensions given by J. Payne (Hampton) would be quite that age. A tree's age can only be reckoned with any approach to accuracy by counting the growth rings after the tree has been cut down. Each of these rings practically marks the growth of one year, and if an examination be made of the stump of a recently felled tree, there will be little difficulty in counting them. Of course, in the case of a tree whose centre has decayed, leaving a mere shell of sound wood, this plan is out of the question, and with many hollow old giants it is only possible to compute the age by comparing the circumference of the trunk with one of perhaps smaller girth, whose heart-wood is sound and whose rings have been counted. Yew-trees are of exceedingly slow growth, and there can be little doubt that many vigorous trees of large size must be over a thousand years old.

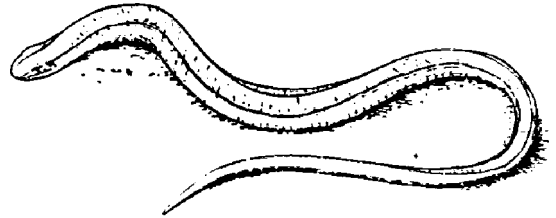
Blue-bell or Harebell.—Which is the right name? asks F. Parsons (Brighton). Both names are right in different localities. In England most people understand the word Blue-bell to indicate the Wild Hyacinth that carpets our woods in spring with its sprays of blue-purple flowers. If, however, it is a Scotsman who is using the term, you may be pretty certain that he means the flower we know in the south as Harebell, the blue or violet flower that grows in summer on heaths. To avoid all uncertainty as to which we mean it is quite worth while to learn the distinctive scientific names. That

of the English Blue-bell, which we figure, is *Scilla nutans*; the Blue-bell of Scotland (Harebell of England) is *Campanula rotundifolia*. By using these names a botanist in any part of the world would know precisely which plant is meant.

Books on Natural History.—“Goblin” (Bexhill) wishes to know of a good natural history book, also one about British wild animals. The best general natural history we know is the

Royal Natural History, published by F. Warne & Co. There is no good work including *the whole* of the British animals, but Aflalo's “Natural History of the British Islands (Vertebrates),” (W. Blackwood and Sons), gives a good brief account of the Beasts, Birds, Fishes, and Reptiles. As an elementary book my “Little Folks Natural History” (F. Warne and Co.), might suit you. In answer to J. M.* Luck (Horsmonden), Stannard's “Out-door Common Birds” (F. Warne and Co.).

Snakes and Lizards.—“Phil,” who has taken THE CAPTAIN for four years, and writes to us from Rondebosch, Cape Colony, has “a great love for reptiles.” He has a pet snake he calls “Tom,” and goes out riding with the snake twisted round the handles (? of his bike). He is now going to keep lizards. He has two of their eggs, and wishes

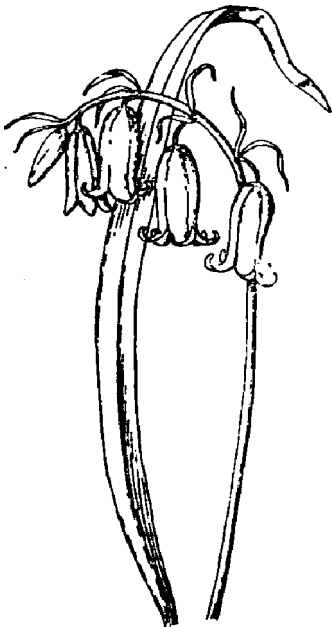


THE SLOW-WORM.

to know how soon they will hatch, and what to feed the young lizards on. Well, “Phil,” I believe there are many different kinds of lizards in Cape Colony, and you must give me a little more precise information before I can help you. In all probability those eggs will have hatched before these lines appear, but, generally speaking, lizards live upon live insects, and you may try them with any sorts that are handy. Write again with local names or descriptions.

Slow-worms.—In answer to “Snaky” (Harrow), I would remark that the Slow-worm, or Blind-worm, is not a snake, but a legless lizard. It can be kept in a fern-case, and should be fed with very small living insects and worms. The Green-fly, or plant-lice, that crowd round the young, juicy shoots of rose-trees, will be appreciated by it. Cut off an infested shoot and put it in with your Slow-worm, and you will see it lick off the green-fly with its cleft tongue. The Slow-worm is not particularly slow, it is by no means blind, and it is not a worm. If you have occasion to handle it, take hold just behind the head; to hold it by the tail will almost certainly cause that organ to be snapped off short.

Protection of Birds.—I am asked by H. R. James (Acock's Green) whether, in my opinion, the Wild Birds Protection Laws are satisfactory, and whether birds are increasing under them. I think the law is good so far as it goes,



WILD HYACINTH.

but the protection only extends to the breeding season, except in special cases. The weak point is the local authorities, who have to carry out the law, but do not often do it. The common species are certainly increasing, but this is probably due to an enlightened public opinion more than to the law. Many rare species are getting exterminated by so-called sportsmen, rapacious collectors, and dealers. More local committees are wanted, formed for the purpose of prosecuting offenders. More local field naturalists' clubs are wanted in order to create

public opinion and call in its aid in appealing to local authorities.

Dormice, etc.—E M. Weatherell (East Bridgford) will find answer as to food in December "Naturalists' Corner." They always sleep during the day.

"Catacomb" must contrive somehow to wash, comb, and brush his cat's fur, or he will stand no chance in competition with others at the show. Write for entry forms to Secretary, National Cat Club, c/o Crystal Palace, Sydenham.

"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.

GIRLS may compete, and in the event of their proving successful in competitions where cricket-bats, &c., are offered as prizes, will be allowed to select other articles of similar value.

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 BURLIGH STREET, STRAND, LONDON.

All competitions should reach us by April 18th.

The Results will be published in June.

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.—"British Battles."—On one of our advertisement pages you will find twelve pictures. Each picture is intended to describe a British battle fought on land or sea. Write the name of each battle 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. THREE of Messrs. H. Gradidge and Sons' cricket bats, value one guinea each, will be the Prizes.

- Class I. Age limit: Twenty-five.
- Class II. Age limit: Sixteen.
- Class III. Age limit: Twelve.

No. 2.—"Photographic Competition"—Hand-camera work, any subject. Neatness in mounting

will be taken into consideration. PRIZES: 1st Class: £2 2s. Kodak; 2nd Class: 30s. Hobbie's Camera; 3rd Class: Four Houghton's 5s. "Scout" hand-cameras.

- Class I. Age limit: Twenty-three.
- Class II. Age limit: Eighteen.
- Class III. Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 3.—"Missing Features."—On one of our advertisement pages you will find a drawing of a set of animals with parts of their faces missing. Fill in these to the best of your ability, and post the result to us. Note that the faces are not intended to be comic. Six of Messrs. Benetfink's cricket bats (two in each class), value half-a-guinea each, will be awarded as Prizes.

- Class I. Age limit: Twenty-one.
- Class II. Age limit: Sixteen.
- Class III. Age limit: Twelve.

No. 4.—"Essay on a British Battle."—Write an essay, not exceeding 400 words, on any one of the British Battles portrayed in Competition No. 1. Take care to state what caused the war during which the battle you describe was fought. THREE HALF-SOVEREIGNS will be the Prizes.

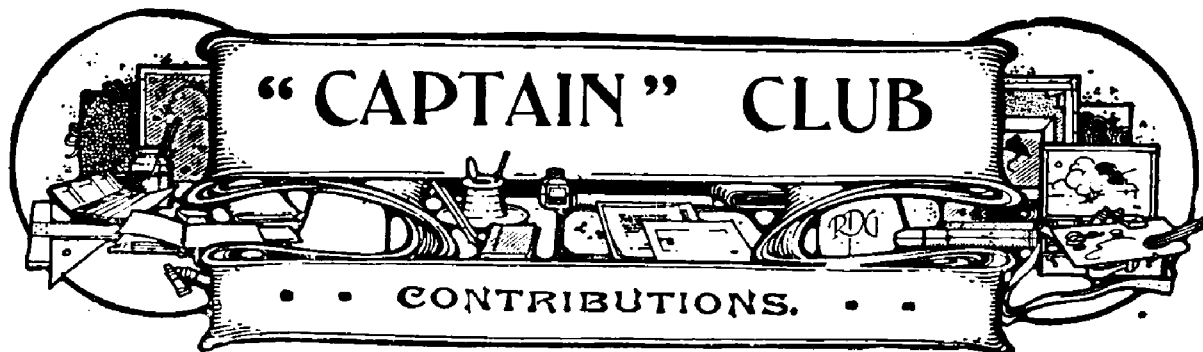
- Class I. Age limit: Twenty-one.
- Class II. Age limit: Sixteen.
- Class III. Age limit: Twelve.

No. 5.—"Jumble Sentence."—Compose a sentence on a post-card, not exceeding 30 words, from the titles of stories, articles, and CAPTAIN Club essays in the present number. For example: "The Cub Hunter", after hearing Lower School Yarns, went with The Long 'Un to The Isle of Fortune." THREE PRIZES: Goods selected from our advertisements to the value of 10s. 6d.

- Class I. Age limit: Twenty-one.
- Class II. Age limit: Sixteen.
- Class III. Age limit: Twelve.

No. 6.—"Pictorial Post card."—Make a sketch in pen, pencil, or colours, of what you think would make a good CAPTAIN pictorial post-card. A good idea will be taken into consideration even if the competitor has not the ability to execute it in a high-class manner. Both sketch and idea must be original. THREE FULL SETS of DRAWING MATERIALS will be the Prizes.

- Class I. Age limit: Twenty-five.
- Class II. Age limit: Eighteen.
- Class III. Age limit: Fourteen.



"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.

I AM forwarding a six shilling book to H. C. Pearse ("Tryite") for his carefully-written paper on the Sheffield United F.C.

Montreal, one of the oldest clubs in Canada, the Montreal City team, the Brockville City team, Ottawa College, Ottawa City, the Rough Riders of Toronto, and the Argonauts of the same city.

Rugby Football in Canada.

THERE are two championships competed for annually under the rules and regulations of the Canadian Rugby Union, the more important of the two being the Senior Championship, which is contested for by eight or ten clubs from all over the country. Prominent among these are the Britannias of



LARGEST METEORITE IN THE WORLD, RECENTLY UN-EARTHED AT SINALOA, MEXICO. 13FT. LONG, 6FT. WIDE, AND 5FT. 4IN. THICK. WEIGHT, 50 TONS.

Sent by "American Boy."

The Intermediate League is composed of the second fifteens of the above clubs with the addition of Westmount and Quebec.

The Senior Champions of this year are Ottawa College, who have won by sheer weight and strength rather than by superior skill in the game.

There is also an Intercollegiate Championship, but this is not so hotly contested as either of the others, there being only four aspirants to the honour:—the Universities of McGill, Queens, Toronto, and Bishop's College. McGill is this year's Champion, having won one of the best played matches of the season.

Canadian Rugby does not differ much from



A BACTRIAN CAMEL IN THE ZOO AT DUBLIN.

Photo by H. C. Pearse.



IRISH ROUND TOWER AT RATHFARLHAN.

Photo by H. C. Pearse.

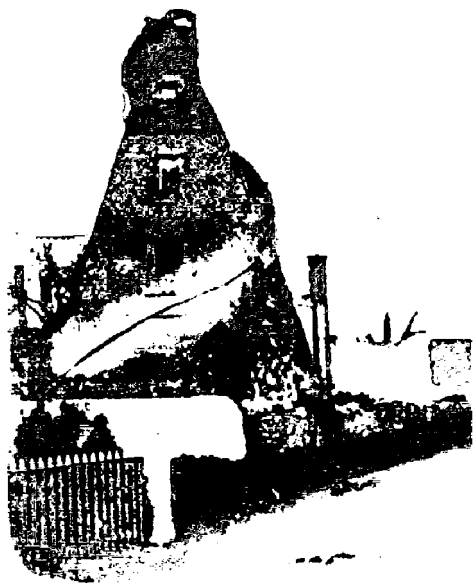
English Rugby except in the matter of dress. In this we follow our American cousins and play well-padded. The usual costume consists of a pair of heavily padded pants, coming below the knee, and a tight-fitting canvas jacket, laced up in front. The quarter-back generally wears a head guard to protect his ears.

CANUCK.

Ireland's Round Towers.

THE most notable objects that strike the visitor on his arrival in Ireland are the numerous round towers that

abound in the country. Almost every county can boast of one of these imposing structures, and except for two similar ones in Scotland, probably erected by Irish settlers, nothing like them can be found in Christian Europe. They are round cylindrical edifices, usually tapering upwards and varying in height from about 120 to 150 feet.



IRISH ROUND TOWER AT CLONDALKIN, CO. DUBLIN.

Photo by H. C. Pearse.

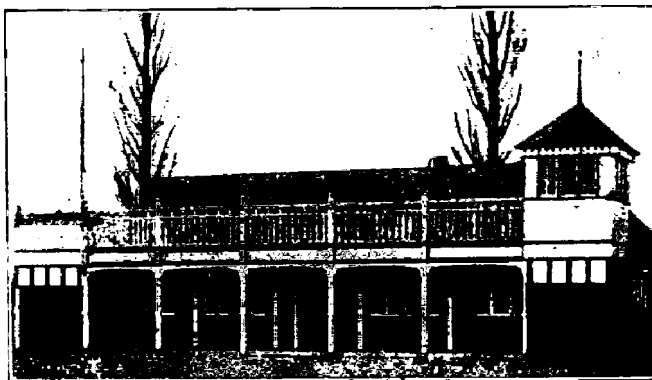
They are all of the same peculiar and striking form, and the method of their construction is remarkable. The largest stones are first placed upon each other, and then smaller stones are placed in the interstices until the whole presents an almost uninterrupted surface of stone. Ireland has long been famous for these towers, and they formerly existed in considerable numbers throughout the island, but the ravages of war, and the fury of the elements, have told their tale, with the result that only about 60 now remain, and only a quarter of this number are in perfect condition.

JOSEPH CARLEY.

Sheffield United Football Club.

YORKSHIREMEN have ever been noted for their love of sport, and all kinds of pastime. Small wonder then that the Association game should have obtained such a firm hold in Yorkshire.

Sheffield United is, perhaps, the most famous of all the Yorkshire Football Clubs. It is a comparatively youthful organisation, its existence only dating back to 1889. Mr. Charles Stokes, the present chairman of the United Club, took an active part in its promotion. They entered the Midland League, and eventually got a place

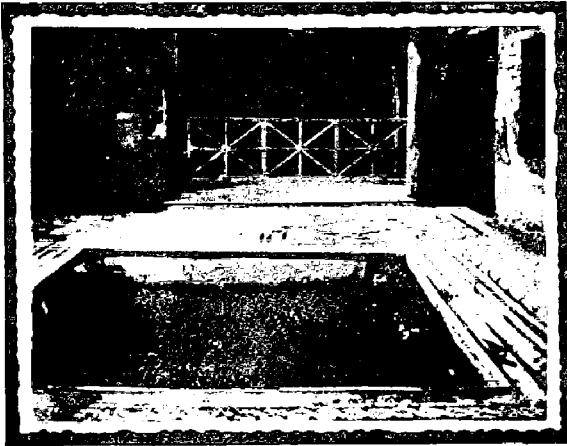


THE NEW PAVILION AT ST. JOHN'S SCHOOL, LEATHERHEAD.

in the Second Division of the League. In 1894, however, after a grand victory over Accrington in a test match, they were promoted to the First Division of the League, where they have remained ever since. In the season of 1897—98, they succeeded in winning the Championship, their victory being the result of a season's consistent work. The following year, they ran neck and neck with Aston Villa, but victory eventually rested with the renowned Birmingham combination.

It was only in 1898 that Sheffield United began to win fame as cup-fighters, as prior to this they had done nothing out of the ordinary in the ties. In 1899, however, they brought the cup to

Sheffield, after contending with extraordinary difficulties, in that they had to meet Liverpool in the semi-final on four occasions before winning their way to the final. In 1900, they were beaten by Bury (the ultimate winners) in the 3rd round. 1901 saw them once more in the final, having got

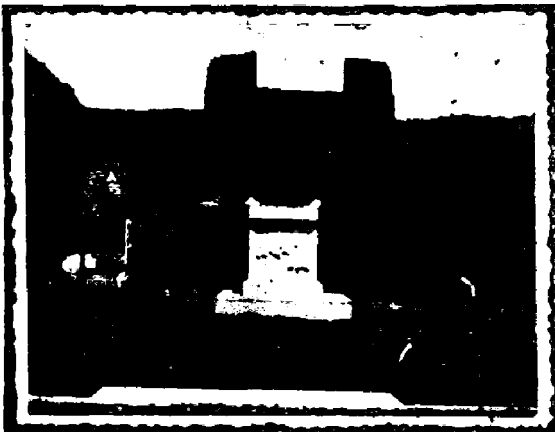


THE REMAINS OF A ROMAN FOUNTAIN IN A COURTYARD AT POMPEII.
Snapshot by C. J. Lloyd.

there by defeating such doughty opponents as Sunderland, Everton, the "Wolves," and Aston Villa; but the Southern favourites, Tottenham Hotspur, beat them after a drawn game. Last year they were matched against the pride of the South, Southampton, but this time they succeeded in bringing the Cup "up North."

The United team contains some of the most brilliant exponents of the game now playing. Among these may be mentioned Ernest Needham, "a player," says G. O. Smith, "without a superior in England"; Foulke, the giant custodian; Thickett, the popular full-back; and Fred. Priest, a forward of striking excellence."

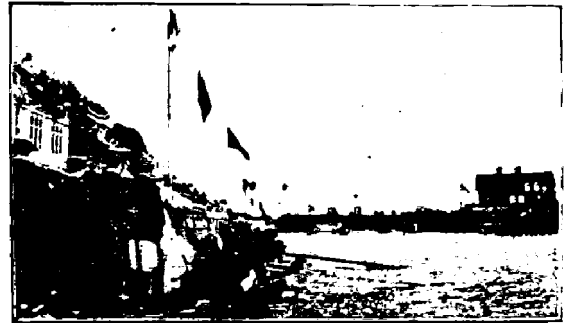
"TRYITE."



THE REMAINS OF AN ALTAR IN THE TEMPLE OF MERCURY, POMPEII.
Snapshot by C. J. Lloyd.

Life in the City.

HERE is a fine passage in one of Stevenson's essays in which he declaims against the tyranny of offices; maintaining (in effect) how desirable a thing it is for a young man to cast quill-driving to the winds, sally forth with a knapsack on his back and nothing in his pockets, and spend the remainder of his days in glorious idleness. As a matter of fact, life in the city is not nearly so desperately glum as some people of restless temperament are disposed to think. Provided he is blessed with regular hours, there are a hundred compensating advantages in the clerk's sedentary vocation. To begin with, he can always cultivate a good hobby. No matter what his "peculiar whim" may be—so long as it is kept within reasonable bounds—he is in a position to indulge it. He can devote his Saturday afternoons to sport; and in his evenings he can study with the object of becoming an accomplished amateur musician, littérateur, or artist. Then again, there are his holidays. What a world of variety and adventure may be encompassed in that brief fortnight! In these times of fast and cheap travelling, he can visit almost any country in Europe; he can take



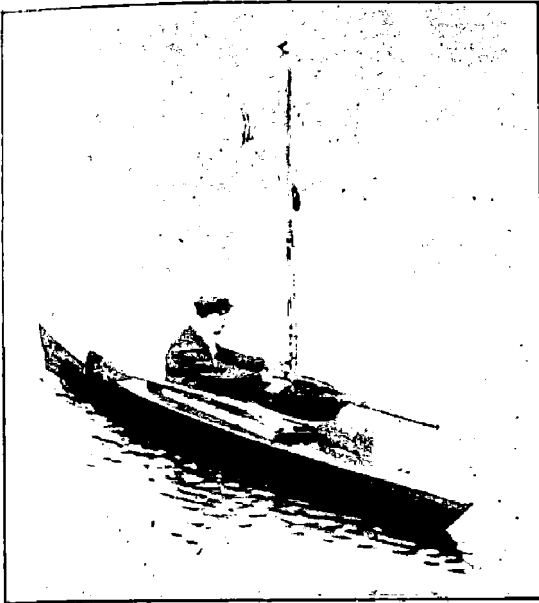
SUMMER EIGHTS AT OXFORD.
Sent by C. W. H.

his holidays by land or by sea, and contrive to break the monotony of things in a thousand ways. The thought of those who have risen on such stepping stones as the ledger and cash-box to higher things should prove a great stimulus to the clerk with aspirations. Sir Henry Irving, Mr. George Alexander and Mr. G. R. Sims are but a few among the many who have left the merchant's desk to become bright ornaments of more exalted callings.

J. H. C.



SCOUTING.
By T. V. Neligan.



A WONDERFUL AUTOMATIC SAILING YACHT. BY A CLOCKWORK ARRANGEMENT IT CAN BE MADE TO SAIL IN ALMOST ANY DIRECTION, AND GO THROUGH THE VARIOUS EVOLUTIONS OF TACKLING, SAILING ON AND OFF THE WIND, ETC.
Sent by H. J. S.

The Great Western Railway.

DURING the last few years the Great Western Railway Company have been bringing out some of the best locomotives in England.

The famous "Atbaras" are a good example; they have four coupled 6ft. 8½in. driving wheels,



"BLESS ME, MARY, IF I GO ON MAKING MUSCLE LIKE THIS, SANDOW WON'T BE ABLE TO BE MENTIONED IN THE SAME DAY WITH ME."
Drawn by K. M. Davies.

and weigh 87tons 17cwt. They were designed by Mr. Dean, the late Locomotive Superintendent at Swindon Works. The following are some ordinary express runs made by the G.W.R. Co. without a stop :—

Between	miles	chains	rate per hour
London and Exeter	193	49	53.3 miles.
London and Worcester	120	40	53.1 miles.
London and Birmingham	129	25	54.2 miles.

The first is the longest run in England without a stop.

The latest locomotive of the G.W.R. Co. is "No. 100," which has six coupled 6ft. 8½in. drivers, and weighs 104tons lewt. with the tender. This is the heaviest engine in England. It is an express engine, and used for the South Devon and South Wales trains.

"ATBARA."

Throwing the Pancake at Westminster School.

THE photograph below is of F. Worlock, holding in his hand the largest piece of pancake obtained at the "Greaze" on Shrove Tuesday. He presented it to the Dean, and was rewarded with a guinea. On either side of Worlock stand the cook and verger.



This photo was handed in just as we go to press by J. P. Falconer, a well-known O. W.

"Captain" Club Criticisms.
(Literary.)

J. F. Hill (Leicester).—I fear I cannot make use of what you are pleased to call your playlet, entitled "Found Out." It is not quite the sort of

thing which appeals to our readers as a body. I do not wish to discourage you. Continue your writing by all means, and study the best models. The incident on which your playlet hinges lacks originality. Your spelling is weak.

Walter G. Howse (London).—Thanks for your vigorous efforts to obtain new readers for THE CAPTAIN. In some future issue I hope to use one or more of your verses entitled "The Flying Wheel." Your quantities are rather uncertain, and your rhyming might certainly be improved upon. In writing verses think of the music of words, and if you can combine sense with music you have gone a long way towards becoming a poet. Don't let your verses be "harsh and crabbed as some dull fools suppose, but soft and musical as is Apollo's lyre." You're not alone in your appreciation of "The Rising of the Red Man."

Jno. Leslie Thomson (Holloway).—See answer to W. G. Howse above. Your verses start off very well, and show a good choice of words, but by the time you reach your third stanza you tire and flag, and your rhymes go all awry, and you forget your quantities. "Master" and McAlister won't do at all as a rhyme. Still, peg away; success lies in "Line upon line, precept upon precept; here a little and there a little."

Thos. Pittaway (Old Hill, near Dudley).—I appreciate the compliment you pay me in dedicating verses to my travels, but I am sorry to say your lines lack cohesion. See answer to W. G. Howse above.

Herbert Barnes (Bath).—I am very pleased indeed with your "Ode to Fortune." It is a pretty conceit, and I hope to make use of it in a future

issue. You manage to introduce the refrain very happily at the end of each stanza. I am sure my readers will be pleased with it. My difficulty is to find space. Pray continue on the same excellent lines, and you will have cause to be proud of your work.

C. J. A. Rose.—"Excelsior" parodies require to be very ably done to pass muster. I should like to make use of your effort, but limits of space forbid. Hammer away in the same direction, and let me see the results.

T. P. Bennett (Kilburn).—I was glad to have an opportunity of reading your description. Sorry cannot use it. Try and condense more. Build your description. Don't simply spread yourself unmethodically. He who would write effectively must learn his trade like any artisan. Robert Louis Stevenson worked unweariedly to get the right word to express in the fullest sense what he meant to say.

"O. Migh" (Darlington).—Your description of the hirings is a little cameo. You catch the atmosphere around you as a spectator ought to do. You set down what you see and hear, and you don't attempt to dissect it. Pray continue in the same excellent courses. You have the saving grace of humour, which is almost everything nowadays.

R. C. Tharp.—Your effort is clever, but I do not print parodies on poems which are of a sacred or solemn character—such as, for example, your model, "The Burial of Sir John Moore."

Contributions have also been received from the following:—Cyril J. Faceby Lund (Brockley), E. Pearse Wheatley (Putney), R. F. Megginson (Eastbourne), Jno. Le Pavoux (Jersey), C. W. Kent, jun. (Hexham), F. F. (Nottingham).

A number of Contributions are held over.



SOME OF THE DIFFICULTIES THE EARLY BOAT RACE CREWS HAD TO CONTEND WITH.
 Drawn from a reliably unauthentic source by Thos. C. Smith.

THE OLD FAG

EDITORIAL



12, BURLIGH STRBET,
STRAND, LONDON.

"**A Mere Girl**" sends me the following charming letter with regard to the article entitled "Something about Boys," which appeared in *THE CAPTAIN* for October, 1902, and which was somewhat severely commented on by "Boy" in our issue for January of this year:—

DEAR OLD FAG,

Although a girl, I quite agree with "Boy's" sentiments, and think, with him, that the writer of the article seemed to be hopelessly ignorant of her subject. If she had no brothers, she is, perhaps, to be excused; but if she had these desirable (!) possessions, then all I can say is, that she must have written that article after a quarrel with one of them, presumably because he refused to be "a sort of general servant" to her! I don't propose to write an article on boys myself—it is quite too abstruse a subject for me to attempt—but I merely wanted to let you know that "Something about Boys" does *not* express the opinion of the majority of girls. "Boy's" letter delighted me, because, I confess, I like to see people deservedly "getting it hot." He is, perhaps, a little too severe on us, especially towards the end, but this I put down to the righteous indignation which is apparent all through his letter! I like his criticism of the words "coxy" and "muff," which are, in reality, mildness itself compared with most schoolboy epithets, such terms as "blithering idiot" and "blear-eyed cockatoo" being common, and *they* are considered mild! Before I close, just let me say again that your girl contributor's version of boy-life, and the attitude of boys toward their sisters, is very different to that expressed by *any* girl I know. It would have been nicer for both your correspondents to have approached the matter in a more generous spirit, and instead of searching out faults and gloating over them, to have given each other credit for any of the better characteristics they might possess. I do not like the idea of "warfare" (for want of a better name) which is suggested by those two contributions in *THE CAPTAIN*. Suppose they try to write something pleasant about each other, for a change!

I turn from this epistle to another straight-

forward (and—may I add?—also very charming) expression of opinion:—

DEAR OLD FAG,

I think that article on "What I think of Boys," by a Girl, perfect rot. I think that I ought to know something about boys, for I have four brothers, and have never educated at a boys' school. Certainly *I* have never found them "beasts," as the girl calls them. Certainly boys *have* their faults—I don't deny that—but so have girls. Mind, I don't look upon myself as "*only* a girl," as some of your female readers do; I look upon myself as "*a* girl," and I certainly have *never* wished to be a boy. I think that *every* girl can be brave and noble just as much as any boy. And I *do* think that a girl who *loves* her brother will be only too pleased to bowl for him at cricket, or play a game of tennis with him in the holidays. I hope you will print this letter to let the boys see that at least *one* of the opposite sex looks upon them as friends and *not* tyrants.

I remain,

Your very interested reader,

E. S. (A Girl.)

Now, if I were a young fellow I should like to have a girl like that for a chum, as she evidently appreciates the good points in the opposite sex and is willing to condone the faults to which "man, proud man" is very prone.

However, I have still another letter, in which the case is argued out impartially from a masculine point of view:—

DEAR OLD FAG,

I also should like to make a few remarks concerning both the article on "Boys." by a Girl, and the criticism on it by a "Boy." I agree with both in saying "many and various are the remarks made concerning the new boy," but it must be remembered that there are different types of schools, and though the rest of what "Boy" says may be quite true in reference to his own school, it need not be taken as a fact for all schools, so "Boy" has really no right to contradict what "Girl" says. For I, myself, belong to a public school where "manly, high-spirited boys, fond of cricket and footer, soon find a welcome, where many and various are the remarks made concerning the new boy, and

where the latter is let alone and not volleyed with questions."

But, on the other hand, I have also been at another school, a type of school at which the boy of whom your girl-contributor was thinking, may have been educated; where new boys are greeted with storms of questions and other things, and where the first few days of the term to an old boy are a source of endless amusement on this account. The school to which I refer is a Grammar School, established early in the seventeenth century.

I do not altogether agree with "Girl's" idea of the studious boy's treatment of the dunce. If he is really a hard-working boy, he takes no notice of the latter, and never chaffs him, whilst it is the average dunce who often chaffs and despises the clever and studious boy.

The words "coxy" and "muff" are not found in my experience of school life, but fighting *does* exist; besides, why should the average author of school stories bring fights into his narratives, if such things do not occur? If "Boy" were to go to the other kind of school that I mentioned before, and where "Girl's" brother (for I take it for granted that she has a brother), may have been educated, he would see a little more of real school life. This is typical of what I have seen:—A wash-house, a rectangular room with basins all round, leaving space for a door in the middle of one side, with fixed battles, umpires, and guards to keep "cave," and crowds of spectators, massed together round the windows, in addition to a limited and regulated audience inside; also two basins kept handy (and necessary, too), disfigured faces being the result—and all this, as I said before, a common spectacle. The public school to which I now go has also some measure of fighting, but it is not so well planned, nor are there so many casualties.

But to pass over this, "Boy" accuses "Girl" of writing on a subject of which she is more or less ignorant. Do you think it would do "Boy" any harm if he studied the subject more thoroughly, before he took on the part of critic, instead of taking the life at his school as the average of school life?

But why will "Boy" and "Girl" quarrel like this in a paper as though they were two opposing parties? And can you tell me why the average girl will always get it into her head that the average English boy greatly despises her sex?

I will conclude by enlarging on "Boy's" final remark:—Both boys and girls in their own respective sexes will find an unlimited scope for criticism, but I am not at all sure that they ought always to limit themselves to their own sex. What do you say?

Yours sincerely,

ANOTHER BOY.

Well, there are three letters on the subject for you. I think it is always a healthy thing to allow space for the expression of opinions such as these. From the above communications my boy-readers may safely conclude that girls are willing to regard them as very pleasant and amiable beings; they are paid some very handsome compliments, and will, no doubt, have a better opinion of themselves than ever after this. The whole "Boy" and "Girl" question, it seems to me, depends

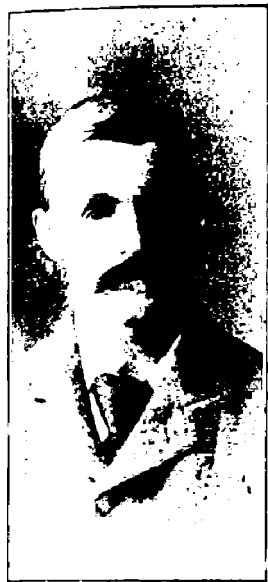
upon the *kind* of boy and the *kind* of girl you have to deal with. Boys don't like girls to do *ungirlish* things, undertake feats beyond their strength, or to be loud and slangy. Girls, on the other hand, like boys who possess really masculine attributes—who are plucky and manly, and at the same time thoughtful and unselfish. In a word, a girl likes a boy who, on all occasions, behaves as a gentleman should do. Apart from any sentimental silliness, such a boy will make a number of real girl-friends, and they will be the right sort of girl-friends, too.

As touching the school side of these letters "Another Boy" is right when he says that it is the dunce who often makes fun of the studious boy. But the latter can afford to let the dunce jeer all he likes. As regards fighting at schools, fights do, of course, occur, but not with such frequency as in the rough-and-ready days of yore. Most writers of school stories, it must be remembered, draw largely on their reminiscences of their own school days, and as such writers are not very young men, they naturally write of a time when fighting *did* take place—and they were fights! . . . but Mr. Printer is waiting, and I myself have no further space in which to "reminisce" of those heroic combats of long ago!

And yet I will snatch a few more lines of space to say this: there wouldn't be half so much ill-will between brothers and sisters if both bore in mind that true nobility of character is cultivated by exhibiting generosity of mind on all occasions. In little things men should give way to women: in great things, if they are sure they are in the right, they must stand firm, and women will respect and admire them for so doing. But at all times the temper must be kept in check. The wise man, you know, is he who governs himself. I have an old letter before me, written by a sweet and womanly woman, forty years ago, to her daughter of nineteen. "I pray," she says, "you may be led to see how necessary it is to exercise self-denial and restrain those impetuous feelings which, if indulged in, *ruin a girl.*"

Those are kindly, motherly, wise words, which should be taken to heart by boys and girls alike. A hotly-uttered sentence is soon repented of, but not so soon forgotten by him or her to whom it is addressed.

Mr. Harold Bindloss.—I am sure you will all be pleased to see a portrait of this author, several of whose tales we have already published, and whose "Cub-Hunter" appears in the present number. Mr. Bindloss is a fine writer, especially of yachting and colonial yarns. He seems to take you clean out to sea with him, and all his heroes are real tough fellows of the right kind. Mr. Bindloss, I may add, was born in 1866. He spent several years at sea and in various colonies, and returned to this country in 1896. Among his books are



From a photograph.

"In the Niger Country," "A Wide

Dominion," "Ainslie's Ju-Ju," "A Sower of Wheat," and "The Concession Hunters." Most of them deal with colonial life. Mr. Bindloss lives at Garliestown, in Wigtownshire.

An English Boy's Pluck.—I have cut the following paragraph from a February newspaper, as it is possible that a good many of our readers have not seen it:—

A plucky English schoolboy saved the life of a little Swiss girl, the daughter of a Lausanne lawyer, the other day. The child, who was in charge of a nurse, climbed the barrier on the quay, and, losing its balance, fell into the deep water of the lake. In a short time a crowd gathered, but nobody seemed inclined to plunge into the water, which is very cold at this season. The crowd contented itself by shouting directions to a boatman. An English schoolboy, who had just arrived on the scene, seeing the child in the water and evidently drowning, without hesitation plunged in and succeeded in rescuing the little one, whom he handed to the nurse. Taking no notice of the enthusiastic crowd, the boy went home without giving his name. The father of the child is searching for the brave lad.

It gives me great pleasure to place on record in *THE CAPTAIN* such a gallant deed as this. It rather appeals to our English ideas to know that the boy didn't give his name, evidently not wishing to be made a fuss of. Whoever he is, we of *THE CAPTAIN* are all very proud of him!

"J. O. Jones."—This story may now be had in book form at libraries, bookstalls, and book-shops, price 3s. 6d. Twelve of Mr. Gordon Browne's illustrations are reproduced, and the famous door at Greyhouse—described in the short Greyhouse tale which served as an "idea-germ" for the serial—is also represented. The cover is a neat combination of dark blue and red, with gold lettering; upon it appears "J. O." carrying Tom Adderman out of the Long Room. The publishers of the book are Messrs. Adam and Charles Black, Soho Square, London, W.

Our Library Corner.—In addition to the books mentioned on p. 81, I beg to acknowledge receipt of the following:—

Elijah: A Historical Poem. By the Rev. F. W. Parkes, M.A. (S. W. Partridge and Co.)

For a Boy. By B. M'Call Barbour. 1d.

The Wide World Magazine. Vol. X. 6s. 6d. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Shirley Poppy (London).—I was delighted to get your letter, and to hear that you stuck up for *THE CAPTAIN* in spite of the geographical blunder. The only way to success is for our readers to stick to us through thick and thin on the principle of "my country right or wrong." With reference to your gardening queries, our Natural History Editor, Mr. Step, is a fellow of the Linnæan Society, and will be most happy to answer any queries that you or any other readers care to submit. I am forwarding your letter to him, and asking him to tell you and others how to prune rose trees and grow mignonette in an ordinary garden. I quite agree with you that some attention ought to be given in the pages of *THE CAPTAIN* to gardening, and even to Field Naturalists, but there is always that fellow called "space" to be considered. We haven't got room for *everything*. I hope your fears were groundless respecting the January matric. Still, if you were "ploughed," you can take the June matric. under the new regulations, when you will be able to select your own subjects, excepting, of course, the English and maths. papers. Personally, I have every hope that under the revised regulations the London matric. exam. will prove much more valuable and useful, and be a much better test of a student's capacity than it was under the old system.

George West (London).—Many thanks for kind remarks about *THE CAPTAIN*. Our new story, "The Long 'Un," will, I hope, interest you as much as "J. O. Jones." You do not require a college training in order to become a landscape gardener. The best thing you can do is to get an appointment either with the head gardener at Windsor, or at Tring under Lord Rothschild, or at Chatsworth under the Duke of Devonshire, or on some other large estate. You might succeed in getting taken on at one of these places as an apprentice. Nowadays, with the very strong movement in favour of gardening, directed by the Garden City Association, and the strong tendency on the part of the

London County Council and other municipal bodies throughout the country, to do something for landscape gardening, there is plenty of opportunity to get an appointment at a small salary. If the bigger game fail, try the smaller fry.

Jimmy (York).—There is no doubt, according to the best medical opinion, that smoking, whether of cigarettes or pipes, has a tendency, particularly in the case of cigarettes, to rack the nerves and produce a consequent decay in the teeth. Opinion is much divided, and I do not like to commit myself too decidedly to any opinion in your special case. Personally, I have a very old-fashioned affection for a pipe, and should feel the loss of it very much—in fact, it has become almost a necessary of life with me. I do not know what your age may be, but, if you are not yet twenty-one, I should most strongly advise you to give up cigarette smoking, and more especially if you are of an athletic turn (and I sincerely hope you are), because you will find that it interferes largely with your "form" at either football or cricket. If you feel very much off-colour as the result of smoking cigarettes, try some of Mr. Fry's breathing exercises or some fairly continuous dumb-bell exercises.

The Russian Ice-Breaker "Ermark" was not built on the Neva, as stated in THE CAPTAIN for February, but by Messrs. Sir W. G. Armstrong and Co., at Walker-on-Tyne, and her engines by the Wallend Slipway and Engineering Co. I am greatly indebted for this correction to the following correspondents:—C. R. Taylor, J. S. Newman, Eleanor V. Taylore, Alex. M. Laing, Geo. F. Taylor, A. M. Meikle, and Wm. B. Hardwick, the last of whom tells me that the *Ermark* is indeed the strongest vessel ever built, for, if chains were secured round her bows and stern and she were hoisted into mid-air, her back would stand the strain. I am pleased to find that after all the *Ermark* is British built.

O. Friederici (Hanover).—It is very pleasing to find you taking such a practical view of things, and I wish you every success in your career. I would advise you, however, to pay particular attention to design in machinery, as it is in that branch of engineering that England is so far behind Germany and Switzerland. It has fallen to Cambridge in this country to take the lead in this direction. I spent some considerable time last summer in going through the engineering and electrical shops which have been established there, under the guidance of Professor J. J. Thomson, and felt what a radical reform it was in an old time university, and how wonderfully they have risen to the necessities of a democratic age.

Dart (Wood Green).—(1) The great naturalist Buffon used to fine himself 2s. 6d. every morning that he didn't succeed in getting out of bed at six o'clock. Perhaps you can't imitate his example, but you could fine yourself 6d. for some public charity every time you fail to rise early. Waking early is simply a habit, just as waking late is a habit, and habits become second nature. Of course you require a minimum of seven hours' sleep in order to keep healthy. (2) Absent-minded people usually excuse themselves on the ground of heredity. One view of absent-mindedness is that it is merely a form of selfishness. That, of course, is a matter of opinion.

The Old Fossil (Clapham).—Sorry to hear you have been ill, but trust by the time you see this you will find yourself quite fit again. I am greatly interested in learning that, though "on the shady

side of thirty," you are sufficiently boyish in your feelings to be able still to appreciate a boys' magazine. I am obliged by your offer to supply me with some of your snap-shots, and it may interest you to know that I hope to make the photographic articles more interesting than ever they have hitherto been. I am anxious to develop the photographic side of the magazine both literally and metaphorically.

L. A. H. A.—I much appreciate the kind and somewhat flattering remarks at the end of your letter. You are quite right in saying you are not ashamed to be a girl, but, on the other hand, rather proud of it. Mr. Fry and myself can both give you some inches in height, so you will have to grow a little more before you send in your challenge. As to your poem on the seasons, I am sorry to have to tell you that it was not considered good enough for honourable mention.

Dixie (Sheffield).—(1) Book-cover and poster-designing require ability quite different from illustrating for the press. (2) Yes, an artist can make a good living by drawing for the weekly and daily papers in pen-and-ink, but only a good and powerful draughtsman succeeds in this line, as he needs to be a rapid worker, and to be able to indicate a great deal in a few lines. I would rather not advise any boy to become a black-and-white artist unless he is exceptionally clever.

Harold L. Stuart (Rotherhithe), in correction of my reply to "Not Lob" in the Feb. number, informs me that the British and Foreign Bible Society do not issue prayer books, their publications being restricted to copies of the Scriptures in all languages. The best place to obtain a French edition of the Anglican Prayer Book is the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, Northumberland Avenue, W.C., where it is supplied at prices ranging from 10d. to 4s.

J. G. Princet (Leeds).—It is not often that on a steamer the man at the wheel is aft, as steam-steering gear is used (usually placed in the wheel-house under the bridge), and the sailor stands on the bridge, from which a small wheel communicates with the steam-steering gear, and this in turn works the iron rods which move the rudder. By this means even a boy could guide a liner.

F. T. R. (Brockley).—We have published several portraits of Mr. C. B. Fry, but the most recent will be found on the title-page to Vol. VIII., included in the March number. We interview him every month in the sense that he is open to answer questions put by our readers. If there's anything else you want to know, please ask him. A reader recently asked Mr. Fry where he bought his collars!

C. V. H. T. (Carrick-on-Shannon).—I sincerely hope you will keep as young as ever in your thoughts and feelings, and that we may always regard you as one of our old friends and old boys. I am sorry you don't find our Irishmen just the product of the country that they ought to be. Many thanks for newspaper cutting.

Carson M'Craig (Stranraer).—Clubbed. We shall be running "Tales of the Indian Mutiny" very shortly. Glad to know that you are holding out against the smoking habit. I have heard that in America quite a number of people have been sent to what they call "insane asylums," through excessive cigarette smoking.

J. O. (Temple).—The Public School Championships will take place at Stamford Bridge Grounds, Fulham Road, S.W., on April 25th, 1903. Full particulars may be obtained from the Hon. Secretary,

London Athletic Club, at above address. I understand the events will be the same as last year.

"The Treasure of the Garden" is the latest of a series of plays for the miniature stage written by Mr. Jack B. Yeats. It is published by Mr. Elkin Matthews, Vigo-street, W., at five shillings, and contains scenes and characters coloured by the author, and full directions for "mounting" and playing.

Morris B. Hynson (Blackheath).—It is difficult to give you any general hints. Choose simple subjects, express yourself in simple language, and adopt a simple metre. Above everything, be quite original. Don't imitate anybody. If you can't get on without imitating somebody, you won't do much.

A Reader of "The Captain" (Ealing).—If you can get an opportunity, study the new naval scheme by Lord Selborne. I hope to answer fully next month for general readers under the scheme. See also our answer headed "Cadetships in the Royal Navy," in March number.

G. B. H. Diddams (Oxford).—(1) The duties of an official representative are to buck up **THE CAPTAIN** all he can by bringing it to the notice of those of his friends and acquaintances who do not take it in. (2) No.

Penitent (Bristol).—I am pleased to hear what good **THE CAPTAIN** has done for you, and to find you so earnest in your wish to help it to be of similar benefit to others.

Pharaoh (London).—Many thanks for your pretty remarks. Yes, I went to Egypt, but I am sorry to say my experiences in donkey riding were not so successful as yours.

Jack L. (Dundee).—Many thanks for your suggestion re puzzles. We are keeping it by us, and may possibly make use of it at a future date.

Cedric Caudle (London, N.E.).—Many thanks for suggestion. Am considering it, and hope to adopt it.

J. H. Jeffrey (Streatham Hill).—(1) You can dispose of your hand-camera by advertising it for sale in the *Bazaar, Exchange and Mart.* (2) Yes. (3) Clubbed.

P. Dacre (Balham).—Many thanks for post-card with stamps affixed. I always appreciate compliments of this sort.

K. T. Russell (Southport).—Shall be pleased to see the essay and photographs.

"Stewartville" (Demerara).—Pimples on the face are caused by eating too much nitrogenous matter and sugary stuffs. Washing the face with coal-tar soap is a good thing for removing them.

Sheffielder.—Membership of **CAPTAIN** Club not transferable. **W. S. Dawson** (Skipton).

—I am obliged by your kind offer, and will keep it before me. **R. H. Bonny** (Glan Conway, North Wales).—Many thanks for your letter and legendary gossip. We are always open to correction.

W. H. C. (Fulham).—You can obtain "The Dream of Eugene Aram" and other similar poems from Samuel French, Ltd., 89 Strand, W.C. **Annie Palmer** (Maidstone).—Clubbed. Send your album, enclosing return postage, and I shall be delighted to put my autograph in it. **Dit.**—The explanation is, that the name appended to the short story is a pseudonym sometimes used by the author of the book.

T. B. G.—Send to *Notes and Queries*, or the *Literary World*. **W. E. Huntsman** (Nottingham).—Clubbed. Writing fair. **Daphne Kenyon-Stow** (Hanley Castle). **"Swotter"** (Dalston), **Frances Whittingham** (Bromley).—Clubbed. **Queer Face**.—Joke not quite up to **CAPTAIN** form.

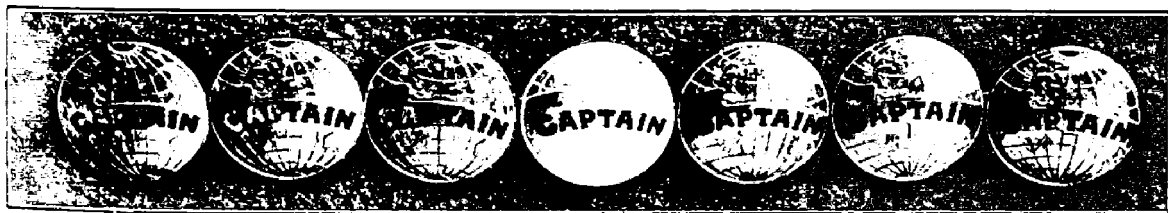
Letters, &c., have also been received from: C. J. Brewer (London), Curious (Kentish Town), Arthur O. Orrett (Chester), "Army Service" (will reply in May number).

Official Representative Appointed: Carson McCraig (Stranraer).

THE OLD FAG.

"THE CAPTAIN" PICTURE POST-CARDS

are now ready, in packets of six different designs by Tom Browne, R.I., R.B.A., printed in colours. A single packet of these unique and humorous cards will be sent, post-free, to any address on receipt of 1½d. in stamps, 3 packets for 4d., post-free, one dozen for 1s. 2d., post-free. Address: "Post-Cards," The Publisher, George Newnes, Ltd., 7 to 12, Southampton Street, Strand, W.C. ORDER AT ONCE.



"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, natural history, &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, 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.—“Funny Expressions.”

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)
WINNER OF SET OF BOXING-GLOVES: James H. Dowd, 11 Travis-place, Broomhall, Sheffield.

HONOURABLE MENTION: C. Crossley, H. C. James, Leonard J. Smith, James Todd, Sydney J. Bond, George A. Bell, W. J. Juleff, Florence E. Warde, W. A. Williams, A. Summers.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF SET OF BOXING-GLOVES: Fred Wood, 242 St. Margaret's-road, Bradford, Yorks.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. T. J. Warner, Alec. M. Johnston, Joseph Taylor, Harry Fritz, H. M. Bateman, Clement Breare, Henry Carl Osborne, Charles Mackay, A. Bass, William K. Howard.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)
WINNER OF SET OF BOXING-GLOVES: Leo Tison Bates, 16 Coton-road, Nuneaton.

HONOURABLE MENTION: E. K. C. Hamilton, Leslie Baker, H. Smylie, Martin Dackins, H. F. Towler, J. Miller, Victor Cole, S. Burdett, Godfrey Burke, C. Wall.

No. II.—“Pen Pictures.”

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)
WINNER OF 7s.: E. R. Swallow, 248 St. Paul's-road, High-bury, N.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Ernest W. Kenyon, West Holme, Thornhill-road, Huddersfield; and Lilian Bowyer, The Woodlands, Chelford, Cheshire.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Hedley V. Fielding, Rose A. Bowner, Roy Carmichael, Frank H. Swallow, F. Sybil Danson, Dorothy Owen, May Berkeley, Fred. Lucas, Marian Hewitt, Evelyn Hewitt, Alex. Scott, A. L. Aldridge, G. H. Davis, Alex. McLaren, W. F. H. Clayton Smith, Sarah Toulmin, Constance A. Falconer, H. S. Petter.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)
WINNERS OF 7s.: Charles W. Jones, 50 Farm-lane, Stockton-on-Tees; and Frances Whittingham, Kimberley, Kinnaird-avenue, Bromley, Kent.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Mollie Siddons, Babies' Castle, Hawkhurst, Kent; J. H. Weeks, 61 Talbot-street, Whitchurch, Salop; Ida M. Churchward, Red House, Bore-street, Lichfield; and William Kentish, Moseley, Birmingham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Reader Bullard, C. E. Sweney, Frida Phillips, Marjorie Pearson, G. A. Taylor, Horace Wright, Charles S. Birnie, Lionel H. Woods, P. E. Petter, Louis Pizer, J. R. Atkinson, Clare Harris, W. J. Nettleton, Ursula Snowden, R. A. H. Goodyear, F. J. Cunynghame, P. Dacre, G. R. Benson, W. H. L. Gronow, R. J. Hawker, S. H. McGrady, A. G. Thornton.

No. III.—“Calendars.”

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)
WINNERS OF “CAPTAIN” POCKET-KNIVES: Hanson Tetley, 10 The Holt, Windhill, Shipley, Yorks; and Harry G. Spooner, 38 Grosvenor-road, Ilford, Essex.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: E. Cook, 58 Richmond-road, Montpelier, Bristol.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Victor Towers, Comerford Watson, T. R. Davis, Leonard J. Smith, Edward N. Lee, Sibyl O'Neill, Arthur S. Atkinson, Charles Hurriss, James Bedford, David Pryde, Sydney J. Bond.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF “CAPTAIN” POCKET-KNIFE: Joseph Taylor, 40 Northgate, Baildon, Shipley, Yorks.

HONOURABLE MENTION: George A. Whitelaw, Fred. Wood, Frank Coombes, Frida Phillips, Gilbert A. Evanson, Dorothy Wheatley, W. M. Marshall, J. S. Gilbert, C. Rayner, William John Allum, C. H. Boissier, Alec. M. Johnston, John Polson.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)
WINNER OF “CAPTAIN” POCKET-KNIFE: Amyas Phillips, High Elms, Hitchin, Herts.

HONOURABLE MENTION: C. E. Osborne, M. Robertson, Hector Robertson, Arthur Betts, Dolly Riley, Armatruide Hobart.

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 following books—“*Tales of Greyhound*,” “*Acton's Feud*,” “*The Heart of the Prairie*.”

COMMENTS ON THE FEBRUARY COMPETITIONS.

I.—This was closely contested.

II.—Excellent indeed were the Pen-Pictures, showing great talent for description, and much observation. The subjects chosen by the winners of the first prizes in Classes I. and II. respectively were: “An Accident on the Line,” “A Midnight Vigil in the Thirteenth Century,” and “A Churchyard at Sunset.” Two first prizes of 7s. each have been awarded in Class II., as both pen-pictures were most artistic. Extra consolation prizes have also been given.

III.—Our artistic competitors took the greatest interest in sending along a large number of designs. The prizewinners in Class I. deserve the highest praise. E. Cook's Calendar was very pretty and carefully executed, and the competitors honourably mentioned above are in order of merit. In Class

No. IV.—“Spelling Mistakes.”

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)
WINNER OF “SWAN” FOUNTAIN PEN: John B. Edgar, Ashton, Lockerbie, N.B.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Ethel J. Shelton, H. J. Ingrey, Frederick Everson, W. E. New.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)
WINNER OF “SWAN” FOUNTAIN PEN: Alfred J. Glass, 12 Somerville, Seacombe, Cheshire.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Bertie C. H. Thompson, Cranalagh More, Edgeworthstown, co. Longford, Ireland; and Oswald C. Bush, 1 Clarence Villas, Perry Hill, Catford.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. J. Hedley, Marjorie Goldsmith, Tom Harrison Morris, Herbert Lochore, James Douglas Stewart, B. Johnson, Frank Hyde, Hubert D. Kidd, James Beahan, W. K. Houghton, W. F. Schofield, T. R. Davis.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fourteen.)
WINNER OF “SWAN” FOUNTAIN PEN: Miller Wätt, Viewfield-terrace, Dunfermline, N.B.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: Muriel Spencer, 161 Lincoln-road, Peterborough.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Archie de Bear, P. Probyn, Tom Haslam, E. Wheeler, Humphrey Iverson, Mary Lewis, Charlie Woolley, Ethel M. Taylor, Lucy Ehrmann.

No. V.—“A Comic Examination Paper.”

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)
WINNER OF 7s.: Albert E. Ereat, Belleville, St. Saviour's, Jersey.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: E. Hartill, Manor House, Willenhall; and Hedley V. Fielding, Royal Hospital, Dublin.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. D. Ereat, E. A. Taylor, R. A. H. Goodyear, J. Whitehead, Eleanor G. Kempster, G. R. East, May Berkeley, J. F. A. Barnard, Hilda Clayton, Grace Durand, James J. Nevin, Roy Carmichael.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)
WINNER OF 7s.: Herbert Rhodes, Woore, near Newcastle, Staffs.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: H. C. Keeble, 79 Ondine-road, East Dulwich, S.E.; and R. Dale, 13 Lansdowne-road, Wimbledon, S.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: T. R. Davis, Wm. Bullough, C. O'Neill, Harold Schofield, J. B. Edgar, Harold Boag, Marian Hewitt, Dora L. Ling, Jock Austin, John Leigh Turner, W. J. C. Nettleton, Ida Bethune Leggatt, Charles Jones.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF 7s.: P. E. Petter, Abertawe, Barnstaple.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: R. Newcome, 10 Landrock-road, Stroud Green, N.; Frank A. Mackay, 8 Cardean-street, Dundee, N.B.; and J. M. Owen, Fern Bank, Oswestry.

HONOURABLE MENTION: L. S. Parsons, Henry F. Barnett, James H. Skuse, Carlotta G. Nicholson, Stuart M. Robertson, S. M. Hills, Robert P. Boutland, N. W. Lydekker, Arthur King, K. H. Rintoff, Richard G. Gye.

No. VI.—“Foreign and Colonial Readers.” (OCTOBER, 1902.)

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)
WINNER OF 5s.: Charles V. Hamilton, Cottesloe, Battery Point, Hobart, Tasmania.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Gerald Allhusen (New Zealand).

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)
WINNER OF 5s.: Harold Ninnes, Waimea-street, Nelson, New Zealand.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. Alexander Main (New Zealand), A. S. Goodbrand (Natal), H. Goodbrand (Natal), Dallas F. Grahame (Canada).

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF 7s.: Harold Birchall, c/o Messrs. Birchall and Co., Shanghai, China.

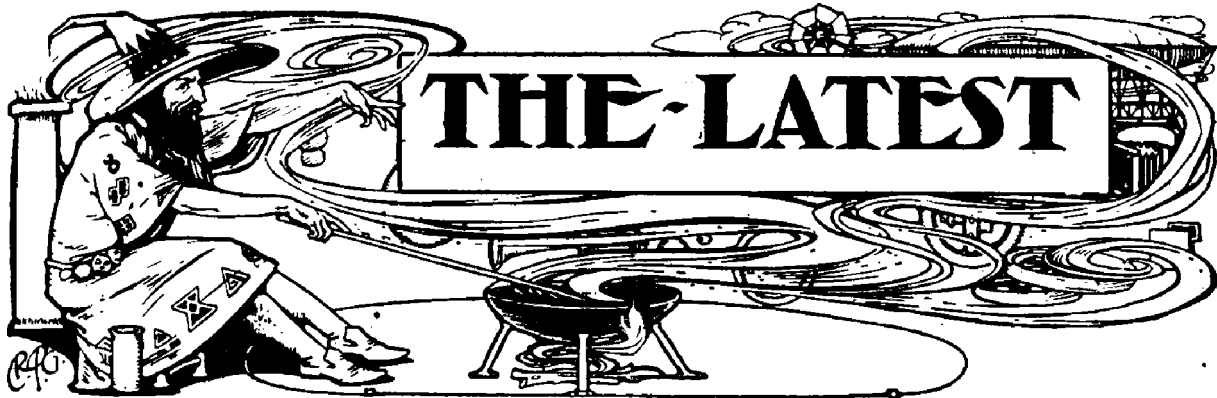
HONOURABLE MENTION: K. Dowie (Canada), A. Logan Harris (Canada), Frank Brierley (Trinidad).

II. there were also many entries, the winner being far ahead of the others. The same also applies to Class III.
IV.—Considerable application and perseverance were shown in “spotting” the mistakes, of which there appear to have been a goodly number, the prizewinner in Class II. having made a list of 102! Printers' errors were, of course, included, though several competitors were a little doubtful on this point.

V.—This was a great success, and some exceedingly smart and clever nonsense questions were sent in. Of course, I recognised old friends in some of the lists. But, on the whole, the questions were most original.

VI.—Photographs won the prizes in Class I. and III., while an essay was successful in Class II.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.



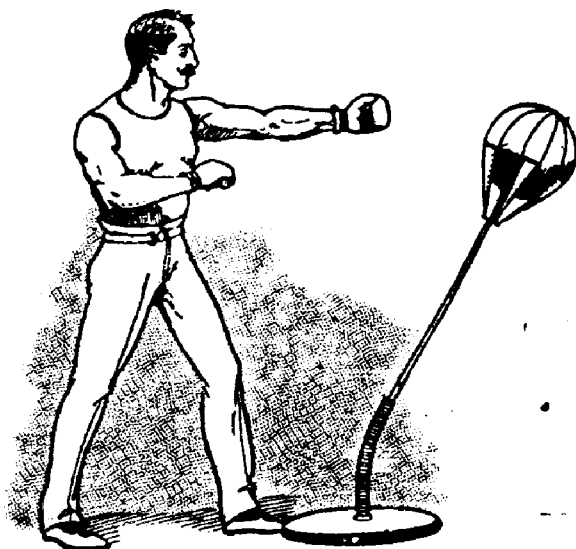
The Latest Type of Torpedo Boat.

The accompanying photograph illustrates one of the very latest type of 1st class torpedo boats of the British Navy, steaming along at a pace only attainable by a main line locomotive. This fine little sleuth hound is one of five built by Messrs. John I. Thornycroft and Co., Ltd., at Chiswick. Three of these have already been delivered to the Admiralty, but No. 113, the subject of the photograph, was not launched until the middle of February, and is only now ready for her official trial trip. Compared with some of our magnificent cruisers and battleships, these tiny vessels look more like toys than instruments of destruction, for they are no more than 115ft. long and 15ft. 6in. in beam, but the smaller they are the better it is for them, as they can the more easily elude the enemy's guns. What they lack in size, however, they make up for in speed, and when skimming over the water at 25 knots an hour, it would take a very skilful gunner, indeed, to make a hit. Although, of course, their principal duty is scouting and torpedoing any hostile ship approachable—and each boat is fitted with three torpedo tubes for this purpose—they are quite capable of taking care of themselves, for each carries three 6lb quick-firing guns, and a brilliant search light on the conning tower. It will be agreed, therefore, that they are very valuable and formidable craft, and we may be

sure that no enemy will catch us napping if they are anywhere about.

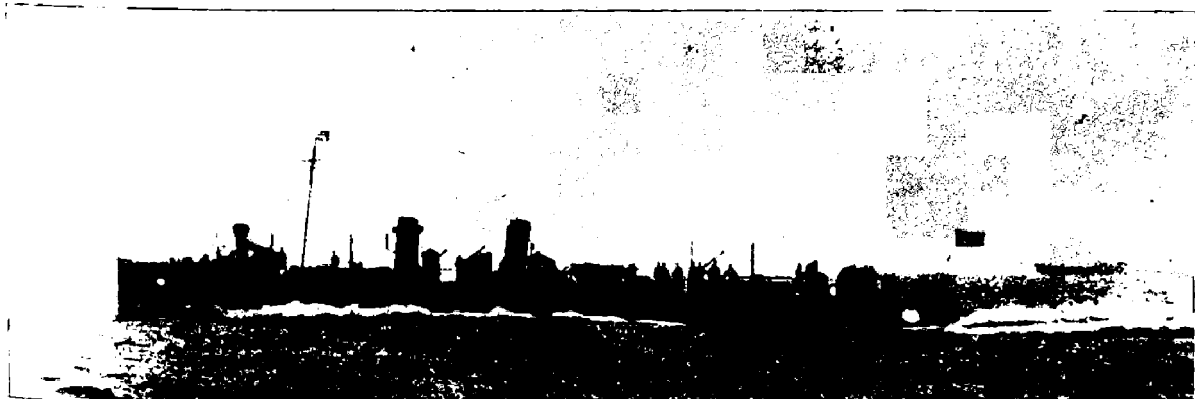
A New Punching Ball.

One would have to seek far to find a boy who never has any desire to use the weapons nature



PUNCHING BALL PRACTICE.

has given him—his fists—and whether in the playground settling some imaginary affront or in the gymnasium with the gloves, he must have

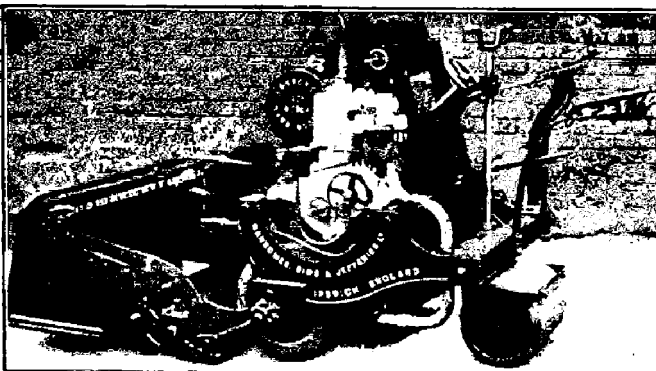


THE LATEST TYPE OF FIRST-CLASS TORPEDO BOAT FOR THE BRITISH NAVY.

a good "set to" now and again. But it is not always an easy matter to find a chum to "put the gloves on" with, especially if one is not a very good boxer, so, unless a suitable substitute can be found, the gloves must be put away and one's pugilistic feelings with them, for knocking the wall or a stuffed pillow about is extremely poor sport. Being left in such a position will lead you to sympathise with the boxer in our picture, who is having half-an-hour's enjoyable exercise at nobody's expense but his own. Don't think he is having it all his own way though, because he is hitting something which cannot defend itself. On the contrary, if he does not keep well on his guard, the leather bag will fly back and give him such a blow as will send him head-over-heels backwards. As will be seen from our sketch, this formidable customer consists of a leather bag fixed to the end of a long iron rod, which in turn is fastened to a strong steel spring, the whole being mounted on a heavy iron base. When the bag is struck, it goes back and down just the same as a living boxer, and then lunges forward in a very antagonistic manner, affording excellent exercise for the mind and eye, as well as for the muscles of the body. It is known as the Portable Striking Bag, and is sold in this country by The American Importing Company, 8 Long-lane, Aldersgate-street, E.C.

Motor Lawn-Mowers.

The motor is now rapidly displacing horses, and



A MOTOR LAWN-MOWER.

it is, therefore, interesting to note that Messrs. Ransomes, Sims and Jeffries, Ltd., of the Orwell Works, Ipswich, who are the oldest manufacturers of lawn-mowers in the kingdom, have succeeded in producing a simple, compact and de-

pendable motor lawn-mower. The original machine was made 42. in. wide, and was severely tested in everyday use during the past season with such success that Messrs. Ransomes have



THE MONKEY "ESAU" TYPEWRITING

been induced to make other sizes to meet various requirements. The standard motor machine, as shown in the accompanying photograph, is fitted with a 6 h.p. motor, and provided with a seat for the driver. In addition to being used for cutting grass, it can also be employed as a roller, extra weights being easily added for that purpose. For golf links a specially powerful machine, 36in. wide, has been designed. This machine has no drivers' seat, but is fitted with handles for steering, whilst a smaller machine, 24in. wide, of similar construction, has been found very useful for ordinary garden work, where there is much grass to be cut. These machines are finished in the highest possible manner, the materials being of first-class quality, and I have no doubt there is a brilliant future for the motor lawn-mower.

A Marvellous Monkey.

"Esau," as he is called, is the "the very latest" in monkey-marvels. He is said to be able to manipulate a typewriter, but we have not yet had the pleasure of seeing a specimen of his skill.

J. A. K.



THE CONDOR.
Photo by W. P. Dando, F.Z.S.



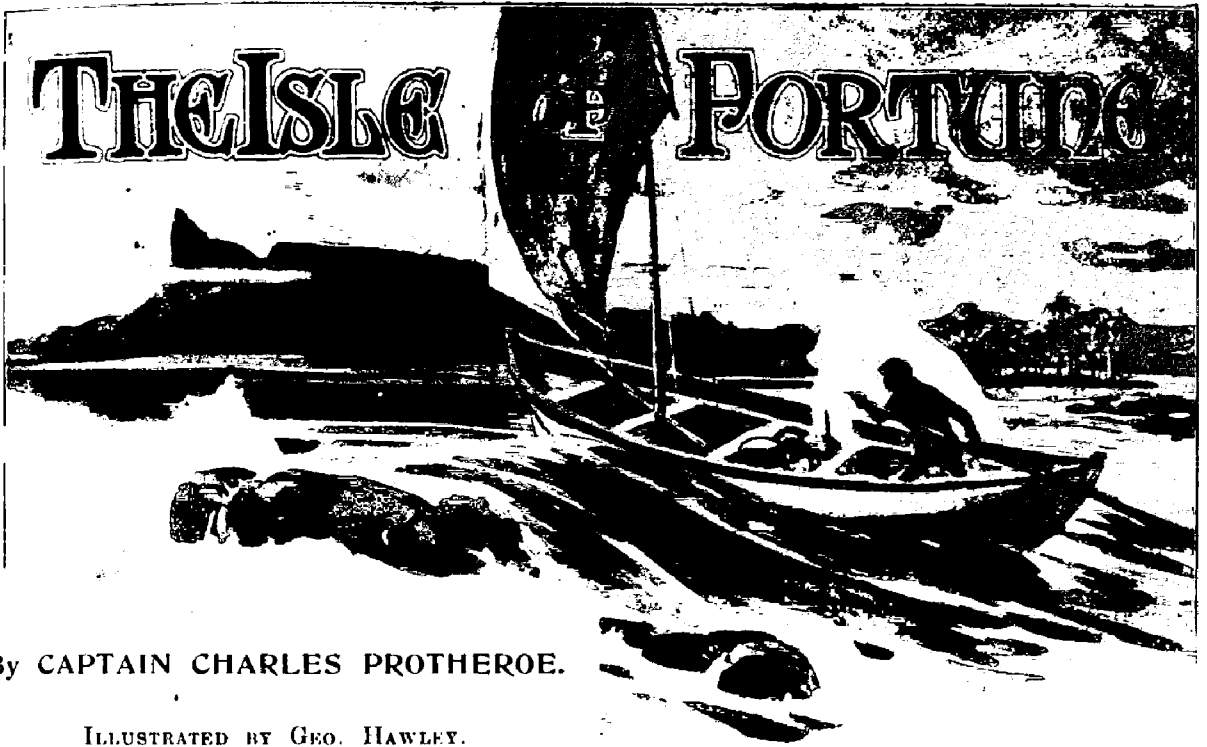
I TOOK CAREFUL AIM AT THE LEADING CANOE.

Drawn by Geo. Hawley.

[See page 105.]

THE ISLE

OF PORTUGAL



By CAPTAIN CHARLES PROTHEROE.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEO. HAWLEY.

Jim Harvey ships as mate on the *Aurora*, and soon comes to blows with the notorious "Bully" Harker, the skipper. One of the crew, Tom Nichols, relates the story of the strange disappearance in the Solomons of Harvey's predecessor, who was given out by Harker as kidnapped by the natives. Rather than fall a victim to Harker's hate, the new mate leaves the ship one night in an open boat, and sets sail in the direction of New Guinea.

CHAPTER IV.

I REACH AN ISLAND.

IT was some twenty-four hours later before I had a good sight of the land I was making for, having hove-to through the night, not caring to risk the boat, my only means of reaching safety, in waters I was unacquainted with. This gave me a chance of rest, which I was much in need of, for, naturally, I had not slept since leaving the *Aurora*, my attention being occupied in putting as much water as possible between us. Now that I had no longer any desperate need to do this, I stretched out in the stern sheets of the boat, and, with my coat rolled up to serve as a pillow, determined to take it easy whilst the night lasted. In spite of being tired out, it was a long time before I fell asleep. The incidents of the last twenty-four hours passed through my mind. I wondered how far the *Aurora* was away, and pictured in my mind

what the people on board of her were likely to be doing at this particular hour. I smiled to think of the consternation which must have seized upon "Bully" Harker when he arrived on deck and found himself the poorer by the loss of his chief mate and a whaleboat.

I had no feeling of loneliness, for, as I lay on my back and looked up at the blue vault of heaven, thousands of stars winked at me in companionship. A sense of freedom was imparted by the world of waters around me as they soothingly lapped the side of the boat, and I was glad to be there.

The gentle rocking of the boat finally lulled me to sleep, nor did I awake until the dawn was breaking in the east. Slowly the stars paled and became indistinct, then disappeared altogether, and night gave place to daylight, and was gone.

I trimmed my sail, and, gazing over the waters, saw the land ahead. A good, solid amount of earth it was, too, so much so that I took it for part of the mainland, and didn't find the mistake out for some days afterwards. It rose five or six thousand feet out of the sea, clear and defined in the morning light, and appeared to be, at the outside, not more than ten miles away. In reality it must have been a good thirty miles off, the deception being caused by refraction of the sun, a factor always to be taken into con-

sideration when judging distance in a clear atmosphere.

The wind freshened as the sun rose higher, giving the boat a greater speed, but two hours good sailing seemed to make but little impression on the huge mass towards which I was steering, for there it still lay apparently as far off as ever.

I was just beginning to think that I should never reach it with sufficient daylight to spare to be of any use to me, when I noticed a dark line along the horizon, that came into view and disappeared again with every dip of the boat.

My nautical wisdom suggested that this must be an island between me and the high land in the distance. The dark streak I could see every time the boat's head lifted slightly higher than usual, was the top of cocoanut trees showing their heads above the line where sea and sky appeared to meet. These became more distinct with every mile I left behind me, until at last I could see the trees altogether like a black blotch on the sky, and later on a low-lying island.

The sun was well overhead by this time, and I judged that it was about noon. It was a biggish lump of an island, with several sandbanks and atolls dotted around to keep it company, and apparently separated by a few miles only from the land I had at first sighted.

After my experience in sailing towards the latter, I didn't bother my head with what distance was between them, being convinced it was in some such direction as this that madness lay. So I turned my attention to the land ahead of me, leaving the other for future verification.

Smoke was rising from several different parts of the island. By this, and the number of cocoanut trees lining the beach, I gained the impression that the place was inhabited. Any doubt about this was soon settled beyond question, for, on drawing closer, I descried some half-dozen canoes pulled up on the beach out of reach of the tide, a few of them sheltered from the warp of the sun by newly-plucked cocoanut leaves, which partly covered them.

These signs were enough to convince me that natives were not far away, but up to the present I hadn't seen one, although, as I coasted along, dodging patches of reef within a few hundred yards of the shore, I kept my weather eye lifting for any indication of life.

By and by I saw a native emerge from the bush that was growing luxuriantly right down to high water mark. He appeared to me as though he were bound on some errand connected with the canoes, for he had nearly reached them before he caught sight of the boat.

Then he stopped dead, looking in my direction,

like a statue carved in ebony, and apparently struck dumb by the sight of a craft the like of whose rig I'll wager he had never seen before. For fully a minute he stood rigid, then, finding his voice, set up a mighty shout plainly audible to me in the boat.

Almost immediately other natives emerged from two or three different parts of the scrub, for all the world like a lot of ants disturbed in their nest, hurrying out to see the meaning of the commotion, and, in less than a minute, there were fully a hundred men, women, and children on the beach, shouting and gesticulating with excitement.

Some of the men started to blow cone-shaped shells, a signal of alarm, and a warning to other natives whose business may have taken them to other parts of the island that something unusual was happening. I heard the answering notes, droning yet distinct, some near, some far away, the performers, in twos and threes, arriving on the scene and adding to the already large gathering.

I hung off the land a bit, dodging the boat backwards and forwards whilst I did a bit of thinking. To tell the truth, I was trying my level best, now I had reached the island, to make up my mind if it would be advisable to land upon it.

Reason told me that I should be exposed to much less danger than if I journeyed further and went ashore on the big land, where, for every native here, I should possibly have to encounter a thousand. This consideration settled the question that had troubled me, and I decided that this should be my landing place, for, although the natives were shouting and kicking up an awful row, there was no sign of hostility in their behaviour, but more of wonder and surprise.

Having made up my mind in this wise, I lowered the main-sail, loosened the revolver in my belt, and ran the boat for the beach under the jib alone. Long before her nose touched the shore, like streaks of lightning, the natives, one and all, made for the scrub above high water mark. A few of the men remained on the fringe watching me curiously, but ready for a dive into the bush on the least provocation.

I made signs to impress upon them that my errand was a peaceful one. I was so far successful that at last a native bolder than the rest approached cautiously within speaking distance. Now, I knew something of natives, and the way to handle them, so, seeing it required only a false move on my part to scare him back into the bush again, I quietly seated myself on the beach and waited.



SMOKE WAS RISING FROM SEVERAL DIFFERENT PARTS OF THE ISLAND.

let him know that I came from far over the sea, but I must have raised my arm higher than I meant to do, for I found out afterwards the impression was that I had come from the sky. He shouted something to the others, who were watching negotiations from a distance, which must have been reassuring, for presently I had a dozen or so of them round me, watching every little movement of mine with wonder. I preferred to sleep on board the boat until I should know them better, so long before sundown hauled off and anchored in a sheltered cove. I slept like a duck that night, with one eye open, for, although I had established friendly relations more easily than I had thought possible, I wasn't taking too much for granted. For the next few days I never left the boat for long, or went any distance away, being afraid that if the natives saw my belongings, the desire to handle them and bring about a change of ownership, a weakness of their nature and likely to be put into practice, might lead them to attack me, should they feel themselves strong enough to do so. Well, I suppose they are as God made them, but that same little failing is exceedingly awkward and disastrous sometimes for the stranger among them.

This movement put him fairly at ease, and in a few moments he was jabbering away for all he was worth. Noticing that he kept repeating the same words, I jumped to the conclusion that he was asking where I had come from. I pointed to the horizon, intending to

CHAPTER V.

AND BECOME A POTENTATE.

AFTER living in this manner for the best part of a week, sleeping on board the boat and going very little distance from her in the daytime, an event happened which I saw at once would do away with the misgivings I had regarding any free and easy behaviour with my property.

By this time I had settled the vexed question of how far I was separated from the big land, which, in the different lights, had the tantalising peculiarity of sometimes seeming almost aboard of one, and at others, any distance away. By sailing towards it, as near as I could judge, I found it to be about four miles off. I also ascertained that it was not the mainland, but two big Islands divided by a streak of sea about a mile wide (since named Dawson Strait). They were not marked on the chart, for the good and sufficient reason that no authenticated article of the sort existed at that time. If you look at one now, these two imposing islands may easily be found under the names Normanby and Fergusson, bestowed upon them by Captain Moresby in '74; by these names they are commonly known to the white trader, the softer and more pleasing native titles "Moratau" and "Duau" being almost entirely forgotten. By the blanketing position they occupy, the stranger approaching from the East, as in my case, might easily be excused should he take them for the mainland. The island I had landed on was a pigmy in comparison with its brethren in the distance, and was called by the natives "Sanaroa."

One morning I heard a great commotion, and, looking ashore to ascertain the reason for it, saw the natives streaming down the beach in the direction of where their canoes were lying, each carrying some treasured portion of his household goods. Withdrawing my attention from the beach to glance towards the high land, my knowledge of native life and amusements enabled me to grasp the situation at once.

Some couple of miles away were six or seven objects, looking like black spots in the uncertain morning light. These dark patches quickly developed into large canoes filled with men; evidently they were natives from Fergusson who were now paddling for the smaller island with the festive intention of gathering a few heads as objects of adornment for their houses.

For some reason they were rather late in the day, the usual idea in such excursions being to reach the place of attack just before daylight, so as to take their victims by surprise and prevent, as much as possible, any chance of escape. But this time, being somewhat behind-hand, some inhabitants of Sanaroa had espied them at

the first streak of daylight, and, having roused the village, were now scurrying for the canoes, the only means of evading violent and sudden death. This was the cause of all the tumult I could see on the beach.

My first impulse was to pick my anchor up, and clear out. I soon realised that this would be impossible, for there was not a breath of wind, and I could not hope to propel a heavy boat fast enough to show them my heels. The only hope I had was to land on the beach, and, if possible, prevent them from carrying out their object, for, if they were successful, I knew it was a thousand to one on my head forming part of the collection. I pulled my anchor up, and ran the boat on to the shore. The last of the natives were rushing for the canoes, frantic with fear, their one and only object being to reach them and paddle away to sea. In vain I endeavoured, by shouting and signs, to induce them to remain and offer resistance. I might just as well have tried to stop a crowd of frightened rabbits, and now they were once on the run I believe a fairly courageous bunny had more heart than the whole of them. "Am gavia, am gavia" (my enemy, my enemy), they shouted, paying no heed to my appeal to them to stop. It was evidently not the first time a visit of this kind had been paid them, and as they fell one over the other in their eagerness to be afloat, they fairly squealed with fright. It wasn't a pretty sight, and I was glad when the last canoe disappeared round the point. Some thirty or forty natives were left on the beach, for there were not enough canoes to carry all. They were not the most robust, I am sorry to say, being mostly those too weak to fight for a place of safety. These huddled together, looking helplessly about, and I believe fear had numbed their power of thought for the time. Suddenly they broke away and disappeared into the bush, no doubt seeking hiding places prepared for such an occasion.

I had nearly said I was left on the beach alone, but I had about as good a friend with me as a man could wish for in such an emergency, and that was Mr. Winchester. Worth a hundred chicken-hearted natives, I determined, as I filled the magazine chock full of cartridges, that his voice, so much more persuasive than mine in a case of this sort, should be heard on the matter.

Meanwhile, the canoes had drawn nearer, the flash of the paddles in the sunlight being visible, and the click of them distinctly audible from where I stood. The enemy were coming along in fine style, and I could not but admire the splendid time they kept, their paddles rising and falling, falling and rising, as methodically as clockwork. Thinking it about time to let them know they were not wanted here, I fired a shot over

their heads. The effect was instantaneous, for they stopped paddling at once, and indulged in what I knew afterwards as a New Guinea palaver, where everybody talks at the same time, and nobody listens. Presently they came on again, but hesitatingly, and not with anything like the same degree of confidence they had shewn before. They were evidently undecided what to make of the little missile that just now had hummed so viciously over their heads, and plunged into the sea astern of them. Never having heard anything like it before, they became suspicious, and when a native arrives at that mood, he also becomes as crafty as a fox. I capered about the beach on purpose to mystify them the more, and fired another shot. Again they stopped and held a confab, but, although they had ceased paddling, they did not seem inclined to retire.

Native life, or any other for that matter, was cheap in the Islands at this time, but it had never been my notion to take it unnecessarily. I could see by the half-hearted manner in which they dipped their paddles for a few strokes, and then stopped to reconnoitre, that it required little more to make them abandon the attempt to land altogether. If I could prove that the messenger I had despatched towards them was able to bite as well as sing, it would probably have the effect I wished for. Steadying the rifle on the gunwale of the boat, which the ebbing tide had now left high and dry, I took long and careful aim at the leading canoe. Her high bow presented a capital target, and as she showed broadside on to me I let go at her. I heard the dull noise made by the bullet as it plunged into the soft cedar wood, and the foremost native, who had been standing up shading his eyes with his hands as he gazed ashore, disappeared overboard. That he was more frightened than hurt was proved by the agile manner in which he gained the canoe again, no doubt having nothing worse than a splinter of wood to extract from his dusky body. Any doubt they may have had gave way to certainty that this was no place for them, and very little hurt, but very much scared, they made undignified haste to paddle seaward again. They didn't even stop to ponder any more on the matter, having made up their minds like a flash that whatever it was on the island that could reach them at such a distance, was uncanny and to be avoided. I drew a breath of relief as the canoes receded until they became mere specks in the direction of Fergusson. The enemy went away with the impression in their minds that some spirit of darkness had taken possession of the smaller island, and I knew that nothing under the sun would induce them to visit it again. It was a toss-up which of the two were the more frightened—they who paddled for their homes

for every ounce they were worth, or the inhabitants of Sanaroa, when they tumbled over and fought each other for places in the canoes. And so a little tube manufactured thousands of miles away, amid the peaceful hum of machinery, was the potent means of keeping the head upon my shoulders.

The natives who had deserted their island straggled back one craft at a time, and it was nearly sunset when the last returned. They hailed me as their deliverer, and even the women, whom I had hardly caught a glimpse of before, crowded round me with wonder, for they evidently thought I was invulnerable. It was clear I could now safely come on shore and live among the natives until I should make up my mind what was the best thing to be done.

I daresay fear of the law has kept many a civilised man honest, and, although I had no extravagant idea of native gratitude, I knew that fear, now that I had put to flight their enemies, would be a big incentive to keep their cupidity within bounds.

From this time forth, with the majority of them, everything was plain sailing for me, and I found myself installed on the island as an authority, one word from me being sufficient to settle any dispute, from whatever cause arising.

The house I had elected to occupy was on the outskirts of the village, and every day I found placed outside a collection of food enough to have satisfied the appetites of six ordinary men. Yams, taro, bread-fruit (when in season), bananas, and sago, formed the chief items, and these offerings never failed to appear at the dawn of each morning.

At first the natives were shy, but later on fetched and carried for me, showing such deference that I was in danger of suffering from swelled head (an ugly complaint), and viewing myself as a bloated potentate of a cannibal community.

Among other articles which I had brought with me from the *Aurora*, were some dozen charges of dynamite. They had been lying, with a beautiful disregard for the safety of the ship, stowed away in a locker in my berth. It was whilst searching in this receptacle just before my flight, to see if it contained anything likely to be useful to me, that I came across and confiscated them, with the thought that they might come in handy.

I shall never forget the first charge I exploded in the shallow water round the Island, nor the impression it created.

One morning a huge shoal of fish made their appearance along the shore, engaged in the pursuit of the smaller fry. Whatever may be said regarding the dislike for exertion of the New

Guinea native, it didn't apply to the fish; they were energetic enough, anyhow. They lashed the water white, jumping into the air sometimes to the height of twenty feet, and glistening in the sun like burnished silver.

Suddenly I thought of the dynamite lying idly in the house to which I had removed all my property from the boat. Here was a chance to increase my influence not to be ignored.

I rushed to the house, tore open the package, extracted a charge, and was back on the beach inside of a minute and a half.

The fish were still disporting themselves, evidently having chanced upon a happy hunting ground. Already several natives had their canoes in the water, and were on the point of embarking with the object of securing a few of the fish.

I waved them back with a gesture worthy of my exalted position among them. They obeyed, but stood wonderingly trying to understand the reason of my command. Meanwhile I was watching the fish intently, and presently, seeing a favourable opportunity, applied a fire stick, which I had snatched from a fire on my way down, to the fuse, and threw the charge among them.

It landed (if the word is permissible, seeing it was thrown into the water) just where I intended it should, and a few seconds later exploded with a dull roar, strewing the agitated surface of the water with thousands of fish, which slowly sank to the shallow bottom. "Pick them up! pick them up!" I roared, but not a native stirred, having lost the power of motion in their astonishment. Seeing they had no idea what was expected of them, and that perhaps they feared another explosion, I waded out up to my waist, and, picking up the fish within reach, started throwing them ashore.

Others soon joined me, and by and by all hands, like a lot of school-boys, were diving for the fish that lay on the bottom. A fine pile lay on the beach at the finish, of all sizes, all shapes, and, I may add, all colours, pursuer and pursued mingling in one heap together.

Dynamite was fairly well known round the Solomons and other islands, but considering that I was the first white man these natives had seen, such an article, of course, was altogether beyond them or their philosophy.

This episode increased my prestige amazingly, but, needless to say, having but a limited supply of material, I only resorted to it when such a result was desirable.

Having gained, in one way and another, a great reputation, any thought of sustaining bodily harm whilst residing among them vanished from my mind. But in this regard, like many another person before me, I reckoned without including mine host.

CHAPTER VI.

A NATIVE OTHELLO.

FAMILIARITY breeds contempt. Such is the saying handed down to posterity by some wiseacre.

My experience is that the person who coined this adage knew exactly what he was talking about. Anyhow, it came very near the mark in my case.

The chief of Sanaroa was an elderly gentleman, whose office was mainly nominal, for he possessed little or no authority. However, what he lacked in this respect was made up for in friendliness to myself, the old fellow being more profuse, and, I believe, more genuine than most of the others.

He had a daughter named Oobona (which signifies a star), a most pleasing maiden, and, being decidedly more intelligent than the ordinary run of native, I usually sought her out when in search of information. . .

My frequent conversations with her were viewed with evident dislike by a young native called Gawana, who, from the first, had held aloof and showed a marked disposition to be unsociable.

The more intimate I became with the old man and his daughter, the more this ill-will became manifest, until at last he hardly took any trouble whatever to conceal it.

Casting about for some reason to account for this working of his savage mind, I at last found a solution. "Great Scott!" thought I, when it struck me, "why, this is Othello all over again; the fellow is as jealous as they make them!"

In the ordinary sense, this knowledge should have made me careful not to further excite his anger. But my head was turned somewhat by the peculiar circumstances of my position in the way that all the natives bowed down to me. As it was, this very human passion on the part of Gawana gave me some unpleasant half hours, and, in the end, nearly cost me my life. But, after all, it was the best thing that could have happened, for it finally caused me to leave the island, a first and most essential thing towards the gratifying adventure that befell me.

If I hadn't left then, who knows, I might have degenerated and have been living there still, and have furnished another example, often met with in the Islands, of men who forget what is due to the parents who bore them, and the colour of their skin.

I never went about unless armed, the Winchester being my constant companion, or, failing this, a revolver strapped on. It was not that I had any fear concerning my safety among the natives, for that had passed from my mind



HE BALANCED ONE OF THOSE UGLY LOOKING SPEARS NERVOUSLY IN HIS HAND.

after the first few days of my sojourn, and, in that respect, I felt as secure as though I were in the streets of Sydney. No! it was simply a habit I had acquired, and, as such, adhered to without serious thought or reason. Subsequent events proved it to be a most handy acquisition, which undoubtedly saved my life on more than one occasion.

I had been something like a month on the island, and began to think it was just about time to shape a course for some more civilised country. Most of my time was passed dodging about the reefs by which the island was surrounded, offering an attractive field for exploration that I never grew tired of. Nearly every day I came across specimens of shells that were new to me, or would gaze for hours into the limpid water and find new beauties in the wondrous formation of a coral bottom.



One day I was about to start on my usual recreation, and in addition, do a little bit of fishing, when Gawana, who, as a rule, gave me a pretty wide berth and showed no particular desire for my society, appeared on the scene.

"Hullo!" said I. "Anything I can do for you?"

"Can I come with you fishing, bada?" (master), he answered, shifting awkwardly from leg to leg, and behaving as though he asked the question with an effort.

"Feel like letting bygones be bygones, eh?" said I, smiling, "well, that's a good sign, anyhow."

He nodded his head gravely, not, of course, understanding my query, but taking it for an assent, at which I smiled.

Running gaily up the beach, he soon returned with a full complement of spears, among them two or three much heavier than those usually employed for spearing fish. They had protuberances running partly up them, something like a row of shark's teeth, which, instead of being upright, deflected along the spear, offering no resistance to penetration, but making extraction a much more difficult matter. The reason for their inclusion among the number was not made manifest to me until some days afterwards.

We proceeded out to the reef, and, whilst he with spear in hand cast his eye about in search of quarry, I, not being expert in that direction, contented myself with a method I was more familiar with, namely, hook and line.

We had been thus engaged for some little time, and I had just pulled my line up to rebait the hook when Gawana made a most awkward movement, and the next minute our frail craft had capsized. Feeling her going, and acting on the impulse that seized me, I snatched the revolver from my belt and held it above my head, with the intention, if possible, of keeping it dry, a perfectly natural action, for salt water plays the very deuce with firearms. Being successful in this, and my feet having found bottom, I turned to see how it had fared with Gawana.

He was standing in much more shallow water some five or six yards away, holding one of those ugly-looking spears, which he balanced hesitatingly, and nervously, in his hand. As I stood there with the water up to my breast and my arm extended to keep the revolver dry, he looked at me with a peculiar expression on his face, which, at the time, I took for chagrin at his awkwardness. Then, without a word, or any attempt to right the canoe, he waded for the shore as fast as the depth of water would allow him, and disappeared into the scrub. This rather strange behaviour on his part caused me very

little anxiety. If I thought of it at all, which is doubtful, I came to the conclusion that he imagined I was angry at his clumsiness, so thought the easiest way out of a difficulty was to make himself scarce until my wrath had cooled. Fully a week went by before I set eyes on him again.

He presented himself after this interval, as, one day, I was sitting alone at the door of my house.

For some considerable time he hung about in the background, as though not quite sure what his reception would be, and seemed to me more fearful than the lapse of time, and his fault warranted. Several friendly gestures were necessary to convince him that I was in an amiable mood, but even after he had approached, he never appeared quite to lose his nervousness during our interview.

I noticed that he carried in his hand a string of fish, which, after many covert glances, he at last offered for my acceptance. They were every colour of the rainbow, and certainly looked very pretty as he deposited them at my feet.

"Oh!" thought I, as he signified they were for me, "a peace offering; and what a nice way of putting it. Through his clumsiness the other day he spoiled my chance of fishing, and now he has been to the trouble of catching some to make up for it." I vowed to myself from that moment that the rather foolish amusement of arousing his jealousy by paying attention to Oobona, should cease, and that hereafter it should be plain sailing for him, so that all he had to do, as far as I was concerned, was to wade in and win.

He didn't stop long after he saw I had accepted his gift, which I did directly, not wishing to nip such a pretty sentiment in the bud, and went off evidently highly pleased with himself.

"Now, to square a little difference, that's about the prettiest way I know of," I ruminated, as he disappeared. "If 'Bully' Harker would only take a leaf out of Gawana's book in the matter of patching up quarrels, what a deal of trouble he'd save himself and other people!"

I was sitting thinking over little things like this when Oobona came along. She first of all looked at me, then at the fish, finally bringing her eyes back to mine in an enquiring sort of manner, which said quite plainly, "where did you get them?"

"A little present from Gawana," said I, extending my hand towards the fish, and answering the question I could see in her face. "Nice lot, eh?"

She didn't answer me, but, stepping forward, picked them up by the string, and before I could

do anything to prevent her, ran down to the beach, and threw them out as far as she could into the sea.

"What did you do that for?" I said, angrily.

"That fish no good to eat," she answered.

Perhaps my wits were rather dull that day, for even then it did not strike me there was anything wrong with them, and I let her go without asking any more questions.

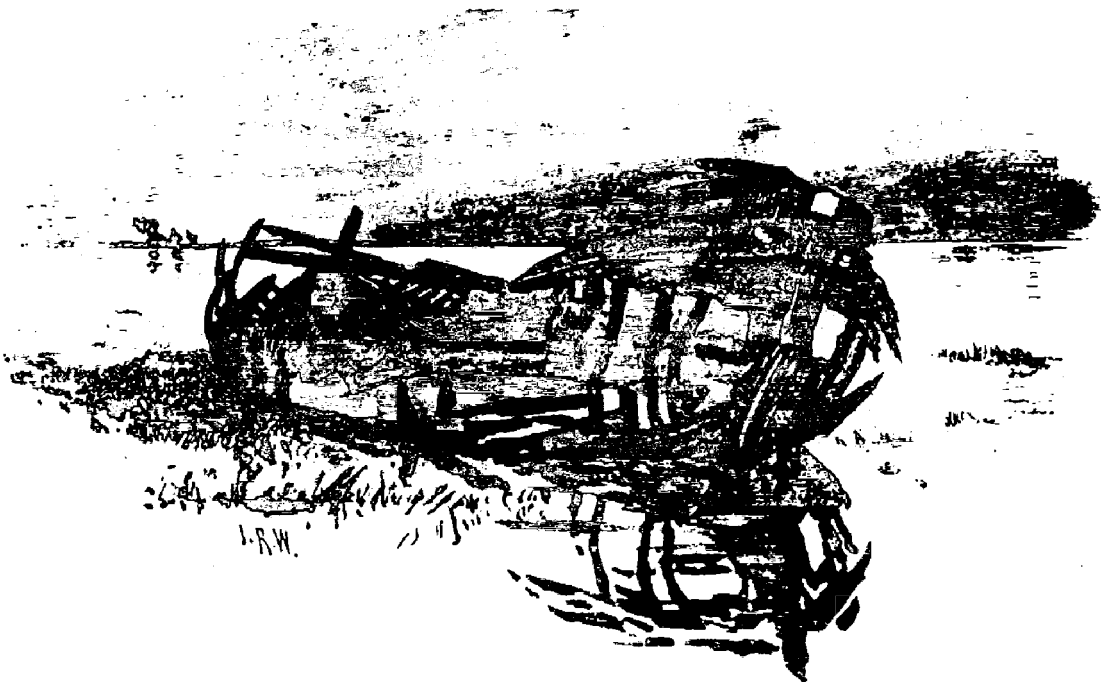
A little adventure I had a day or two later put another complexion on the matter, and I saw many things in quite a different light. I had gone out to shoot pigeons, the trees growing the berries on which they fed being some distance inland. Sauntering along quietly, I thought I heard a noise behind me. It was a one man track I was following, with bush and long grass on either side as high as one's head, so that I could not see any great distance in front or ahead of me. At first I didn't pay much attention to the sound, thinking very possibly it was made by

a pig that had wandered away from the village, as they will do in search of food. As I heard it again and again and it seemed to be following me, I determined to ascertain the meaning of it. So I dived behind a clump of bushes, and quietly waited.

Presently, from where I was concealed, I saw Gawana come into view. He glanced from side to side, stopping to listen now and again, a spear poised in his hand, and every nerve of his body as fine and taut as a harpstring. "Oh! that's it, is it!" I murmured, hastily bringing the gun to my shoulder, and covering him, "hardly a peace offering this time," for I saw at a glance that I was the object of his quest, and that he was stalking me in hopes of using his spear should the opportunity present itself.

Chas Protheroe

(To be Continued.)



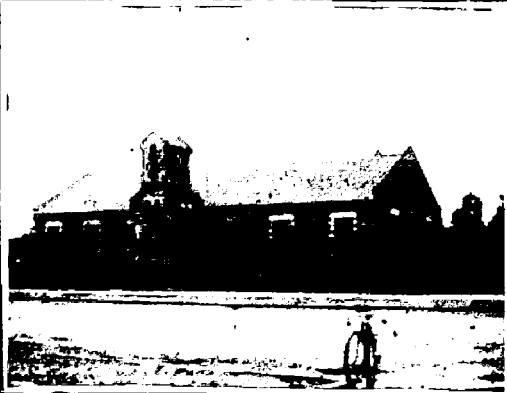
SOME AUSTRALIAN SCHOOLS.

BEING SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL VICTORIAN COLLEGES.

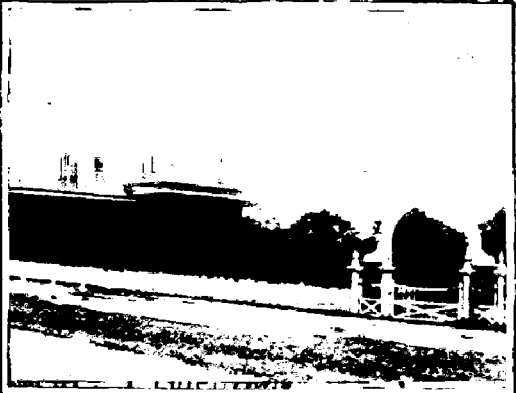
Photographed by F. E. BEAVER.



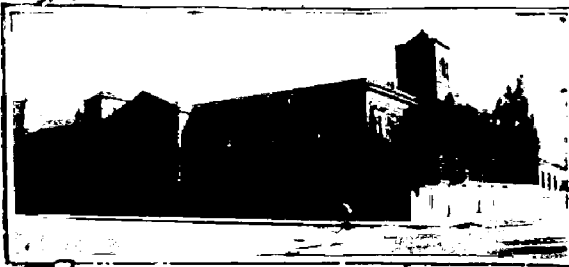
SCOTCH COLLEGE, MELBOURNE.



SOUTH MELBOURNE COLLEGE.



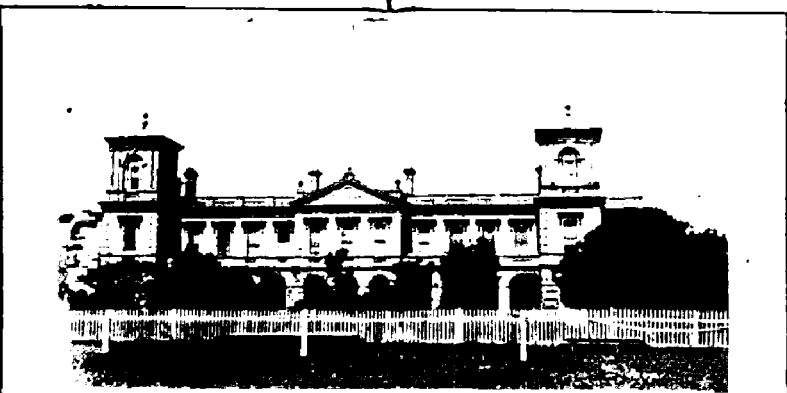
HAILEYBURY COLLEGE, BRIGHTON, VICTORIA.



ST. PATRICK'S COLLEGE, MELBOURNE.



CHURCH OF ENGLAND GR. SCHOOL, S. YARRA.



WESLEY COLLEGE, WINDSOR, VICTORIA.

SEDBERGH SCHOOL.

By A. E. JOHNSON.



VIEW FROM THE SCHOOL HILL. 6

Showing the Chapel, Gymnasium, Shop, Masters' Hostel, and School House; with the Cricket Field to the extreme left.

AN interesting essay might be written by a close student of public school life, upon the influence of scenery on the moral and physical life of a school.

That the growing mind of youth is specially susceptible to environment is a truism that needs no reiteration, and to the wise parent the teachings of Nature form by no means the least important part in the education of a son. Nowhere, perhaps (unless at Trinity College, Glenalmond) can this educational aspect of Nature be so appropriately studied as at Sedbergh School, the theme of our present article. Situated in the midst of that wildly beautiful country where Yorkshire trespasses on the confines of Westmoreland and lovely Lakeland, Sedbergh has, indeed, opportunities unrivalled for fostering in the minds of her sons that instinctive love of Nature

which, in after years, is a man's greatest safeguard, and at the same time for carrying out that lusty schooling which Sedberghians have in mind when they apostrophise their foster-mother, in the words of the school motto,

as *Dura Virum Nutrix*. Not a little reminiscent is that motto of Loretto's stern watchword: *Spartam nactus es, hanc excerna*; and, indeed, there is much in common, as we shall see, between the two schools. Life at Sedbergh is tinged in no small degree by that healthy disregard for stupid convention so characteristic of the Scottish Sparta, while both schools hold steadfastly to the belief that without the education of the boy physical, the training of the boy moral and intellectual is a vain attempt.

The early vicissitudes of Sedbergh School form an interesting chapter in the history of our public schools;



C. LOWRY, M.A., HEADMASTER OF
SEDBERGH.

Photo A. D. Kissack.



FOOTBALL AT SEDBERGH.
Photo T. W. MacD.

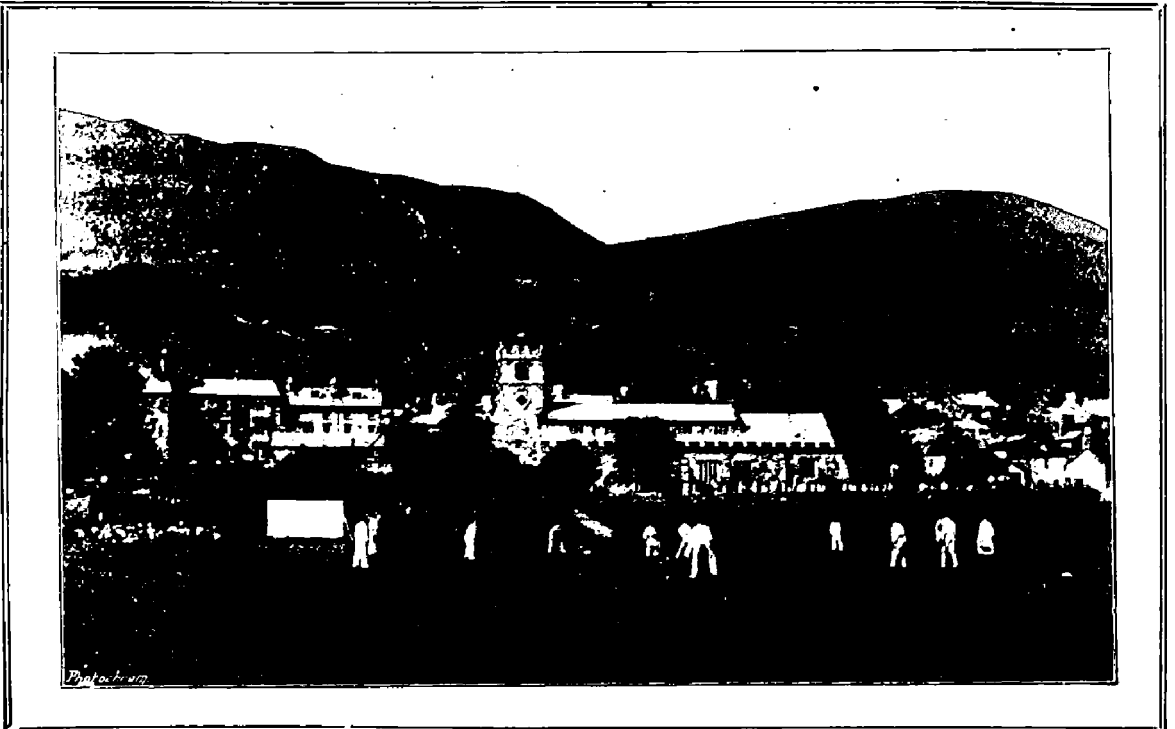
but it is our intention here to deal with the living present, rather than to delve into the musty past. Suffice it to say that having been founded and refounded (first, by Roger Lupton, Provost of Eton, in 1528, and secondly, by King Edward VI in 1552), during the sixteenth century, the school progressed slowly through the two succeeding centuries, until what may be termed its modern history commenced with the headmastership of the Rev. J. H. Evans, in 1838. Reorganisation at the hands of the Endowed Schools Commission took place in 1874, the next occupant of the head-magisterial chair being the

Rev. F. Heppenstall. In 1880 began the rule of Mr. H. G. Hart, whose resignation was accepted only three years ago. Mr. Hart was to Sedbergh what Arnold was to Rugby, or, to draw a nearer, if less familiar, parallel, what Dyne was to Highgate. His successor is Mr. C. Lowry, whose advent from Eton appropriately confirms the distant relations of the school with the college.

Our task, then, is to present a picture, or a series of pictures, of life at Sedbergh to-day. The cynic may, perhaps,

smile at our instant reference to matters athletic; but, in sooth, the outward social life of a school centres in the playing field. Hence we proffer no excuse for taking the reader by the hand and leading him out of doors.

Of all sports in which Sedberghians are proficient, that in which they are pre-eminent, and with which the onlooker at once connects them, is long-distance running. Here we see, in a superficial way, the influence of environment upon the life of a school. Few schools besides Sedbergh could provide better ground for cross-country running, and in few places, if any, is



THE CRICKET FIELD.
Showing the Town Church, with Mr. Mackie's House on the left; Winder and Crook behind.

a better, stiffer, more varied, more *thorough* course to be found than that covered by competitors in the Sedbergh "Ten Mile." Into a full account of this, the most famous of public school steeplechases, it is impossible to enter here; but it may be said that between the two short stretches of "straight" at the start and the finish, the runner has to encounter almost every conceivable kind of country at almost every possible gradient. He needs a stout heart and tough thews and sinews, who would emulate the feats of a Pumphrey, a Grandage, or a Bushell.

Running, however, is a recognised and well-organised sport at Sedbergh. As at Loretto, a "run" (over an officially defined course) is accepted in lieu of the compulsory afternoon football. On Thursdays, too, the Sedberghian goes with his fellows for a "house run," of from three to four miles, and thus from his earliest school days is training his wind and limbs for those feats of athletic endurance which he is to accomplish when a senior. Before a boy passes the age of



IN TIME OF DROUGHT. WATERING THE CRICKET PITCH WITH BUCKETS FILLED FROM THE SWIMMING BATH.

fifteen, there is the Three Mile Steeplechase in the Easter term to test his abilities, and to whet his appetite for the hard fare of the "Ten Mile"; for which latter race serious training commences about the middle of the Easter term. Would-be competitors have first to undergo a medical examination, repeated immediately before the event is decided. Thus only the absolutely fit have a chance of running, and competitors whose grit might exceed their strength are excluded, and

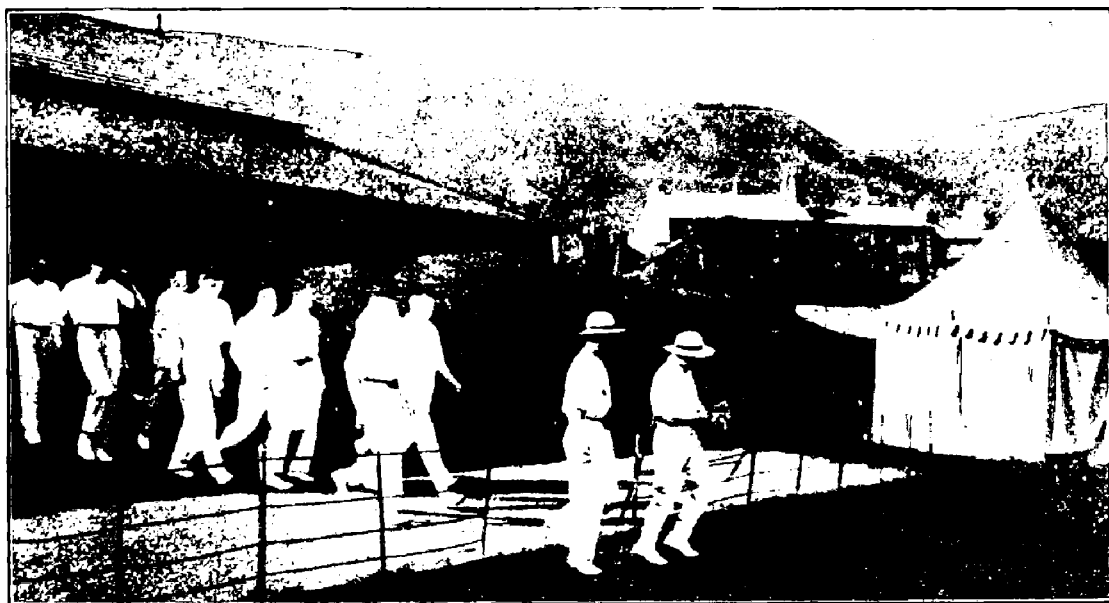


A HOUSE RUN.

the possibility of calamity is prevented. The record for the "Ten Mile" is held by C. E. Pumphrey, the Cambridge cross-country runner, whose best time was 1hr. 10mins. 16 3-5 secs. It is not surprising to find that the inter-Varsity cross-country contest usually sees a Sedberghian competing, and, as likely as not, winning as well. In those branches of running, considered as a sport, which are generally included under the category of "Athletic Sports," the school has no specially remarkable records; this being due, in great measure, to the track, which is not only grass, but usually very wet and sodden.

Another Easter-term pastime, for which Sedbergh has almost peculiar facilities among public schools south of the Tweed, is tobogganing, which not infrequently lasts for two or three weeks

lowed, however, by all the masters, whose keen participation in the sports, from football to swimming, either actively or as coaches, is one of the pleasantest features of the school life. Big-side in footer, which generally includes one or two masters, plays on such Wednesdays and Saturdays as are not set apart for matches, and on other days the "Sets" play, each game being under the eye of a master or responsible big-sider. The remote situation of the school places the fifteen at a great disadvantage as regards matches, the number of clubs available as opponents being very limited, and yet further reduced of recent years by secessions from the Rugby Union. Many clubs that did not care to join the Northern Union have been compelled to dissolve, or have adopted "Soccer" as the only



CRICKET AT SEDBERGH. THE ELEVEN TAKING THE FIELD.

after the holidays. Skating is also possible when the frost is hard, ice-hockey being very popular on a large sheet of water in the neighbourhood known as Lilymere.

As a footballer, the Sedberghian ranks almost as high as he does in the rôle of cross-country runner. Despite the comparatively small numbers of the boys (about 250 is the average), many first-rate players have been turned out. It will probably be remembered that in the inter-Varsity match of two years ago, the brothers Odgers, *Sedbergiani ambo*, were playing on opposite sides. It seems superfluous to remark that the school plays under Rugby rules. Sedbergh football owes much to the sedulous care devoted to it by two of the masters, Messrs. Lemarchand and Gooch. This disinterested example is fol-

means of salvation. Sedbergh Town has pursued this latter course, and the school's old "town match" is a thing of the past. Three school matches are played, however, against Loretto, Merchiston, and Giggleswick. Battles of giants are these, when the school field is thronged by a cheering mob of Sedberghians egging on the fifteen, resplendent in brown and gold, with repeated and vociferous shouts of "Brown"! The bulk of the season, however, is filled up by house matches in the competition for the Inter-House Challenge Cup. Football comes to an end about the sixth week in Easter term (unless terminated earlier by Jack Frost), after which there follows, as we have seen, training for the sports and the "Ten Mile," varied by preparations for the gymnastic competition. The ordinary work

done in the gymnasium, by the way, is very thorough, and every boy gets at least two half-hours a week on the apparatus.

During the summer time, swimming and cricket naturally occupy the most of a Sedberghian's hours of recreation. The school has a swimming bath which, in the chillier months of the year, is a boon indeed; but in the summer it is scorned. Are there not, in the Rawthey and the Lune, some half-a-dozen places or more, where clothes can be hastily cast off and a glorious plunge made from the bank, or from the rocks, into clear running water? Besides, even were there any

bathers so unnatural as to prefer the covered bath, there are times during summer when they could not gratify their wish; for at the first indication of a drought, the bath is emptied and the precious water saved for more necessary purposes. Or it may have to serve the purpose of watering the cricket field, as occurred two years ago, when the boys were formed up in two long ranks (as if for a fire drill), between the pitch and the bath, and five hard-worked buckets passed up and down until the thirst of the parched earth had been partially assuaged. No

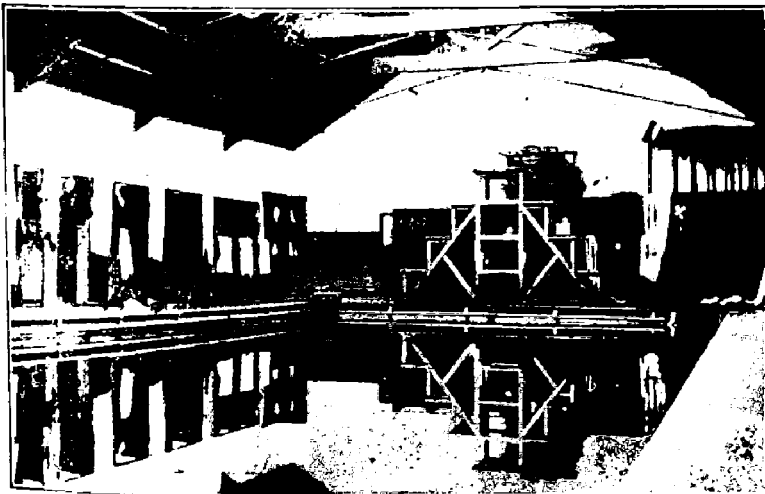


MR. FOWLER'S HOUSE TEAM. WINNERS OF LORD ROBERTS' SHOOTING CUP, 1902.

Smooth and restful to the eye stretches the green sward, ringed by the school buildings, the antique tower of the church, and the grey walls of the little village deep-set in the hollow of the rolling hills—a pleasant scene, indeed, of the sort that lingers long in the memory; though the captain of the eleven, as he heads his men when they file out of the pavilion—their brown caps and blazers doffed—will probably be grumbling that the wicket is either too slow and heavy, or (in time of drought) too hard and bumpy. Sed-

bergh wickets have a way of failing to attain the golden mean. The principal matches are against the Old Rossallians, the Northern Nomads, and Giggleswick, the most get-at-able school from this secluded corner of the North. House matches, as in football, are the mainstay of the season.

Space contracts; and we can but touch in the briefest manner on the chief features of the Sedberghian's indoor life, within one or other of the five Houses. The sumptuary laws of the school deserve special notice, being very typical. The most noteworthy thing about them is (to perpetrate something near akin to an Irishism) their almost complete



THE BATH AT SEDBERGH.

absence. In the matter of collars only is there any strict rule. "Stickups" are the especial jealously guarded privilege of the Sixth, Prefects, XV. and XI.; the lower school wear an Eton collar outside the jacket, while the middle school effect a compromise with a species of collar known as a "lie-down." Taste in ties, also, is under supervision, plain black being the only alternative to one denoting the House, XV., or XI. colours; though for the Sixth and Prefects there are also special ties. But dress generally is "subject to no academic rule," and Norfolk jackets and knickers are the favourite garments; while during the summer flannels are permitted in school as well as out between 11 o'clock and tea time.

Also characteristic of Sedbergh are the musical inclinations of her sons. A rule of the school demands that every boy shall sing or play an instrument. Hence the musical society (from which is selected the choir), the band, and the non-musical society, the latter being a jovial collection of brazen-lunged roisterers whose meagre musical



J. G. THOMPSON, CAPTAIN OF
SEDBERGH.

Photo by Greenbank.

attainments unfit them for membership of the society whose members can sing or play tolerably, or even exceedingly, well.

Returning to the outdoor life of Sedbergh, mention should be made of the recently-established Cadet Corps. As yet it is too early to speak of the military doings of the school. Inter-House shooting competitions for the Lord Roberts' Shooting Cup have already been instituted, however, and doubtless a Sedbergh Eight will, in due course, make its appearance at Bisley. At field-days, certainly, the War Correspondent of THE CAPTAIN will look anxiously for the new recruits of the public school army.

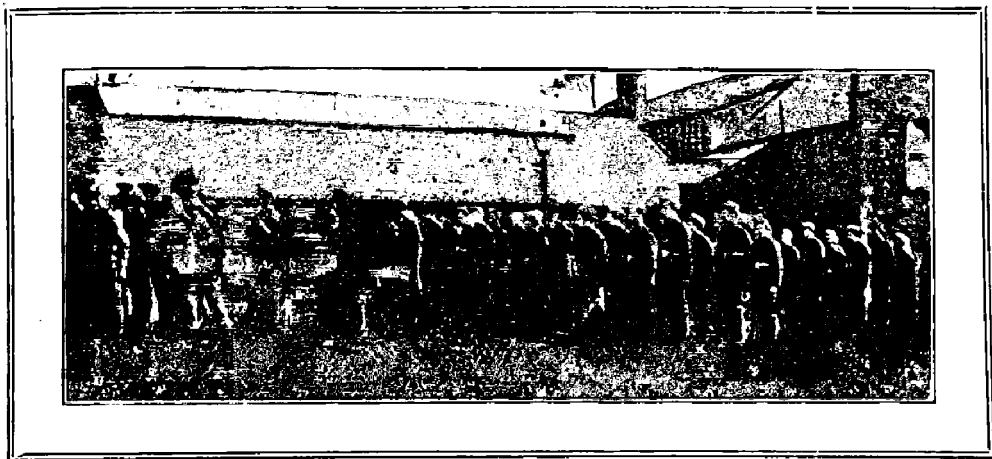
In the few pages at our disposal, it is difficult to give a picture of the mere outward life of a school, and it is well-nigh impossible to even suggest or hint at that inward life, which, after all, is the true life. Yet at Sedbergh that inward life, inspiration, *esprit de corps*, call it what you will, is especially strong, partly, no doubt, by reason of the school's isolation, but chiefly from causes



RIVER BATHING IN THE LUNE.

known only to Sedberghians, and to them only in a blind, unconscious sort of way. It is to the songs of a nation or a school (which is a nation in miniature) that we must look for the expression of feelings such as these, and accordingly we make no apology for concluding

this inadequate sketch with a couple of verses from, perhaps, the most characteristic of Sedbergh songs, "The Ten Mile." After referring to the competitors in the ancient Olympian games, the bard (Mr. R. St. J. Ainslie) proceeds :



THE SEDBERGH CORPS : A RECENT ADDITION TO THE PUBLIC SCHOOL ARMY.

Sedbergh in the hardy North,
 She her runners too can show,
 Sends her fleet Athenians forth,
 Trains her Spartans in the snow.
 Herald March the blast is sounding,
 Rugged fells the course surrounding,
 Don your jerseys, make you ready,
 Up and off, lads, swift and steady!
 Strain and struggle, might and main,
 Scorn defeat, and laugh at pain;
 Never shall you strive in vain
 In the long run.

At Olympia, far away,
 When the victor wore the crown,
 Breathing marble, burning lay,
 Made immortal his renown.
 What though fate has given to Winder
 No Praxiteles or Pindar?
 Yet her sons who bravely bear them,
 Sedbergh in her heart shall wear them!
 Strain and struggle, might and main,
 Scorn defeat, and laugh at pain;
 Never shall you strive in vain
 In the long run.



THE TEN-MILE.
 Ten Mile Lane : one mile out.

LOWER SCHOOL YARNS.

By HAROLD BURROWS.
AUTHOR OF "TOLD ON THE JUNIOR SIDE."



Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.

No. II.

A BONE-SHAKING ADVENTURE.

I.

THE happy youth who chances to be the proud possessor of a bicycle is apt to look with supreme contempt upon the old-fashioned, high-wheeled machines that served a by-gone generation. Bone-shakers, you call them, eh? Well, may be so; although I have a hazy sort of notion that the modern safety more closely resembles the primitive velocipede than did the wheel of the early eighties. But in one way, at least, we fellows managed to put our cycles to a use to which it would be impossible to turn the most highly patented of recent inventions. You doubt it, eh? Well, let me explain matters.

The western boundary of our playground was a long, ordinary brick wall; and very convenient some of the beginners found it when the cycling craze first seized upon the school. Indeed, one hardly knows how some of them would ever have learnt with the present machines. As matters stood, the wall was just of a convenient height. When mounted on our steeds, those of us who were tall enough could lean comfortably on one elbow and review the situation. Even the youngsters could reach up with one hand and rest their fingers upon it. We required no other friend to assist the unsteady efforts of the beginner. By the wall he mounted, and to the wall he clung; first groping his uncertain way with one hand clutching his ally;

then making frantic little bursts of a yard or two, to conclude with a convulsive grab at the top bricks; and at last proudly, yet cautiously, wobbling round the playground, ready at any moment to make a frantic dash for the friendly helper. Now and again a wheel doubled in the shock; but, on the whole, our mute assistant behaved well, and seemed to know what was expected of it. Greatest of all boons to the beginner, it avoided the necessity of having to dismount. And when the craze was at its height, you might have found the boundary simply studded with cyclists; all resting by, or clinging to, its support, in different attitudes of complacency, resignation, determination, or despair.

Now, as above-mentioned, those fellows who were of moderate height could rest comfortably with one elbow on the wall; and naturally enough would frequently turn their wandering gaze to the prospect beyond. And then some of those who had got over the terrors of remounting acquired the habit of resting awhile on the top of the wall with feet dangling towards the playground below. And then at times some would be found with back turned to the school, and feet dangling on the other side. Next, what more natural than for some playful youth, in riding by, to give his unsuspecting chum a push and send him sprawling on the other side? And sometimes when this had been done a master would be descried approaching; and, whilst friendly voices cautioned the fallen one to remain where he was, some faithful ally would rush to the vacant machine, and either mount it, or, if too inexpert, stand by it, ostentatiously dusting his clothes or gingerly feeling his elbow. And the boundary being, as has been said, literally studded with machines, even a suspicious master would have taken a little time to clear a way through the barrier and climb the wall to prospect. And hence it happened that it began gradually to dawn upon the livelier

members of the lower school that here was a new and promising method of breaking bounds with impunity. And then there spread before them an enticing vista of unlimited larks.

It was young Lewis who was really the first to grasp the situation; although, speaking literally, others had, no doubt, tumbled to it. But it was Lewis who first alighted on the other side of malice aforethought, and filled with the fell intent to supplement the provender provided for our simple meals with illicit delicacies gathered from the town. He jumped, he sped, he conquered; returning presently laden with the spoils. Willing hands, stretched over the wall, hastily snatched the fruits of victory; and, hugging them close to our bosoms beneath tightly-buttoned coats, Carter and I rode gaily off, whilst Bannister remained leaning against the wall in contemplative mood, ready to intimate to our colleague when the coast was reasonably clear. Soon both of them joined us, and great was our triumph at the success of the venture.

And, as invariably happens in the case of a successful experiment, our example soon raised up a host of imitators. In vain do the great discourage followers. The whole of the lower school seemed determined to walk in the path we had trodden. Even Walters partially succumbed to the prevailing mania. He would not venture over the wall; but, bribed with the offer of a portion of the spoil, he was persuaded on one occasion to rest his machine against the boundary and gather in the forbidden fruit. His unexpected complaisance almost proved our undoing. As he sped from the wall, grappling divers articles to his breast, the Senior Classic appeared on the scene. A more trustworthy member would have ridden serenely on, but Walters was weak and wobbled. The master, half anticipating a spill, turned to look at him. The guilty conscience of Walters smote him. He wobbled again, and a bottle of lemonade fell to the ground and exploded with a loud report. Old Slowcoach, as we irreverently termed the sedate senior, who formed so striking a contrast to his wide-awake Junior colleague, paused in his march, and another bottle fell. "Give them to me, you ass," savagely murmured Carter, who had spurted to Walters' side. The latter strove to comply, but, in his nervousness, the attempt to pass the goods and at the same time steer his machine proved too much for him. He swerved clean into Carter, and the

two boys went over; whilst a large currant cake, a masterpiece of the confectioner's art, bounded violently to the ground and shivered into a thousand fragments at the master's feet. Walters set up a piteous lamentation. "I'm caught; I'm caught," he cried. Even then the suspicions of the Senior Classic were not aroused. "Pick yourself up, Walters," said he, severely, "and don't go crying like a great baby over the loss of a cake. Where did it come from?" Carter scented danger, and cut in at once. "Please, sir," said he, "it wasn't my fault, was it? Walters swerved on to me; didn't he, sir?" "Walters certainly appeared to me to be in fault," responded the Senior Classic, as he gazed mildly at Carter through his spectacles, "but where—" "There, I told you so," exclaimed Carter indignantly to Walters. "You are always trying to put the blame on me, but it wasn't me this time, was it, sir?" "I have already said—" commenced the Senior Classic. "There you are now," quoth Carter. "Oh! he's cut his hand. Had he not better go and wash it, sir? He might get some dirt into it." "It would be as well," said the master; "but where—" "Come on, Walters," cried Carter, "I'll pump for you although you did run into me." And, seizing Walters by the hand, Carter rushed off, leaving the master gazing after him perplexedly. But murmuring something about a hamper he supposed, the tutor resumed his walk and speedily forgot all about the matter.

"Lucky it wasn't the Junior Classic," said Carter afterwards. "Didn't I manage it well, though?"

"Pretty well," quoth young Lewis.

"Only pretty well!" ejaculated Carter, hotly. "And what would you have done, I should like to know?"

"I think I should have drawn Old Slowcoach for the price of the cake," responded young Lewis, mildly.

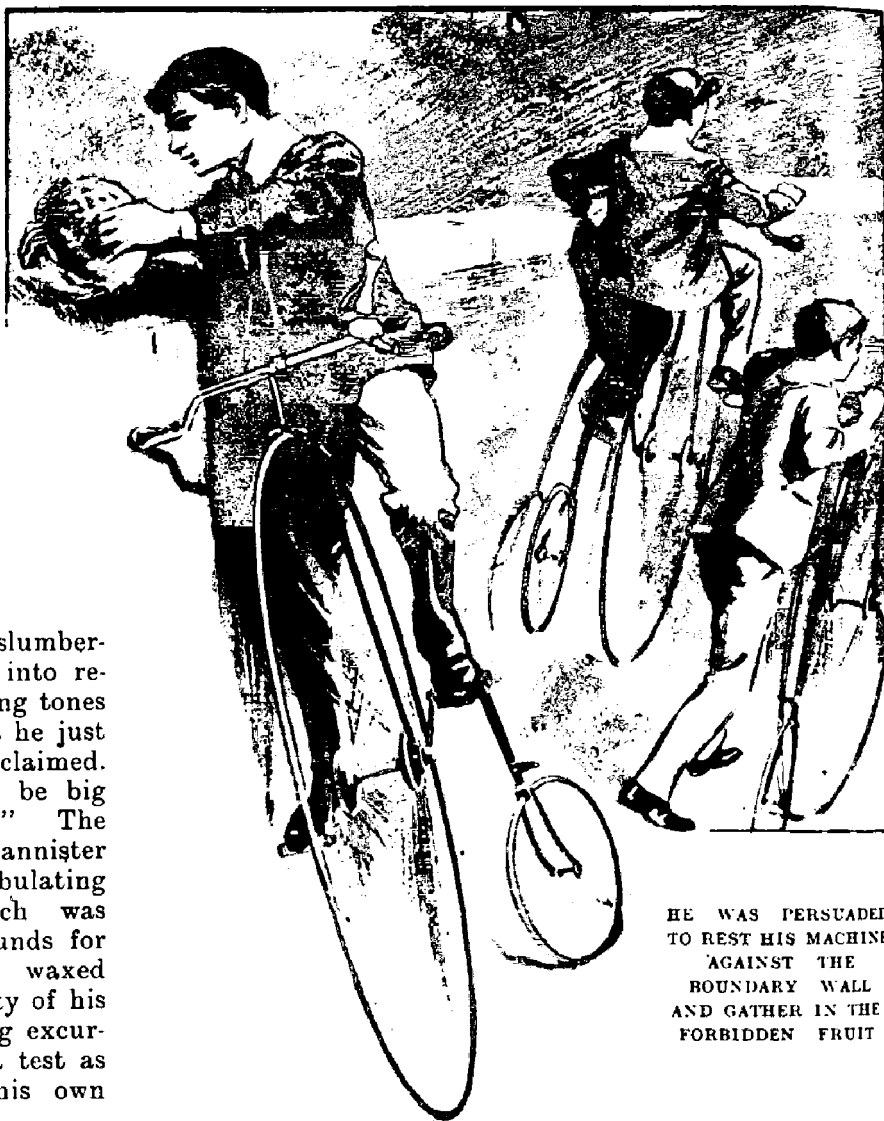
And as we gazed upon the ingenuous countenance of the angelic one, we verily believed he would.

II.

For some little time after the fiasco brought about by Walters' incompetence, the fellows generally kept pretty quiet. Their eyes were opened to the fact that they were running a certain amount of danger; and although the Senior Classic had evidently forgotten all about the matter, it was felt that a second mishap would arouse even his suspicions. Yet, in the course of a week or so,

the effect of the warning began to wear off, and, as the Fates would have it, the second week found Bannister the happy recipient of a brand new bicycle from home, sent to commemorate the occasion of his birthday. Proud as a peacock was that elated youngster, as he rode round the playground in the full joy of possession, and expressed his commiseration for us unfortunate wights, confined to the cumbrous second-hand machines which were at the service of the lower school. Carter's slumbering jealousy was fanned into resentment at the patronising tones of his old ally. "Doesn't he just fancy himself!" he exclaimed. "Why, the place won't be big enough to hold him soon." The prophet was right. Bannister soon got tired of perambulating the confined area which was within the limits of bounds for the lower school, and waxed anxious to try the capacity of his new machine in some long excursion, which might form a test as well of its speed as of his own powers.

And although he was confident that he could leave Carter, Lewis, and myself far behind if we accompanied him, and that we should only be hindrances to his progress, it was evident he saw no fun in breaking bounds alone. We three felt strongly inclined to leave him to his own devices. Not because we feared our inability to keep pace with him—oh, dear me, no! Each and every one of us had ample confidence in his own prowess, and was secretly convinced that his superior skill was more than sufficient to make him a match for any other member of the lower school, however much better mounted. Bannister, however, had given himself such airs over his new possession that our usually friendly relations had shown signs of becoming rather strained. But when the matter came to the



HE WAS PERSUADED
TO REST HIS MACHINE
AGAINST THE
BOUNDARY WALL
AND GATHER IN THE
FORBIDDEN FRUIT

point the old loyalty triumphantly reasserted itself. Could we desert our friend and allow him to incur all the risk of breaking bounds alone? Certainly not. He only proposed to pay a visit to the neighbouring town, some ten miles distant; but the journey might have been twenty or thirty for all we cared. We would abide by his right side and break the bounds with him.

And so it happened that one bright Saturday afternoon, Carter, Bannister, and I, accompanied by young Lewis, crept stealthily out of the school gates and made our way down a side street of the town out into the country beyond. We had carefully chosen the moment of our departure, and deemed we had made our exit secure from all hostile eyes. How we were to get back unobserved

was a matter we had not really considered. "Take short views of life," was a maxim once laid down by a great authority as the straight road to success; and whether the advice be sound or not, it is not unusual for small boys to act upon it. Once clear of the town, we rode off at our best pace, or, at least, at the best pace of three of us. For, before we had gone half-a-mile, Bannister was already grumbling at being constantly compelled to slacken down in order to allow our more cumbersome machines to draw level. We had need to move if we really meant to reach our objective, which was on the high road that ran straight through the town. This route, for the present, we did not dare to take. It was our intention to complete a circuit of about five miles of irregular lanes, which would lead us back into the high road at a point about two miles from the town. At that distance we judged we should be safe in continuing our journey along the main thoroughfare.

Now, in thinking we had effected our departure secure from all hostile eyes, we had, unfortunately, overlooked one unsuspected danger. Joey, the school factotum, had been watching our proceedings at first with idle curiosity, then with suspicion, and lastly with joyful indignation as the inner meaning of matters dawned upon him. The indignation may have been an empty parade of affected virtue. The joy was real enough. Joey had more than one score to play off against Lewis; and now, at last, he saw an opportunity of getting even with his young tormentor. He would carry his tale to the strictest master he could find, and invite him to start in pursuit and catch the offenders red-handed. The butler chuckled gleefully as his imagination already depicted the scene, and the retribution which would of a surety be exacted for the breach of bounds. But which master should he go to? Fate decided the question for the butler. At that very moment the German master, Leutenegger, came sauntering slowly across the playground. The very man, thought Joey.

I hope I shall not be deemed guilty of *lèse-majesté* if I write that Leutenegger was probably the best-hated man that ever exercised any authority at the school. It was not so much that he was a foreigner, or that he played no games. Jalaguier, the French master, suffered from both these disadvantages, and yet was unanimously voted a good sort. It was rather because of the general opinion that Leutenegger did not play *the* game. He was wont to resort to any little

trick or device to detect the objects of his suspicions, and to display an unconcealed enjoyment whenever he was successful in securing their punishment. Joey was right in thinking he had found the very man for the job. The German listened eagerly to the butler's breathless statement, and expressed his readiness for the pursuit. But how was he to make sure of capturing the delinquents?

"Lor, sir," said the butler, "that's easy enough. They ain't gone out for a two minutes' ride, that's certain. Now, I know them there lanes, and they only lead back to the high road about two miles further on. So I horses the master's carriage and drives you straight down the High, and you will get to the turning afore they can. Then if they don't come we shall know as they've decided to go back the same way; so what does we do but whip round and catch 'em the other end?"

"Good!" exclaimed Leutenegger, "but you haf the real genius."

The gratified butler had out the doctor's horse and brougham in the twinkling of an eye. In a very few minutes after we had started, the German master was being driven rapidly down the High, intent on entrapping us at the point where the lanes wound into the main thoroughfare.

III.

IN the meantime, unconscious of impending danger, we cyclists sped gaily upon our unlawful way. Or, rather, to put it more accurately, Bannister sped gaily on his way, and frequently had to turn and come back for the others, with whom he remonstrated vigorously on the slowness of the pace. The outraged trio retorted with equal vigour, and made various disparaging allusions to Bannister's estimate both of himself and his machine. Then that youngster, finding our united vocabulary too much for him, tried another tack, and took to riding by himself until he was safely round a corner and out of sight, when he would dismount, and, leaning against the hedge, await our arrival in ostentatious silence and with folded arms. In this manner relations were beginning to get a little bit strained, and it was just as well for the harmony of the party when the five miles of circuitous lanes had at last been covered, and the deviation into the high road had to be accomplished with a care and caution that necessitated the use of concerted action.



THE GERMAN MASTER FLUNG OPEN THE DOOR, AND, ALIGHTING ON THE ROAD, SHOUTED TO US TO STOP.

"It's all safe enough," said Carter. "I knew there wouldn't be any one about at this distance from the town—Great Scott! the doctor's carriage!"

For there, drawn close up under the hedge on the off-side, so that we had missed it in our first hasty glance up and down the road, was the doctor's brougham, and as Joey, mounted on the box, caught sight of us, he raised a yell of exultant triumph. The German master, who had been reposing inside the brougham, flung open the door, and, alighting on the road, shouted to us to stop.

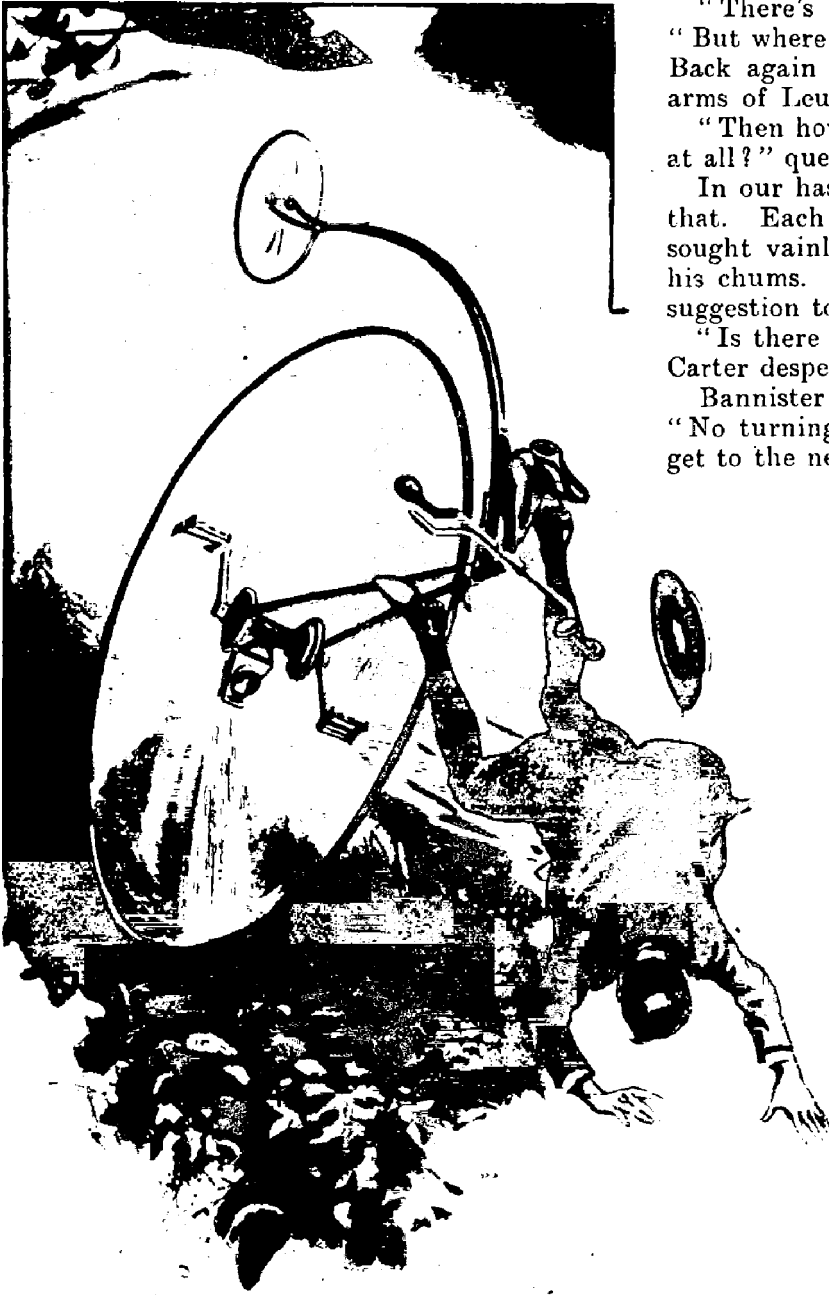
"It's Leutenegger!" cried Bannister, and off he dashed at top speed, away from the school and along the High. What we expected to gain by flight I hardly know, for we had clearly been recognised, and probably were only making matters worse. But in moments of danger instinct is oftentimes a wiser counsellor than reason, and instinct distinctly bade us fly. So we fled. Bannister first, as I have said, and then the other three after him, all bending double over their rickety old machines and pedalling away at their utmost pace.

We had secured a flying start, for Joey had to wait for the master to re-enter the brougham before he could pull it to the centre of the road and whip up in pursuit. If we could only maintain our lead for a few minutes we felt we should be safe. For, about a couple of miles further on, the road descended a steep hill, which we knew Joey would be compelled to take cautiously, and then, after another mile or so, ascended a corresponding hill, which would prove an even more serious obstacle to the pursuit. The thing was to reach the first hill, and it must be remembered that mutual loyalty regulated our pace to the capacity of the oldest machine and the least expert rider. Lewis, in particular, who was smaller than the rest, could only just reach with the tips of his toes the pedals of the cycle he had secured, and this was not conducive to pace. And as for the machine on which I was mounted, I had been misguided enough in our hasty flight from the school to collar the first, which proved to be the heaviest, that came to hand. With Leutenegger on our heels, I could have vowed it weighed fully a ton. Still we sped manfully onwards. Bump, bump! Ugh! what a stone! Meantime, Joey urged on his frantic steed with wild shouts and yells of imprecation, standing upright on the box the better to lash the unfortunate animal, whilst the master leaned half-way out of the window and

hurled at us both injunctions to stop and threats of punishment in a curious medley of German and broken English. "Steady, Lewis," said Carter, breathlessly, as the youngster swerved, "you nearly had us all over that time." On we went, but the sound of the wheels of the remorseless pursuit drew nearer and nearer. Oh, joy! the hill at last! At a desperate and reckless speed we rushed full-tilt down that steep and dangerous declivity. How we ever contrived to get to the bottom unscathed I do not know. It was one of those foolhardy escapades of youth at which, in maturer age, one looks back in wondering amazement. But the special providence which seems to watch over the mad hazards undertaken by small boys brought us safely through the risk. Bump, bump, went my machine as it reached the bottom, and I confess, for the moment, my heart was in my mouth. But, beyond bucking like a colt during the first level hundred yards or so, nothing happened. "We—we—we c—c—came down that kill w—w—well, d—didn't we?" panted Bannister, "we must have left them behind now." We gazed backwards in that fond hope, but to our amazement Joey had forgotten his discretion in the excitement of the moment. If he could not fully emulate our break-neck pace he had followed so fast on our heels that the brougham was already nearly at the foot of the hill. With despair tugging at our hearts we prepared again to fly, when a sudden shout of alarm caused us to gaze back once more. Joey had lost control of the reins as the brougham gave a violent jerk on reaching the foot of the hill. The frightened horse swerved, and charged wildly into the hedge; and there, half slanting over, was the carriage stuck fast in the ditch, and we felt it would take at least half an hour for the united efforts of the two men to succeed in extricating it from its position.

IV.

GREAT is the relief of escape from immediate danger, even when it is not apparent that any substantial benefit has been gained thereby, and the threatened evil seems as certain in its ultimate operation as ever. When we saw our pursuers temporarily disabled we could scarcely restrain a shout of exultation, and we jogged on awhile as blithely and merrily as if we had escaped unobserved. It was not until we arrived at the foot of the long



TURNED A SOMERSAULT IN THE NEAREST DITCH.

hill, a mile or so further on, and paused for a few moments to recover our breath before attempting the ascent, that we began to reflect on the situation and to wonder whether we had done much good for ourselves after all. And even then our thoughts only turned to the risk of immediate capture.

"I say, Bannister," sang out Carter, as he surveyed the hill with somewhat modified enthusiasm. "Is it any use to go sweating up there? We've got time, I suppose?"

"There's time enough," said Bannister. "But where else could we go if there wasn't? Back again would lead us straight into the arms of Leutenegger."

"Then how are we going to get back again at all?" queried Lewis, suddenly.

In our hasty flight we had not thought of that. Each gazed blankly at the others, and sought vainly for inspiration in the faces of his chums. But no one had any practical suggestion to offer.

"Is there no side lane somewhere?" asked Carter desperately.

Bannister shook his head despondently. "No turning at all that is any use until we get to the next town, and then, I fancy, it is twenty or thirty miles round on any decent road. Besides, I don't know the way."

"Not much use if you did. We should only make it worse by being late for lock-up."

"I suppose Leutenegger is sure to wait for us?" I queried.

"Wait!" said Carter, savagely. "He will wait till sunset if I know the beast. Especially now his dander is up."

"Well, anyhow," said Bannister, gloomily, "I'm not going to squat here to be caught. Let's go up the hill, and then if we see them coming we shall have time to decide what to do."

"Right," acquiesced Carter. "But just wait for this chap to get down, or he will run into us. By George, he is coming a pace."

We looked at the approaching cyclist, who was coasting down hill in the old-fashioned style,

with legs hanging over the handles. For a moment or two we did not recognise the approaching figure, although there was something in his appearance which seemed familiar to me. Then, as he drew nearer, the discovery dawned simultaneously on all four of us. "The Junior Classic!" I exclaimed.

Scarcely were the words out of my mouth when the machine, escaping from its rider's control, rushed violently to the foot of the

hill and, swerving as it careered against a stone, turned a somersault in the nearest ditch. The master was flung over the front wheel to the ground, where he lay motionless and unconscious.

"Oh," cried Bannister, in alarm, "he's dead, he's dead." And we all rushed towards the prostrate form. Dipping his handkerchief in the brook that ran by the wayside, Carter began to bathe the master's forehead, which had sustained a nasty cut. To our relief, the Junior Classic opened his eyes after a minute or two, and, sitting up, began to stare about him in a dazed sort of way.

"By Jove," he said, "I was clean knocked out, I suppose. And you have come to the rescue, like good kiddies. Serves me right, though, for coming down the hill like that."

"Are you better now, sir?" inquired Carter, anxiously.

"Oh, I shall be all right directly. I only hope the machine is."

Lewis and I picked up the bicycle, whilst Bannister neatly bandaged the master's forehead, which still bled a little, with his dry handkerchief. The Junior Classic pulled himself up slowly, ran his fingers gingerly over his limbs, and regarded the damaged machine ruefully.

"Bent bar, twisted pedal, two spokes gone, wheel rather rocky," he enumerated mournfully. "I can't ride it like that. Means walking all the way back, I suppose."

"I think I can help you, sir," cried Bannister, eagerly, overjoyed at the prospect of showing off his new possession. "I have a complete outfit in my bag."

"Splendid," ejaculated the Junior Classic, as he saw the tools. "I think I can manage to doctor it up now; at all events, well enough to ride it back to the school. You are well set up, young man. And what a jolly bicycle! But . . ."

He paused, and looked at us doubtfully. In the excitement of the moment, both sides had taken the meeting as the most natural thing in the world. Now the inevitable had happened, and we hardly wanted the master to complete his sentence in order to know what was coming.

"What are you boys doing here?" demanded the Junior Classic.

V.

"WHAT are you doing here?" repeated the master; and for answer we hung our heads in mute confusion.

The Junior Classic turned away silently, and commenced to devote his energies to the repair of his machine, whistling softly to himself the while. Possibly for once in a way he was a little puzzled as to the course he should pursue. Breaking bounds was a serious offence, and not one he was disposed to pass by lightly. On the other hand, a far sterner master than himself might well have been a little touched at the spontaneous sympathy rendered to him in his misfortunes; and he could not but reflect that we might have ridden off whilst he was lying unconscious, and—so far as he knew anything to the contrary—have escaped detection altogether. The master finished his task in silence, and then slowly handed back his tools to the abashed Bannister.

"I think that will do, thanks to you, young man," he said. "But you must not think I shall let you off. Breaking bounds is rather a serious business, you know. You will each write in Latin and English fifty lines of the first Georgic. And now, I think, you had better ride back to the school with me."

We resumed our cycles with feelings of glee and gratitude. Fifty lines! And those from a book which, thanks to the efforts of the speaker, we knew almost by heart. Leutenegger would have been good for at least a thousand lines of crabbed German, even if he had not insisted on sending us to the doctor.

So we rode back with the young master, and presently reached the foot of the hill which we had descended with such unusual celerity. Leutenegger and his perspiring coachman had just succeeded in extricating the brougham from the ditch, and the latter was resuming his seat on the box preparatory to continuing the pursuit. At the first sight of the cycles Joey gave vent to an exultant whoop, which brought the German out of the carriage in a trice. "Here they be, sir; here they be, the young rascals!"

Ere the words were fairly out of his mouth his eyes fell on the Junior Classic; and never shall I forget how Joey's jaw dropped as his face grew the length of the proverbial fiddle. Leutenegger seemed as much exasperated as his companion, for he darted at the unfortunate coachman a look of wrath and fury, which spoke plainly enough his thought that the latter was in a conspiracy to bamboozle him. Then he turned to his classical colleague with a forced smile.

"Ach! But my goot frendt, vot an egg-

sellent joke—an eggsellent joke! It is, indeed, ze spoof. I knew not that you were with ze boys."

The Junior Classic surveyed the speaker for a moment in silence, and then looked curiously at us. I expect he was making a pretty shrewd guess at the truth of the matter. But if there was one man in the world the young master detested it was Leutenegger, whose shifty devices and mean plottings to catch the boys he could not away with. He had no intention of surrendering us to the German's tender mercies.

"The boys?" he said interrogatively. "Oh,

yes; they are going to have tea with me. Jolly day for a ride, isn't it? I see you have the doctor's brougham out. Ta, ta!"

And we sped gaily on our way. When safely out of earshot the Junior Classic gazed round on the quartette and addressed us with more than a flicker of a smile at the corner of his lips.

"I shrewdly suspect, young men, that there was a little episode I ought to have known before I fixed the number of those lines. But as it is too late to alter them now you may as well spin me the yarn over the muffins."

We did.

BARS TO SUCCESS.

II.—ON CHOOSING THE WRONG PROFESSION.

By ALFRED T. STORY.

Author of "How Smoking Hurts You."



ONE of the most serious steps which a youth has to take in entering upon the practical duties of life concerns the choice of a profession or calling.

It frequently happens, of course, that a boy is not consulted in the matter as to what he shall do. This seems hardly right. He who will have to live the life that is to be decided upon ought, one would think, to have something to say as regards the course it should take. Howbeit, that is not always possible. Family necessities have to be considered, and in many instances youths are obliged to adopt a calling at an age when they are hardly in a position to judge what is best for them.

Still, as a rule, nowadays, boys are given more liberty as regards the choice of a profession or business than was formerly the case, and, what is more, they have a far better chance of suiting themselves than their fathers or grandfathers had before them. This for the reason that there is now much more written about openings for boys and young men than used to be

the case. Moreover, everybody has now a larger field of choice than he formerly had. There is, therefore, very little excuse for either boy or girl getting into a wrong calling.

Many still do so, however, with the almost inevitable result that failure ensues. Sometimes it happens that a young fellow who has started upon a wrong career manages through good luck or from natural ability to get into the right channel after all, and finds even that his wrong beginning has been to his advantage rather than otherwise. For there is hardly a single position or calling in life, however uncongenial, from which some useful knowledge or some insight into things beneficial may not be derived by a quick intelligence.

DON'T MAKE A FALSE START.

It is, however, best on the whole to begin right and to have no false starts. All do not possess the qualities to distil benefits out of misfortune or out of unfortunate experiences. In many the wrong start is apt to cause a feeling of disappointment that is

not easily got rid of and may leave permanent marks upon the character, just as a boy if deceived in going into the water for the first time is liable to be timorous ever after as a swimmer.

DON'T AIM TOO HIGH.

Ruskin tried to explain many of the failures in life's battle by suggesting that most people approached the question thus: I am not quite fitted to be Chancellor of the Exchequer, but I think I could manage a big railway or shipping company. Ruskin explained that the result of this attitude landed hundreds of men in hopeless ruin, and when the golden period of youth was passed they discovered to their dismay that they were only fit to be understrappers at a desk or hucksters in a very small way.

DON'T BE A SNOB.

One mistake that both parents and the young make in selecting trades and professions is that of thinking too much of what is called a "gentlemanly employment." Let us be clear on this point at once. It is not employment that makes the gentleman—it is character, and nothing else but character. On this subject I hope to have something to say elsewhere; but I would have young men keep this principle clearly in mind in choosing a profession, that they can sustain the character of a gentleman as well and as easily whilst following the calling of a blacksmith as in that of a clerk, and that a man may be as perfect a gentleman serving behind a counter as when holding the King's commission. There is a vast deal of nonsense talked about this "being a gentleman," and the sooner a lad gets it out of his head the better.

THE GOOD CLERK.

Charles Lamb sketched the character of this individual in his quaint and inimitable style in the Essays of Elia. The sketch is still worthy of perusal from a practical point of view. I recommend my readers to supplement this article by Elia's remarks.

Some few years ago there was an excessive run on clerkships. Every young fellow appeared to think that the acme of life's possible successes lay in the direction of clerical work. It required no great exertion, its duties could be filled without taking off a coat, and without unnecessary soil to collar or cuff. The would-be clerk did not look far ahead.

The fact is, a clerkship should never be looked at as an end in itself, but only as a

means to an end. To be able to write "a fair and swift hand, to be competently versed in the four first rules of arithmetic, and in the Rule of Three (sometimes called the Golden Rule"), is all very well in its way, but every young man with any ambition in him should look forward to a larger career than that. And here we come to the very essence of the question of success. I take it that a young man of fair abilities looks forward to something more than a salary of two pounds a week. If he feels that he can be satisfied with such a salary—well, he is entitled to his satisfaction.

HAVE A GOOD HARD THINK ABOUT YOUR FUTURE.

But if a youth, out of pure thoughtlessness, takes to a trade or calling that promises nothing better than thirty shillings or two pounds a week, as the best he can expect, let him not be disappointed if he finds, when it is too late to change, that he cannot live on the stipend. The majority of boys have to begin to think about work when they reach the age of fifteen or seventeen.

But too many boys, unfortunately, do not think at all on the subject of what they are going to be, and this lack of thought is one of the most prolific causes of failure. Even when they have made a thoughtful choice they often fail to do the best they might to prepare themselves for their career. A friend of mine, who is a contractor in a very large way of business, and who has passed scores of youths through his shops, used to find that his apprentices never did anything to improve themselves after they began work. So, in nine cases out of ten, they simply developed into ordinary workmen. He accordingly inaugurated a new method. He required each of his apprentices to undergo an examination in scholastic work; then he made it a condition that each should attend technical classes on certain evenings of the week while serving his articles. The result was that he now got a very superior type of workers, and that in each case his apprentices, when they had completed their apprenticeship, were soon employed as foremen, managers, etc., at salaries of from £250 to £300 a year. And there was, and is, never any lack of posts for them.

PUSH YOUR EDUCATION AS FAR AS POSSIBLE.

These were young fellows who could have done very well as clerks, but they had the good sense to see that they could do better by pushing their education a little further. One of the great secrets of success at the present day lies in that—pushing the education a

little further in the technical direction. When it is considered that a little more education is as good as two or even three additional strings to the bow, there is no excuse nowadays for any boy or young man failing to get it.

The little more and how much it is,
The little less and what worlds away.

A clerk—one who can merely use his pen seated at a desk—is practically tied to his native place. Everywhere there are plenty of his sort—they are produced so easily and so cheaply. But let a young man in addition be able to use his hands in some technical capacity—even if it be no more than the knowledge of a little carpentry, a little mechanics, a little chemistry, etc.—and he will find his way round the world, and eventually pick out his place somewhere amid the million-million acres of the English.

TRAIN YOUR HAND AND EYE.

The gist of the whole matter is, get as much brains into your fingers, so to speak, as is possible, and get it there while you are young, for then it sticks. In the north country the women and men in workshop and factory, in weaving-shed and foundry, possess an inherent deftness of hand and finger. It is the result of generations of training and skilful direction in the practice of arts and crafts. That should be every boy's programme, thoughtfully laid out, and determinedly adhered to, from the time he begins to think until he reaches man's estate. Nor should he allow himself to be turned from his purpose by false pride, by the sneers of foolish people, or by stupid conventions. Don't think, because your father is a doctor or a clergyman, that it would be *infra dignitatem* for you to "go into trade." That used to be the talk of professional people. It would be said that for such a person "to go into trade" would be to dishonour his family. All that sort of chatter is foolish. It has led to many men going into the clerical and the medical professions who were totally unfitted for them. And not only did the professions suffer by their incompetence (to say nothing of their clients), but they themselves suffered the disgrace of failure; whereas, if they had gone into a business or calling suitable to their abilities, they might have done well.

TRADE WILL NOT DISHONOUR YOU.

There is nothing dishonourable in trade. A man may pursue any calling, even the lowliest, with perfect honour—if he pursue it

honestly and with entire worthiness. Moreover, if there be anything in a man, the lowliest trade does not stand in his way. Arkwright was a barber, Bunyan a tinker, Carey, the missionary, a cobbler! And how many more there are that might be named who rose from the humblest callings to honour and usefulness.

It remains to point out one other frequent source of failure. I refer to the fault of oversensitiveness. It is not a thing that is easily overcome. The peculiarity is one that, often enough, runs in the blood. It gets the name of modesty; it is sometimes spoken of as bashfulness; whatever it is, knocking about among one's fellow men—rubbing shoulders as much as possible with the world, that is—does a lot to alleviate it. Sensitive boys and young men are far too prone to shrink from going into society, conversing with the opposite sex, etc. Let them remember, however, that, in order to get on in life, they must "face the music," and not be always wanting to run away and hide themselves.

THE CURSE OF SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS.

The way it acts is to make persons suffering from it too self-conscious or over-conscious of inferiority, and thus unable to push themselves forward or even to do the simplest thing that brings them in contact with others without shrinking and pain. Of course there are degrees of the affliction; but in all cases the only cure for the trouble is to be found in the cultivation of nerve and courage. The writer once knew two young men who were thus troubled. They were artists, and recognising that this common weakness would mean utter ruin to their prospects if they did not overcome it, they took a very bold step as a means of cure. They determined to call upon all the well-to-do people within miles of their homes, to make excuses for engaging them in conversation, and so on. Sometimes they found themselves in very awkward positions, and it required all their wit and presence of mind to carry them through the ordeal; but they generally managed to come out all right in the end, and, in any case, the method was successful in curing them of their over-sensitiveness, and both are now successful men.

I do not necessarily recommend the method as a good one for all to adopt; but it shows what may be done by courage and resolution, and these are the only qualities which can successfully combat and overcome so painful and disqualifying a malady.

LUBENSTEIN'S BIG DEAL.

By C. MALCOLM HINCKS.

Illustrated by E. F. SKINNER.

I.

LUBENSTEIN'S father was a stockbroker, and the son seemed to have inherited some of his father's business instincts. He came to St. Vedas when he was fifteen, and was placed in the fifth.

One evening, whilst walking in the quad, he was meditating ruefully upon his shortness of ready money, for his father, although metaphorically rolling in wealth, allowed him but a meagre supply of pocket-money, upon the principle that if he wanted more he must get it by his own efforts.

He was wondering how he could best put this laudable idea into practice, when he noticed a light in the tuck-shop window. More out of curiosity than anything else, he strolled across, and, opening the door without any ceremony, walked in.

Mr. Patrick Dennis, the school porter, glanced up from a very dirty-looking book, over which he was running an equally dirty finger.

"Well, Master Lubenstein, what be ye wanting here?"

"That's what I was going to ask you, Pat. I'm just going back from the gym."

"I'm calculating up me books," said Dennis, importantly.

"Looking up your big profits, eh?"

"Oi don't make much of them nowadays, sir, since old Chuffles has been an' raised the price of tarts from ninepence to tenpence a dozen."

"Tenpence a dozen?" ejaculated Lubenstein. "You don't mean to tell me that you pay that for them?"

"Yes, I do, sir, bad luck to the old thafe."

Lubenstein suddenly be-

came interested. He asked the cost price of several other edibles, and the Irishman, evidently struck by his manner, gave him all the information he desired.

"I suppose you mustn't increase the prices?"

"No, sir. The Doctor wrote out a list of the prices I was to charge, told me where I could buy the goods, and said I could have the profits as part of me wages."

"Now, look here, Pat, I think I know a place in London where I could buy the tuck for about half the price, and no one need know the difference. I'll manage to go up to London to-morrow and make arrangements for getting some of the goods down."

"You're very good, sir, but how about the money?"

"Well, we're both business men; I'll find



"LOOKING UP YOUR BIG PROFITS, EH?"

the ready money now, and we will go halves in the profits. Do you agree to that?"

It struck Mr. Dennis that he wasn't going to get so much profit out of it as he had at first expected, but he grudgingly agreed, and Lubenstein, after making some further arrangements, went his way with a light heart.

That evening he wrote in a carefully disguised hand a most affectionate and touching letter to himself, and the next morning it was understood that Lubenstein had gone to London to see an aunt, who was seriously ill.

It was about a week after the foregoing episode that some of the regular patrons of the tuck-shop began to detect a difference in the quality of the goods. They complained to Dennis, who said he could not understand it, unless it was that Chuffles didn't put such good material into them.

Now, unfortunately for the ingenious Irishman, it chanced on the Saturday following the introduction of the new management at the tuck-shop, that Lambton and Braddon, on their way up from the station, called in at Chuffles' for some tea.

When Chuffles himself brought their bill, Lambton asked him why it was the stuff he sent up to the school wasn't as good as that he sold at his shop.

"I haven't sent anything up to the school, sir, for about a week."

"Oh," said Braddon, in astonishment, "how's that?"

"I don't know rightly, sir. But Dennis came down and paid my bill, and said he was going to buy elsewhere, as he could get it cheaper."

These revelations gave the two boys food for much conversation, and when they reached the school they talked it over with several cronies, who grew righteously indignant, and demanded punishment for the impostor who dared to foist inferior tuck on them.

Then young Harvey happened to mention that he had seen Lubenstein leave the tuck-shop with Dennis one evening about a week ago, and this, connected with the former's visit to London, began to awaken suspicion.

By Tuesday morning they had no doubt who was the originator of the scheme, and in the afternoon, when they saw a fresh supply of the cheap goods from London taken in, they at once decided to strike a decisive blow.

Braddon's study was packed to its utmost

limits when the committee of protest met together to decide what steps to take. Lambton, being a prefect, could not very well attend, but he sent some useful advice by his friend Braddon, and after a meeting lasting about half-an-hour the boys left the study with a stern, determined look upon their faces.

The next morning a junior met Lubenstein as he was making his way into hall for breakfast, and with a most innocent and shocked expression on his face informed him that the tuck-shop had been raided during the night, and relieved of all the tuck it contained.

Lubenstein turned pale, then flushed crimson.

"Who discovered it?" he asked.

"Pat; he's gone to tell the Doctor."

"Fool!" said Lubenstein, and walked on.

Mr. Dennis certainly deserved this sweeping denunciation. He had discovered that the shop had been broken into and stripped of all its contents. To crown all, on the counter was a brand new farthing with a card bearing the words: "For value of goods taken." This had raised Mr. Dennis's anger to boiling point. Without a moment's thought he tore off to the Doctor's house, where, as luck would have it, he met that gentleman coming out of his study after an early morning's work.

He breathlessly poured out his tale, and produced the farthing and card. The Doctor listened incredulously.

"It certainly looks like the boys' doing," he said, "but I can't understand it—they always seemed pleased with Chuffles' goods before. I must go and see him about it."

Then it was that Mr. Dennis realised the foolishness of his action, and, thinking that (as there was no other way out of it) it would be best to make a clean breast of it, he told the Doctor the whole story, making things as black as he could for his partner, "who," he added, "had tempted a poor hard-working man."

The result was that Mr. Dennis left St. Vedas, Lubenstein had a very uncomfortable quarter of an hour with the Doctor, and the school lost a half-holiday by its high-handed action.

Lubenstein was severely cut for some time by the majority of the fellows, but, as he seemed to treat this with cool indifference, they soon got tired of it, and he was allowed to mix with them as before. The bigger fellows said that he was without any spirit or feeling, and that it wasn't worth the trouble to cut him.

But had they been able to read the young

financier's mind, they would not have felt quite so sure on that point.

And Lubenstein's motto was "Wait."

II.

WHEN the school re-assembled for the summer term, the tuck-shop incident was nearly forgotten. A new porter had taken the place of Dennis, and Chuffles' celebrated pastry was again on sale.

Almost from the beginning of the term there was much speculation about the cricket match between the school and Bunteford—a town some six miles distant. Its eleven was a very strong one, but there were great hopes of the school winning this year.

The match was to be played on a Saturday, and on the previous Tuesday evening some of the leading lights of the fifth were chatting things over after "prep."

"I hope old Parsons lays in a good stock of drinks," said Richards, who was a great and rapid consumer of light beverages.

"That's all you fellows think about," said Lubenstein, who had just entered the room.

"You'd think about it a bit after watching a cricket match in the blazing heat for several hours," retorted Richards.

"I never do such a thing," said Lubenstein, shortly; "but why are you so anxious that one man should lay in such a big stock?"

"You haven't been to the Bunteford ground, have you?"

"No."

"Well, the ground is a mile and a half from the town. There are no houses or shops near it, except a little cottage kept by a man named Parsons, who always gets ginger-beer and things in stock, when there is a match to be played."

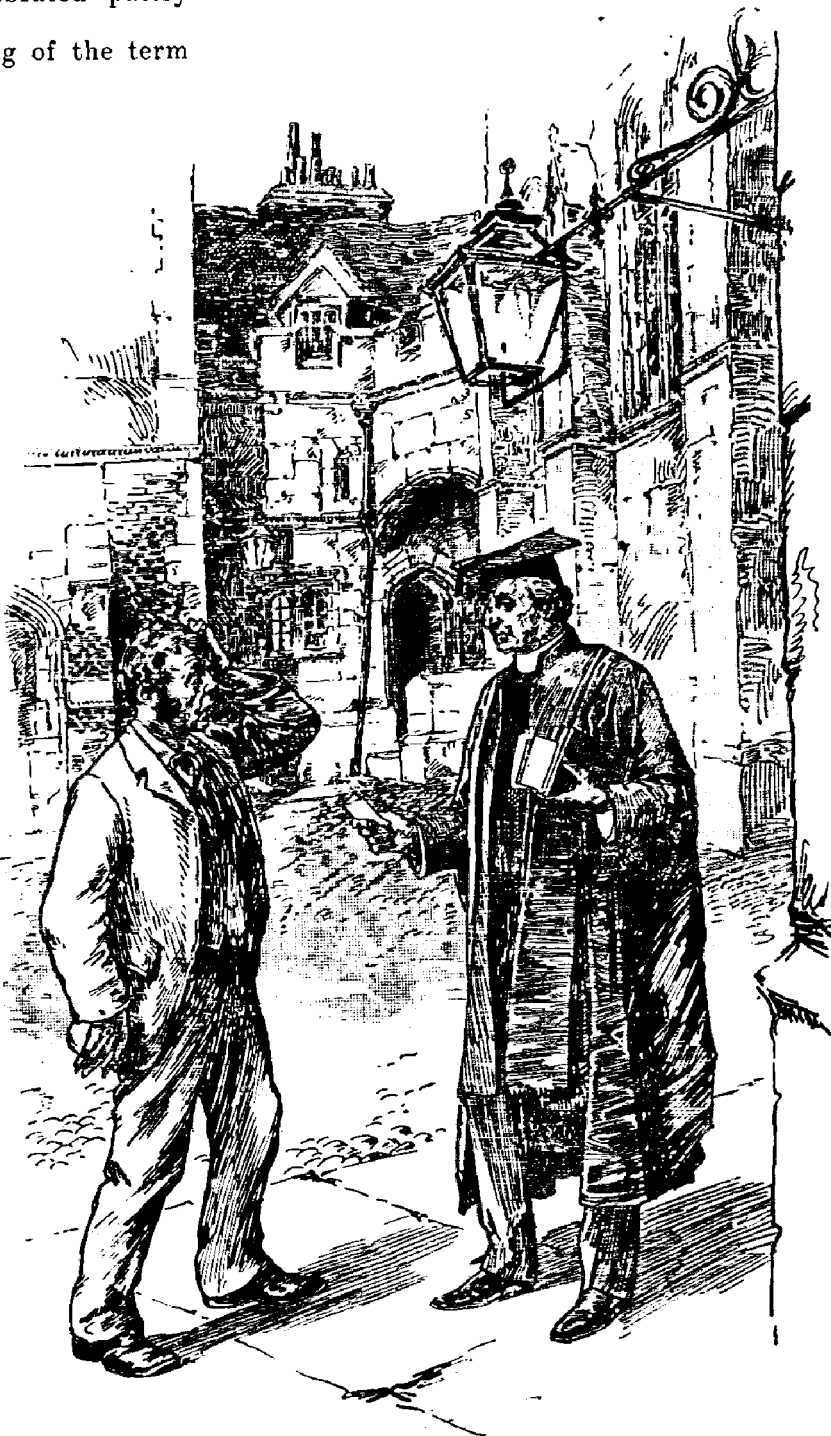
"So you are dependent on him?"

"Entirely."

"Rather awkward," said Lubenstein carelessly as he turned on his heel.

The next morning he was down in the town sending a telegram to his father at Cophall Court, London, E.C.

* * * *



THEN IT WAS THAT MR. DENNIS REALISED THE FOOLISHNESS OF HIS ACTION.

Hobson and Crawley had yelled themselves hoarse, and, as the interval in the match was fast approaching, they thought they would betake themselves to Mr. Parsons' and obtain first choice of his store.

They ran across a field into a little country lane, and there, almost opposite to them, was a small, tidy-looking cottage. They walked up the neatly-kept garden and entered the parlour, which was arranged as a refreshment-bar, a tempting display being laid out on shelves behind the temporary counter.

"Good afternoon, Parsons," said Hobson to the honest-looking old countryman who was sitting behind the counter.

"Good afternoon, sir."

"Got a good stock?"

"Yes, sir, I think so. How's the match going?"

"We're doing very well; I think we shall lick 'em."

"I'm glad to 'ear it, sir. What can I get you?"

"I'll have a lemonade," said Hobson.

"What are you going to have, Crawley?"

"Oh, I'll have a lemonade too, thanks."

Parsons poured out the drinks, and the junior handed him a shilling. After some time, as no change was forthcoming, he remarked carelessly:—

"You haven't given me my change yet, Parsons."

"There's no change, sir."

"What!"

"No, sir, prices 'ave gone up. I ought to have told you before, sir, but I forgot to."

Hobson turned pale; the shilling was all he had with him, and he had intended to make it do for the afternoon.

"It's a swindle; you should have told us when I gave my order. Wait till I see the other fellows, that's all."

"I can explain——"

But Hobson was rushing out of the room, pulling Crawley with him.

In the lane they met a crowd of other fellows making for the cottage.

"I've been swindled!" yelled Hobson.

Lambton caught him by the ear.

"Well, don't go mad if you *have* been swindled. What's it all about?"

"Parsons charged sixpence each for two lemonades."

"Yes, Lambton," put in Crawley. "Hobson put down a bob, and the old beggar stuck to it."

Lambton turned to the others.

"I don't know whether these kids have

gone off their chumps, or Parsons off his. We'd better go and see him about it."

They moved in a body up the garden and swarmed into the little room, which they more than filled.

Lambton, still holding Hobson by the ear, made his way to the counter.

"This youngster says you've swindled him, Parsons."

"No, no, sir. I was going to explain to him when he rushed out, sir."

"What's the explanation, then?"

"Well, sir, a gentleman 'as bought my stock for this afternoon, and 'as raised all the prices. I've nothing to do with it; I'm only selling them for 'im."

"Do you mean to say he has bought your stock outright?" demanded Richards, apprehensively.

"That's it, sir. 'E came in 'ere yesterday afternoon, just as I was a-starting to arrange things. 'Is your name Parsons?' 'e says. 'Yes,' says I, 'at your service, sir.' 'I see you've got your stock in,' 'e says. 'Yes, sir,' says I. 'What do you want for it?' says 'e. I was struck all of a 'cap like, o' course, but I manages to stammer out that it was worth about two pound ten to me.

"'Very well,' 'e says, putting down two pound fifteen. 'I want you to sell the grub for me. The extra five shillings is for your trouble. You must sell at the prices I 'ave written down 'ere.'

"Then 'e gave me a list with all the prices written down. 'E was a nice, civil-spoken young gent, and we come to terms there and then. I 'ope you don't blame me for doing a stroke of business, sirs?"

"What sort of a chap was he?" demanded Harrison.

"Oh, a darkish young gentleman, sir, 'bout your 'ight may be."

"Lubenstein, or I'm a Dutchman," ejaculated Lambton.

"I vote we don't buy anything," suggested one or two fellows from the back.

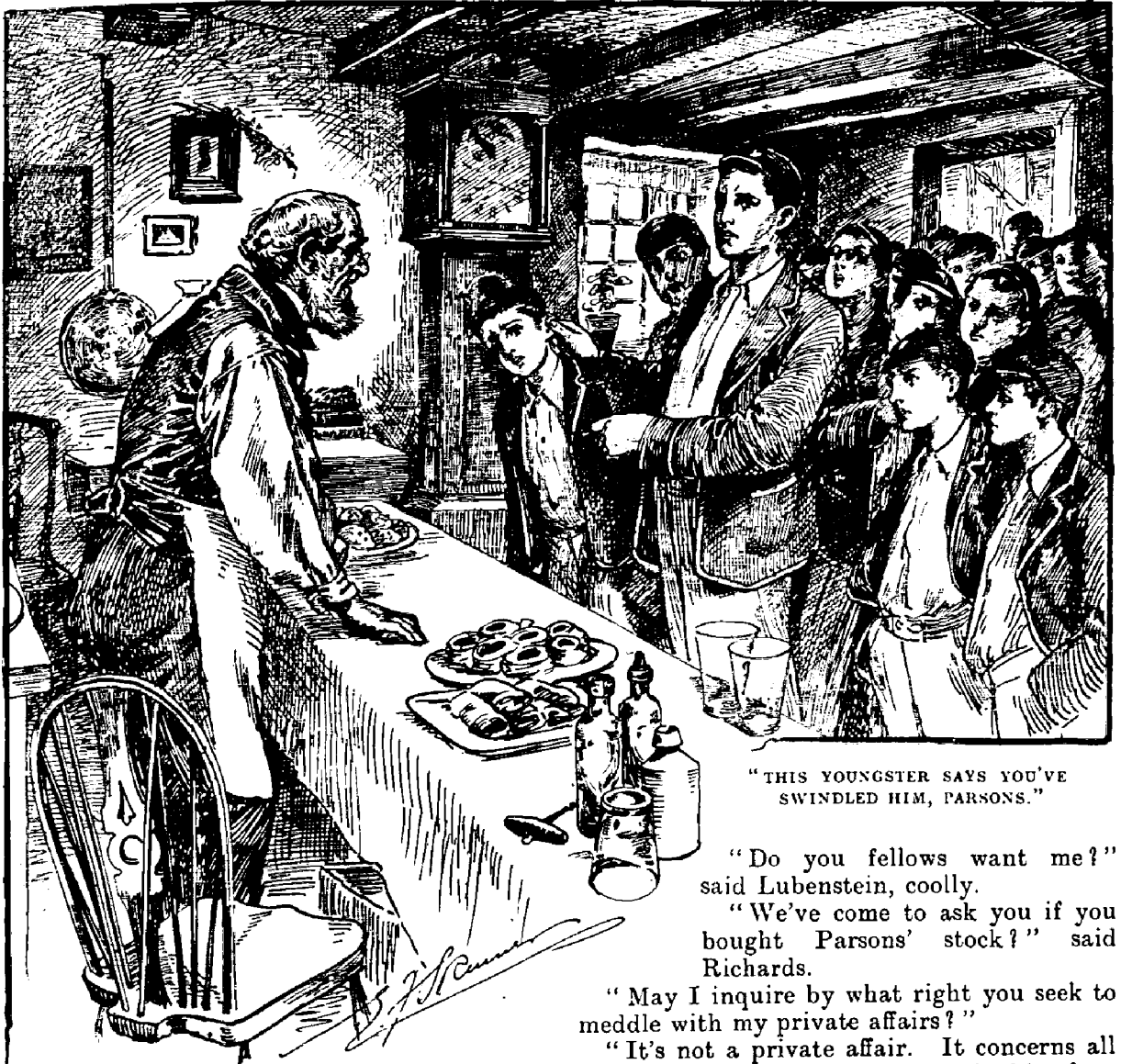
This laudable proposal was cheered, but it was a very hot afternoon, and the idea of going away thirsty did not commend itself to the majority, however angry they may have been.

"Can't you let us have it a little cheaper, Parsons?"

"No, sir. 'E was a regular business gent; 'e counted everything, and I've got to account for it when 'e calls next week."

Harrison suggested that he might not be alive by then, and the juniors cheered lustily.

Ultimately, those who could afford to buy



"THIS YOUNGSTER SAYS YOU'VE SWINDLED HIM, PARSONS."

"Do you fellows want me?" said Lubenstein, coolly.

"We've come to ask you if you bought Parsons' stock?" said Richards.

"May I inquire by what right you seek to meddle with my private affairs?"

"It's not a private affair. It concerns all the fellows who went to the match this afternoon. Are you going to answer or not?"

"Well, as you seem anxious to know, I *did* purchase some things from Parsons this week."

"Which you told him to sell to us at double or treble the price?"

"That is also correct."

"Then you're a beastly cad!" burst out Richards.

"That is a matter of opinion," said Lubenstein, coldly. "On 'Change it would be considered clever. When you get older and are more used to money matters you will find that there are more ways than one of looking at a thing. You call it a caddish thing to do; I prefer to call it a big deal."

And Lubenstein, linking his arm, with the utmost composure, into that of his friend, walked coolly away down the corridor.

did so, and those who could not depended upon the charity of their more fortunate fellow sufferers. When they all returned to the match, the greater part of the stock had been cleared out at the increased prices, which meant that Parsons' "proprietor" would make a clear profit out of the "transfer."

It was by no means a good-tempered crowd that returned to St. Vedas that evening. By way of a finishing touch to their misfortunes, the school had been beaten by four runs, and certain of the spectators ascribed it to their having been unable to cheer their side for the lack of the stimulating fluid that should have moistened their throats.

Lubenstein was in the main corridor chatting with a friend, when an angry crowd, headed by Harrison and Richards, approached him.



THE CYCLING CORNER.

By HAYDON PERRY.

HOW TO TEACH CYCLING.

ALTHOUGH it is long ago, and "ancient history," I will tell you how I myself learnt to ride. It was in the days of the old bone-shaker, when the average machine was not so dissimilar in principle from the modern safety as the rider of to-day might suppose. The main difference lay in the fact that you had to exert your driving powers on the front, instead of the rear, wheel, and this had a totally different effect upon the steering.

If on the modern safety we pedal evenly and with smooth motion the steering is scarcely affected at all, and the style of riding known as "without handles riding" becomes very easy, the impetus of the machine itself helping one to keep along the straight line. That is because the connection between the pedalling and the steering is very indirect, and if the handle-bar be left easy, there will be no marked tendency on the part of the front wheel to answer any properly delivered crank-thrust.

TEACH YOURSELF.

In the old way it was altogether different. The driving, as well as the steering, was directed upon the foremost of the two wheels, and every crank-thrust tended to upset the equilibrium. It was found in practice—and in theory you can readily see it—that every right foot stroke had the effect of swaying the front wheel to the leftward, and *vice versa*. Riding without touching handle-bars required quite a different sort of skill from that now demanded.

I learnt on one of these primitive machines, and I had no teacher. I taught myself, and I should advise every learner, who is so situated as to have similar opportunities, to do the same. Whatever sort of a machine you have, it is essential that its framework should be provided

with a step. Any kind of bicycle so equipped is suitable for the method of self-teaching which I am about to describe.

HOW TO DO IT.

First of all take the machine to some convenient place where the surface is smooth and the road comparatively wide. Every learner who is self-taught is sure to do a bit of initial "wobbling," and so is every learner who is taught by another person, provided that the other knows how to teach. The surface, then, should be smooth in quality, spacious in extent, and, above all, *level*. Those who advise learning on a slight down-hill gradient are unwise. The beginner will be in constant fear of being run away with by his machine; therefore, keep on the flat.

For the purposes of self-teaching it is advisable to hire an old "crock," for, although by the method I advise falls are not likely to occur, still, if they do, the uninitiated will exercise all his spare efforts in saving himself, and will not think of how to save the machine—even if he knew that art, which becomes almost the first instinct of the old hand. There were no old "crocks" to hire or borrow when I learnt, and my schoolmate was a very generous fellow to lend me his brand new machine. His generosity was accentuated by the fact that he knew I meant to teach myself.

A RACE WITH A TIGER.

But then, he was one of the most generous fellows I ever knew. An odd fellow he was, too. At school he was never so happy as when drawing animals, and at Cambridge he specialised in biology. When last I saw him he was engaged in industriously plying a guillotine, of which a common razor was the cutting instru-

ment, and with it he was slicing the brain of a dead frog into goodness knows how many hundreds of lamina, in order that he might examine each with care under the microscope. I believe he ultimately entered the Indian Civil Service, and had an exciting run one evening somewhere in the Central Provinces, whilst escaping on his bicycle from the attentions of a man-eating tiger.

THE FIRST POSITION.

Having got your "crock" and led it to a suitable place, place it before you in such manner that you are standing behind the back wheel and reaching far over the machine so that your hands may firmly grasp the two handle grips. The next thing to do is to place the left foot on the step, and you will soon find by experience that the machine must be leaned a fractional angle to the right in order to compensate for the weight of the body which the step is presently to support.

HOW TO HOP.

A sort of hopping motion should now be made with the right foot, but it should not be the sort of scuffling hop which works against itself and leaves the machine and rider with no more impetus after the tenth hop than had been acquired after the third. The hop should really be a vigorous rearward push, and after about two of such actions the machine will be well under way and the whole body may be poised upon the step. At first make no attempt to gain the saddle. The only business in hand at the outset is to acquire the art of "body balance," and this can quickly and safely be done from the step.

HOW TO AVERT FALLS.

It will at once be noticed that there is a tendency to fall either to the one side or the other. People ignorant of mechanical principles will tell you that the antidote of this is to steer in the direction away from that in which you feel you are falling. This is all wrong. The declension from the erect attitude can only be corrected by the aid of centrifugal force, and to set up this it is necessary to steer a curve with its centre lying in the direction of the threatened fall. Therefore you must steer towards the side to which you feel you are falling. By acting thus you will find that your body and machine will once more resume the vertical position. Any other course of action must necessarily end in disaster.

THE FALLING SENSATION.

After a little practice the slightest departure from the vertical position will be detected, and the precise amount of correction—a very fine deflection in the steering—will be instinctively

administered. The falling motion which is so disconcerting to the beginner, and which produces the violent "wobbling" that proclaims him the novice to all observers, is still present always, even in the old hand who is an expert rider.

It is all a question of degree. The beginner is distressed because he lets the falling motion go to considerable developments before he detects it. The old rider, on the other hand, develops an instinct by which his nerves detect the fall almost before it has begun, and a quite involuntary and quite slight impulse counteracts it without his troubling to think about it at all. He is exercising such little impulses all the time, although he may be quite unconscious of them, and may be employing his deliberate faculties in viewing the surrounding scenery or in chatting with a companion.

CULTIVATION OF THE BALANCE.

We say of the good rider that he "rides a straight line." In actual fact it is scientifically impossible for him to do so. He really has acquired so great a degree of skill that he requires next to no centrifugal force to correct his incipient falls, and the consequent curves he makes in the roadway are so slight as to be quite unobservable. After a little practice in balancing on the step, the learner will feel that he is approaching this happy condition. The proof that he is doing so will present itself to him as soon as he can allow the machine to slack off to dead slow and yet retain his balance.

PLENTY OF TIME.

When this stage has been reached it is time to boldly take to the saddle. The learner has found out that he can keep the machine erect for quite a considerable number of seconds. To mount the saddle need not occupy more than one or two, so that there is plenty of time to seat one's self leisurely. It is well to remember this, because any hurried, nervous action may have the effect of upsetting the equilibrium. Difficulty may at first be found in getting at the pedals. But there is plenty of time for this also. If the pedals are not captured before the machine slows down too much to be any longer manageable, the learner can put out a leg on the side towards which the fall is developing, and alight upon his foot without danger.

In this way the self-taught rider should get through his task without even a scratch or a bruise. After two or three tries he will find it quite easy to get at the pedals before the initial speed has sensibly slackened. He can then maintain sufficient pace to make the steering easy. It is not to be supposed that the art of pedalling properly is unimportant. The con-

trary is the fact; but the matter of body balance is so important that it is the *sine qua non* of cycling, and therefore must be mastered first.

TEACHING GIRLS.

It will be seen that a girl cannot teach herself in the manner above described unless she wears "bloomers" and rides a man's machine. To begin with, a girl's machine never has a step. The great majority of girls, therefore, require some sort of assistance in the process of learning, and the best teacher is the one who has in mind the principles I have sketched above. Best of all is it for the teacher to have been himself in the first instance self-taught. He will then know more about the initial difficulties which he was obliged to tackle single-handed.

THE TEACHER'S DUTIES.

The teacher should guard against giving the pupil too much help—a very common mistake. Having first of all adjusted handle-bars and saddle so that the pedals come within comfortable reach of the learner, the latter should take an easy pose, while the teacher, standing on the left side of the machine, holds it erect and still. All being ready for a start, the teacher's left hand should lightly grasp the left hand of the learner, who will thus feel all the little steering impulses which the teacher exercises, while at the same time he carries on a running explanation. The word "running" must be taken in its figurative sense, for the teacher must on no account run. With a little patience the learner will master the art of steering at three miles an hour or less, and it is not necessary to state that steering at higher speeds is relatively easier.

DON'T PROP UP YOUR PUPIL.

The teacher's right hand should not touch the pupil or the saddle, but should rest upon some portion of the framework so that the learner does not know whether it is there or not. The upper portion of the back stays is a good place by which to hold, but remember that the hand is only there to prevent an actual fall, or, in the very early stages, to assist in propulsion. It is not there to prop up the machine, for machine and pupil are not on any account to be allowed to lean towards the instructor, but must be kept upright. All falling tendencies should be corrected by the steering hand of the teacher until such time as the pupil has picked up enough of the art to dispense with assistance.

"NOW YOU CAN RIDE."

Do not, if it is avoidable, let your pupil have a single fall. The moral effect is bad, and the time when full confidence will be established is delayed. The teacher should gradually loosen his hold upon the back-stay until he relinquishes it altogether. This is to be done after his left

hand has ceased to be needful as a factor in the steering. The letting go should be done without the knowledge of the pupil. I have taught many in this way, and taught them very rapidly. Sooner than ever the pupil expected, I have been able to make the remark—always received at first with incredulity—"You have been riding all by yourself for ten minutes, that is, without my touching you at all. Now you can ride."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Jaques (Silcoats).—You may rely upon the machines made by Messrs. Hobart, Bird, and Company, of St Patrick's Road, and Cheylesmore, Coventry. The Hobart fork ends are of good design, and are so contrived as to allow of the wheel being at any time removed without the usual operation of "springing" the forks—which can obviously do them no good. The patent crank bracket of these cycles is also a good feature. Its adjustment is simple and easy, and it is thoroughly well made.

Leonard P. (Woolwich).—The Veeder cyclometers marketed in this country by Messrs. Markt and Company, of 20 Chapel Street, Milton Street, London, E.C., are the things for your purpose. I have spoken of their pretty watch-like mechanism before in an article devoted entirely to the subject of cyclometers. The makers, who are located at Hartford, in Connecticut, U.S.A., have lately launched upon a new departure. They have discovered that many English-made bicycles have wheels measuring about three-quarters of an inch less than is stated to be their diameter, and that the wheels in question, when shod with tyres fully inflated and ready for use, really measure approximately 25½, 27½, and 29½ inches respectively. It is unnecessary to point out the importance of having a trustworthy counting machine in cases where you decide to entrust your counting to a machine entirely. The manufacturers of Veeder are equal to the occasion, and if you will tell them accurately the diameter of your wheel they will supply a cyclometer adapted so as to correctly record its revolutions.

L. F. G. (Truro).—The "Liberty" bells, which I have favourably noticed before, are a good set to select from. The sole English agents are the Messrs. Markt and Co. mentioned above; but your local cycle agent has them, or, if not, ought to get them at once.

H. H. S. (York).—Of the seven machines you name, any of the first four may be called first-rate. As to the frame, it must fit you or it will not do. Take a fork measurement in the manner I have explained previously, and see exactly what size the frame should be. Am glad this Corner has been helpful to you.

H. H. (West Didsbury, near Manchester).—I cannot recommend the machine. It is not possible to produce a really satisfactory mount at the price in London, Manchester, or anywhere else. Try to get about £3 more, and I will give you a liberal choice.

A. P. T. (Forest Hill, London, S.E.).—Any of the following would do, nor need you suppose that their names in any way exhaust the list:—Swift, Singer, Centaur, Humber, Hobart, Rover, Rudge, Whitworth, Sunbeam, Elswick, Enfield, and any of the firms I have praised in the past. Am sorry that replies can under no circumstances be posted direct.



THE MAN-EATER



BY E. COCKBURN REYNOLDS



Illustrated by the Author.

FACES! nothing but faces! A never-ending stream of wondering eyes and open mouths. They give no rest. I am old and weary and soon must die, but I would die in quiet. The end is not far off; and here in this land of cold and gloom, where the sun gives no heat and the moon no light, I shall die miserably like a caged rat. I, who have ruled vast jungles and taken tithe of cattle at pleasure from the villages of men.

They crowd with exclamations of surprise to see me eat my mouthful of horseflesh daily. But what would they say to have seen me in my prime break, with a single wrench of my jaw, the neck of the great bull leader of the herd? Aha! but that was a sight worth seeing. Now the little children make sport of me; but once man was my sport; yes, I will make confession. There were other things than cattle I preyed upon. Alas! that was my undoing; if I had hearkened to the voice of my sire, I should have let man alone, for, as he said, "that brings trouble always."

I grow old, and it is hard to remember those times yet, with eyes closed to keep out that pestilence of staring faces, I shall try once again to awake mind-pictures of those long gone days.

And now I think I see as clearly as if it were yesterday Shere Ali and Afzul Khan, my two brothers, rolling over each other in the sand on the floor of our cave, our fond mother purring with pleasure and pride as she watched us play. Those were times—what games we cubs had!

Well had our sire chosen his abode; it was high up in the face of the rock, large and open to the day. From it we could see some fifty miles away over jungle, river, and plain to the blue hills in the distance. We could watch the herds of pig and antelope feeding on their grounds two miles off, and sometimes we watched with great excitement our sire stalk his prey and make his kill, all in full view of the cave.

The day I killed my first buck I shall never forget. He was grazing in the open—only some scattered bushes and a few tufts of grass were between us. Both my sire and dam looked approvingly on as I crept carefully from bush to tuft, quivering with excitement and stopping quite still whenever the buck raised its head to look round. After what seemed an endless stalk, I got behind the last bush; there I waited, while the buck, all unconscious of danger, grazed nearer and nearer to destruction. Then, with a sudden rush and spring, I was on the back of the deer before it knew its danger. I dug all my claws into its shoulders, and, seizing its neck in my jaws, as I had seen my sire do, I did all I could to break it, but I was not strong enough, and, to my shame, the antelope ran with me on its back some distance before my mother, coming up, helped me to kill it. Yet it was a glorious experience, that first kill.

The next great adventure I can remember did not have so happy an ending.

We three cubs were nearly full grown, and had been killing for ourselves some time, hunting together or singly. We were rather proud

to find how we terrified the creatures of the forest, and seldom lost an occasion to show off our strength and daring. One day our pride received a severe check. We three were drinking at a pool, when an old grey boar came up, and, paying no attention to us at all, began to drink. Shere Ali, who was very hot-tempered and the strongest of the three, ordered him to stand aside till his betters had done drinking. The boar paid not the least attention, but drank on quietly, and Shere Ali, greatly angered, sprang at him with a roar which meant instant destruction.

The wild boar quickly changed his front, and instead of alighting on his back, Shere Ali fell on his sharp tusks, and we heard a loud chu-r-r-r, like the tearing of cloth, as his skin was ripped open by the savage beast. Shere Ali was stunned as much by the daring of the boar as by the force of the blow, yet, quickly recovering from the shock, he roared as he made another spring. This the boar met in mid-air, and another gash on the side was the result of the encounter. My brother bled freely from his wounds, and this, no doubt, made him a little cautious, as he now waited for the boar to attack him. The old grey warrior, who seemed to quite enjoy the battle, soon charged with a savage "hoo! hoo!" but this time Shere Ali sprang high, and, clearing the boar's head, alighted on his back. In another instant he would have torn open the loins of the boar and so finished him, but the cunning enemy turned over on his back, throwing my brother to the ground and rolling over him. For a moment they were mixed up together; but in the next the boar was above poor Shere Ali, and, with a long, ploughing stroke, ripped him up from stomach to chin. That did for Shere Ali, for, with one groan of agony and a blow of the paw which tore the scalp away from the wild boar, he lay still, and never moved again. We brothers would have gone to his help much sooner in the fray, but he bade us stand aside, as he was quite confident of his power to settle the old pig, as he called him.

Now, furious at the loss of our brother, Afzul Khan and I attacked the old boar together, quite forgetting all idea of fair play in our rage against the victorious enemy. He was a gallant beast, that old grey boar; he received his two fresh enemies as if it was not uncommon to have slain one tiger and to engage two more immediately after. Putting his back against a thick bush of thorns he awaited our attack, but having grown cautious from what we had already witnessed of the old fighter's powers, we were in no hurry to expose ourselves, so we

skirmished about for full half an hour, in which we had each given and received a few wounds without any great advantage. The old boar, who was almost blinded with blood from his torn scalp, now wanted to finish the fight, and charged furiously at Afzul Khan, who, repeating Shere Ali's manœuvres, jumped high and fell on the back of the boar as he passed under him, and I, thinking that the enemy would try the same trick by which he killed Shere Ali, made ready. True enough, the boar threw himself on his back again, but before he could turn over I had pinned him by the throat and so held him, biting deep, in spite of his great struggles, till his breathing slacked and ceased, and the brave heart gave up its life in one great, choking sob. But we were not proud of our victory. I had received wounds, the scars of which I bear to this day, and as for poor Afzul Khan, he was stabbed through the right shoulder and was lame of that leg ever after.

Our sire raged wildly when we took home the news of Shere Ali's death.

"Have I not bade you never to meddle with an old boar!" he roared, "there is no animal in the jungle that is more dangerous to us than an old tusker. Eat pig in plenty, but pass by on the other side when his hair is grey and give him room at the drinking place. This pig you have killed through great good luck is a fighter of much repute. I myself would not have given him battle. Small wonder that he made such short work of Shere Ali."

One day, as I was returning from hunting, I heard a groan, and presently came across my sire, lying in the shade of a Kurronda bush, dying from gunshot wounds. There had been a great hunt, he said, and my mother and Afzul Khan had been slain, while he had only escaped to die of his wounds; then, advising me to go to a distant jungle, he expired. I was filled with sorrow at the sudden loss of both parents and my brother, but I could not stay to mourn then, for the sound of the beaters advancing could be heard, so I fled from that jungle, never to return.

The jungle I now took up my quarters in was full of pig and antelope, but, as I had grown to my full size, I felt I did not get enough meat off these small creatures. One day I met a fine bull that had strayed into the jungle. I stalked and killed it successfully; it made a grand meal. Thereafter I killed nothing but the cattle of villagers. Two a week; eating nothing but the choicest portions and leaving the rest for vultures and hyenas.

Thus I became a terror to the villagers. So bold did I grow in time that I have made my kill openly in broad daylight. Within a few

paces of the herdsman have I struck down my bull and commenced my meal, and he, paralysed by fear, has looked on helplessly till, his senses returning, he fled, crying for help.

One bright moonlight night I returned to my kill of the day before to make another meal. It was just on the meeting of the jungle with the village plain. I found to my surprise that there was one of those platforms on four posts, from which the villagers scared the animals away from their crops, erected near the spot. It had not been there when I made my kill; also, there was no reason for it, as there were no crops to

by the side, shook him to and fro as a dog does a rat, while my fangs drove deep into the hip joint. When he seemed lifeless I dropped him at my feet and licked the blood off my lips. And the blood was unlike that of any animal I had ever killed. It was sharp and salty, and much to my taste, and I was glad, because I had found a new meat better than all the flesh of the jungles. So I settled down to make a feast of the man. But my sire's warning came to my ears—"let man alone," he used to say, "that way always comes trouble, and he who takes to eating man has fixed an early season for his



I HAD PINNED HIM BY THE THROAT AND SO HELD HIM, BITING DEEP IN SPITE OF HIS GREAT STRUGGLES.

guard. This should have made me cautious, but I thought little of it at the time, being bold and self-confident. I had not been eating more than a minute when I noticed there was a man concealed on the machan or platform; at the same instant there was a loud sound that I knew meant a gun shot, and with that I fell unconscious where I stood, for something had given me a great blow on the head. After a time the swoon passed, and I found a man of the village with the weapon they called a gun, leaning over me, very pleased and smiling at having me fall to his first shot.

I sprang up in a great rage and, seizing him

own death. First come the Shikarees hunting him, black men, with much noise and bad shooting. It is not so difficult to elude them, but when they fail there is yet another race of men, white, who come from a place beyond the seven seas. There is no eluding them; they are born hunters, and once they take the work in hand the end is in sight. Their bullets go to the mark, no matter what the distance be. Thus, O my sons, kill what you will in the jungle, but let man alone."

My sire's words had come true so often that I decided I would not eat the man. So, though it was a great struggle, I turned from him and

commenced to eat off the bull. As I feasted I saw the man move, open his eyes, and sit up like one in a dream. When he saw me so close to him, rending flesh and crunching bone, he was in great fear and tried to get on his feet, but he was hurt too badly; thereafter he lay very still, pretending death, yet watching me carefully all the time through half-closed eyes. That must have been a night of terror to the man, expecting I would eat him at any moment. Many days afterwards I saw him again, but now he had only one good leg; the other hung lifeless from the joint, and a staff did its work. He did not try to shoot me again.

After these things I went to another jungle and took to myself a mate and for a time lived in great contentment; but after I had once tasted the blood of man there had never ceased to be a craving for the new flesh. This I resisted for many years, but whether I would have conquered the craving in time I cannot say, for my fall came unexpectedly, and was not of my choosing.

There was a great drought in the land. No green thing was to be seen anywhere, and, save for a few pools left in the river bed, there was no water to be found throughout the jungle. All the game had gone to far-off grounds, and the cattle of the villages had died for want of food. The few that remained were all skin and bone, and could not furnish a full meal. Even the villagers died or went about like skeletons walking, a sight strange to see. My mate had also died. One day I was crouching in some long grass near the last of the pools in the river bed,



I LAY CONCEALED IN THE LONG GRASS NEAR THE RIVER BANK.

hoping some cow or goat, off which I could make a meal, would come to quench its thirst; for I had killed nothing for nearly ten days, and felt the rage of hunger greatly. But no living thing came down save a man, the one fat man of the village, him they called money-lender—a man with a cruel smile. As he was nearing the pool he turned into the long dry grass in which I lay concealed—why, I cannot tell, but he had almost stepped upon me before I arose with a growl,

intending to move aside. But he, seeing it was a tiger, was seized with terror, and in the madness of fear smote me with a staff he carried. The blow fell on my nose, and stung sharply. In my anger I struck at him with my fore-paw; the blow was light, yet the neck broke, and he fell to the ground in the long grass by the pool, grinning his wicked grin, and so died. I tried to leave the body and go away, but the old craving came upon me with double strength. He was fat and toothsome, and hunger raged within me, and—and—thus it came about that I made my meal off man for the first time.

The rain fell, the drought passed, and the fear of death went with the famine. Yet the village soon learnt a new fear. It was the fear of the man-eater—for I could not go back to the old meat, which now grew tasteless in my mouth.

Thus, when the shades of night fell, I drew near to the village, moving without noise from shadow to shadow till I hid in the gloom of a bush by the path to the village, waiting patiently till some labourer, who had been detained in the field, came along, often with a song of pleasure that the work was done and now there was rest, a meal, and a soft bed awaiting him. Oho! his bed was on the fields that night, and the arms that embraced him had much hair and many sharp claws. More often I made my kill near the river side where the women came to draw water for the evening meal. I lay concealed in the long grass near the river bank, and when I found one alone then I sprang out of my hiding place and often before she could cry "Bagh! Bagh! Tiger, tiger!" she was dead, and I was dragging the body through the jungle.

Soon the terror of my name hung like a great cloud of fear over the village. The men would only go about in twos and threes, and the women in bands. Those who worked in distant fields hastened home before the sun set, and the women went down in a body to the river to fill their chatties before dark. Thus I found the whole village shut up and not a single being moving about after it was dark. Hunger made me bold, and I came into the village after my prey. Where I found an open door I went in and carried off a sleeper, but they grew more careful, till I had to commence making my kill in the day. Some bamboo-cutter or some worker in the more distant fields provided me with a meal every other day. Before a year was out I had taken four score and ten of the dwellers in the village. This is according to the reckoning of Geedur, the jackal, who made his feast from my leavings, for he also greatly loved man's flesh. There is no animal in all the jungle more cunning than Geedur, and were it not for the news he brought

me of the village talk, I might have been killed early in my career. Geedur's sharp nose smelt out danger a long way off, and, being little, he could hide about the houses of men and hear all their plans for killing me, which, when I knew, it was very easy to frustrate. For after a time they laid traps for me in plenty, all of which Geedur found out and showed me. Then it was said in the village that the Rajah would give a rich reward to the one who could slay me. Shortly after this news came two brothers to the village, great Shikarees, who made sure of the reward. There was a great feast that night before the house of the head man, because on the morrow I was to be slain, and much loud boasting from the tiger-slayers. Geedur and I, crouched in the dal fields, heard and saw all. The plan of the hunt was much discussed. The whole village would beat the jungle towards the two hunters, who, each sitting in a tree, would command the paths I usually took.

When we had come away from from the village Geedur asked me what I would do.

"I shall pay a visit to some other village for a season," I said, "until these great hunters are gone."

"Of what use will that be, my lord?" replied Geedur, "again they, or others, will come to kill you when they hear of your return."

"What would you advise?" I asked, for I knew his head was always full of clever plans.

"Strike terror into all hearts by killing these great tiger-slayers."

"Gladly will I, if I find any opportunity."

"Make your opportunity," said Geedur.

"How can I?" I asked.

"I have a plan," said Geedur, "but I must go and see what hut they are to sleep in. Wait here till I return."

They had been given a hut nearly on the outside of the village, which fell in well with Geedur's plan. After they had gone in and barred the door we waited patiently till we thought they were fast asleep. Then we approached the hut. I thought Geedur would wish me to break in the door, but he only laughed at such a clumsy idea.

"No," he said, "come to the back. The thatch is quite near to the ground; you can spring with ease on the roof, and, having torn away the straw, jump in and kill them both."

The idea was not altogether to my liking, for every house of man seemed to me a trap. Nevertheless, I could not show Geedur my fear, so I carried out his plan. Having torn the thatch open with as little noise as I could, I jumped in, and, seizing one of the Shikarees, endeavoured to break his neck: but he was much wrapped up in clothes, and I could not get a

fair hold. He gave a cry which woke his brother, who called out and asked what was the matter; receiving no answer, he lit a match and saw me with his brother in my jaws. He made no sound, but stared, his eyes almost starting from their sockets. I could see he did not quite believe he was awake.

"Kill him before he comes to his senses and makes an outcry," said Geedur, who had also jumped into the room through the thatch.

But I had not killed the first man yet, who struggled in my grip, and whose clothes were wrapped about me till they prevented action.

The other brother, seeing how things were, now quickly lit the brass lamp on the ground beside his bed and seized his gun.

Fearing it would be too late, I dropped my man, and endeavoured to spring at the brother, but the clothes about me bound my limbs, and the more I struggled the worse grew the tangle. Every moment I expected to be shot, the man's gun being at his shoulder, when Geedur did a thing for which I shall always be grateful. With his tail he flicked out the light. The man fired, but in the darkness he missed me, and Geedur coming to my help, I soon got free of the clothes, and, with one blow of my paw, broke the neck of the man as he was trying to unbar the door. The first Shikaree was dead also.

"Now let us fly," said Geedur; "they will have heard the sound of the shot, and will come to see what is the matter. Put your paws, therefore, against the wall, so that I can jump to the hole in the roof from your shoulders."

I did as he desired, and Geedur was soon outside the hut. I tried to follow, but the bamboos of the thatch which I had broken through were now all pointing their sharp broken ends downwards, and, try as I would, I could not manage to spring through the hole in the roof, nor could I undo the fastening of the door. At this I was somewhat alarmed, but Geedur, as usual, saw things more clearly.

"Rest in peace, my lord, and do not trouble; none have heard the shot. Take your rest; I will keep safe watch. In the morning men will come bringing the Shikarees food. When they receive no answer they

will break open the door; then walk out calmly and make for the jungle."

Geedur's advice was good, and I did as he suggested. Early in the morning there was a great knocking, and, receiving no answer, they went away, but returned after a space, and, still getting no answer, they broke the door open. Great was their surprise to see me walk out! They fled, shrieking that I was the devil and not an animal. I was glad now that I was prevented going because of this sport, also because they might think I had a charmed life, and would now cease trying to kill me.

Not long after the death of these native tiger-slayers, Geedur brought me word that a great white hunter was coming to kill me. At that I remembered the words of my sire, whose advice I had neglected, and a great fear took possession of me, and I resolved I would quit this part of the jungle when he came, which would be in some six days' time.

One evening at dusk, as I lay in wait in a jowarrie field by the village path, there came along a very big man in strange clothes, who was on his way to the village. That man I should have sprung on from the back had I



EVERY MOMENT I EXPECTED TO BE SHOT.

known, but, with my usual boldness, I walked out of my concealment to meet him. When he saw me he made no outcry, nor did he try to run, as the villagers did, but stood still and quietly spoke a word, short, but with a strong sound, which, I have learnt since, is a favourite word of the white man. He had nothing in his hands, for which I was glad, seeing his great size. I approached him; he stood, braced as if he would fight. With a roar I sprang for his throat, but, quickly moving aside, he dealt me a blow with his naked hand, and so terrible was the force of it that I heard a crackling within the bones of my skull. For an instant darkness came over my vision, I was faint and sick, and reeling, I fell at the feet of that man. Before I could get to my legs again he charged and kicked me with his foot, which was like the butting of a bull buffalo, and came near to breaking my ribs. I then closed with him, and would have taken his neck in my jaws, but, with wonderful quickness, he laid hold of my tongue, and, twisting it around his hand, he strove to pull it from its roots, while the grip of the other hand was on my throat and forced me backwards. That was a moment of great agony, and I thought my tongue would be torn out. While we thus struggled, breast to breast, a villager came near, carrying a bamboo club shod with lead. The man called to him to strike me with it, or to throw the club within his reach, but the villager ran away in fear, taking his club with him. Thereafter, my tongue having bled much caused it to slip from the hand of the man, and I, giving a strong blow with my fore-paw, crushed in the skull of my enemy, who fell to the ground, dead. Much have I marvelled since then at his strength and daring, also that I, a tiger, and he, a man, should have fought thus as equals. When I came to feast off my victim, I saw that his skin was white, and then I knew it was he who was to slay me—one of the great white hunters from beyond the seven seas; and I was thankful that he came to me without any weapon in his hands.

It seems that the man had lost horses and weapons by the sudden flooding of a river. His camp arrived a few days after, they believing the master to have perished in the flood.

Perhaps I would have been free in the jungles to-day if it had not been for my quarrel with Geedur. Depending on him much for news, and even advice, had made him presumptuous beyond all bearing, and I had to reprove him harshly once and again, for, beyond all things, I loved the homage which was my due. One day he came to me with a request.

"Sire," said he, in a voice of supplication, "is it in thy recollection that a moon ago you feasted on a bamboo-cutter? His wife still lives in the

small hut outside the village. She is plump and juicy, and the door of his house is loose on its fastenings; I myself could almost throw it down."

"I had forgotten her," I cried; "well, let her be the kill to-night."

"And sire," said Geedur again, "she has two fine babes, twins. I have often watched them through a gap in the door, rolling about in play while the mother prepares the evening meal, and for a long time I have had a desire to kill and eat them."

"Oho!" I laughed, "the jackal would become a tiger."

"Well, sire, it would be a pity to leave the babes alive after you had taken the mother."

"So it would," I said.

Presently we went to the bamboo-cutter's house, which was apart from the rest of the village, and through a gap in the door—for the boards joined badly—we saw the mother giving the babes their meal, after which they played on the floor like a couple of kittens, while the proud mother looked on in happy contentment. It reminded me of the old times when I and my brothers rolled over each other in our cave and played happily, while our mother looked on just as proud of her babes as this human mother.

"She will make you a fine meal, my lord," whispered Geedur; "a small push will bring the door down."

It was a strange thing, but I had no heart to eat that woman, and Geedur angered me—why, I know not.

Then one of the babes found the cutting hook of his father.

"When I am a man I shall cut bamboos with this knife like father did. Where has father gone to? Shall we ever see him again?"

At this the woman commenced to weep, and said, "Thy father, child, has gone on a long, long journey. He will never come back, but one day we may go to join him in his new home."

"Why did he go away? Wasn't he quite happy here, eh, mother?"

At this the woman covered her face with her cloth, while she sobbed as if in great agony.

Then I saw for the first time, in all its bitterness, the sorrow I caused in these poor homes of the villagers. For a moment I loathed myself, and resolved I would never kill another human being.

Geedur again whispered, "Was there ever such a tempting sight, my lord? My mouth waters for that choice morsel of a babe. Pray delay no longer; I can scarce control myself for impatience."

I turned on him in anger and said, "Out, thou glutton; thou shalt have neither babe."

At this Geedur was hurt and said, "Do my long

services merit no reward then, that one poor request I make should be treated thus? Besides, my lord needs not all three."

This angered me to madness and I growled, "Get thee gone, thou foul scavenger. There shall be no killing here."

On the instant, with an evil look in his eyes, he turned and went, I slowly following.

As we walked along the path in the jungle we came to a spot where dry leaves lay thickly in what appeared to be an arrangement of man. I paused for a moment, suspecting a trap, but

I made him no answer, and after a space he went away, no doubt feeling sorry for what he had done.

I endured much pain that night, and longed for the morning to come, thinking the men would kill me. But it was not to be, for there had been a great iron cage sent by the Rajah in case of my being captured, and by him I was presented to a white man, who put me into a covered cage, and, after many weeks of travelling, brought me to this place, which is a cold, gloomy, and altogether detestable land.



"ALAS! MY LORD, I COULD HAVE ADVISED YOU OF THAT SNARE, BUT, BEING A POOR SCAVENGER, I WOULD NOT INSULT YOUR GREAT INTELLECT WITH SUCH A PRESUMPTION."

Geedur looked back with a touch of scorn in his face for my stupidity, and walked boldly over the spot. I, therefore, followed, but hardly had I reached half-way across when, with a ringing sound, great jaws of steel sprang from their hiding and seized me by the fore-leg, and in that grip I was as helpless as a child. Geedur had known he would be safe, as his light weight could not set off the trap. Now he stood by laughing, and making a mock of me.

"Alas! my lord, I could have advised you of that snare, but, being a poor scavenger, I would not insult your great intellect with such a presumption."

There are also other captives brought from the Indian jungles to these so-called pleasure gardens, and in the stillness of night I sometimes hold converse with them—Baharia, the wolf, Hathi, the elephant, and also Bagheera, the panther, eating his heart out behind the strong iron bars of his cage.

"What ho! Bagheera, shall we go hunting to-night? The moon is bright, and the scent of blackbuck heavy on the breeze!"

Ho! ho! It is the joke of one who is feeble with old age and awaits the end. And the end is not far off.



NEW CATALOGUES FOR 1903.

MESSRS. WHITFIELD KING AND CO. have sent me a copy of their excellent "Universal Standard Catalogue of the Postage Stamps of the World," for 1903. Numerous improvements have been made in classification all in the direction of simplicity and clearness. As the aim is to provide a simplified catalogue for the general collector, all perplexing varieties of type and perforation, so dear to the advanced collector, are wisely excluded. Many countries have been entirely re-written, and the whole catalogue has been re-set in fresh type.

The following interesting statistics have been compiled from the catalogue by Messrs. Whitfield King:—The total number of stamps issued to date, as included in this catalogue, is 17,382, of which 4,952 are apportioned to Great Britain and Colonies, and 12,430 to the rest of the world. Europe has issued 3,917, Asia 3,120, Africa 3,342, America 4,214, the West Indies 1,411, and Oceania, 1,378. The Republic of Salvador has issued the greatest number of varieties, and Boyaca, Poland and Wadhwan the smallest. Of course these figures refer to standard varieties only.

Notable New Issues.

THE engravers, Messrs. Perkins, Bacon and Co., have shown me a proof of the new Canadian. It is of the simplest possible design, following very much the same lines as the current series. The portrait is enclosed in the same oval band with the same lettering, and the figures of value are in the lower corners as before. The important part of the new stamp is the portrait, which is what is termed a three quarters face of the King. The view of the face is much the same as that of the Queen on the present series of Canadians. The head and

shoulders are shown, the shoulders draped in Coronation robes. The portrait is a portrait, not a sharp-featured, prison-cropped caricature as on our English stamps.

I am told on what should be good authority that a new portrait of the King is being prepared for our English stamps, and as the Canadian portrait is said to have met with decided approval in high quarters it may be that the Canadian portrait will eventually displace the universally condemned head on our own stamps before very long.

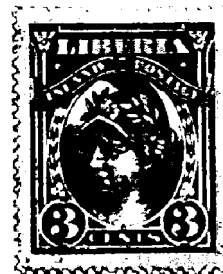
There are rumours of sets of picture stamps for some, if not all, of the Leeward Islands group that formerly had their separate stamps, and Ceylon and Fiji are said to have started King's heads.

Cape of Good Hope.—This colony continues its variety of designs. The latest value is the 4d., which we illustrate. Wink., anchor; perf., 14. So far the new series consists of the following:—



- 4d., green.
- 1d., carmine.
- 4d., olive green.
- 1s. ochre.

Liberia.—This negro republic on the west coast of Africa is remarkable for its beautiful series of stamps. Its need for postage stamps must be very limited, but its need of revenue is, no doubt, great, and, as a consequence, it provides a long series of exquisitely engraved stamps, which sell well to collectors, and so materially help its revenue. How many stamps can be found in



our album to equal this 3c? Place the portrait alongside our own English stamps and note the contrast.

3 cents, black.

Mexico.—A 4 centavos value has been added to the current series.

4 centavos, red.

Honduras.—This central American republic has a not very enviable reputation amongst stamp collectors, for it has been accustomed to manufacture stamps for sale to collectors, changing its design every year for the purpose of stimulating sales. Now it is said to have given up those practices. I, therefore, chronicle its latest series. The full series, all of the design illustrated, is as follows:—

1c., emerald green.
2c., carmine rose.
5c., dark blue.
6c., violet.
10c., brown.
20c., light blue.
50c., vermilion.
1 pes., orange.

Hong Kong.—Here is an illustration of the first of a King's head series for this Colony. It is bi-coloured, the head being printed in a purple colour, and the rest of the stamp in brown. Wmk. CA. Perf. 14.



1 cent, purple and brown.

United States.—The beautiful new series comes out one by one. We now illustrate the one cent with portrait of Franklin. Thus far we have had the following values of the new series, all of which have been illustrated in *THE CAPTAIN*:—



1 cent, green, *Franklin*.
2 cents, carmine, *Washington*.
5 cents, dark blue, *Lincoln*.
8 cents, black, *Martha Washington*.
13 cents, sepia, *Harrison*.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. G. B. (Edinburgh).—1. The Shipka Pass commemoratives belong to the class of stamps made for sale to collectors. They are of no philatelic value, and may wisely be omitted from your collection. 2. Bill and receipt stamps are collected by a separate class of collectors, known as "fiscal collectors," but such stamps are not properly included in a collection of postage stamps. 3. There is no penny English red with the letters V.R. in the upper corners. The 1d. V.R. is black, and is a valuable stamp, fetching from £7 to £10 at stamp auctions. 4. Some collect English stamps with letters in the corners and

arrange them as they originally appeared in the sheet before separation. Mr. Wm. Hadlow, stamp dealer, 12 Adam Street, Adelphi, London. W.C., sells small books with ruled spaces, lettered in proper order, for what is termed the "plating" of English penny stamps.

Mystified (Oswestry).—A difference is generally made in price between a stamp with a recognised postal cancellation and a mere pen cancellation. The postal cancellation affords unquestionable evidence that the stamp has been postally used, whilst there is nothing in a pen cancelled stamp, off the envelope, to show whether it has been used postally or only fiscally. Collectors avoid including stamps with fiscal cancellations in their collections, hence the difference in price between the postal cancellation and the pen cancellation.

W. N. (Burton-on-Trent).—*Values of Stamps.* Trinidad, 4d. black. There is no such stamp. Brazil, 1866, head of Emperor (not President), 200 reis, black, used. 3d.; Mauritius, 1878, 17c. on 4d. rose, used 2s.; British East Africa, 1896, 1 anna, carmine rose, unused and used. 2d. each.

H. R. S. (Lowestoft).—The Canadian Special Delivery 10 cents used is priced by Gibbons at 8d. Many thanks for U.S. new 2c.

Oswestrian.—I have seen no explanation of the numbers on the backs of the current Spanish, but presume they are intended, like our watermarks, as a protection against forgery.

A. N. N. (Oswestry).—I don't think the current 1s. Transvaal is likely to go up in price for some time at least, despite the proposed change of colour, as dealers have known of the change in time to stock it. Best King's heads to specialise? That's a matter of preference for a country. At present there are no varieties to make one colony better than another, but for choice I should say Northern Nigeria and Southern Nigeria, when issued.

B. G. C. D. H.—I cannot identify the stamps in your list from your descriptions, but if, as I assume, they are current stamps, you will find them priced at about 1d. each.

W. G. W. (London).—Of course, Canadians are worth buying, especially if they are, as you say, your favourite country, but if by "worth buying" you mean as a speculation, I have nothing to say except to advise all young collectors to beware of speculation in stamps. I do not think the Canadian Jubilee series is likely to become valuable.

A Non-Collector.—Take your stamps to any one of the firms of stamp auctioneers and they will sell them for you.

J. W. T. (Berlin).—Many thanks for further German officials. See previous reply. The Orange River Colony "V.R.I.," no stop after "R," is catalogued at 7s. 6d. unused, and is worth more used.

T. N. G.—Stamp auctions are held every week in London. There are several firms of auctioneers that now include stamp sales. Common stamps are no use for auctions. If sent they would only be lumped together in a mixed lot. The stamp auction season generally runs from September to June, and the best prices are generally obtained about the middle of the season.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Bright and Son.—Cape of Good Hope and Mexico.

Peckitt.—United States.
Stanley Gibbons.—Hong Kong, Honduras, and Liberia.

THE LONG 'UN.

By R. S. Warren Bell.

Author of "J. O. Jones," "Tales of Greyhouse,"
etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON BROWNE, R.I.

So excited does he become in consequence of his introduction to Miss Maybury, that on the same evening he falls foul of the police, and after a desperate battle with six of them is arrested and taken to the nearest police-station.

CHAPTER VI.

THE DOCTOR KEEPS HIS WORD.

ONE of the most unpleasant sensations a man can experience in the course of his way through the world is the grip of a policeman on his coat-collar. It is an ignominious position, this, to find oneself in, and fills one with a peculiar feeling of helplessness. The average policeman is far stronger than the average citizen; he has to be at least so many feet and inches in height, measure so many inches round the chest, and enjoy perfect physical health before he is admitted to what is very properly termed "the Force," so it is apparent that when one of these blue-coated minions of Justice has you—an average citizen—by the coat-collar, the odds are that, should it come to a tussle, he will prove by far the better man. Now and again, of course, a policeman meets a particularly hard case in the shape of a navvy, "docker," or Lifeguardsman, and then he has to blow his whistle, and you read in your paper, next day but one, that "it took four constables to overpower the prisoner."

In Jim Mortimer's case, as has been shown, it took six, and it may reasonably be conjectured that three out of these six were at least his equals in sheer muscular strength. They were, indeed, all strong men, solid, hard-built, and what school-boys call "beefy." Perhaps one or two of them were *too* "beefy." However that may have been, the fact remains that Jim, for a brief space, held his own, and if the scene of the encounter had been the open country, he could easily have given them the slip by using his legs, for Jim could get his long body over the ground at a very pretty pace when he liked to take the trouble.

The whole fight did not last two minutes. It



James Mortimer ("the Long 'Un"), a young doctor, is grandson and heir to Dr. John Mortimer, a man of wealth and position. Owing to Jim's frequent escapades, Dr. Mortimer warns him that, if he indulges in any more riotous conduct, he will disown him. On returning to town after this conversation, Jim makes the acquaintance, by the agency of his friend George Somers ("Koko"), of a young lady named Dora Maybury, with whom he falls violently in love.

was short, sharp, and, to sport-loving members of the crowd, very sweet. Certain pugilistic souls amongst the visitors to the Exhibition went home that night and dreamt about it. Many of the women, it is true, shuddered, and clutched convulsively at the arms of their male companions as Jim's mighty hits went home, and the policemen, by turn, bit the dust of the promenading-ground, but quite a number

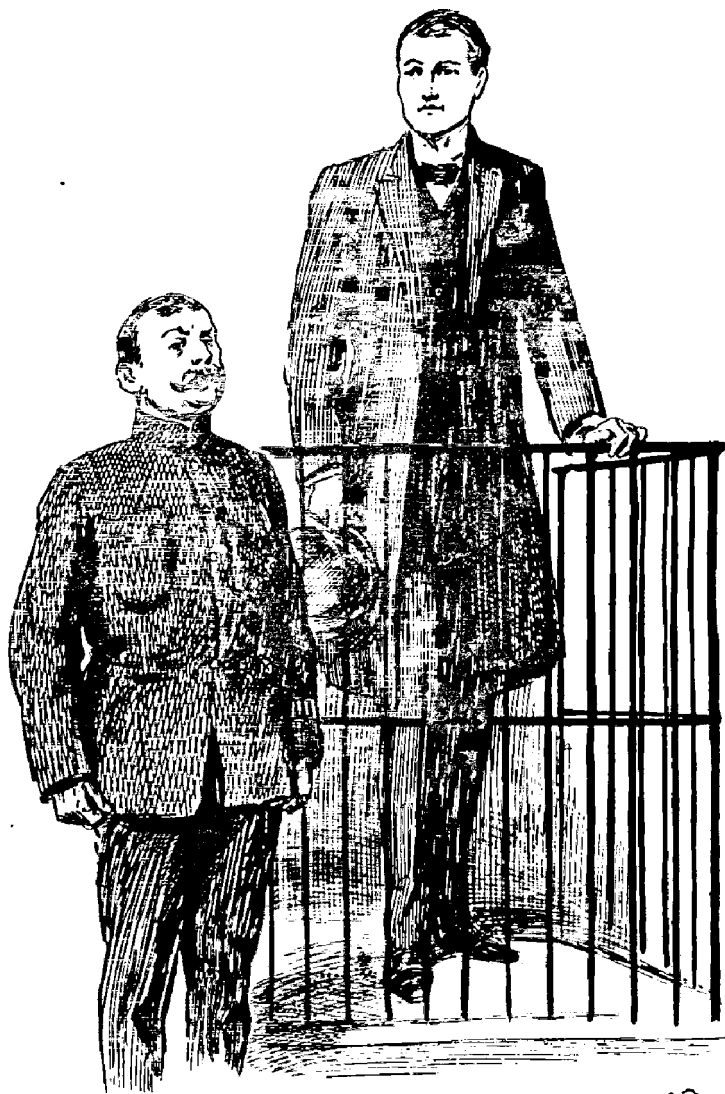
bed at a respectable hour, as an old gentleman of his years and gouty tendencies should have done, fought the battle over again at great length for the benefit of some other old club fogies, and finally had to be helped into a cab—at 2 a.m.—still chuckling with wicked joy.

It was, of course, a tremendous output of nervous energy—accentuated by the spirits he had imbibed—on Jim's part. It was a supreme effort, and died out suddenly. That smash over the hip—a policeman's favourite aiming-point—from the truncheon numbed him strangely, and when he fell his capture was an easy matter. There was no more fight left in him when they led him off—he would have gone with entire docility, indeed, without a hand being laid on him.

Arrived at the police-station, he was conducted into the charge-room and placed in the narrow little dock facing the Inspector's desk. The Inspector, a quiet-looking man, glanced up in a casual fashion and then proceeded with the writing on which he was employed when they entered. This done, he enquired what the charge was, and, on being informed of its nature in the curt, unadorned phraseology of the man in blue, entered the particulars on a charge-sheet that lay before him, and finally allowed Koko to bail his friend out for £2.

Those who had witnessed the conflict would have been astonished by the Inspector's imperturbable, cool tone, as he asked his brief questions. It was regarded as a very matter-of-course case—youthful “medical”—too much to drink—dispute with waiter—resisted police. All very ordinary—very matter-of-course—nothing out of the way. The Inspector even said, “Good-night, sir,” as Jim left the charge-room with Koko; previously the Inspector had gazed at the ceiling as Jim presented a sovereign to his two custodians, who also bade him a “Good-night, sir,” in a manner which showed that they bore him not the slightest ill-will on account of the hard usage they had received at his hands.

On the following day, Jim and Koko attended at the police-court and hung about in a not over-sweet-smelling corridor for two hours before the name “Mortimer” was sharply called, and Jim, frock-coated, neatly gloved, and with a new hat in his hand, walked into the dock. Then the



“I HAVE NOTHING TO SAY, YOUR WORSHIP.”

watched the combat with bright, marvelling eyes, and lips parted half in admiration and half in horror.

For Jim looked very handsome and terrible in his fighting wrath. One old gentleman who had come from his club dinner in evening dress to listen to the band, returned to St. James's-street chuckling with delight. Numbers of times he repeated to himself, “A bonny lad—a bonny lad!” and actually, instead of going home and to

sergeant who had taken part in the *fracas* told his tale in the same unadorned manner of speech that his subordinate had used on the previous night.

"Anything to say?" enquired the Magistrate, glancing at Jim.

"Nothing, your Worship," replied Jim, who had been previously warned by Koko that "the less said the better" was a golden maxim to adopt on an occasion like the present.

The Magistrate, who for two hours had been hearing the usual sordid charges—most of them associated with petty thefts and drunkenness—had been somewhat interested by the sergeant's account of what Jim had done. Now, as he looked at Jim's tall, lithe form, and fair, open countenance, and noted Jim's gentlemanly bearing, he decided to give the young fellow a reasonable word of advice.

"I am sorry to see you here, Mortimer," he said, "because a man of your position, by acting as you have done, not only sets a bad example, but runs the risk of imperilling the success of his future career. You have rendered yourself liable to a term of imprisonment, and you know well that if I were to inflict such a punishment on you, the fact would act as a serious obstacle to you hereafter, as you would not be allowed to fill any responsible medical post were it known that you had been in prison. It appears from the evidence that you were the worse for drink at the time you resisted the police. I need hardly remind you of the view the public take of a medical man who gives way to such habits. It means, in the long run, utter ruin to him. As I said before, I should be acting within my rights by sending you to prison, but as I understand that after you had been taken into custody you gave the police no further trouble, I shall only inflict a fine upon you. You will pay Forty Shillings—and take care I don't see you here again."

Jim bowed. "I am greatly obliged to your Worship," he said. Then, at a sign from a policeman stationed near by, he quitted the dock, and, having paid his fine, joined Koko in the corridor.

They lose no time in London police-courts. Hardly had Jim left the dock than the name of "Hodgkins" was uttered by the magistrate's clerk, repeated by the sergeant, bawled down the corridor by the constable at the door, and echoed by other policemen lounging in the outer precincts of the court.

"Hodgkins!"

"Hodgkins!"

"HODGKINS!"

As Jim joined Koko, a bleary-eyed, decrepit old dame brushed past him at a rapid hobble. She

had to answer a summons for assaulting a neighbour by striking her over the head with a fire-shovel. This, in fact, was "Hodgkins."

As Jim glanced at the old creature he realised that this quarrelsome, ill-favoured hag and he were companions in distress—united by a law-breaking bond! He, inflamed by whisky, had fought six policemen; she, supping cheap gin, had burst into a senile frenzy and set upon some other hag with her claw-like nails and the weapon that came first to hand. The same law applied to both of them—she, a rag-picker, and he, the heir to a bountiful fortune and many smiling acres in Eastfolkshire.

"Pah!" he exclaimed, as he hastened to reach cleaner air, "let's get out of this! Thank goodness *that's* over!"

"No harm done," said Koko, cheerily; "I know the two men in the reporters' box, and they both promised not to write a word about you."

"By George! that's jolly of them!" exclaimed the Long 'Un, "my grand-gov'nor won't get to hear of it after all, then."

"It would have made a nasty little par," said Koko, with a pressman's instinctive knowledge of what newspapers like.

"It would," said Jim, "I can imagine how it would have read."

"But they won't write a word. They're good sorts," said Koko.

And so the Long 'Un made his way back to Matt's lighter, it is true, of purse, but very much lighter of heart, as well, than when he set out to the police-court that morning.

News of Jim's display of pugilistic prowess had preceded him to the hospital—for one of the students had been an eye-witness of the battle—and he was saluted by the unruly crew there with acclamation. But Jim still had the taste of the police-court air in his mouth, and did not feel at all heroic. But for Koko's intervention, his name would have been in a good many papers on the following day, and perhaps a briefer notice of "Hodgkins" and her misuse of domestic implements would have followed the account of the young doctor's "disorderly conduct."

That day he went home early, and tried to do some reading. He ended up, however, by going to a theatre with Koko. On the next evening he really did do some reading, and this studious fit lasted for quite a week.

"The Long 'Un," said the red-haired student at Matt's, "is turning over a new leaf. I will buy him a prize."

When Jim, on reaching the hospital next day, entered the students' common-room, he found a neat package, addressed to himself, occupying a prominent position on the mantelpiece. On open-

ing the package he found that it consisted of a nice little one-and-sixpenny book, of the kind published by religious societies, entitled: "*Jim's Repentance: The Story of a Bad Boy Who Saw the Evil of His Ways.*"

The red-haired youth took the precaution of putting the table between himself and the Long 'Un ere he said: "Had to go through three catalogues before I found a suitable prize for you, Jim. I hope you will study it diligently."

Jim flung it at his head.

"Naughty, angry Jim!" said the red-haired student, reprovingly, as he dodged the book, "I shall take your prize away from you now."

Presently Jim found himself at the piano, and a little later out in the quad with the red-haired one and half-a-dozen others, "wondering what to do."

Eventually they solved the problem by going to a music-hall and joining vociferously in the choruses—it was one of those music-halls where the audience *docs* join in the choruses—and the end of it was that Jim got home some time between one and two in the small hours, feeling uncommonly merry and not at all repentant.

But that was Jim's last night round the town with the Matt's lot for a long, long time. Even while he was chirruping choruses, an epistle was winging its way towards him by express train. He got that missive at breakfast-time, and Koko, who called in just then, found him looking thoughtful.

"Read that," he said to Koko. And Koko read as follows:—

"Pangora," Threeways,
Sept. 20th.

MY DEAR JAMES,

You may possibly remember that in the course of the conversation I held with you over the telephone on the day of your departure for town, I expressed myself quite plainly with regard to your future conduct. My attention has to-day been drawn to a paragraph in a local Liberal journal—I am, as you know, a Conservative in politics—to the effect that a medical man named James Mortimer, who gave his address as St. Matthew's Hospital, behaved in a disgraceful fashion at the Exhibition one night earlier in the month, and was eventually fined forty shillings and severely reprimanded by the magistrate. As I happen to know that you are the only Mortimer at St. Matthew's, and as I am aware of your liking for drunken brawls, I can only conclude that you disregarded my injunctions at the first opportunity that presented itself. I am obliged, therefore, to keep my part of the compact by informing you that my doors are henceforth closed to you, and that you need never look to me for another penny.

I am

Your affectionate grandfather,
JOHN MORTIMER.

CHAPTER VII.

SIR SAVILE'S OFFER.

"**B**UT," said Koko, as he handed the letter back to Jim, "how on earth did your local rag get hold of it? I've seen both my friends since, and they assured me they didn't write a line about you."

"I give it up," said Jim; "the fact remains that the old man has got wind of it."

"But isn't this action on his part a bit sudden?" demanded Koko.

"He said he would," said Jim, munching a piece of watercress (Mrs. Freeman's unvarying Tuesday breakfast was ham and watercress), "but I didn't think he meant it."

"Perhaps he doesn't mean it," said Koko, hopefully.

"I'm very much afraid," returned Jim, "that he does, though. You see, he was already wild with me, as he had had to stump up for that big window I broke—you remember! Twelve quid—that was the bill. He told me about it over the telephone. I wish I'd been able to have a square talk with him, face to face; he wouldn't have been half so wild. I put all this down to that rotten telephone."

"Don't quite perceive how it's to blame," said Koko.

"Don't you! Why, if he'd tackled me face to face, I could have filled him up with all sorts of promises of reformation, and sent him off for his drive feeling sorry that I was going away. Instead of which he went off in a beastly huff. I should have reminded him—as touching the window—that some fellows charge their paters and grandpaters hundreds and even thousands. I should have explained that twelve pounds was a very light let-off. Hang the telephone!"

"The question is," said Koko, "do you think he means it?"

"Yes," replied the Long 'Un, with conviction.

"Then," continued the other, "what are you going to do?"

"I dunno! Turn sporting reporter very likely!"

"Well," said Koko, "with your knowledge of sporting matters, you might be able to earn about twelve-and-sixpence a week just now—say by reporting football matches. That would hardly keep a man of your expensive tastes."

Jim laughed.

"Couldn't I do the fights at the National!" he suggested.

"No, my boy; you've had no experience—of reporting, I mean. But seriously, Jim, you can do better than that. Can't you get a doctoring job?"

"I shall have a look round for something," said Jim.

Koko gazed at the ceiling.

"It it hadn't been for that girl," he mused, sorrowfully, "this would never have happened. You were off your head about her——"

"Absolutely!" agreed Jim.

Koko sighed. "Women are always at the bottom of man's undoing. Avoid them in future, Jim."

"Not I," said Jim; "I'm not built that way," he added, with commendable candour.

"Well, you've lost any chance you had of getting this one," said Koko.

Jim's face fell.

"By George! I hadn't thought of that. I'm glad now I didn't send that telegram about buying American rails. We shall meet on more level terms now."

"Upon my word," said Koko, "I think you are the most optimistic man I have ever met. Here are you—disowned—kicked out—cut off without a shilling by your grandfather—and you are still thinking——"

"I am still thinking hopefully of *Dora!*" breathed Jim, devoutly.

Mr. Somers walked towards the door. However, he turned back to say one more thing.

"If, Jim, you should find it necessary to pawn anything——"

"Which, I fear, will be necessary," sighed the Long 'Un.

"I was going to say," continued Koko, "that if you want to pawn anything, I'll pawn it for you. I can nip in easier than you." And with that he went quietly on his way.

Having shaved and dressed, Jim set out, as a matter of course, for the hospital. As he walked along he reviewed the situation, and the awkwardness of his present plight became clearly apparent to him.

Yesterday he was the heir to a fortune and a flourishing practice. (The asylum he left out of his calculations, as he was aware that a private institution of this kind can now—according to the law of the land—only descend from father to son, and on the death of the latter must cease to exist.) To-day he was a young man of four-and-twenty, with a medical qualification, various surgical implements, a small collection of well-thumbed works relating to his craft, a sufficient wardrobe, and some thirty shillings in cash. Thus provided, the world was before him, and he was wondering what sort of a job he and the world would make of it when, as he blundered absent-mindedly round the corner of the street in which St. Matthew's Hospital was situated, he ran plump into the stalwart

form of Sir Savile Smart, the eminent specialist of whom mention has already been made.

"What—*Mortimer!*"

"How do you do, Sir Savile?"

The great man's moustache hid a smile as he observed: "And how many more policemen's helmets have you added to your collection?"

Jim blushed.

"You'll get a fine wiggling from your grandfather if he hears of your latest adventure," added Sir Savile.

"He *has* heard of it, sir," said Jim, and forthwith told the specialist of what had befallen him.

Sir Savile bit his moustache.

"No hope of a reprieve, I suppose?"

"No hope whatever, I fear," said Jim.

Sir Savile hailed a cab. "I'm due at Harley-street in fifteen minutes, but I can talk to you on the way."

He laid his hand kindly on the Long 'Un's arm as the cab approached them, and to Jim's credit be it said that he felt, at that moment, that he had more good friends than he deserved to have.

"Practically," said Sir Savile, as the cab sped westwards, "you want a billet?"

Jim ruefully acknowledged that he couldn't live on air.

"You want a billet? Good. I've got one for you."

He pulled a letter out of his pocket.

"My friend Taplow—the ladies' doctor' they call him—has a surgery over the water. As you may know, it's not an uncommon thing for a man with a fat West-end practice to run a shilling and sixpenny shop in a poor district. Anything for money, *Mortimer!* Well, as I said, he's got a surgery over the water—in the Blackfriars district—and he wants a man to look after it. He'll pay about a hundred and twenty a year. Any good to you?"

"Better than living on air," said Jim.

"Experience, too," continued Sir Savile; "heaps. It's a rough, poverty-stricken quarter—very rough. You'll make acquaintance with the masses. The man lately in charge of the place was not quite up to the work—too old. And he was unfortunate in his end——"

"*End!*" said Jim. "Is he dead, then?"

"Dead as a door-nail."

"What did he die of?" queried Jim.

"Boots and knives. He was killed by *Hooligans.*"

The Long 'Un opened his eyes wide.

"Perhaps," said Sir Savile, "you will now think that even living on air is better than risking one's chance of living on anything?"

"Not at all, sir," said Jim, stoutly; "I'm quite willing to take it on."

"I believe you are. Well, go and try it. Taplow's out of town, and has asked me to put somebody in temporarily. I will put you in. Any morbid objections to sleeping in your predecessor's bedroom?"

"None at all," said Jim.

"Right! You had better go to the place where he lodged, then. The surgery has no living-rooms attached to it—it's just a surgery and waiting-room. When we get to Harley-street I'll give you full particulars. Quite sure you don't mind going?"

"Quite," replied Jim.

"I do like a man who knows his own mind," said the specialist in a tone of approval. "You needn't stay there for ever, you know—you're too good for that sort of work."

Jim blushed again.

"Still, it'll tide you over the present difficulty. That's the point. Ah, yes—and I must also give you the address of the place where you're to lodge. Better send them a wire. House is about ten minutes' walk from the surgery; people are gentlefolk, I believe—family—come down in the world. I remember Taplow speaking of them to me—knows something of them, and recommended his man there. One of the daughters is a post-office clerk—very pretty—that'll suit you, eh?"

"I intend to devote myself entirely to work in future, sir," said Jim, in a highly virtuous tone.

"Ah, yes! Quite so—quite so!" said the specialist, chuckling. "Let's see, yes—I recollect—the name is—er—Marcombe—Mayflower—Maybury—that's it!"

Jim uttered an exclamation.

"Eh?—what?" enquired Sir Savile.

"N-nothing, sir, nothing!"

"Oh," returned the specialist, "I thought you were going to say something."

CHAPTER VIII.

NUMBER NINE.

BEFORE the era of cheap train-services, omnibuses and trams—when the outer London suburbs of to-day were smiling meadowland, and people talked of Hampstead "village"—there were many residential quarters within a walk of the City on both the Middlesex and Surrey sides of the river. But with the growth of steam power arose great factories, and as fast as these central residential quarters were swept away by Commerce, rows

and rows of new streets swallowed up the fields that fringed Suburbia, and afforded accommodation to those whose homes in the heart of London were being razed to the ground.

But some of these quiet old squares and crescents have survived to this day, and you may still find them here and there, sadly shorn of the respectable family appearance they wore in their youth, and hemmed in by huge and ugly business barracks from whose grimy windows issue the whirr and hiss and thud of machinery, the monotonous clacking of typewriters, and the continuous patter of footsteps on iron-shod stairs.

These architectural survivors of a day when the world, humanly speaking, did not go round so fast—when the *Times* received news by "electric telegraph," and issued bulletins of various interest supplied by "Mr. Reuter's" special service—nowadays look like faded old maids, for their exterior smartness is gone, and their interior arrangements smack of a time when it never occurred to a builder to put a bathroom in a house for the simple reason that he did not know how to convey hot water to it, save by means of a can. In some of them each floor is occupied by a separate family, while in others you may perceive the familiar, dreary legend "Apartments to Let" on a card which hangs disconsolately in the fanlight over the door.

Such a crescent as we have described is Derby-crescent, which is situated but a stone's throw from the bustling thoroughfare that leads from Blackfriars Bridge to the "Elephant," and thence on and away to the Old Kent Road, itself suggestive of coach and chaise and the days of our grandfathers. Why Derby Crescent escaped demolition when Dame Commerce stretched out her long, lean, hungry hand and grabbed wide acres of comfortable homesteads for her building needs, nobody can tell you. But it remained, while its neighbouring squares and crescents vanished; and so, when William Maybury, cotton-spinner, of Manchester, was declared a bankrupt, he was glad to hide his head in one of the two houses which belonged to his wife in this self-same area. It was his second wife, for his first had died whilst still pretty and youthful. And it may be added that he had long since repented his second matrimonial venture, in spite of the houses and money the lady brought with her as a marriage portion.

To Number Nine, therefore, he removed such goods and chattels as he was able to save from the wreck of his luxurious house in Manchester, and at Number Nine he had been residing for three years when Jim Mortimer rattled up in a cab a few hours after his talk with Sir Savile, and announced his arrival by plying a

knocker that, like the house it belonged to, had seen very much better days.

After some delay the door was opened by a slatternly maid of tender years, for her hair still hung down her back in a plaited *quae*.

The girl surveyed Jim, and then said, "Are you the new boarder, please?" Then, before Jim could reply, she turned swiftly round and exclaimed, in a shrill voice, "Oh, shut *hup*, Master Frank!"

A boyish laugh rang out, and Jim, peering into the gloomy hall, perceived a lad aged about fourteen, accoutred in Etons a good deal the worse for wear—apparently harmony reigned at Number Nine, as far as appearances went—with a gleeful smirk on his face.

"Yes," said Jim, "I am Mr. Mortimer."

"Will you come in, please," the girl rejoined, and again swished round to remonstrate with her tormentor.

"Give *hove*, Master Frank—I'll tell your ma, I will!"

"Sneak!" observed the amiable young gentleman addressed.

"Leave my 'air alone, then!"

Jim turned round and bade the cabman bring his portmanteau into the house, and as the cabman, with much heavy breathing, deposited the portmanteau in the hall, a large, middle-aged lady emerged from one of the sitting-rooms and treated the new boarder to a gracious smile.

"Dr. Mortimer, I presume?"

Jim bowed.

"Sir Savile Smart was so kind as to wire—as well as you—and tell us that you were coming to take poor Dr. Morgan's place. Very sad, was it not? Such a nice, quiet old gentleman! But it's only old gentlemen and women that these cowardly Hooligans venture to touch—indeed, we hardly dare go out after dark! It gave us a great shock when we heard of what had happened to Dr. Morgan. The poor dear gentleman was really past work, and must have fallen an easy victim to the ruffians. My husband is not so young as he was, and I often feel nervous lest something should happen to him! He makes me very cross by refusing to



"OH, SHUT *hup*, MASTER FRANK!"

carry a life-preserver. Every evening I expect to see his mangled corpse brought to the door. If we could afford to, we should move out of this dreadful neighbourhood, but there! people must live where they *can* live! When my husband met with his reverses, you see, Dr. Mortimer, our thoughts naturally turned to Derby-crescent, where we could live rent free, as my dear mother left me her property in this—but your cabman is waiting, Dr. Mortimer, and no doubt you wish to dismiss him!"

During her flight of eloquence, the cabman had been regarding Mrs. Maybury with a most grim and forbidding expression on his face. Jim, remembering that he had left his overcoat in the cab, walked back to the vehicle with him.

"What's the damage, cabby?" inquired the Long 'Un, when he had secured his coat.

"Leave it to you, sir."

Jim gave him sixpence over his fare. Over-paying cabmen had always been a weakness of his.

"Much obliged, sir!" The cabman touched his hat and pocketed the silver. "Wish you luck of your new quarters, sir."

"Thanks, cabby," said Jim.

"The way to treat 'er," continued the cabman, indicating the house—and presumably its mistress—with his thumb, "is to cut in when she's 'arf-way through what she's got to say. Them kind o' wimmen don't mind bein' interrupted. Leastways, they mind a bit, but they ain't annoyed. They go on afterwards same as if you 'adn't interrupted of 'em. You sees what I mean?"

"I see what you mean," said Jim.

"My old woman goes on just like 'er,"—with another thumb-indication—"and so I know. I let 'er reel it off till I'm tired, and then I change the subjick, casual-like. It's quite easy to make 'em change the subjick. There's wimmen 'oo, directly an idea enters their brains, utters it wiv their mouves. See? It goes inter one and outer the other as natural as rockin' a baby. But you can always interrupt 'em wivout doin' any 'arm, so you bear my tip in mind. Good-night to you, sir!" he added, mounting his box.

"Good-night to you, cabby," said Jim, who concluded, as he walked up the steps, that the cabman was something of a philosopher.

He found the little servant endeavouring to raise one end of his portmanteau, which, being chock full of clothes, boots, books, and instruments, was no light weight.

"Don't trouble," said Jim, "I'll carry it upstairs."

"I really cannot allow you to do that," said Mrs. Maybury. "Frank," she added, turning to the boy, "help Mary with Dr. Mortimer's portmanteau."

"Sha'n't!" said the boy, pouting.

"Obey me at once, Frank!"

"Sha'n't!" repeated the boy, disappearing into the room from which his step-mother had emerged.

By way of settling the matter, Jim shouldered the portmanteau. "Kindly go first," he said to Mary, "and tell me where my room is."

As he was about to ascend the staircase, an immense black cat came stalking along the hall and rubbed itself, loudly purring, against his leg.

"What a wonder!" cried Mary. "Tom generally don't like strangers."

"Good old Tom!" said Jim. Then he commenced his ascent of the stairs, Mary preceding and "Tom" following him.

Thus guided—and accompanied—he at length reached his bed-chamber—a by no means spacious apartment on the second floor.

"This was Dr. Morgan's room, sir," said the servant; "it's to be yours now, sir."

"Thank you, Mary," said Jim.

Mary lingered. So did the cat.

"It's the room he slept in the night before he—he *died*, sir," she added, fearfully.

"Well," said Jim, with a smile, "I suppose he had to sleep somewhere!"

"Y—yes, sir—but don't you mind, sir?"

"Mind! No, of course not! I've taken forty winks in a dissecting-room before now," he concluded, proceeding to unstrap his portmanteau.

"Dissectin'-room——"

"Yes, a room *where they cut people up!*" explained Jim in such an awesome voice that Mary scuttered downstairs with an idea in her sixteen-year-old head that the new boarder was a very terrible and bloodthirsty gentleman. Tom, however, appeared to be quite at home, and, seating himself on the end of the bed, gravely took stock of the ill-fated Dr. Morgan's successor.

As Jim, after unpacking the peculiar assortment of articles in his portmanteau, indulged in what barbers designate a "wash and brush-up," his thoughts naturally turned to the people he was henceforth to live with. He wondered how many of them there were; whether there were any more boys like Master Frank; whether there were any more servants, and, if so, whether they were all as small as Mary; whether there were any more boarders, and, finally, whether this was really the home of the Dora Maybury he had met at the Milverton-street post-office. On this last point, however, he felt pretty certain. To begin with, Jim told himself, it was not probable that there were two pretty Dora Mayburys employed by the London Post Office; and, to end with, the boy Frank bore a most remarkable resemblance to the Dora Maybury Jim had been introduced to. In the dim light of the hall, indeed, the likeness was positively startling. Take that boy's Etons off and clothe him in a neat black dress, put a wig of woman's black hair on him, and then, with the angularities of his figure shrouded by the gloom of the hall, there would be presented to view a very good double of Dora Maybury.

Taking these two arguments—if such they may be called—into consideration, Jim felt pretty sure that this was Dora's home. *Dora's home!* Jim's brain reeled for a moment at the mere idea of it. His coming here seemed to have happened

as things happen in dreams—he could hardly realise even yet that he was actually under the same roof as that which afforded shelter to *Dora*!

So quickly had this change in his circumstances been brought about that he had not even considered what Miss Maybury's ideas on the subject of his advent might be. In truth, he hardly dared to consider the position from that point of view.

Jim had accepted his present post in his usual happy-go-lucky way, being at an age when men of his temperament do not act with much forethought. Had Sir Savile asked him to accompany an expedition in search of the North Pole he would have agreed to go without a moment's hesitation; had the great surgeon offered him a

illet as medical officer to a tour of exploration in Equatorial Africa, Jim would have "signed on" with all the readiness in the world; and with an equal absence of reluctance he would have sailed as surgeon on an emigrant steamer, would have taken over the medical duties in a small-pox ship, a workhouse, a blind school or a convict prison. Had some great air-vessel been invented, Jim would have jumped at the opportunity to accompany her in her ethereal journey as medical adviser to the intrepid voyagers; or, if such a post had been on offer, he would have consented to doctor the exiles in a Siberian mine. He was, in fact, ready to go anywhere so long as he went in a medical capacity.

Whatever Jim's faults were—and they were many in number—he was at least devoted to his profession. Erratic he might be, and in many ways almost bad enough to be held up as a sad example of depravity in a Sunday School story-book—but his heart was in his work, and when he really put his shoulder to the wheel there was more than a touch of genius in the manœuvres of his "hand." For Jim was a surgeon before anything.

Here he was, however, in charge of an obscure practice where but little surgical skill would be required, since serious cases would all be treated at the hospitals. He would always be welcome, of course, in the operating theatre at "Matt's," although it was not likely that he would often have time to attend there.

Did Jim regret accepting this humble billet in a humble district? Not for a moment! Indeed, when he thought how Fate had afforded him a chance of seeing *Dora* every day, he very nearly broke into a hornpipe on his bedroom hearth-rug. However, he restrained himself and went down to the drawing-room, the big black cat following steadily in his wake.

Mrs. Maybury, her large body clothed in a

silk dress that was well in keeping with the fallen fortunes of the family, introduced Jim, firstly, to her husband—a slender man of medium height, between fifty and sixty, with an exceedingly well-cut face and neatly-trimmed beard. He welcomed Jim to his house in a few well-chosen, courteous words, and Jim, as he noted the other's perfectly easy tone and manner, understood how *Dora* had come by the same distinguishing characteristics.

Jim was then introduced to the two other boarders—to Miss Bird, a maiden lady of obese person, harsh voice, and some sixty summers—and to Mr. Cleave, a tall, spare man, with a severe face whose beauty was not enhanced by the pimples which grew upon its surface. Mr. Cleave appeared to be about thirty years of age.

"And now," said Mrs. Maybury, as Jim took his seat on a small and uncompromisingly hard chair by her side, "I will tell you our ways and hours, Dr. Mortimer. We breakfast at eight, as my husband and one of my daughters have to go to business early—" ("Aha!" thought Jim) "and Frank to school. Not that he does much good there," she continued, "as he is kept in almost every day for not learning his home lessons properly. He goes to the Metropolitan School for Boys—yes, a very good school, but the money seems to be wasted in Frank's case. Either he is teasing Mary or the cat, or getting into mischief of some sort—indeed," lowering her voice, "he has nearly driven Miss Bird out of the house already; not that that would be a very great loss, indeed, seeing that she—"

"By the way, Mrs. Maybury," said Jim, recollecting the cabman's advice, "you will excuse my mentioning it, but have you a dau—"

At that moment, with a jingle and a rattle and a stamping of hoofs, a cab pulled up in front of Number Nine. Mrs. Maybury hastened to the window and peered through the blind.

"It is *Dora* and Mr. Jefferson—how kind of him to drive her home!"

Jim's tongue froze to his teeth. "Yes, I have two daughters, Dr. Mortimer," she continued, returning to Jim's side, "the elder, Harriet Rebecca—she hates her names so much that we call her 'H. R.'—helps me with the housekeeping, and *Dora* is in—the—er—Civil Service. Mr. Jefferson," she added, confidentially, "has been paying her attentions for some time."

At that moment the door opened, and *Dora* Maybury, radiant with excitement, hastened up to her step-mother. "Oh, mamma, Mr. Jefferson has a box at Daly's to-night. Can I go with him? He says he doesn't mind Frank coming, too—"

"Certainly you may go, dear. Oh, and one

CHAPTER IX.

IN THE PILLORY.

moment, dear! Dr. Mortimer—this is my daughter—my step-daughter—Dora."

"I have had the pleasure," said Jim, as he bent his lofty head, "of meeting Miss Dora before, Mrs. Maybury."

"Indeed!" cried Mrs. Maybury, "how very small the world is! Yes—and—Mr. Jefferson—Dr. Mortimer."

Dora's companion had entered the room and approached the group. Directly their eyes met Mr. Jefferson and Jim recognised each other, the former being no less a person than the pale-faced gentleman who had uttered loud remarks concerning shop-boys at the Exhibition.



"YOU MUST BE THE MAN WHOSE TOES I TROD ON AT THE EXHIBITION THE OTHER NIGHT."

"I, too, have had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Mortimer before," said Mr. Jefferson, without troubling to return Jim's bow, "but I cannot say that I am pleased to see him again."

"Why, dear me!" said Jim, with ready wit, "you must be the man whose toes I trod on at the Exhibition the other night."

And at this unexpected rejoinder—much to Mr. Jefferson's annoyance—Dora's pretty lips parted in an unmistakable smile.

THE SOMEWHAT strained situation brought about by Mr. Jefferson's remark was suddenly relieved by a loud scream, and then a volume of shrill protest from Mary, who appeared, judging by the sound of her voice, to be in close proximity to the drawing-room door.

"Shut *hup*, Master Frank—give *hove*, I say. Your pa shall 'ear of this—"

Master Frank jeered rudely. "Bah, tell-tale! Don't care if he does!"

"Oh!" shrieked Mary, "it's bitin' me. Take it off, Master Frank!"

Mr. Maybury walked to the door and, opening it, looked into the hall.

"What is the matter, Mary—why are you making so much noise?" he enquired.

"Master Frank put a beetle on my neck," whimpered Mary.

"Didn't," said Frank.

"Don't tell an untruth, Frank," his father warned him; "did you or did you not put a beetle on Mary's neck?"

"It was a spider," admitted Frank, who, tease and scapegrace as he was, had not yet developed into that most difficult of persons to deal with—a liar.

"It was something crawly, and I thought it was a beetle," said Mary: "he keeps beetles," she

added, in a tone conveying painfully correct knowledge on the point.

"Apologise at once to Mary," Mr. Maybury commanded his son.

"Don't see why I should," muttered the rebellious youth.

"Very well, then—you will not go to the theatre to-night with Mr. Jefferson and Dora."

The younger Miss Maybury, blushing somewhat (Jim noted the fact with a sinking heart), hastened to the scene of reprimand.

"Oh, Frank—say you are sorry. You *must* come to-night."

Mr. Jefferson, with his eye on the old-fashioned

chandelier, fervently hoped that Frank would remain obstinately unrepentant.

"I'm—er— sorry," said Frank, stiffly.

"Dear Frank—I knew you would!" said Dora, flinging her arms round her brother's neck and bestowing a kiss of gratitude upon his brow.

"Here chuck that!" cried Frank, shaking himself free, "what time must I be ready by?" he added.

"We shall start directly after dinner—I'm going up to dress now," cried Dora, and so the group separated, Frank and his sister proceeding upstairs, Mary descending to the kitchen—where Miss H. R. Maybury was preparing the evening meal—and Mr. Maybury returning to the drawing-room.

"That boy," exclaimed Miss Bird, in a loud, nutmeg-grating tone, "ought to be sent to a reformatory."

Mrs. Maybury turned on her lady-boarder with asperity.

"You will oblige me, Miss Bird, by moderating your language when speaking of Frank!"

"Idle, graceless young rascal!" added Miss Bird, who was not at all afraid of Mrs. Maybury.

"Of course," said Mrs. Maybury, with a contemptuous glance at her husband, "if the boy's father allows him to be spoken of in this way, I, who am only his step-mother——"

"Miss Bird is a little severe in her strictures, but I am afraid something must shortly be done to curb Frank's insubordination," said Mr. Maybury with admirable tact.

"Try him with a whipping and dry bread and water for a week," snarled Miss Bird, who disliked children generally, and abominated Master Maybury.

"Pardon?" enquired Mr. Cleave, who had sat through all the clamour deep in a bilious-looking periodical called *The Total Abstainer*. Mr. Cleave, it should be added, was a little deaf. As, on looking up, he found Miss Bird scowling at him, he concluded that she had addressed him.

"—Bread and water for a week!" shouted Miss Bird, irritably. She hated having to repeat anything, and the case was made worse in Mr. Cleave's case by the defect in his hearing.

"Water?" Mr. Cleave nodded and smiled.

"Certainly plenty of water. Are you an abstainer, sir?" he concluded, turning to Jim, whose name he had not properly caught when they were introduced.

"Sorry to say I am—largely," replied Jim.

"Sorry?" Mr. Cleave blinked in amazement.

"It would have been better for me if I hadn't abstained from water so much," explained Jim.

Mr. Cleave blinked more intelligently. He was beginning to understand.

"You sometimes fall into deadly sin by polluting your lips with alcoholic liquor?" he enquired.

"I'm afraid so," said Jim.

Gradually a very pained and shocked expression stole over Mr. Cleave's cadaverous countenance.

For Mr. Cleave, as need hardly be explained, was a fanatic on the Drink Question—the kind of ill-balanced enthusiast that does his Cause more harm than good by his unbridled and immoderate denunciations of the evil he wishes to abolish. He gazed upon Jim with wonder and shame, and then, deeming him too hardened to be affected by remonstrance, turned for comfort to the pages of *The Total Abstainer*, and particularly to that part where notorious cases of drunkenness were set down under the kind, Christian-like heading of "OUR PILLORY."

While these remarks were being passed, Mr. Jefferson, who had dressed for the theatre before he went to meet Dora, had been turning over the pages of a magazine and occasionally stealing a glance at Jim. For he was rather puzzled at finding the latter at No. 9. He was—it must be remembered—entirely ignorant concerning Jim's identity. He had seen Jim before, it was true, when visiting the Exhibition with Dora and her sister, and had looked diligently in the paper every day for a week after to see what sort of punishment had been meted out to the turbulent youth, but had failed to glean any information there, thanks to the absolute silence Koko's Press friends had maintained on the subject.

So, gradually, the incident faded out of Mr. Jefferson's mind, and he had forgotten all about it when he entered Mr. Maybury's house on this particular evening and found himself face to face with the disturber of the peace whose toes he had trodden on some ten days since—and whose pardon he had so unwisely omitted to beg.

Jefferson was the son of a wealthy City man. He enjoyed a liberal allowance, golfed, motored, and ploughed the smooth waters of the Thames in a steam-launch. He did everything, in fact, which cost money. Golf is not a cheap game as played in clubs round London; motoring is not a poor man's hobby; a steam-launch is a fairly expensive toy. Football and cricket are trifles light as air—from an expenditure point of view—compared with the pastimes Mr. Jefferson followed. Mr. Jefferson might have played football and cricket, for he was only twenty-eight, but he preferred pursuits which betokened him to be the possessor of a well-filled purse. When he referred to his recreations he endeavoured to make it clear to his listeners that he had been out in his own motor-car, and that he had not

been churning the pleasant reaches of Henley and Maidenhead at the invitation of any whisky baronet or tea and coffee knight. He had been, if you please, in his own launch. An unkind City acquaintance of his had once wondered—audibly—why Jefferson didn't have the receipted bill for his launch pasted on the exterior of the craft, just under her name. This was unkind, but they say very unkind things about and to each other in the City. The Stock Exchange—of which the Messrs. Jefferson, father and son, were both members—is as merciless in its chaff as a public school. Which, as my public-school readers will agree, is speaking very highly of the Stock Exchange.

For the rest, Mr. Jefferson could make himself exceedingly agreeable when he liked, and as he was good-looking, attentive, gentlemanly, and always well-dressed, it was not surprising that he had managed to make an impression on Dora's girlish and inexperienced mind. To tell the truth, Mr. Jefferson had come to the conclusion that Dora would be his for the asking, and was, therefore, not going to hurry himself over the matter. She was a charming girl—the most charming girl he had ever met—and he admired her immensely. Possibly he would have been deeply in love with her by this time, had she not always received him with a smile of genuine welcome and accepted his invitations to go here and there, and see this and that, with unconcealed delight. After the drudgery of the post-office counter, and the doubtful joys offered by her home-circle, Mr. Jefferson's society came as a very pleasant relief to Dora. Whenever they went out together he spent his money handsomely, and gave her of the best—and Dora was accordingly grateful and quite prepared to whisper a tender affirmative when Harold Jefferson asked her to be his wife.

So stood the matter when Jefferson drove her home—she had begged off from the office early, at his request—this September evening. So stood the matter when Dora entered the drawing-room and was introduced to "Dr. Mortimer."

When Harold Jefferson, following Dora at a leisurely pace, heard Jim say that he had met Miss Maybury before, he pricked up his ears. And when, on entering the drawing-room, he saw who the gentleman was that had met Dora before, a vague but distinct feeling of annoyance came over him. He had met Jim in the inimical manner already described, and, as he turned over the pages of the magazine, made up his mind to take an early opportunity to inform Mrs. Maybury of the part this new boarder—Jefferson presumed Jim was a new boarder—had lately played before a large and interested audience.

Presently Dora and Frank came downstairs. The former looked prettier than ever in a white dress—with a pearl necklace, a gift of Mr. Jefferson's, round her fair neck, and some other tiny shining ornament in her hair. Frank looked unusually clean and dapper in his best suit, Dora having tied a neat bow for him, and generally supervised his toilet.

Dora seated herself on the arm of her father's chair and stroked the thin hair on his head in the caressing way both pretty and plain daughters are often pleased to exhibit. Once only Dora stole a shy and somewhat apprehensive glance at Jim. She had recognised Jim's voice directly he spoke to Mr. Jefferson at the Exhibition, and had turned her face away, as she did not desire Jim, on the strength of his introduction to her earlier in the day, to address her whilst he was in such a quarrelsome mood.

And now—here he was—this Mr. (or Dr.) Mortimer—under her own father's roof; and here, too, was Mr. Jefferson, who had already expressed his feelings with regard to this Mr. (or Dr.) Mortimer. Under the peculiar circumstances, Dora had no desire to enter into conversation with Jim, and so took shelter—as girls so often, and so wisely, do—under the paternal wing.

Frank, however, had no reason to avoid Mr. Mortimer. He rather admired him for the easy way he had picked up his portmanteau and shouldered it upstairs. A real boy admires a strong man, and Frank was a real boy enough—suffering, at present, from being too much at home—for his summer holidays were only just over.

So he seated himself by Jim.

"I say, Dr. Mortimer," he said at length. "would you mind telling me how tall you are?"

Jim was genially glad of somebody to talk to.

"Six foot, four," he replied.

"I say! Do you like being so tall?"

"Don't mind it," said Jim; "knock my head rather too often, perhaps."

Frank laughed. "There's a master at my school almost as tall as you," he proceeded, "but much broader."

"Indeed!" said Jim, who frequently had to listen to comparisons of this sort."

"Well," continued Frank, surveying Jim with a critical eye, "I don't know whether he's *much* broader. You are *rather* broad, aren't you? But he's much fatter. They say he weighs eighteen stone. What do you weigh?"

"Frank," said Mrs. Maybury, "don't ask such personal questions, dear."

Dora smiled. She was listening in a not un-

interested way to her brother's ingenuous remarks.

"Oh, I don't mind, Mrs. Maybury," said Jim; "I go just over thirteen stone," he added, addressing Frank.

The boy looked thoughtful. Presently he said: "Can you fight well, Dr. Mortimer?"

He asked the question in all innocence, for Dora had not breathed a word about Jim's performance at the Exhibition.

"I don't like fighting," replied Jim; "I am afraid of my nose bleeding."

Frank gazed at him with suspicion. Then, as Jim's face remained quite grave, Frank's grew scornful. Afraid of his nose bleeding! That was a nice thing for a man of six feet, four, to say!

To what extent Frank might have continued his interrogations, we can only vaguely surmise, but at this point Miss Bird—who had been much irritated by Frank's inquisitive treble tones—dashed into the breach.

"And what, Mr. Cleave," she asked, "are the cases in your 'Pillory' this week? Anything of an exceptional nature?"

Mr. Cleave came to life with a convulsive start. He had been absorbed in a series of reports supplied by the *Abstainer's* special commissioner from the London Police Courts.

"Pardon?" he asked, "didn't catch——"

Miss Bird snapped her teeth, which came together much as a man-trap would close on an unfortunate poacher's leg.

"Pillory! What's the worst case?" she bawled.

"Oh! The cases in 'Our Pillory'?" bleated Mr. Cleave.

"Yes! Read 'em out!" Miss Bird returned in a saw-like, rasping growl.

Mr. Cleave turned over the pages of *The Total Abstainer* with evident relish.

"The worst," he said, in a high, thin voice, "is one that our Commissioner only heard by unexpected good fortune. He does not often go westwards. He finds that Bow-street and White-chapel bring more grist——"

"Read it out!" shouted Miss Bird.

"*'A piteous example of what over-indulgence in alcohol may bring a man to,'* read Mr. Cleave, *'was afforded by a case which came before our notice one day last week in the Kensington Police Court. The degraded being who faced the magistrate with an unabashed gaze was a young doctor named Mortimer, who gave as his address a place of mercy and healing—the Hospital of St. Matthew.'*"

"By George!" exclaimed Jim, "that's how our local rag got hold of it! Copied it out of your paper."

"Pardon?" observed Mr. Cleave.

"Go on!" roared Miss Bird.



"I SAY, DR. MORTIMER, WOULD YOU MIND TELLING ME HOW TALL YOU ARE?"

"*The facts were few but terrible* (continued Mr. Cleave). *This member of a noble calling, inflamed and rendered reckless of all consequences by the fiend aforesaid, actually made a ferocious onslaught on a band of six policemen. In a fair pleasure garden he let loose his unruly passions, and only after a terrific struggle was he captured, handcuffed, and thrust into a cell——*"

"They locked you up, then?" enquired Jefferson, glancing maliciously at Jim.

"Not they," said Jim; "I was let out on bail."

Miss Bird turned sharply round and glared into Jim's face.

"Are you the person described in that report?" she demanded.

"I am," said Jim.

A silence fell on the room. Even the dim-of-hearing Mr. Cleave appreciated the situation and understood that the lately arrived Dr. Mortimer was identical with the prime villain of the "Pillory" that week.

"Pray continue, Mr. Cleave," said Jefferson at length, with a curl of his lip; "I am sure Dr. Mortimer does not mind."

Mr. Cleave was bending over the paper again when an interruption came from an unthought-of quarter. Mr. Maybury rose to his feet.

"I do not think," he said, "that Mr. Cleave had better proceed with his reading."

"Nonsense," said Jefferson; "go ahead, Mr. Cleave."

"For the sake of the Cause, Mr. Maybury," piped Cleave, "I wish to——"

"I am master of this house," said the ruined manufacturer, who, generally so mild and retiring, now spoke with unfaltering firmness, "and I say that no man shall be insulted to his face under my roof. You will oblige me, Mr. Cleave, by not reading another word of that report. Frank, go and see if dinner is ready."

CHAPTER X.

AT THE SURGERY.

JIM set out for the surgery next morning feeling somewhat depressed. His sins were coming home to him. The attitude adopted towards him generally by No. 9 was a hostile one. After the sad disclosures on the previous evening, Miss Bird and Mr. Cleave had metaphorically turned their backs on him; Mrs. Maybury was coldly polite; Miss H. R. Maybury (a thin, angular young lady) barely recognised his presence; and, on the whole, Jim would have spent a most chilly evening had not Mr. Maybury invited him to play chess.

"Seems to me," said Jim, as he left Derby Crescent, "I'm not in good odour there. Shall I leave or shall I live it down? I should like to leave, but—*hullo!*"

This exclamation was caused by the hitherto unnoticed presence of Tom, the great black cat, who had quietly followed Jim out of the Crescent into the main road, and seemed bent on accompanying the young doctor to his destination. Jim endeavoured to make the cat go back, but Tom persisted in accompanying him, and so at length the two reached Mount-street, where Dr. Taplow's surgery was situated.

On the pavement by the surgery door a group

of meanly-clad people were already waiting for "the Doctor." The women—they were all women or children—gazed with interest on the Long 'Un. He was a man most people looked at twice, and to these poor souls he was of peculiar interest, for he was to minister to their ills. And who—in times of sickness—is of greater interest to one than the man who possesses the skill to make one well again?

"Waiting to see me?" said Jim, cheerily, "all right—you may come in in a moment."

Scouring the passage that lay on the other side of the door was a hag of forbidding appearance.

"I am Mr. Mortimer," said Jim, in reply to her stare of enquiry; "I have come to take charge of the practice."

Passing by her, he opened a door on the right and entered the waiting-room—a bare apartment furnished with a few chairs and a table, on which latter lay a scanty collection of well-thumbed periodicals. Opening out of this was the surgery, which had not been entered, save by the hag aforesaid, since Dr. Morgan had come by his untimely end.

On the desk lay the open ledger—with its quaint Latin entries—exactly as poor old Morgan had left it. On the shelves were the usual ranks of bottles—containing poisons, acids and other drugs; and here and there on the counter under the shelves stood various dose-glasses, phials, a stethoscope, and a pair of forceps still containing a rotten double-tooth that had been wrenched from some unfortunate aching jaw. The place was dirty and untidy, and altogether the sight that met Jim's eyes was most dispiriting. This was, indeed, a humble surgery in a humble district!

Still, Jim did not lose heart. He was fresh from one of the first hospitals in London—in spite of the sudden change in his fortunes he was full of enthusiasm, and eager to apply his knowledge.

The patients filed in, and Jim saw each in turn. They were all suffering from common ailments, and the Long 'Un—after his varied experience among the out-patients at Matt's, where he had sometimes doctored fifty persons in one morning—made short work of them.

One little girl had a rash on her chest and back. Jim readily diagnosed the complaint as chicken-pox.

"Take her home and keep her in bed for a week, mum!" said he, to the girl's mother: "keep her warm, mind. If she gets a chill, it will drive the spots in, and the child may be very ill then. Keep her warm. Medicine? No, she doesn't want medicine. Just keep her warm—and away from the other children. All live in one room? Well, they'll all have it—if they're

not had it before. Just as well. Sixpence, please!"

A young seamstress had no appetite and felt too weak to work. No, she wasn't married—she helped her mother. Drink? No, never drank anything but tea. How often? Oh, the pot was on the hob all day. They just helped themselves when they wanted it.

"The matter with you, mum," said Jim, "is tea! You're poisoning yourself. So comforting? Yes, but it's poison. No more tea, mum! Medicine? Yes. I'll make you up a nice tonic. And go out for a walk every evening—don't tire yourself, though!"

He called them all "mum," and they all liked his fresh young face and cheerful manner, and went home full of praises for "the noo Doctor." And so Jim, on his first day at the surgery, lay the seeds of his fame—a fame that was to become very great in that humble district.

But it wasn't all sixpenny and shilling counter-trade. Later in the day—when it had been noised about that a new doctor had come to take charge of the practice—various messages—some verbal, some scribbled on notepaper—arrived. Would the Doctor come to see Mrs. Smith, who was suffering from heart complaint; and Mrs. Jones, who had nothing at all the matter with her, but always thought she had? So Jim sallied forth and paid calls on the wives of fishmongers and ironmongers, and greengrocers and publicans—nearly all his patients were women—ascended rickety staircases, dived into evil-smelling bedrooms, and went hither and thither and about and around on his useful errands of healing and comfort. In one day, Jim made a name for himself, created wonder on account of his height, and established several firm friends by reason of his easy manner, and free, "gentleman-like" address.

Tom didn't follow Jim when the latter was going his rounds, but remained at the surgery. He was not idle, for once, on returning from a visit, Jim found the cat proudly sitting guard over a huge grey rat that he had slaughtered. And it may be added that in the course of the afternoon Tom gave battle to and utterly defeated two Mount-street cats (noted "scrapers," both), which ventured to annoy him when he sallied forth for a breath of fresh air.

Over the way, just opposite, was a provision-shop bearing the name of "Harris and Son." It was provided with a counter at which people sat and devoured cheap plates of ham and beef, and drank ale that was procured by a boy from a neighbouring "public."

From the portals of this establishment, about two o'clock in the afternoon, issued a weary little

old man, who, after glancing up and down Mount-street, crossed over to the surgery.

He found Jim doing up some medicine. "How d'ye do, doctor?"

"How are you, sir?"

"Queer, doctor. Thought I'd come and ask your advice."

"Go ahead," said Jim, jabbing the end of a stick of sealing-wax into the gas-jet.

"I've a funny feeling all over my head—not in the head, but all over it. I've been a good deal worried of late, Doctor."

"Sort of feeling as if your hair was being brushed?" inquired Jim.

"That's it. Not so nice, though."

"I know it," said Jim; "I've had it myself when I've been stewing hard for an exam." (He hadn't really, but "having had it himself" was a medical formula that he deemed it well to abide by—it comforted patients.)

"Well I never! What is it, Doctor?"

"Irritation of the subcutaneous nerves," said Jim, wisely.

"Ah!" said the weary little old man, "sounds bad!"

"Oh, no—it'll soon go off. I'll make you up a tonic with a touch of bromide in it. That'll soothe you."

"Bromide! Ain't that the wicked stuff society ladies take?"

"Some of them. But they take it neat—yours will be diluted."

Jim made up a bottle of "the mixture," and the old man laid down his shilling.

"I feel better already, sir," he said; "hope you'll come over to our place and get a bit to eat when you want it. I'm from over the road—Harris."

"Right!" said Jim, "I won't forget. Good-day, Mr. Harris."

And in this way an adventure befell Jim, for, about an hour later, feeling hungry, he went over to the emporium of Harris and Son. Blocking up the doorway he found a burly ruffian with close-cropped hair and a scarf round his neck.

"Now, my man!" said Jim, wishing to pass by.

The gentleman addressed turned on him with a scowl and an oath.

"Oo are you 'my-manning,' young lamp-post? You get out of my way—d'yer 'ear?"

Now Jim conjectured—and rightly—that the ruffian in question was of the Hooligan order, or belonged to a class of society near akin to that order. And, recollecting that he had to hold his own in this district, and that it would never do to be intimidated, and bearing in mind likewise that in situations of this kind it was a good plan to "hit first and hit hard," he let drive

between the fellow's eyes and knocked him clean off his feet.

This done, he stepped over him and proceeded to the counter to buy some food.

As the ruffian fell, a pale slip of a girl, who was holding a baby, started up from the table at which she was sitting and rushed towards the prostrate figure.

The man Jim had felled struggled to his feet with a flood of imprecations pouring from his lips. The blow had dazed him, and for a few moments he glared about him in an uncertain way. Then, as his senses cleared, he perceived Jim, and gave a hoarse cry, fumbling the while

"Not I," said Jim; "I can look after myself."

"He's a terror," said the old man, in a hasty undertone, "he's a Hooligan—the worst of 'em—their boss."

"I don't care," said Jim; "I can tackle him."

At length the Hooligan managed to unclasp his belt, but even as he did so two policemen entered the shop.

"Now then—get out of this—quick!"

They knew him—evidently. They were two to his one. And there was the Long 'Un near at hand to help if required.

The Hooligan was not without some regard for his personal well-being. With a scowl of hate at

Jim he put on his belt again and left the shop, followed by the girl.

"Same old game?" said one of the constables to Mr. Harris.

"I didn't see it all—but I believe this gentleman knocked him down," replied Mr. Harris. "He's the new doctor over the road."

The policeman eyed Jim with an interest that was mingled with considerable respect.

"I'd advise you to be careful, sir," he said; "that's the most dangerous man in these parts. He's just done six months, and only came out three days ago. We've been keeping an eye on him."

"I'll look out—never fear," said Jim.

For some hours after that Jim was very busy, but even in the midst of his work he seemed to

see the white, pleading face of the Hooligan's girl-wife. No doubt she loved the brute—no doubt she had been endeavouring to keep him in a good temper ever since he had come out of prison. And the man, smarting from his recent confinement, sulky, and conscious of his bull-like strength, had probably been thirsting for a quarrel all these three days.

Then Jim's sharp speech fell on his ear, and



JIM LET DRIVE BETWEEN THE FELLOW'S EYES.

at the heavily-buckled belt which he wore round his waist.

"Oh, Jack—don't!" cried the girl, interposing her slender form between the man and the object of his meditated vengeance. As she did so, Jim noticed that one of her eyes was discoloured; it was not hard to guess who had caused the injury.

"Get over the counter!" cried Mr. Harris; "you'll be safer here."

the Hooligan wasn't accustomed to being spoken to sharply by anybody save a policeman. He had wheeled round fiercely, and had hardly had time to take stock of the person addressing him before he was floored. He had never received such quick treatment before in his life—not even in rows with his own pals.

"Still," thought Jim, "I wouldn't have hit him had I known his wife was there. At any rate, I'd have let him hit me first."

Jim got some tea in a shop in Blackfriars-road, and was fully employed making up medicine at the surgery until it was dusk, and the street lamps were shining yellow. Then Jim bethought him of Derby Crescent and dinner.

He was tidying up the surgery preparatory to taking his leave of the place for the day, when there came a short, peremptory knock on the street door, which he had previously closed. Jim heard a murmur of voices without. A woman, it seemed, was remonstrating with a man.

Jim went to the door and opened it. There, awaiting him, was the Hooligan; a little further off stood the latter's slip of a wife.

"Well?" said Jim, curtly.

Even as he spoke the girl gave the alarm: "Look out, sir—he's got his belt off!" But the Hooligan was too quick, and the heavy buckle of the belt came crash on to Jim's head, just above the brow, ere the woman's warning was finished.

It was a frightful blow, and extracted a cry of pain from Jim. One cry, and then Jim sprang forward, dodged the belt swinging at his head again, and closed with the Hooligan. The two forms swayed, tottered, fell—Jim on top. In a second he was kneeling on the ruffian, his hands upon the other's throat.

"Oh, sir—oh, sir!—don't give him in charge! Oh, sir—he sha'n't do it again!—please don't give him in charge!"

It was the girl-wife's piteous appeal, and Jim, hearing her, rose to his feet.

"All right—take him away!"

Jim's head was swimming, and the blood was trickling over his face.

He staggered back into the surgery, feeling that his senses were leaving him. Supporting himself by the wall, he passed through the waiting-room, gained the surgery proper, and was clutching at the counter when a figure appeared in the doorway.

It was the Hooligan—with an uglier look than ever in his eyes.

Jim saw the brutal face and the uplifted belt. The man was going to hit him again. The belt

rose—but of a sudden help arrived from an unexpected quarter, for Tom, the great cat, seeing the danger that threatened his master, launched himself into the air and in another moment was biting and scratching at the Hooligan's face with all the tigerish venom in his nature.

The Hooligan dropped his belt and tore wildly at the cat, and at that moment a little man entered the surgery.

"Pull it off!" yelled the Hooligan, "pull the beast off!"

Koko—for the newcomer was none less—caught Tom by the nape of the neck and flung him into a corner.

Then Koko snatched up a sponge, soaked it with water, and applied it to Jim's wound.

"Thanks, old man!" said Jim, reviving somewhat.

"I got your card and came along as soon as I could," said Koko, soaking the sponge again; "by the way, who's your friend?"

"Oh, he was only getting even with me," said Jim; "I hit him earlier in the day."

The Hooligan's wife was endeavouring to make her husband leave the waiting-room—to which he had retired when Koko relieved him of the cat—but he seemed anxious to renew the combat.

Her expostulations ceased abruptly, however—as did the man's maledictions—and a new voice fell upon the hearing of the two friends.

"Now, my good people, do you want anything here? If you will wait a few moments you shall be attended to."

Then Jim and Koko saw the doorway of the surgery proper filled by a portly form.

"You are Mr. Mortimer, I believe?" said the new arrival. "I am Dr. Taplow. I am greatly obliged to my friend Sir Savile for obtaining your services for me, and must thank you for acting as my *locum tenens* to-day. I am accompanied, however, by the gentleman I myself have appointed to take charge of the practice, and so I shall not require you after to-day."

Jim bowed. "Very good, sir," he replied.

"By the way—are you hurt?" enquired Dr. Taplow.

"It's only a scratch," said Jim, reaching down his hat.

"Indeed! I was afraid it was something worse . . . er, if you will let me know what I owe you, I will send you a cheque . . . er . . . come in, Dr. Perkins, come in . . . er, good evening, Mr. Mortimer!"

(To be Continued.)

SCHOOL MAGAZINES



"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

The Ipswich School Magazine.—A prologus for 1902 thus refers to Lord Kitchener:

Pax prima nobis dicta sit Britannia,
Finisque longo jam positus certamini
Auctore nostræ Filio provinçiae—
Nonne hunc alumnum Eoa jactat Anglia?

We note the revival of the Old Boys' dinner, and the adoption of a proposal for a "smoking jacket," of dark blue flannel, for Old Ipswichians—the shape of the ancient crest to be left to a committee for decision. The most distinguished alumnus of this school in recent years has passed away in the person of Professor E. B. Cowell, who, a few weeks before his death, founded permanently the Classical Prize he had for some years past given for Classics at the school.

Holmwood Magazine.—This appears under a new editor, who assumes his duties with much misgiving and financial uneasiness. We bid him take heart, and offer our congratulations on his first number. Glad to see Holmwood boys go in for aeronautics.

The Bede Magazine is beautifully produced and printed, and full of excellent matter. It is a wonderful example of what can be done by boys working alone. *The Bede* is written, edited, and managed by boys.

The Isis (January and February).—We appreciate the kindly reference to ourselves, and hope we may long continue to afford no small pleasure to denizens of the Isis. Our Athletic Editor's answers to correspondents are made the subject of some amusing topical verses. The Isis Idols include Messrs. Chalmers Dempster Fisher (John's), Herbert Asquith (Balliol), Chas. Hillary Wild (Oriell), Frederick Christopher Stocks (Worcester), Frederick Septimus Kelly (Balliol), and Chas. Armine Willis (Magdalen).

Grammar School Magazine (Aberdeen) laments the loss of the editor, Mr. Burnett, and the sports' editor, Mr. Leonard J. Smith. A portrait of a distinguished classic, Mr. J. C. Knox, appears as a frontispiece. Mr. J. M. Bullock's lines entitled "My Argosy" are excellent. I hail the physical register, giving results of tests of hearing, sight, sense and colour, complexion (eyes, skin, and hair), measurements of head, height, weight, and girth of chest, arm, leg, etc., with notes as to forms of exercise and games in which each boy engages. I hope many schools will follow this useful example. Notes about old boys very interesting.

Haileyburian (February).—Sinister echoes from the great world outside are heard in this magazine. Serious subjects, such as the teaching of Euclid in schools, have suggested a dirge entitled "The Passing of Euclid." The battle of the giants in the big monthlies, started by Sir Oliver Lodge's article in the *Nineteenth Century and After*, on "Our Public Schools a Public Peril"—a review of Mr.

Benson's book—is reflected by a long reference in the Haileybury Letter to Baron de Coubertin's article in the *Fortnightly Review*, headed "Are the Public Schools a Failure?"

Hurst Johnian (March).—The jubilee celebration appears to be now fixed for a date towards the end of June, and the Bishop of Stepney has undertaken to preach the jubilee sermon on June 25th. The editor wishes the 4,000 Hurst Johnians who have been at the school would celebrate the jubilee by a half-crown subscription towards the completion of the building scheme. It appears that the west window is very elegant, but the completion of the tower remains an enigma. Still, the editor must rejoice in that his own magazine has quintupled its circulation and that his finances are flourishing. The death of the provost is deplored, and the departure of Dr. Black, the school medical officer, is sincerely regretted.

The Ousel (February).—The resignation of Mr. J. S. Phillpotts, the "chief" of Bedford since '74, calls up many pleasant thoughts in the minds of Old Bedfordians of days gone by. The regrets of the Harper Trust Committee and of O.B.'s sprinkle the pages of the "Mag.," and we ourselves repress a sigh in unison with the general lament, that one who was so dear to all alike has severed his long connection with the school. May happiness pursue him for years to come. It is gratifying to note that, as a result of official measurements, 282 boys now at Bedford stand 5ft. 5in. and over. It would be interesting to get chest measurement and biceps. All writers to-day on physical culture pay more regard to a well-balanced body, interpreted by one writer as a striving after beauty of form, than to the vanity of adding a cubit to one's stature. According to the figures before us, the boy who mingles classics with mathematics is in the ascendant over the pure classic—only 45 are in the latter list, while 159 are in the former. An ambitious attempt is being made to write notes on the sonnet. I don't know who the writer may be, but the notes are painstaking in the highest degree, and have involved Herculean labour. I can think only of Cruden's Concordance to the Bible, and Mary Cowden Clarke's Concordance to Shakespeare, as parallels.

The Salopian (March).—The new editor claims a new virtue for this magazine—punctuality. I hope he may live up to it. Apart from this virtue, the best thing in its pages is the cutting from the Ashton-under-Lyne *Weekly Herald*, describing the school runs, from the pen of the Rev. G. A. Pugh, an O.S. These runs seem as good a test as the Ten-mile at Sedbergh.

The Sedberghian (February).—My heartiest congratulations to A. W. Lawrence (O.S.) on winning the ski-ing competition at the Public Schools Winter Sports, at Adelboden, Switzerland. He also won the Challenge Cup awarded as the result of the

two competitions in skating and skiing. *Pilei et Rastra* is the effort of a member of the school to translate "Top hats and Etans." "Shrove Tuesday" makes an informing article, explaining the old custom, now obsolete, at Sedbergh, of paying cock-penny, "an offering, tendered in person, of a guinea to the headmaster, and 10s. 6d. to the usher." A ladder, showing the house points for Sports Cup, is excellent.

The Lorettonian (February, 1903).—As we pick up this magazine for review the sad news has come to us of the death of the old master, Dr. Hely Hutchinson Almond. Every Lorettonian will pay a silent tribute of respectful homage to the memory of one of the most lovable characters of our day and generation.

The issue before us is distinctly interesting. Mr. Andrew Lang contributes a characteristic article entitled "Prehistoric Loretto," in which he recalls the Langhornes, Townsend, John Adam Ferguson, Robert Cox, his cousin J. J. Atkinson, and "Bilsky" Forman. The Poet's Corner contains some happy verses under Kipling's scornful phrase, "The Muddled Oaf." We take leave to cull the following:—

At his dinner loudly swearing,
If you do not pass a loaf,
Long of hair, uncouth of bearing,
Sits and growls the Muddled Oaf.

It seems the Lorettonian revels in long hair like the tailor, lolling in his shop-front, as described in Mr. George Meredith's "Shaving of Shagpat." The death of Dr. Rogerson, "head" of Merchiston, removes a well-known and distinguished figure in school-life over the border. Half-a-century ago he was a master at Loretto.

The Malvernian (February).—The subject of beautifying the college chapel is engrossing Malvernians as keenly as Sir Wm. B. Richmond's efforts to decorate St. Paul's Cathedral interest Londoners. An exquisite window commemorates those Malvernians who fell in the war; the sedilia, erected by Mr. E. E. Schnadhorst, in memory of his brother, forms a fine piece of work; and a fitting brass tablet is inscribed with the name of the O.M., whose death they commemorate. Handsome curtains have been placed at the entrance of the building, and a reredo has been erected. Malvernians have great cause to be proud. Some agitation prevails in the school on the question of prefects' hats and high collars. Messrs. Hassarac and Cassarac want to deprive the prefects of their "straws," and give them a special cap, and Mr. Intorquatus would like to grow a beard, but cannot defy the imperial ukase which has been promulgated against high collars. The theory that high collars prevent sore throats and tonsillitis is exploded. Jean and Edouard de Reszke wear the lowest collars they can procure, and expose the throat as much as possible. A leading member of the Australian Bar came to Europe recently in search of a cure for the failure of his voice, and a leading specialist in Vienna told him to cut his collar as low as possible, and expose his throat to all the winds of Heaven. His progress to recovery was wonderful, and he is now able to resume his practice in the Australian Law Courts.

The Blue.—The Eponyms include a tastefully written essay on "Elia." It helps as well as any-

thing I have seen for a long time to give Lamb his rightful place in letters. In a very short space "S.E.W." has done wonderfully, and I feel sure that if Canon Ainger, the learned editor of the last edition of Lamb's works, were asked for an opinion, he would have nothing but praise for this short article. Of the rest of this magazine, "Fragment of a Diary," and the "Chapel Windows," are the best. "Impressions of a First Visit" made my thoughts go back to the old school, and caused me to hope that the Horsham establishment may yield as rich a harvest of worthy men as did the great grey pile in Newgate Street. It was with regret that we noticed the editor's wail for "copy" a short time ago. We agree with the editor concerning the latent talent in the school, and the sooner it becomes nascent the better for school and writer. The articles on the "Beginnings of a Scientist," and "Exams." were excellent reading. Very original and amusing, too, was the paper on "Sidelights on School Authors—as cast by their works." The article on Coleridge was very well written, but we missed a reference to the lectures S. T. C. delivered in London on Shakespeare, still supposed to rank high in Shakespearean literature, and also to the remarkable dream-poem "Kubla Khan." Thomas de Quincey always used to say that S. T. C. was an opium-eater. S. T. C. indignantly denied it and was estranged from de Q. in consequence. We are delighted with the pictorial supplements.

Carthusian (Feb., March).—The report of Founder's Day is one of the chief things of interest, owing to the announcement that the Lord Chief Justice of England had presented £1,000 to the New Cloister, in memory of his son, and for the proposal to establish a riding school at Charterhouse. I note also with pleasure that Lord Alverstone has founded the Arthur Webster Prize for excellence in shooting and drill combined, the competition to be held at the end of Long Quarter every year, between house squads. The reporter of Founder's Day suggests, as the kindest form of modern bullying, that every "new boy" should be made to learn, during his first quarter, the Carmen Carthusianum. The ode to the statue of Dr. Haig Brown is a happy conception. Some verses in elegiac mood, on the lack of "copy," show how difficult it is, even in a great school like Charterhouse, to induce boys to assist in the little republic of letters in which they live. It is all the more gratifying, therefore, to see that in succeeding issues boys had taken the hint. The *Delusiones Academicæ* are excellent. How is this for a free translation of "quid, oh! ferit illa (Virgil)? "What oh! she humps!" The lines on "Battle Abbey" are very chaste. The master made an earnest appeal on behalf of the Charterhouse Mission in the December issue. We hope he has had a hearty response. The Mission is doing excellent work.

We also beg to acknowledge the receipt of:—*Dororian, Breconian, Carlol. Arvonian, Alperton Hall Magazine, Johnian, Durban High School Magazine, Cranleighan, County School Magazine (Pembroke Dock), Clarinia, Blundellian, Mill Hill Magazine, Reflector, and North Point Annual.*



HINTS ON NEW BATS.

ABOUT the day our May number appears on the bookstalls hundreds and hundreds of our readers suddenly forget football and begin to think of cricket: and dozens and dozens of them immediately sit down and write here for all sorts of cricket information. This we are delighted to supply to genuine readers, and especially to members of THE CAPTAIN Club. But a fellow who, for instance, wants to buy a new bat and to know how to buy a good one, is not best pleased with an answer in June or July. He wants his bat in May. Magazines cannot reply by return of post: so I propose, my friends, to anticipate one or two of your inevitable inquiries.

About bats, then. The commonest questions are, "What maker is the best?" and "Can you advise me how to choose a good bat?"

WHAT IS THE "BEST" BAT?

Now, suppose you had cheek enough and walked into the pavilion at Lord's, through the big glass doors and up the wide staircase into dressing-room No. 1, into the midst of the Gentlemen of England XI.; and suppose you tackled each of these skilful and experienced cricketers separately with the first of the above questions, I am afraid you would not obtain much satisfaction. They would all, I dare say, give you their opinions if you asked politely. But the bother would be, these opinions would be very various. You would discover that there are at least half-a-dozen, probably more, best makers of bats. And if you cast your eyes into the cricket-bags round the room you would not only discover that different cricketers patronise different makers, but that each cricketer, to

judge by the contents of his bag, has no particular favourite maker. Then, perhaps, you would believe what few fellows are willing to believe, namely, that all the well-known and many of the less well-known makers turn out "best" bats.

EXAMINE YOUR MAKER'S STOCK OF WILLOW.

It does sometimes happen that one maker in any given year is lucky enough to possess a specially good stock of willow, and, consequently, produces a greater number of really tip-top blades than any other. But the worst of it is even the most knowing first-class batsmen rarely discover which this maker is till the season is well on. In any case, I can confidently assure you that you can obtain an absolutely first-rate bat from any of the well-known makers. There is no best maker nowadays: all the good ones are equally good. This does not prevent cricketers having their fancies. Suppose, for instance, I had a particularly good bat by a certain maker, I should very likely try to get some more from him; but it would be fancy rather than any special belief in that maker which would prompt me to do so. If, perchance, you are in doubt about which maker to patronise, you might run your eye over the advertisements in this magazine.

HOW SOME MEN CHOOSE.

How to choose a bat? Well, that is rather a stiff question. It is not easy, even for an experienced player, to choose a bat. I have been present at the trial and selection of many dozens. What happens, let us say, at Lord's is something like this. A county player, high up in the averages, wants a new

bat. He informs Philip Need, the pavilion attendant. Philip is delighted; he has any amount of beauties. He retires down a passage, and turns up with a sheaf of bats with blades in brown paper covers. The blades are unsheathed and displayed in a row. Then the player picks them up one by one, and tries them with an imaginary stroke or two. After a good deal of indecision he fixes upon one. Then he invites a comrade's opinion; and the latter, after trying them, decides against the one chosen. Then several other comrades chip in and offer advice. No two of them agree. Finally, after debate, the buyer buys not his first choice, but another. So many points there are in a bat!

FULL SIZE OR UNDER?

Perhaps the best advice I can give is this. First of all, unless you are tall enough to use a full-size bat, do not hanker after one, but fix on a smaller. The best plan, if you do not know the size that suits you, is to judge of it in the following way, which I have suggested in previous articles:—Stand upright with your arm hanging at full length by your side and find the size of bat such that the top edge of the handle reaches just to your wrist joint.

Every authority on the art of batting, from W. G. and Ranjitsinhji downwards, insists on the folly of a boy using a bat too big for him. But boys are for ever disinclined to accept the advice. This is a pity: for no one can play properly with a bat too big for him. Some of the best county players, W. G. Quaife, Alec Hearne, and C. J. Burnup, for instance, use bats under full size.

BAT-WILLOW: WHAT IT IS.

Next about wood. One of the advantages of buying from a well-known maker is that you are practically certain of getting the proper kind of willow. Not all willow is bat-willow. But good bat-willow is of different colours and grains. The safest plan, perhaps, is to choose a blade which, in colour and grain, resembles the best bat you have possessed in the past. Otherwise, I fancy, it is well to go either for white or for cinnamon-coloured willow with from twelve to sixteen grains on the face. White, clean-looking wood is nearly always good, if it is not too new and soft. Very close-grained wood is often pleasant to use at first, but is liable to split up. Very broad-grained wood is nearly always hard; but if you want a bat to last well, it is the best. It is worth knowing that

broad-grained wood is generally heavier than narrow-grained; that is to say, a square inch of the former weighs more than a square inch of the latter. The best bat I ever owned was of a nondescript appearance; when new the face was smudgy and grainless, but with oil and use a most symmetrical grain worked out; of course, the grain was there all the time; but when I bought the bat it did not look at all a gentleman. The truth was, I disliked the look of the wood but very much liked the balance of this bat.

BALANCE: HOW TO GAUGE IT.

Balance is really, after size, the most important point in a bat. It is a curious fact that a nicely-balanced bat, whatever the look of the wood, usually turns out well. So I strongly counsel you to take trouble over the balance of every bat you purchase. But the worst of it is, balance is a quality very difficult to describe. When you pick up a bat by itself you may not perhaps be able to make up your mind whether it is well or badly balanced; so you ought to start by selecting, say, half-a-dozen of the right size and wood and then try them in your hands one after another till you discover one that, as it is called, "comes up" better than the others. To arrive at this result, you should test each bat thus:—Take block with it on the floor and stand just as you would in a match, ready to receive the ball; then lift the point of the bat backwards with your wrists, and make an imaginary stroke or two till you gain the "feel" of the bat. Perhaps an imaginary cut or two best serves the purpose. You will soon find out which of the bats comes up lightest from the ground and feels most handy to use. The knack of judging the balance of bats can be cultivated by frequent practice on those belonging to your friends. But you must not follow the example of the man in the story who used to pick a bat from a friend's bag with a "By Jove, what a beautifully balanced cue!" and then casually drop the article into his own bag.

WEIGHT: A TICKLISH QUESTION.

A very common question is, "What weight should my bat be?" To which there is no really satisfactory answer. For a full-size bat 2lb. 4oz. is about the best standard weight. It is very difficult to get a good full-size bat lighter than this. For small-size bats there are no definite weights corresponding to each size. But as small-size bats are usually made from the lighter kind of willow

you are not likely to go wrong if you look after the size and chance the weight; that is, as long as you deal with good makers.

HOW TO WRITE TO YOUR MAKER.

Suppose you cannot inspect a bat but must write for it, be sure to tell the maker precisely what kind of article you want. If you do not know your proper size and weight in bats, tell him your own age and height. He should be able to suit you. You cannot expect to obtain a good bat by post if you merely mention the fact that you want to buy a bat. You might just as well write to a house-agent saying you want a house, without telling him the size and kind.

SOFT OR "GREEN" BLADES.

When you have got your bat you are liable to disappointment. Not one bat in a hundred feels pleasant to play with until it has been some weeks in use. Sometimes the blade is too soft (or "green," as the maker would call it) and gives you the feeling that it is altogether lacking in fibre and drive. Generally, however, a new bat is hard and jars your arms as it meets the ball.

HOW TO "BREAK IN" YOUR BAT.

Blades which are soft at first often turn out to be beauties. But you must be careful how you "break in" this sort. The thing above all to avoid is using them against new balls, which are not only hard but have, as a rule, protruding seams. By far the best way to put a face on a soft bat is to practise with it at a swinging ball. For this purpose get an oldish ball, make a hole with a bent awl under the seam, string it on a piece of cord, and suspend it about a foot from the ground from any convenient beam or branch overhead. You will find much more entertainment than you would expect in tapping the swinging ball with gentle forward or back strokes; and you may even improve your style considerably if you are careful to make each little stroke in good form. But, in any case, you can soon bring a soft bat into good condition by this means. You ought to wipe the face of the blade with an oily rag every day. And the best oil is, I think, a mixture of linseed and olive. Linseed oil neat, unless very sparingly used, seems to make bats too hard.

PRACTICE AT A SWINGING BALL.

The reason why practice at a swinging ball is better for a new soft bat than real net practice is that in the former you can make

sure of not "edging" the ball. More bats are spoilt by being carelessly used at nets before they have a proper face upon them than in any other way. It is only to be expected that early in the season a batsman will "edge" some of his strokes instead of meeting the ball with the centre of the bat. If you "edge" a hard drive with a soft bat you probably find you have made a round broken indentation in the blade, which is sure to be the source of cracks and splits. No bat lasts well if the face is once broken across the grain.

HARD BLADES.

Hard bats can only be got into condition by continual use. They are not at all satisfactory for some time, but when they do come into tune they drive better than any. Any one who possesses a well-balanced, good-looking bat, which, however, "stings like fury," is advised to persevere with it; for it is almost sure to be really an extra good one. It is a mistake to oil hard bats much; they need use, not oil. It is worth knowing that practically every bat, provided it is of the proper willow and is not too terribly ill-balanced, can be worked into a good one if persevered with. Dozens of good bats are abandoned as failures simply because their owners do not care for the trouble of breaking them in.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Spurs.—I do not know of any first-class team which wears a white shirt with a blue stripe from shoulder to hip, diagonal. Notts County colours are black and white up and down stripes. You could not find a better model for full-back play than either Spencer of Aston Villa or Molyneux of Southampton.

Bass Bridge.—To the best of my belief R. C. Ewry, who won the standing high jump and long jump at the International Sports, at Paris, in 1900, did not use weights. Weights are used sometimes in exhibition jumps on the stage, but not in properly conducted athletic sports. I cannot be quite sure about the Paris Sports, because some of the arrangements there were very peculiar.

F. V. E.—Mr. John Lewis is certainly a most excellent referee, and he has a complete knowledge of the Laws of Football. But you must remember that referees, just like players, vary somewhat from day to day; in fact, a referee can be out of form.

F. G. Yardley.—The penalty kick must be taken from the penalty line, no matter where the foul occurred. Sutcliffe is probably the best goalkeeper at the present moment. Spencer and Crompton play in different styles; some good judges prefer the one, some the other.

Goalkeeper.—No, I do not think the Spurs will win the Cup this year, because they have already been beaten in the third round. Of course, they are a very good team, especially in cup-ties. You cannot properly compare Woodward with Sandy Brown; each has his strong points, and they are

not the same; for instance, Woodward is a much faster dribbler and Brown is a much better header near goal.

Scroggle.—For training you cannot do better than stick to the food to which you are accustomed, provided it is simple and plain. You will find a lot of advice about training in back numbers of THE CAPTAIN. The best practice for you for the 100 yards is to run short dashes of 30 or 40 yards at full speed, with an occasional spin through the full distance. You must consult the special articles I have written about the other distances.

B. A. C.—I am sorry to say it is no good your asking me vaguely to give you what you call hints on training. If you want me to help you, you ought to tell me what kind of events you are going in for. Are you a swimmer, a runner, or what?

E. W. Awbery.—There is no preventative that I know of for cramp in the water. If it takes you in the arm or leg you should strike out vigorously with that limb and get out of the water as fast as possible. The best cure for cramp is hard rubbing.

A. A. O. F.—Wishes to know whether it is possible for a boy to study hard and still find time to be fairly proficient at games. Certainly it is. Of course, a great deal depends on your natural capacity and aptitude; but there are plenty of fellows who gain scholarships at the University, and yet have been in their school cricket and football teams. In one of the athletic teams which represented Oxford against Cambridge in my time, practically all the first strings were holders of scholarships, and one of them gained several of the most difficult University prizes. Remember it is not a question of time; you have plenty of time both for work and play at school. What you must avoid is allowing your interest in games to absorb your attention during the hours that are devoted to work.

Dumb-bells.—The system of physical training which you propose to take up, ought, I think, to suit you very well. Personally I know none better. You cannot very well follow two courses of training at once, so if you decide to take up Lord's you had better abandon the other. You ought to thoroughly understand that there is no good whatever to be gained from overdoing this physical training. You will find an article about it in a recent back number.

H. L. Pim.—If a batsman has hit the ball, and partially stopped it, and sees it rolling towards his wicket, he is entitled to stop the ball a second time with his bat. But he must not hit the ball thus a second time, and then start to run, or he will be given out for hitting the ball twice. Mr. A. Collins, who plays for Sussex, lives at Brighton.

Mastiff.—Thank you very much for your interesting letter. I have complied with your request with pleasure.

J. F. Meredith.—The A. A. A. rule for tug-of-war, is as follows:—The team shall consist of equal numbers of competitors, the rope shall be of sufficient length to allow for a pull of 12 feet, and for 12 feet slack at each end, together with four feet for each competitor; it shall be not less than four inches in circumference, and shall be without knots or other holdings for the hand. A centre tape shall be affixed to the centre of the rope, and six feet on each side of the centre tape two side tapes shall be affixed to the rope. A centre line shall be marked on the ground, and six feet on either side of the centre line two side lines parallel

thereto. At the start, the rope shall be taut, and the centre tape shall be over the centre line, and the competitors shall be outside the side line. The start shall be made by word of mouth. During no part of the pull shall the foot of any competitor go beyond the centre line. The pull shall be won when one team shall have pulled the side tape of the opposing side over their own side line. No competitor shall wear boots or shoes with any projecting nails, springs, or points of any kind. No competitor shall make any hole in the ground with his feet, or in any other way, before the start. No competitor shall wilfully touch the ground with any part of his person but his feet.

R. D. P.—I am afraid I do not know of any class to suit you.

A. B. Brazier.—The Tottenham Hotspur Club usually play in blue knickers and white shirts. But when they meet a team that also plays in these colours, one side or the other has to change. For instance, against the Corinthians last year, the Tottenham team wore blue and white striped shirts. So you are right and your friend is wrong.

Hoboes (Natal).—A batsman played the ball to leg and afterwards slipped; then, bringing his bat round, he knocked off his bails. Is that man out or not? He is not out; because he did not knock down his wicket in actually striking at the ball.

W. D.—At your age you had far better not smoke at all. The amount you mention probably would not hurt you; but if you once start smoking you are sure to smoke more than that. My advice to you is, don't.

E. W. L.—Sandow's grip dumb-bells with three springs for a quarter of an hour every evening is quite enough for you. Two springs would be better. I cannot see any value in too heavy a grip. A letter addressed c/o. The County Club, Worcester, will probably find R. E. Foster.

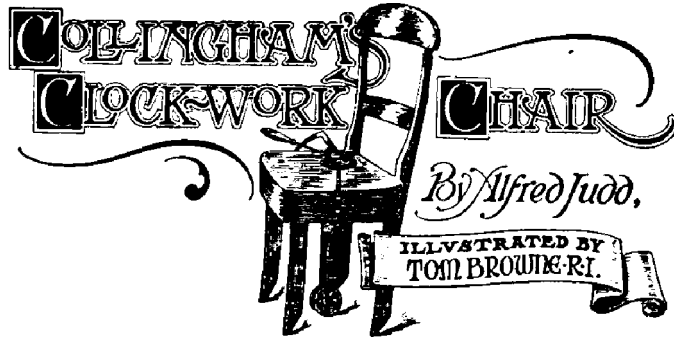
Playfair.—There are two excellent little books on Indian club and dumb-bell exercises by C. E. Lord. You will find Mr. Lord's address among the advertisements, I think. Thank you for your kind letter.

Crossite.—It is not illegal to have ordinary rubber soles like those on tennis shoes on your football boots. But you must not have guttapercha knobs.

H. O.—It seems to me that your time-table is very good and that you are making the best of London life, though, of course, you must find it rather constrained after the freedom of Switzerland. On the nights when you get home late after going to the "gym," you ought not to eat a heavy meal; but it does not matter whether it is hot or cold.

Physical Culture.—To all who are interested in this subject I can confidently recommend a little book called "Rational Physical Culture," by Percy C. Warren. It is full of the most sensible and complete advice. The price is only sixpence, and a study of it would save physical culturists from innumerable errors into which they are liable to fall. Nearly all the questions that are repeatedly asked me on this subject are answered in this little book, and answered well.

C. B. Fry



I.

"**Y**ES," said Gerald Collingham, turning on his heel, "that describes it, young fellow—'stony'!"

Jim tried to look as though he shared his brother's gloom. "It's awfully rough on you, old fellow," he said. "It's rum the dad should be so stingy."

"Rum!" exclaimed Gerald, with sudden wrath. "Rum!—tisn't rum. I tell you, it's always the same. There's no room for real genius in this matter-of-fact world!"

"Then you think it's due to your—er—genius that the dad's a bit nasty to you sometimes?"

"Course it is, kid," replied the other unblushingly. "The last time we exchanged observations on the matter he said to me, 'Now there's your uncle's bank—it's still open to you—and a very nice business, too!' Fancy, now—a bank."

"Well, a chap must do something, y'know," observed the younger brother, thoughtfully.

"But I draw the line there. The Army's better than that."

"Well, as far as that goes, there's plenty of room in the Army for brainy chaps."

"Yes. They say the Boer War was more remarkable for pluck than brains. But inventing's my ticket, you know."

James seemed at a loss for further comment.

"You see," continued Gerald, "the article on 'Smaller Batteries,' that I wrote and got accepted, resulted in a little pocket-money. But the clockwork chair soon swallowed it all up."

The youngster rubbed his hands and chuckled. "That's the finest thing you've done, Jerry," grinned he.

"The clockwork chair? D'you think so?"

"Why, rather! There's something in an invention like that. Even the dad couldn't deny it."

"Well, perhaps you're right," replied Gerald, speaking as a connoisseur. "But the

subject I'm interested in at the present moment is Perpetual Motion. 'Want of funds, however, hampers my investigations. Hang it, it's a miserable thing to be in such low water!"

"Look here, Gerald," said the other, jingling some coins as he spoke. "If you ever want to sell that chair, let me know."

"Eh?"

"Let me know. My hat! it'd make 'em sit up at Culmbrook! Just the sort of pet I'd like."

For a few minutes Gerald stared thoughtfully into space. Then, suddenly, "What's your figure, youngster?"

"Well—say a sov."

"Done."

"No, d'you mean it?"

"Yes. It's a great sacrifice, of course. But funds are indispensable just now. The chair's yours, Jimmy."

"You're a brick, old man!"

II.

"How do, Jimmy, old chap—had a good time?"

Collingham planted his burden in the corridor, and seized Berrel's hand. "Splendid, thanks," he replied. "Tell you what—"

"Hullo, youngster!"

Wheeling round, Collingham discovered the speaker to be his fagmaster, Moorhouse. This worthy was an old chum of Gerald's—the latter having left Culmbrook two terms ago.

"Hullo, Moorhouse—how are you?" returned Collingham. "I've—"

"How's Gerald?"

"Rippin', thanks. But, I say, how was it you didn't reply to that invite he sent you? Didn't you get it?"

The senior shook his head.

"That's rummy," continued Collingham. "I posted it myself. How long have you been back home?"

"A little over a week."

"Just as I thought. We fancied that as you lived so near here you'd like to spend that last week with us. Let's see. Yes, I posted that invitation a week ago yesterday—addressed to your place, of course."

"Ah, then I think I know. Old Bakeridge lost the letter-bag that night."

"Lost the letter-bag!"

"Yes, and his job, too. His tale is that when he was crossing Dule Bridge, bringing our mails from Lintown, two masked scoundrels sprang upon him and endeavoured to snatch away the letters. He saw that fight was hopeless, so he shied the bag into the river."

"And hasn't the bag been discovered yet?" asked Berrel.

"No. You see, the Dule's pretty deep in parts, and swollen just now. Bakeridge is at present working as a labourer for Boldon, the farmer."

"Jove!—but I'm jolly sorry you didn't get that note. Gerald was hoping to see you."

"Has he invented anything lately?" grinned Moorhouse.

"Yes—fact is I was just going to tell you about that. He's invented a clockwork chair."

"A clockwork *what*—chair! Ha! ha! Have you seen it?"

"Rather!—I've got it here."

"You've got it! Why——"

"And I was going to ask you, Moorhouse, if I might keep it in your study. You see, the chaps are sure to go messing it about if——"

"Yes, yes—of course. Bring it in," laughed the other—"haul it in at once!"

The youngster seized the chair, and, with Berrel's assistance, conveyed it to the senior's study. Placing it on the floor, he then proceeded to remove the straw, etc., which had been wound around parts to protect them. Altogether, Collingham's invention was a somewhat heavy-looking arrangement. It differed from other chairs in that it possessed five legs. The fifth leg, which was placed in the middle of the seat, was a substantial one, and rested on two small wheels.

"Buck up, youngster! What does it do?" asked Moorhouse, surveying it eagerly.

"Well, it's what Gerald calls a time-saving invention for clerks, and such like. If you want to cross the room you don't get up; you just press this lever and the chair takes you there. This little wheel on the other side is connected with the central leg, to guide the affair."

"Ha, ha! What an insane idea. But let's see you work it."

Collingham proceeded to wind up the invention. Taking his seat he then pressed the lever on one side, and steadied the wheel on the other. Instantly the four legs shot out, and, in rowing fashion, propelled the chair across the room.

"Ha, ha! Well, I'm blessed!" roared Moorhouse, holding his sides with laughing. "Of all inventions! Where are the works—inside the seat?"

"Yes," replied Collingham, pulling up the lever. "What d'you think of it, Moorhouse?"

"It's—it's—a *buster*! You should show it to old Chrisholm."

"Who's he?"

"He's an inventor. Jolly eccentric. Lives the other side of Culmbrook. Tons of money. Edits a paper dealing with inventions."

"I bet he'd like to see this, then."

"Yes; but—it is an insane idea."

III.

A FEW days later, on a halfer, Collingham popped his head into Moorhouse's study.

"It's all right," he declared to his chum, Berrel—"nobody here. Come on!"

The pair entered, and Collingham hauled the mechanical chair from its corner.

"Is it all right about its bearing both of us?" asked Berrel. "Did you write your brother about it?"

"Yes; and here's his reply. Worst of Gerald he's always so beastly scientific. But from what he says I take it that it will carry us both quite easily."

"Does he know we're going to take it out?" inquired Berrel.

Collingham nodded. "Says we may as well bust it up right away," he grinned. "Reckons we're sure to do it some time! Now then—is the coast clear?"

After some dodging about the pair found themselves in the road ready to start. It was Berrel's birthday, and his Aunt Mary, who lived some little distance out of the village, had invited him to come with a friend to tea. Having obtained leave for himself and Collingham, he had daringly suggested *driving* there on the clockwork chair! Collingham he had found perfectly willing to make the attempt.

Mounting the seat, Berrel stood behind, while Collingham sat in front and grasped the lever.

"Ready?" he cried. "She's all wound up."

"Right you are!" replied Berrel, grabbing the back.

The legs shot out, and next moment they were *en route* for Aunt Mary's.

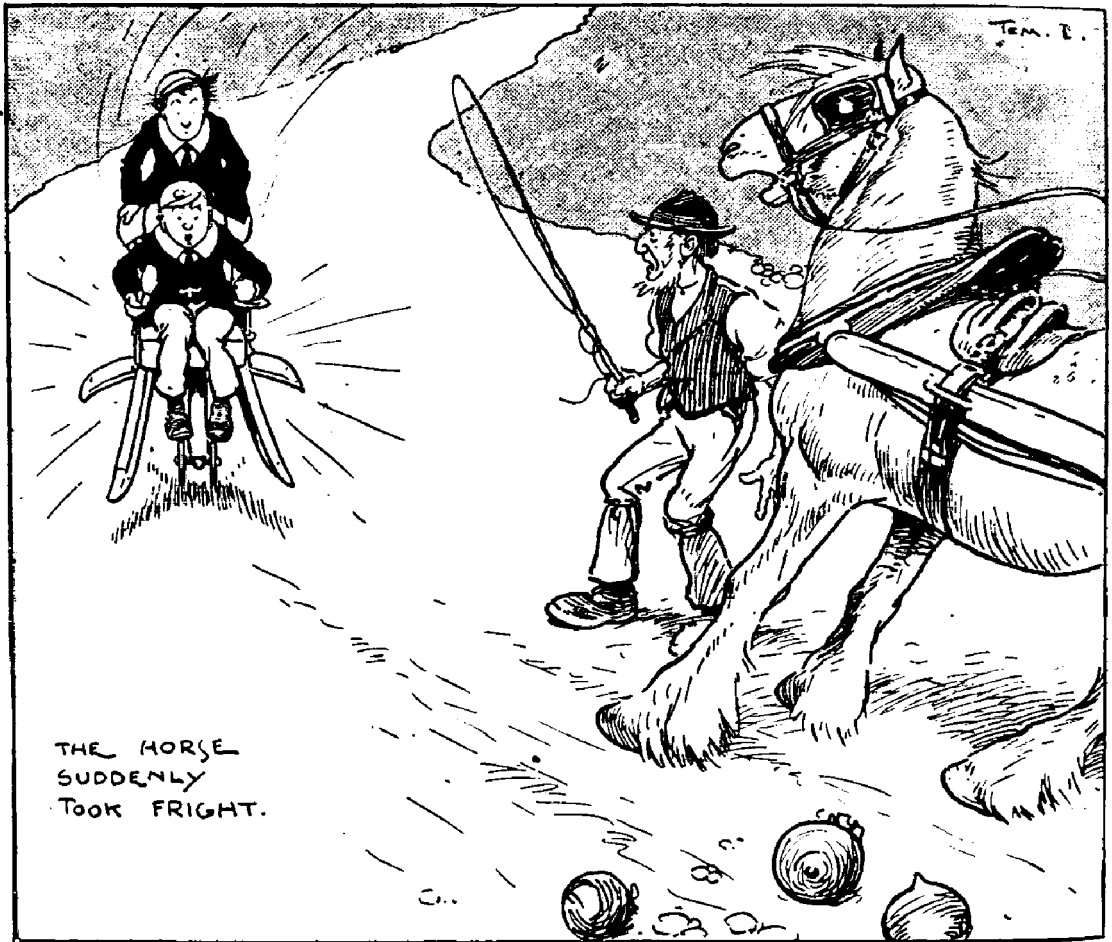
But their start was courted by disaster.

The gently sloping road already gave impetus to the automaton, and recalled to their minds the sharp hill which ran down into Culmbrook.

The hope was idle. Turning the bend at that moment they beheld a horse toiling up the road with a heaped-up cart-load of mangolds behind it. Bakeridge, the deposed postman, was in charge.

"Hi! hi!" yelled Collingham, frantically, as he clutched the guiding-wheel. "Cart ahoy! Look out, you ass!—can't you see!"

Well out of hand by this time, the chair was careering wildly on its downward course. Seeing that it swerved neither to



THE HORSE
SUDDENLY
TOOK FRIGHT.

"I say—doesn't she rock about, old chap?" said Berrel, striving to keep a footing.

"Yes; but keep your trilbies still, man, and chuck prodding my spine! I shall be off directly, I tell you!"

"Can't help it. There's one thing missing on this invention, y'know."

"What's that?"

"A brake—oh!" Berrel recovered his balance, and increased his grip.

"She's not built for this, replied Collingham. "She's beginning to go like steam. I hope there's nothing coming up the hill, old man."

the right nor to the left, the horse suddenly took fright and lurched towards the side. As the chair dashed past with its yelling freight, the animal was straining at the right wheel, which had caught in the hedge. Then, in the midst of Bakeridge's language, and the horse's quivering efforts, there occurred an ominous snap.

Glancing hurriedly behind him, Berrel became vaguely conscious that the wheel of the vehicle had broken off, and that the whole cart-load of mangolds was chasing them down the hill, and gambolling with the flashing legs of the runaway chair.

The ring of Mr. Bakeridge's threats was still in their ears when they entered the village street.

"Oh, dash it all!" cried Collingham, warmly, "I never meant to come this way. Everybody'll be gaping. Shall we stop?"

"Better give her her head and go through with it now," replied Berrel, grimly. "We must hope for the best."

Instantly they were proceeding in the midst of a jabbering crowd.

"Ha, ha!—wot price this? A bloomin' motor-car!"

"No 'tain't; 'ers a flyin'-machine, walkin'! Haw, haw!—look at 'em!"

"Wot ho! she——" began another youngster, only to stop short—for the chair had done precisely the same thing. It had stopped dead.

"Get on, man," growled Berrel, between his set teeth.

"Can't!" gasped the perspiring Collingham. "I know her. She wants winding!"

And in the midst of that howling, jostling mob, they had ignominiously to alight and wind up the chair. Oh, bitter portion!

When they again set off, the crowd was rowdier than ever. Over the bridge they went, and then laboriously up the farther hill. The unspeakable gang stuck to them, and now and then attempted to hang on behind. Surely that chair was of sterling quality! The unfortunate pair were just thinking of abandoning it, when a man's voice fell upon their ears.

"Hullo! what's this—what's this? Here, stand aside!"

IV.

"It's Mister Chrisholm," muttered somebody, as the crowd stepped back for the gentleman to pass through.

"What's this?" he demanded again, eyeing the concern with interest.

"It's a clockwork chair," replied Collingham, feeling quite relieved, and pulling up the lever

"No—clockwork?—really!" cried the old man, rubbing his hands. "Here, bring it this way, my boys. Come along! Stand back, you young dogs!"

So saying, he held back his gate. Berrel and Collingham seized the chair and made eagerly for this retreat.

Inside, the old gentleman was quite enthusiastic. "A wonderful example of powerful clockwork!" he declared, as Collingham,

after demonstrating the chair's usefulness, produced Gerald's "scientific" epistle. "And your brother's own invention, you say?"

"Yes," replied Collingham, proudly.

"Then he's a genius, sir—a genius!"

"Moorhouse—the chap I fag for, you know—thought it an insane idea."

"Then Moorhouse is an ass—an ass! But what does this brother of yours do?"

"Nothing as yet, sir. You see, he kind of hankers after mechanical dodges, and would like to follow some profession connected with them."

"Ah, yes, I see," replied Mr. Chrisholm, thoughtfully. "But look here," he broke off suddenly—"I should like to test it, if you'll let me."

"Most certainly," replied Collingham, promptly. "Here, Berrel—lend a hand."

They again returned to the road, where the greater part of the crowd was still waiting.

"Be careful, sir," warned Collingham, as the old gentleman took his seat. "Hold tight to the guiding-wheel, and see that——"

"Yes; I think I understand," interrupted Mr. Chrisholm, grasping the lever and recklessly pulling it up.

Nobly the chair responded to the call. Its works within gave one long, wailing screech, and next moment the professor was hurtling along on Collingham's clockwork chair. So sudden was its departure, so wildly erratic were its movements, that the spirit of some strange excitement seemed to enter into the crowd of onlookers. As one man they set up a yell, and dashed forward in pursuit. The two Culmbrookers ran together and yelled with the best of them.

"The river!" gasped Berrel, suddenly—"he can't stop her!"

His wild words possessed a painfully clear meaning. Before the steep road bridged the river at the bottom, it turned slightly to the right. No fence or hedge fringed the road, and the fate of the luckless professor was too apparent. With a last spirited hop, the chair and its rider flopped into muddy depths.

"My hat!" shrieked Collingham, wildly—"he'll be drowned!"

"He'll be wet," grinned a stolid youngster in corduroys, "and a bit dirty, I'm thinkin'!"

This proved to be the case. For when presently the dripping, bedraggled form of the professor appeared in mid-stream, it is doubtful whether the most belated scarecrow extant presented such a sorry sight.

"Oh, that chair!—that chair!" he cried, regardless of his plight. "Don't stand there gaping, you young donkeys! Do something!"

"Here, sir," replied Berrel quickly. "Come nearer and get hold of my hand. We'll haul you out."

"Haul me out! I don't want to come out!" roared the professor. "Fetch a clothes-prop, or a pole, or something, and fish out the chair!"

Several lads rushed off, and, while they were gone, Mr. Chrisholm decided to crawl out and continue his remarks from the bank.

"A wholly senseless escapade!" he declared, as he shook the water from his clothes, amidst the tittering of the village youngsters.

"We're very sorry," observed Collingham meekly.

"And I'm an ass, sir," returned the professor, glaring defiantly about him—"a thorough ass! Why, the merest child might have known, coming down that hill as I did—Ah, here's the pole!"

Seizing the latter, he set to work, and, after much prodding, declared that he had caught something. Striving lustily, he presently swung a black, sodden mass to the surface, and dropped it on the bank. The village crowd raised a cry at once—

"The lost post-bag! Bakeridge's bag!"

"Humph," growled the old man uninterestedly, "that seems to prove his tale, then. Take it to the Post Office. But that chair must be got out, I say!" Without another moment's hesitation, he plunged into the water again, and after some groping eventually fished out the chair.

It was conveyed at once to Mr. Chrisholm's garden. There they set to work to clean it,

and drain the water from its works. While they were thus engaged, a budget of letters, which had formed part of the recovered bag's contents, was handed to Mr. Chrisholm.

"Hullo!" he said, as he glanced through them. "Surely I've seen that hand before. I accepted an article——"

He tore open the envelope, and glanced at the blurred writing.

"Aha!" he exclaimed, "it's in reply to an advertisement for a sub-editor for *The Inventor's Fortnightly*—the paper I edit. It's from your brother, Collingham. The appli-



cations have been forwarded. And," he added, pointing to the chair, "that decides me. He shall have the post!"

Bakeridge has now returned to his postman's duties. Collingham and Berrel have heard nothing more of that cart accident and the scattered mangolds. Possibly, under the special circumstances, Mr. Bakeridge put it right without mentioning any names.

THE CAPTAIN

CAMERA CORNER

PHOTOGRAPHER'S MERRY MONTH.

THE Month of May is just one of the best months in the whole year for photography; the camera may be used from 5 a.m. to 7 p.m., out of doors. Nature is at her best, clouds are few, the actinic value of the light has almost reached the maximum. Care must be taken in the selection of point of view to see that no heavy shadows are cast; as a general rule, it is well that the strong light should be behind the camera, falling full upon the subject. Still, it is not wise, at any time, to have strong sunlight falling upon the object photographed. It is quite a mistaken idea that bright sunlight is necessary in order to secure a good photograph. A good and well-diffused light is much more preferable; and if the point of view is carefully chosen a composition may be made which will not be marred by heavy and obtrusive shadows.

A GIRL READER of THE CAPTAIN sends us four prints taken with a $2\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$ inch hand camera, and asks us to criticise her work. With the exception of one, an outdoor scene, which is under-exposed (3 secs. in February); the work is very creditable, particularly a carefully composed little picture of mother and child seated in a conservatory.

SPOTS LIKE WATER BUBBLES.

ANOTHER CORRESPONDENT has found "some slight spots like water bubbles" within the glass of his R.R. lens, and asks us to advise him what to do. It is possible that these are faults in the glass, but as he names the maker of the camera, we do not think it probable. The glass of a combination lens is in two parts, the "crown" and the "dome," and these are cemented together with what is known as Canada Balsam. It is very likely that the spots noticed are really due to separation of the two glasses, and the fault can be rectified by having them "re-balsamed." Any good photographic dealer would get this done.

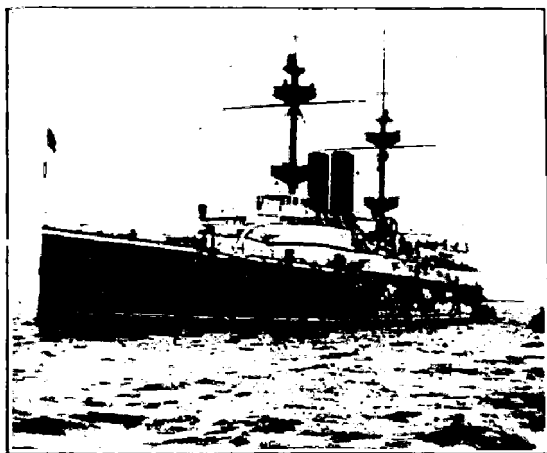
SELF-TONING PAPER.

Most folks like the easy way of doing every thing, and certainly, so far as printing from a photographic negative, nothing can surpass—for simplicity—self-toning paper. There are several papers being offered for sale at the present time.

That known as V.B. has received our attention; there are only about four points for consideration: (a) to print out so that the distant details are well out, (b) to rinse the print in running water or several changes of water for about ten minutes, (c) to immerse, or, better, pass the print backwards and forwards for about a minute through a weak solution of hyposulphite of soda ($\frac{1}{2}$ oz. hypo. to 1 pint of water), (d) then wash the print for two hours in running water. The general tone is a soft sepia. The paper is very cheap, and V.B. self-toning post-cards are also made the regulation size.

DEVELOPING POWDERS.

THIS YEAR the use of developing powders will become very general; they were introduced last



ONE OF OUR BULWARKS.

SNAPPED WITH A 10s. SCOUT CAMERA BY "A READER."

year by Kodak Limited, and now several firms are making them up in glass tubes. Such powders are also sold under the name of "Twopenny Tubes," each one containing sufficient powder to make from two to three ounces of developing solution.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

The photograph reproduced on the next page is printed from a negative exposed in the same hand camera, Hobbies No. 4, which is being offered as a prize in the competition pages.

ALL USERS OF CAMERAS like to try their hands on indoor portraiture; the question of the proper

lighting of the sitter is always difficult, and there is one reason that is often overlooked, and that is the excess of light which floods a room from the bottom sash of a window. When attempting portraiture in a room with a sitter near the window, screen off with tissue-paper quite half of the lower sash of the window, and a much subdued lighting will result. Place upon the floor a white sheet or two or three newspapers; this will reflect light upwards. A clothes horse may also be requisitioned and covered with a sheet, and so arranged as to reflect light on to the sitter. It is better to err on the side of over-exposure, and commence development with a weak developer, about half strength. We have a note before us that when using a good lens working at $f/8$, the exposure given to an Imperial special rapid plate was eight seconds—result, rather a thin negative, but one which yielded a good print.

MAKING DEVELOPERS.

Of the making of developers there is no end. Many people like to get their snap-shots developed quickly, and for those who are industrious enough to make up their own developers we recommend the following:

A. Pyro-	40 grains
Metol-	35 grains
Potassium Metabisulphite ...	90 grains
Water to make	20 ounces
B. Washing Soda	3 ounces
Water	20 ounces

For use, take equal parts of A and B; in case of under-exposure increase B and add water. This is a formula prepared by Mr. Walter Kilbey, a photographer who has made a very special study of snap-shot work. The developer has the merit of being very energetic.

"MATTEOS" PAPER is one of the latest photographic printing out daylight papers. It is claimed that an absolutely velvety "Matt," with pure whites and shadows full of detail, is obtained. The instructions advise printing vigorously until metalisation (this term is possibly equivalent to iridescence by solarisation) appears in the deep shadows and full detail is complete in the whites. Red, brown, or sepia tones may be obtained by the borax, acetate of soda, and gold chloride toning bath.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Beetle.—(1) An answer is given above to this question. (2) An Iris diaphragm is made up of metal leaves, the one overlapping the other; if you have broken one of these it must be replaced. Staley and Co., 35 Aldermanbury, London, E.C., would repair this and your lens. (3) Unless your camera will work at short focus you could not use a wide angle lens. The cost of such a lens quarter-plate may be anything from 20s. upwards.

A².—Your prints are most creditable. The best

is No. 3. In No. 1 you have included rather too much foreground. A pretty little picture will be secured if you trim the print and take about three-quarters of an inch off the bottom of it. (2) Never use the same fixing-bath for prints as for plates. You can fix prints without toning, but the colour is not an agreeable one. (3) Over-exposure—negative develops evenly, shadows come up almost as fast as high lights, no contrast, and no deep shadows. Under exposure—image indistinct, no detail, negative gives only a ghost of the scene. Over-developed—negative too long in the developer; will require a long time to print, unless a reducer is used. Under-developed—negative apt to be thin and full of detail; requires great care in printing from, and will be improved by intensification.

D. R. (Westcrop).—Thanks for letting me see article, which, however, we cannot use, as very few CAPTAIN readers take up stereoscopic photography. Sorry MS. was not returned earlier.

G. R. G. (Pontypridd).—There are so many makers of good half-plate outfits; we should



THIS IS THE KIND OF SNAPSHOT "CAPTAIN" READERS OUGHT TO TAKE, IF THEY HAVE A NO. 4 HOBBIES HAND CAMERA.

say that any of those you name would be worth buying, especially if you have a "Busch" Rapid Aplanat lens, they are cheap and thoroughly reliable.

Inquirer.—Your exposure was far too short; in November at three o'clock, even with a very quick plate, snapshots are practically an impossibility. With 1-15 time of a second we are surprised that you secured an image at all. Hydraquinone is a very slow acting developer, especially in cold weather. The "Imperial" Standard Developer is recommended in order to obtain all that the plate will yield from a very short exposure. When a plate is under-exposed, dilute the developer and use patience in development.

F. W. W. (Northampton).—The price you mention for a hand-camera is rather low, but you will find several makers advertising goods at that price in THE CAPTAIN. For second-hand cameras, see "Sale and Exchange" column of the *Amateur Photographer*.



HOW PILLINGSHOT SCORED.

By P. G. WODEHOUSE.

PILLINGSHOT was annoyed. He was disgusted, mortified; no other word for it. He had no objection, of course, to Mr. Mellish saying that his work during the term, and especially his Livy, had been disgraceful. A master has the right to say that sort of thing if he likes. It is one of the perquisites of the position. But when he went on to observe without a touch of shame that there would be an examination in the Livy as far as they had gone in it on the following Saturday, Pillingshot felt that he exceeded. It was not playing the game. There were the examinations at the end of term. Those were fair enough. You knew exactly when they were coming, and could make your arrangements accordingly. But to spring an examination on you in the middle of the term out of a blue sky, as it were, was underhand and unsportsmanlike, and would not do at all. Pillingshot wished that he could put his foot down. He would have liked to have stalked up to Mr. Mellish's desk, fixed him with a blazing eye, and remarked, "Sir, withdraw that remark. Cancel that statement instantly, or——!" or words to that effect.

What he did say was: "Oo, si—i—r!"

"Yes," said Mr. Mellish, not troubling to conceal his triumph at Pillingshot's reception of the news, "there will be a Livy examination next Saturday. And—" (he almost intoned this last observation)—"anybody who does not get fifty per cent., Pillingshot, fifty per cent., will be severely punished. Very severely punished, Pillingshot."

After which the lesson had proceeded on its course

"Yes, it is rather low, isn't it?" said Pillingshot's friend, Parker, as poor Pillingshot came to the end of a stirring excursus on the rights of the citizen, with special reference to mid-term Livy examinations, "that's the worst of Mellish. He always has you somehow."

"But what am I to do?" raved Pillingshot.

"I should advise you to swot it up before Saturday," said Parker.

"Oh, don't be an ass," said Pillingshot, irritably.

What was the good of friends if they could only make idiotic suggestions like that?

He retired brooding to his house.

The day was Wednesday. There were only two more days, therefore, in which to prepare a quarter of a book of Livy. It couldn't be done. The thing was not possible.

In the house he met Smythe.

"What are you going to do about it?" he inquired. Smythe was top of the form, and if he didn't know how to grapple with a crisis of this sort, who *could* know?

"If you'll kindly explain," said Smythe, "what the dickens you are talking about, I might be able to tell you."

Pillingshot explained with unwonted politeness that "it" meant the Livy examination.

"Oh," said Smythe, airily, "that! I'm just going to skim through it in case I've forgotten any of it. Then I shall read up the notes carefully. And then, if I have time, I shall have a look at the history of the period. I should advise you to do that, too."

"Oh, don't be a goat," said Pillingshot.

And he retired, brooding, as before.

That afternoon he spent industriously, copying out the fourth book of the *Æneid*. At the beginning of the week he had had a slight disagreement with M. Gerard, the French master.

Pillingshot's views on behaviour and deportment during French lessons did not coincide with those of M. Gerard. Pillingshot's idea of a French lesson was something between a pantomime rally and a scrum at football. To him there was something wonderfully entertaining in the process of "barging" the end man off the edge of the form into space, and upsetting his books over him. M. Gerard, however, had a very undeveloped sense of humour. He warned the humourist twice, and on the thing happening a third

time suggested that he should go into extra lesson on the ensuing Wednesday.

So Pillingshot went, and copied out Virgil.

He emerged from the room of detention at a quarter-past four. As he came out into the grounds he espied in the middle distance somebody being carried on a stretcher in the direction of the school house. At the same moment Parker loomed in sight, walking swiftly towards the school shop, his mobile features shining with the rapt expression of one who sees much ginger beer in the near future.

"Hullo, Parker," said Pillingshot, "who's the corpse?"

"What, haven't you heard?" said Parker. "Olr, no, of course, you were in extra. It's young Brown. He's stunned or something."

"How did it happen?"

"That rotter, Babington, in Dacre's. Simply slamming about, you know, getting his eye in before going in, and Brown walked slap into one of his drives. Got him on the side of the head."

"Much hurt?"

"Oh, no, I don't think so. Keep him out of school for about a week."

"Lucky beast. Wish somebody would come and hit me on the head. Come and hit me on the head, Parker."

"Come and have an ice," said Parker.

"Right, ho," said Pillingshot. It was one of his peculiarities that whatever the hour or the state of the weather he was always equal to consuming an ice. This was probably due to genius. He had an infinite capacity for taking pains. Scarcely was he outside the promised ice when another misfortune came upon him. Scott, of the first eleven, entered the shop. Pillingshot liked Scott, but he was not blind to certain flaws in the latter's character. For one thing, he was too energetic. For another, he could not keep his energy to himself. He was always making Pillingshot do things. And Pillingshot's notion of the ideal life was complete *dolce far niente*.

"Ginger beer, please," said Scott, with parched lips. He had been bowling at the nets, and the day was hot. "Hullo! Pillingshot, you young slacker, why aren't you changed? Been bunking half-holiday games? You'd better reform, young man."

"I've been in extra," said Pillingshot, with dignity.

"How many times does that make this term? You're going for the record, aren't you? Jolly sporting of you. Bit slow in there, wasn't it? 'Nother ginger beer, please."

"Just a bit," said Pillingshot.

"I thought so. . . And now you're dying for some excitement. Of course you are. Well, cut over to the house and change, and then come back and field at the nets. The man Yorke is going to bowl me some of his celebrated slow tosh, and I'm going to show him exactly how Jessop does it when he's in form."

Scott was the biggest hitter in the school. Mr. Yorke was one of the masters. He bowled slow leg-breaks, mostly half-volleys and long hops. Pillingshot had a sort of instinctive idea that fielding out in the deep with Mr. Yorke bowling and Scott batting would not contribute largely to the gaiety of his afternoon. Fielding deep at the nets meant that you stood in the middle of the football field, where there was no telling what a ball would do if it came at you along the ground. If you were lucky you escaped without injury. Generally, however, the ball bumped and deprived you of wind or teeth, according to the height to which it rose. He began politely, but firmly, to excuse himself.

"Don't talk rot," said Scott, complainingly. "you must have some exercise or you'll go getting fat. Think what a blow it would be to your family, Pillingshot, if you lost your figure. Buck up. If you're back here in a quarter of an hour you shall have another ice. A large ice, Pillingshot, price sixpence. Think of it."

The word ice, as has been remarked before, touched chords in Pillingshot's nature to which he never turned a deaf ear. Within the prescribed quarter of an hour he was back again, changed.

"Here's the ice," said Scott, "I've been keeping it warm for you. Shovel it down. I want to be starting for the nets. Quicker, man, quicker. Don't roll it round your tongue as if it was port. Go for it. Finished! That's right. Come on."

Pillingshot had not finished, but Scott so evidently believed that he had, that it would have been unkind to have mentioned the fact. He followed the smiter to the nets.

If Pillingshot had passed the earlier part of the afternoon in a sedentary fashion, he made up for it now. Scott was in rare form, and Pillingshot noticed with no small interest that, while he invariably hit Mr. Yorke's deliveries a quarter of a mile or so, he never hit two balls in succession in the same direction. As soon as the panting fieldsman had sprinted to one side of the football ground and returned the ball, there was a beautiful, musical *plonk*, and the ball soared to the very

opposite quarter of the field. It was a fine exhibition of hitting, but Pillingshot felt that he would have enjoyed it more if he could have watched it from a deck chair.

"You're coming on as a deep field, young Pillingshot," said Scott, as he took off his

observed at this point, "Timeo Danaos," and made a last dash for liberty in the direction of the shop. But he was deceived by the specious nature of Scott's remark. Visions rose before his eyes of sitting back in one of Scott's armchairs, watching a fag toasting muffins,



"QUICKER, MAN, QUICKER. DON'T ROLL IT ROUND YOUR TONGUE."

pads. "You've got a knack of stopping them with your stomach, which the best first-class fields never have. You ought to give lessons at it. Now we'll go and have some tea."

If Pillingshot had had a more intimate acquaintance with the classics, he would have

which he would eventually despatch with languid enjoyment. So he followed Scott to his study. The classical parallel to his situation is the well-known case of the oysters. They, too, were eager for the treat.

They had reached the study, and Pilling-

shot was about to fling himself with a sigh of relief into the most comfortable chair, when Scott unmasked his batteries.

"Oh, by the way," he said with a coolness which to Pillingshot appeared simply brazen, "I'm afraid my fag won't be here to-day. The young crock's gone and got mumps, or the plague, or something. So would you mind just lighting that stove? It'll be rather warm, but that won't matter. There are some muffins in the cupboard. You might weigh in with them. You'll find the toasting-fork on the wall somewhere. It's hanging up. Got it? Good man. Fire away."

And Scott collected five cushions, two chairs, and a tin of mixed biscuits, and made himself comfortable. Pillingshot, with feelings too deep for words (in the then limited state of his vocabulary), did as he was requested. There was something remarkable about the way Scott could always get people to do things for him. He seemed to take everything for granted. If he had had occasion to hire an assassin to make away with the German Emperor, he would have said, "Oh, I say, you might run over to Germany and kill the Kaiser, will you, there's a good chap? Don't be long." And he would have taken a seat and waited, without the least doubt in his mind that the thing would be carried through as desired.

Pillingshot had just finished toasting the muffins, when the door opened, and Venables, of Merevale's, came in.

"I thought I heard you say something about tea this afternoon, Scott," said Venables. "I just looked in on the chance. Good man! fancy muffins at this time of year! Do you happen to know what the thermometer is in the shade?"

"Take a seat," said Scott. "I attribute my entire success in life to the fact that I never find it too hot to eat muffins. Do you know Pillingshot? One of the hottest fieldsmen in the school. At least, he was just now.

He's probably cooled off since then. Venables—Pillingshot, and *vice versa*. Buck up with the tea, Pillingshot. What, ready? Good man. Now we might almost begin."

"Beastly thing that accident of young Brown's, wasn't it?" said Scott. "Chaps oughtn't to go slamming about like that with the field full of fellows. I suppose he won't be right by next Saturday?"

"Not a chance. Why? Oh, yes, I forgot. He was to have scored for the team at Windybury, wasn't he?"

"Who are you going to get now?"

Venables was captain of the St. Austin's team. The match next Saturday was at Windybury, on the latter's ground.

"I haven't settled," said Venables. "But it's easy to get somebody. Scoring isn't one of those things which only one chap in a hundred understands."

Then Pillingshot had an idea,—a great, luminous idea.

"May I score?" he asked, and waited trembling with apprehension lest the request should be refused.

"All right," said Venables, "I don't see any reason why you shouldn't. We have to catch the 8.14 at the station. Don't you go missing it or anything."

"Rather *not*," said Pillingshot. "Not much."

* * * *

On Saturday morning at exactly 9.15 Mr. Mellish distributed the Livy papers. When he arrived at Pillingshot's seat, and found it empty, an expression passed over his face like unto that of the baffled villain in transpontine melodrama.

"Where is Pillingshot?" he demanded tragically. "Where is he?"

"He's gone with the team to Windybury, sir," said Parker, struggling to conceal a large size in grins. "He's going to score."

"No," said Mr. Mellish sadly to himself. "he *has* scored."



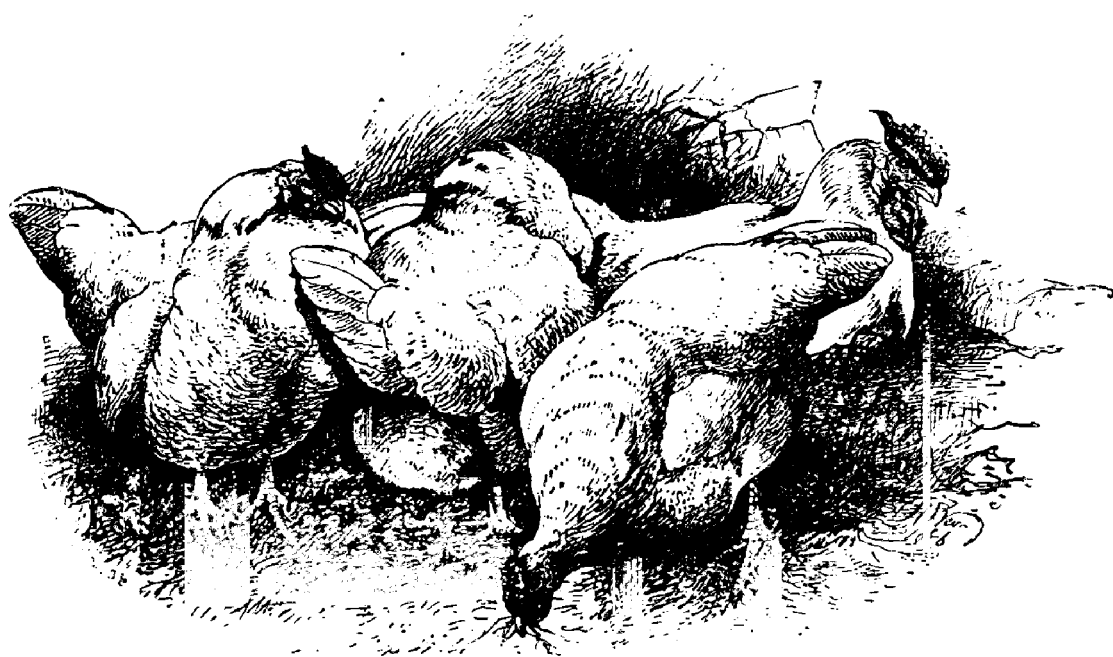
NATURALISTS' CORNER.

Conducted by EDWARD STEP, F.L.S.

About Fowls.—H. F. Smith (Newark) has just built a poultry house, and would like answers to a few questions about fowl-keeping. First of all he wants to know what is the best breed to keep. This depends much upon the object we have in view—whether we want eggs, or chickens for the table. Some breeds are everlasting layers, but never hatch an egg; others are as persistent brooders, whilst a third group are only good as meat-producers. Locality and soil has also to be taken into account. The Spanish and Plymouth Rocks your friend recommends are both good sorts. The Spanish thrive better in towns than most breeds, and the Plymouth Rock is a good all-round bird, being a fair layer and brooder, and a good table-bird. Orpingtons are now in great favour. Respecting food: the morning meal should be of boiled roots and meal (wheat or oat), given hot in the winter; kitchen waste, including meat and crushed raw bones, is a necessity for laying hens. A little

Marikina Monkey.—I have no experience of this marmoset as a pet, but believe it is somewhat difficult to keep long in this country; it is a South American species, and accustomed to considerable warmth. It is not one that you would expect to find in the stock of the ordinary animal dealer, though probably any of them would obtain one to order for F. B. Leggatt (Southsea). Cross' Menageries, Liverpool, is the most likely place to obtain it, and a note to them would bring you the price, if they have one in stock. But you had better order it as the Silky Marmoset, for that is its modern name.

Skin of Mole, etc.—I am not at all sure that "John Bull" (Cromer) wants what he asks for. He says "Could you tell me the best place to have moleskins tanned?" I expect "John Bull" wants to have some article of dress contrived out of those moleskins? If so, tanning is not exactly the process for them. If "J. B." would take his skins to



ORPINGTONS.

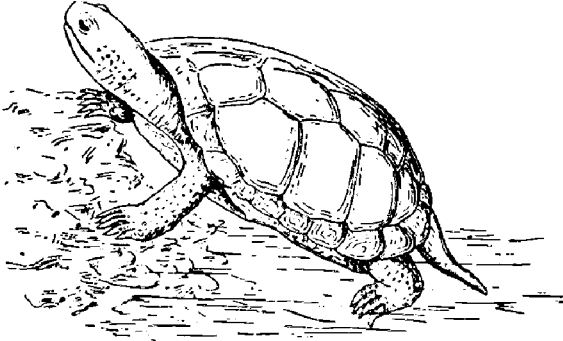
corn food should be given as grain, as you suggest, but the bulk of such food should be in the form of meal. Wheat and oats are the most profitable grains. Nest boxes are not necessary; indeed, it is far better to make the nests on the ground in the nest-house. Broods can be raised at almost any time, but it is best to arrange for hatching in February or March, as then the young hens are sufficiently developed to begin to lay in September and continue through the winter, when eggs are scarce. The dimensions of your house are rather small, but you do not mention how many fowls you propose to keep in it; not more than half-a-dozen, I hope. Both the house and the run must be kept scrupulously clean, the manure being constantly removed, or general ill-health will soon affect your birds.

the local bird-stuffer and state what is wanted, he will probably be able to do, or get done, what is necessary. J. B.'s second query is not quite in my line, as I am not a mechanical expert; but I should imagine any one with a little skill that way could adapt a sewing machine treadle to work a fret-saw.

Natural History Books.—Willie Davies (Llandyssil) will find all he wants in a book by Richard Kearton, "British Bird's-nests, Eggs, and Egg-Collecting" (Cassell and Co., 5s.), or if a cheaper work is required, Atkinson's "British Birds' Eggs and Nests" (Routledge, 2s. 6d.). For a book on British snakes and lizards get Hopley's "British Reptiles" (Sonnenschein, 1s.).

Water Tortoise.—I am asked by J. E. Malcolm (Muswell Hill), "what he should do for his water tortoise?" His trouble is not definitely

stated, though at the end of his letter he asks what they ought to have to get upon; so I must answer him generally, at the risk of telling him something he already knows. The species commonly sold in shops is the European Marsh-tortoise, or Terrapin. It differs entirely from the Land-tortoise in its habits, for whilst that is a strict vegetarian, the Terrapin feeds chiefly upon the small animals that inhabit ponds and marshes—such as water insects



WATER TORTOISE.

and snails, tadpoles, young frogs, and so forth. In confinement they will eat shreds of raw meat. But they do not spend the whole of their time in the water, and provision must be made for them to come out when so disposed. To accomplish this some regard must be paid to the size of the aquarium. If there is sufficient room a rocky island with flat top may be contrived, or a shelf at one end sloping

to the surface of the water. Failing room for either of these, a piece of virgin cork may be floated on the surface.

Dead Dormouse.—A. C. sends me a dead Dormouse with the request that I will tell him the cause of death. Really, A. C., I must draw the line at *post mortems*. I do not pretend to the knowledge of pathological anatomy necessary for the purpose. Even if I had I fear the *post mortem* would be inconclusive, for there was a delay of twelve days between the date the corpse was despatched and that on which I received it. You will understand that, although my olfactory sense is dulled just now by a cold, I should not enjoy the dissection of that Dormouse. Judging by the external appearance, I should say "natural causes." Possibly its winter quarters were not warm enough, and it succumbed to cold.

Entomological.—In answer to G. C. A. (St. Servan, France): There is no general rule by which the sexes of butterflies and moths may be distinguished. In many cases the colours or markings differ—in some groups the males have feathered antennæ, in many species the females are wingless; but these differences must be learnt in individual species, and help obtained from the published descriptions. I have no doubt your caterpillar was a "Puss," as you surmise. There is no weekly periodical devoted to lepidoptera. "The Entomologist" is the monthly most likely to suit you; in it you will find lists of exchanges each month, and you could easily find correspondents among the names there given. It is published at 6d. monthly: there is none issued at a lower price.

THE NEW MASTER OF LORETTO.

THE

succession of Mr. H. B. Tristram, whose portrait we publish here, to the place of his brother-in-law, Dr. Hely Hut-

chinson Almond, is fortunate for Loretto and for the school world. No man is better qualified to maintain the high traditions of Loretto. He was a distinguished scholar of his college, and a giant on the playing field. His predecessor realised the importance of sports and pastimes in the school curriculum, and did much to promote a healthy international rivalry between Englishmen and Scotsmen. Mr. Tristram will, we have no doubt, follow closely in his steps. He passed through Loretto and Winchester, and then went up to Oxford, where he won great distinction by his classical attainments. All Lorettonians will rejoice as much in the fact that the new "Head" is a great classic, as in the fact that he has scored so many triumphs in the strain and stress of battle between rival teams. Our photo is by Moffat, by permission.



MR. H. B. TRISTRAM.

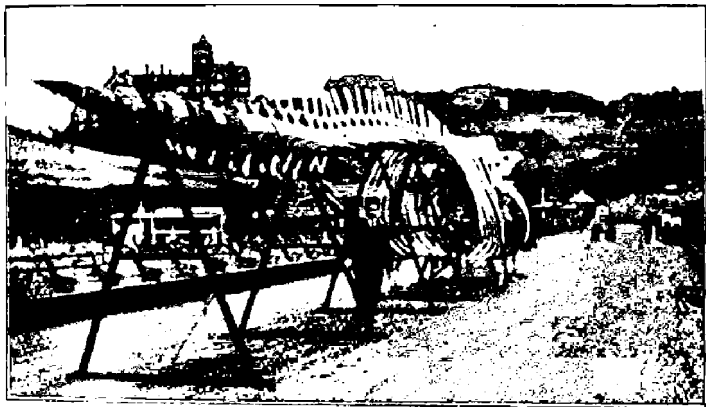
"CAPTAIN" CLUB

. . 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.

I AM forwarding autographed copies of "J. O. Jones" to R. L. Bridgnell, P. Dacre, and F. Brierley for their respective contributions. Each prize-winner is requested to send his present address.

the same department twelve shillings, nine copies of "Tales of Greyhouse," and three six-shilling books have been awarded. Also three packets of Bristol board. No less than seven hundred and thirty-two consolation prizes have been awarded, consisting mostly of magazine volumes. And out of this enormous list I have not gained one. And this list is another try for one.



H. J. LONG SENDS THE ABOVE PHOTO OF THE WHALE'S SKELETON ON BOSCOMBE PIER, BOURNEMOUTH. THE BROTHER OF OUR CORRESPONDENT STANDING UNDERNEATH GIVES A GOOD IDEA OF THE GREAT SIZE OF THIS SEA MONSTER.

"Captain" Prizes.

MR. P. DACRE (Balham) contributes the following:—During the first four years of its existence—volumes one to eight—THE CAPTAIN has awarded the following prizes:—

Prize money to the amount of £257 16s. 6d. Goods from advertisement pages to the value of £23 4s. 6d. Also £11 9s. 6d. worth of books. Then come the following miscellaneous articles: Two bicycles, one gramophone, seven cricket bats, three Sandow developers, nine table-tennis sets, sixty-nine fountain pens, forty-three sets of drawing materials, forty-two stamp and other albums, seven blotting books, one watch, one brooch, four Kodaks, three boxes of water colours, one study clock, four packets of stamps, and six Louis Wain original drawings. To thirty-one "CAPTAIN Club" authors and artists THE CAPTAIN has been forwarded free for One Year, and in

How to Print a Photo on a Handkerchief.

PERHAPS it will be interesting to those readers of THE CAPTAIN, who are photographers, to know how to print a photo on a handkerchief. First take a photo, toned and fixed, and place it, face downwards, for twenty minutes in strong vinegar. Then take a handkerchief



THE ROYAL ACADEMY, PICCADILLY, LONDON, was founded in 1769, by George III., and took up its quarters in the building depicted in the above snapshot, in 1869. Sir Joshua Reynolds was first president. Sir E. J. Poynter is the present occupant of the office. The annual exhibition of pictures opens on the first Monday in May and closes on the first Monday in August. No works previously exhibited are accepted. The Council may reject any picture.

Photo by T. Overton



THE CYCLONE AND THE ZOO.
The ruins of one of the vulture cages in the Phoenix Park Zoo, Dublin, which was destroyed by the storm of February 26th, and from which the birds escaped.
Sent by H. V. Fielding.

and place it on some folded cloth, or anything soft. After the photo has been long enough in the vinegar, take it out and place it, face downwards, on the handkerchief. Then put a heated iron upon the photo, and press it down for a short time. The photo can then be pulled off, and the print will be left upon the handkerchief. The handkerchief can be washed without fear of the print being washed off.

F. BRIERLEY.

A Night Rainbow.

ON the evening of Tuesday, October 21st, 1902, Nature obliged her worshippers with a most artistic and awe-inspiring sight. It was nearing the hour of 10 p.m. when this occurred near the town of Swansea. In the east, a brilliant full moon shone out of a nearly cloudless sky. It was not destined to remain cloudless long as, away in the west, great black and heavy clouds were gathering.



TRAMP: "Dear sir, I have lost my leg."
OLD FAG'S BROTHER (as he hurries away): "My dear friend, I am very sorry, but I assure you I have not seen it."

Drawn by G. A. Whitclaw.

The position described above gave rise to the beautiful and unusual sight of "a night rainbow."

It made its appearance, on first sight, as a light semi-circular band sweeping across the great black rain-clouds. On closer observation, some of the better defined colours were to be discovered, but, naturally, considering the time of night, they could not be easily distinguished.

This strange phenomenon lasted nearly a minute, and then, a cloud sweeping across the face of the moon, it disappeared as suddenly as it came.

An occurrence of this strangeness may not be frequent; still, it may well cause readers who have been indifferent to open their eyes and note the beauty of Nature that surrounds them.

"UNTEON." (Swansea.)

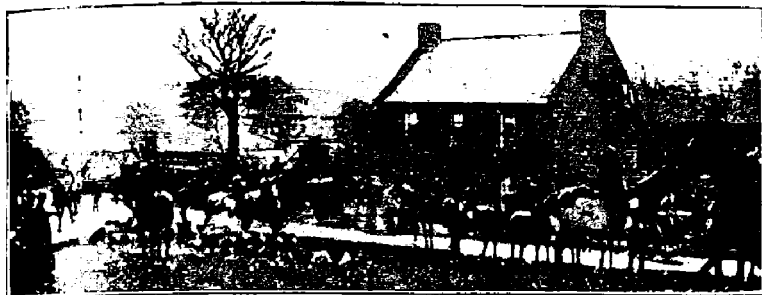
A Little Cameo of Low Life.

BALHAM on Saturday night! What a Bedlam! Butchers, green-grocers, flower-men, toy-sellers, sweet-sellers, all mingling their yells in one inharmonious Babel. A festive barrel-organ groans out, "You are my honeysuckle," while the tradesmen cry:

"Buyee! Buyee-e! Buyee-e-e!"
"Nobby! Nobby! Nobbee-e-e!"
Here is a ragged woman, nose red with cold (?), dragging a child after her, while she sighs (no one could call it singing), "Ow tell me the beeyutiful story." A group of coster lads give her a cheer, while one of them shies a rotten apple at her by way of further encouragement. Here is one of our future burglars, though only ten years of age. Watch how neatly he



A ROAD IN MONKSTOWN ON THE DAY AFTER THE GREAT STORM ON FEB. 26. THE ROAD WAS BLOCKED FOR OVER 400 YARDS BY THE UPROOTED TREES.
Photo by C. Burwell.



WITH THE TYNDALE FOXHOUNDS.
 (1) The meet at Stamfordham Cross Roads.
 Photo by R. L. Bridgnell.

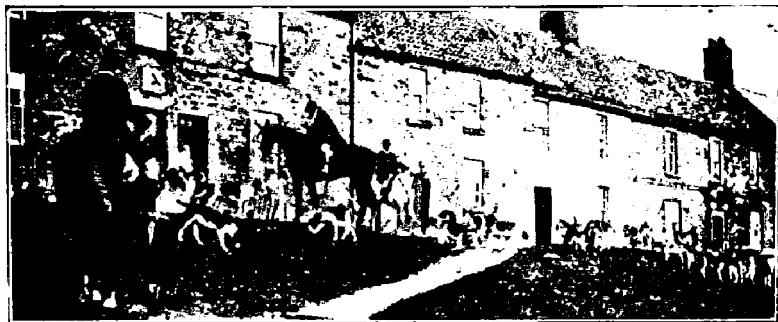
steals a cabbage off a stall. There is a pavement artist, sitting down beside his chalk drawings, begging for pennies. It is a queer thing, but I have never seen him actually *drawing*. I have heard that men will do these drawings for the "artist" at a small cost, and then the impostor sits shivering on the pavement, which he adorns with such inscriptions as: "Help an honest man!" Here is a child, a halfpenny clutched tight in its dirty hand, gazing musingly on a "queen" doll. There is a crowd of minstrels, faces white and haggard, singing "Brown at Brighton" with a jovial air. They have a large crowd round them, but they collect very little money, for it is hard to drag a penny from the pockets of a Saturday night crowd. "Flowers! Narcissi! Any price yer like!" scream the flower men on the corner by Bedford Hill. A little further up a man is busy with little cakes of pink wax, which, when rubbed on a piece of white paper, takes an impression of a picture cut from a newspaper, when the latter is pressed on it. This he proves by doing one himself, continuing his dissertation the while: "Ladies an' gen'lemen, hi take this small cake

o' wax, price one penny, and rubs it so; now, ladies an' gen'lemen, per'aps you think as 'ow the Alps is all over snow? It isn't, the snow's all over the Alps. I places the noosepaper on so. This is the most h'intellectool occupation of any h'age, old age, young age, *and* cabbage! There, ladies an' gen'lemen, see that picture! Only one penny per cake. One to you, sir?

Thank you!" And so he goes on, gabbling and gesticulating, and coaxing pennies from the pockets of the people. Saturday after Saturday the people throng the streets and gaze on the same scenes. And as I turn away I hear the keynote of the throng:—

"Buy! Buy! Buyee!"

P. DACRE.



(2) The Head-huntsman calls on an old kennel keeper for information of the fox.
 Photo by R. L. Bridgnell.

The "Charles Dickens."

THE "Charles Dickens" was turned out of the Crewe works on February 6th, 1882, and for the past twenty years has run the morning express from Manchester to London, leaving at 7.45 a.m., but in July, 1888, the time of leaving was changed to 8.15 a.m., and since July, 1889, 8.30 a.m., returning with the 4.0 p.m.

On September 12th, 1891, it had run 1,000,000 miles. But on August 5th, 1902, it completed, with 186 shorter trips, its 2,000,000th mile, a very rare record.

The "Charles Dickens" now has a lighter job, and its place is taken by the four cylinder compound "Revenge."

HAROLD C. KING (London.)



(3) A brief rest after a successful run.
 Photo by R. L. Bridgnell.

Dr. W. G.'s Teaparty.

ON the occasion of a Croydon school football eleven playing another school at Kenley recently, they had rather a big slice of luck. Not only did they win their match, but also came off trumps by my brother and one or two of the others going into



DR. W. G. GRACE.

Drawn from life by Walker Hodgson.

a shop after the match to get some tea. Two gentlemen in riding attire were in the shop at the time. The elderly gentleman of the two came up to my brother and said, "How did you get on this afternoon?" "We won, sir, thank you."

"That's good," he said, "I will treat all of you to a tea," and told my brother to go out and fetch all the others in.

After they had had a jolly good sit-down tea, the younger of the two gentlemen came up to my brother and said: "Do you know who it is you have to thank?"

My brother said, "Now I come to think, surely

it is Good Old Doctor W. G. Grace." The gentleman laughed and said, "Yes, it is my father, Doctor W. G. Grace." Then all the boys got up and shook hands with the Doctor and thanked him, and went home very pleased with themselves.

H. VAUGHAN PERRY.

"Captain" Club Criticisms.

A. Ash (Rossall, Fleetwood).—The efficiency of the Navy is with us every day just now. Some people have "Efficiency" on the brain, and roll the word round the tongue with all the comfort the old lady of antiquity derived from pronouncing the word "Mesopotamia." Captain Crutchley, of the Navy League, appeared to me a most enthusiastic man when I met him two or three years ago. Do not limit your reading on the subject to the publications of the Navy League. Follow it up by reading the work of Capt. Mahan, of the United States Navy, and Beckles Willson, on "Ironclads in Action." There is also a most informing article by Arnold White, in a recent number of the *Fortnightly*, or the *National Review*, entitled "Gunnery versus Paint," which is rather a serious indictment of our Naval system, and of the position of Lord Charles Beresford's recent command in gunnery trials. As you know, Lord Charles is one of the most voluble of our critics on Naval matters. You must study the subject thoroughly and widely to be able to form any sort of an opinion.

A. G. Cheverton (Southsea).—Never write on both sides of your MS. My compositors say things that are more forcible than pleasant when asked to set up matter written thus. Your essay is very good as a narrative. In future, use your critical faculty more; mere biographical details lie about like so much wreckage. You ought to have emphasised the respects in which Captain Mayne Reid excelled other writers of boys' stories, as in the vigour and excellence of his narrative, style, and the truthfulness of his scenery.

P. L. Holmes (Leeds).—Your description of deep-sea fishing from a coble lacks coherence. Try and marshal your observations so that one thing succeeds another consecutively, and is dependent on what precedes. You write in a "choppy" manner, like the sea on which you were sailing. Try and write smoothly, and try and observe more closely the things around you. To set down the things of earth after the style of an auctioneer's catalogue is not commendable. Don't be discouraged, however, by what I say. Profit by this advice, and do better next time.

Scribbler (Swanley Junction).—I am sorry to find you despondent about the literature of the day in your "Hint to Young Writers." The latter may be a little too eager to get into print, but there is no harm in their desire to exploit their ideas on paper. "Writing maketh an exact man," said Lord Bacon. So let our young writers, if they love writing for its own sake, pursue the art to the best of their ability.

Contributions (literary and artistic) have also been received from: "Eyed Awry," "R. E. T."

IF YOU WANT

A Gradidge "Imperial Driver" or a "J. P." Surrey Driver

CRICKET BAT

of the very best make;

A Kodak, Hobbies, or Scout

CAMERA;

A Set of the very finest

BOXING GLOVES;

Or a Set of

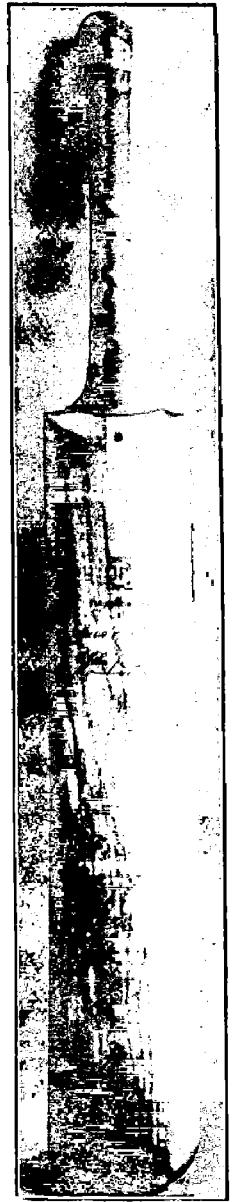
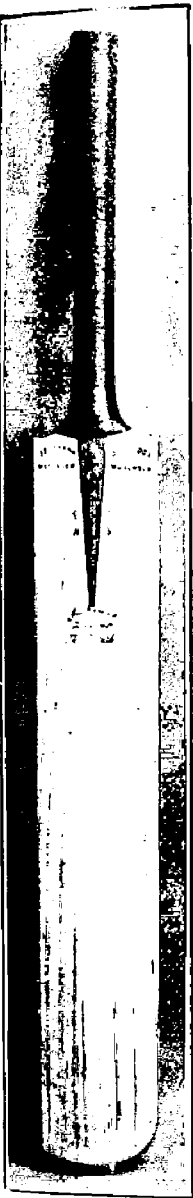
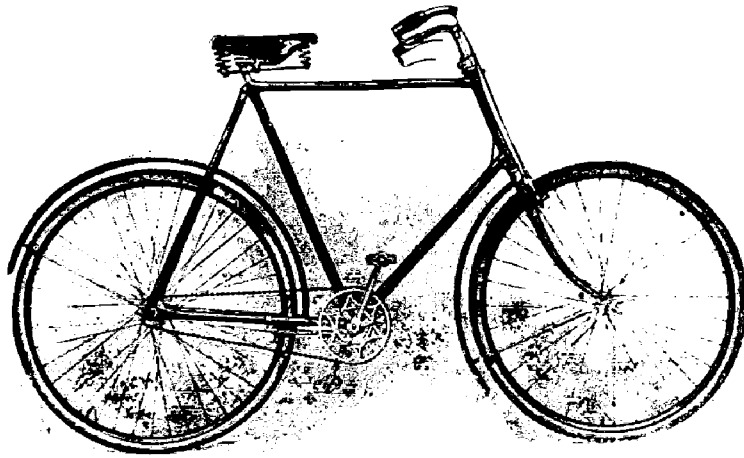
DRAWING MATERIALS,

Go in for "The Captain" Competitions, and you will stand just as good a chance as anybody else.

To WIN THIS £12 12s.

PREMIER BICYCLE,

for yourself or your sister,

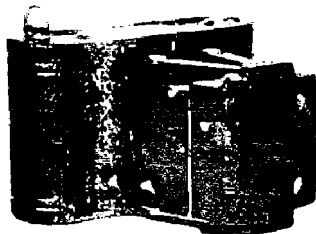


Three of these Guinea Cricket Bats, made by Messrs. H. Gradidge and Sons, are given away as prizes in our "Hidden Cricketers" Competition.

all you have to do is to write on a "Captain" post-card what, if you were King Edward VII., you would offer to Mr. Chamberlain as a reward for his signal services to the Empire at Home and in South Africa. See

"If I were King" Competition.

Three of these Messrs. John Piggott's "Surrey Drivers" are awarded to the winners of our "Popular Pastimes" Competition.

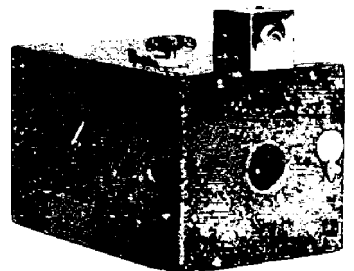


This Two-Guinea Folding Pocket Kodak is the prize in Class I. of our

"Photographic" Competition.

Six of these Messrs. C. Houghton and Sons Scout Cameras, are awarded to the winners in Class III. of our

"Photographic" Competition.



"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR MAY.

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, and in the event of their proving successful in competitions where cricket-bats, &c., are offered as prizes, will be allowed to select other articles of similar value.

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 May 18th.

The Results will be published in July.

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.—"If I Were King."—Tell us, on a CAPTAIN post-card, a packet of which you can procure from this office, post free for 1½d. in stamps, what, if you were King Edward VII., you would offer to Mr. Chamberlain as a reward for his signal services to the Empire at home and in South Africa. A Twelve-Guinea Premier Bicycle will be awarded to the sender of the best suggestion. No age limit.

No. 2.—"Hidden Cricketers."—On one of our advertisement pages you will find twelve pictures. Each picture is supposed to represent the name of a well-known cricketer. Write the name under each picture, fill in your own 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. Three of Messrs. H. Gradidge and Sons' cricket bats, value One Guinea each, will be the Prizes. See illustration.

Class I. Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. Age limit: Twelve.

No. 3.—"Mysterious Sign Puzzle."—On one of our advertisement pages will be found a diagram with full instructions printed below. Neatness in the arranging will be taken into consideration. Three full sets of Messrs. Müllers and Company's drawing materials will be awarded as prizes.

Class I. Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. Age limit: Twenty.
Class III. Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 4.—"Men of the Moment."—Make a list, on a CAPTAIN post-card, a packet of which can be procured from this office post-free for 1½d. in stamps, of the six men you consider to be most popular in the following spheres: politics, literature, art, science, sport and the drama. Three sets of the best boxing gloves (four to the set) will be awarded as prizes.

Class I. Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III. Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 5.—"Popular Pastimes."—Which do you consider the three most popular pastimes, and who in your opinion is the best exponent of each? Use CAPTAIN post-cards only, a packet of which can be procured from this office, post-free for 1½d. in stamps. Three of Messrs. John Piggott's specially selected cricket bats will be awarded as Prizes.

Class I. Age limit: Twenty.
Class II. Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. Age limit: Twelve.

No. 6.—"Photographic Competition"—Hand or stand-camera work, any subject. Neatness in mounting will be taken into consideration. PRIZES: 1st Class, £2s 2s. Kodak; 2nd Class, 30s. Hobbies Camera; 3rd Class, Four Houghton's 5s. "Scout" hand-cameras, as illustrated.

Class I. Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III. Age limit: Fourteen.

"THE CAPTAIN" PICTURE POST-CARDS

are now ready, in packets of six different designs by Tom Browne, R.I., R.B.A., printed in colour. A single packet of these unique and humorous cards will be sent, post-free, to any address on receipt of 1½d. in stamps, 3 packets for 4d., post-free, one dozen for 1s. 2d., post-free. Address:

"Post-Cards," THE CAPTAIN, 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, W.C.

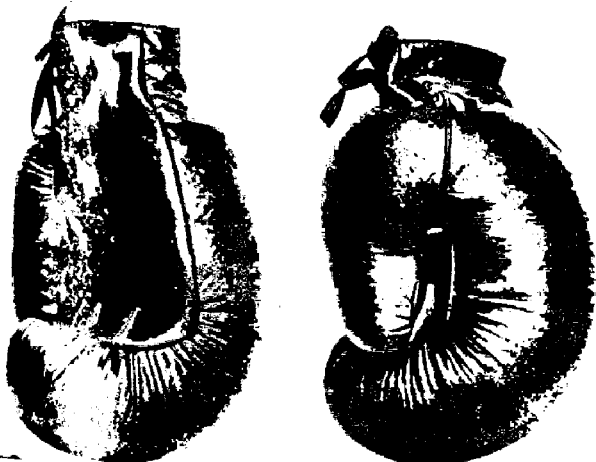
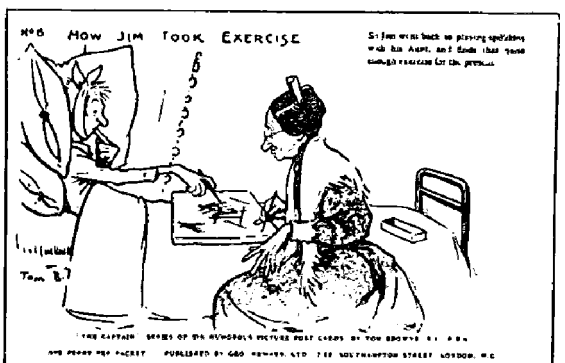
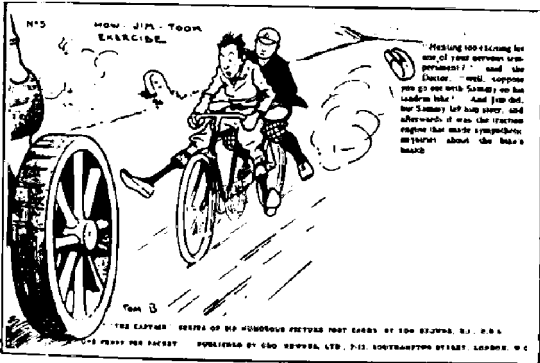
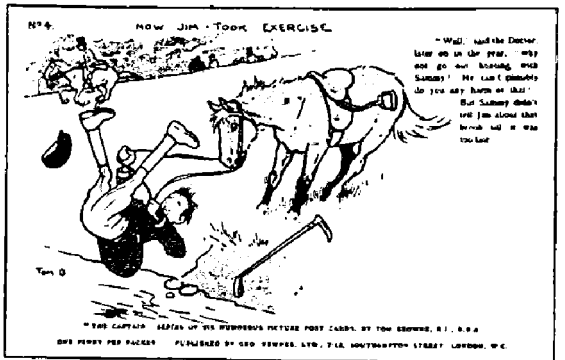
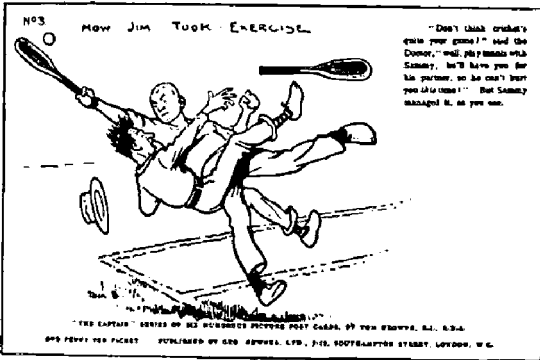
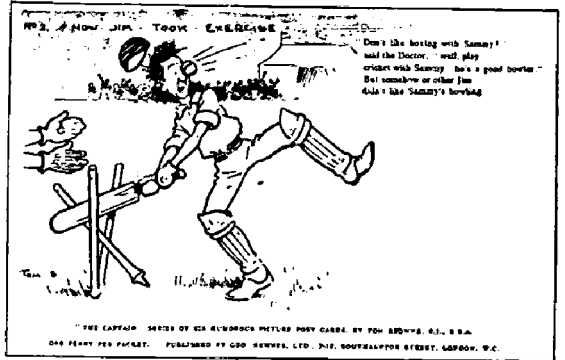
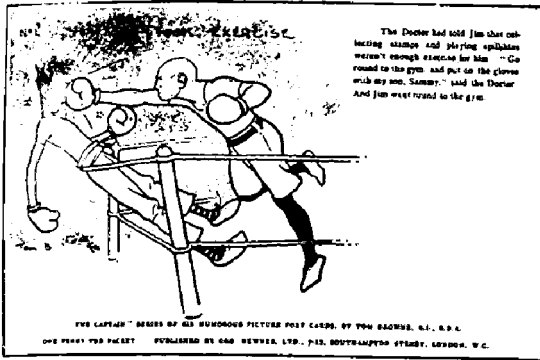
ORDER AT ONCE, IF YOU WANT TO WIN A TWELVE-GUINEA PREMIER BICYCLE

"THE CAPTAIN" PICTURE POST-CARDS.

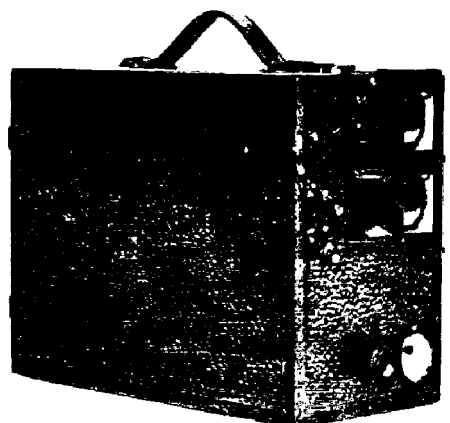
"HOW JIM TOOK EXERCISE."

By TOM BROWNE, R.I., R.B.A. One Packet of Six Designs 1½d. in Stamps, post free.

See "Captain" Competitions Page for further particulars.



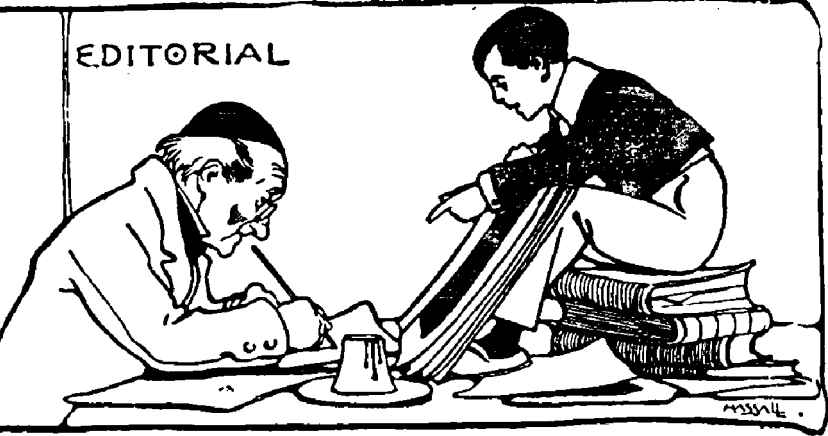
THREE PAIRS OF THESE YUCATAN KID BOXING GLOVES (FOUR TO THE SET) ARE AWARDED AS PRIZES IN "MEN OF THE MOMENT" COMPETITION.



THIS HOBBS NO. 4 HAND CAMERA, VALUE £1 10s., IS THE 2ND PRIZE IN OUR PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION.

THE OLD FAG

EDITORIAL



12, BURLEIGH STREET,
STRAND, LONDON.

Last month a correspondent signing himself "Dart" inquired our opinion of absent-mindedness. I replied that absent-minded people generally excused themselves on the ground of heredity, and added that one view of absent-mindedness was that it was merely a form of selfishness. But the other day, going through the library of a friend of mine, I came across a book (published a good many years ago) called, "Tastes and Habits," by the Rev. S. B. James, M.A., and one of the essays therein was on this very subject that "Dart" inquired about. "This habit or quality," writes the author, "or whatever else it may be more accurately called, is never a vice, seldom a fault, and not quite always a misfortune." Mr. James goes on to say that forgetting what time a train starts that afterwards meets with an accident is an illustration of absent-mindedness "not quite always" being a misfortune. And then the author touches on "convenient forgetfulness."

"Do you ever forget to get your breakfast, my dear Ferdinand?" inquired a provoked father of his really forgetful, though not wholly excusably forgetful son; "do you ever forget the day of the boat-races?—are you ever too late for the train that takes us to Scarborough?—is it ever necessary to remind you that your quarter's allowance is due?"

This was a case in which the young man remembered what he wanted to remember, but "let business appointments take their chance in the confusions of his memory."

Mr. James then relates an anecdote of an absent-minded bishop who had promised to hold a confirmation in a village. The day

arrived, and so did the candidates—some of them having travelled a distance of ten and twenty miles—but the Bishop arrived the day after, whereupon somebody caustically asked whether, "if it had been a confirmation of fifty young noblemen, instead of fifty old, young, and middle-aged peasants and labourers, the day would have been forgotten?"

I do not think this was a fair question to ask, as naturally the fact that he had to confirm fifty young noblemen would impress itself more on a Bishop's mind than an ordinary confirmation. Confirming village-folk was his regular routine work, while confirming young noblemen was a duty that he was probably very seldom called upon to perform.

I am a trifle absent-minded myself, and so I sympathise with this Bishop. I remember once, after procuring my slippers from the corner of my study and taking my boots off. I carefully put my slippers outside the door for the maid to take away and clean. I perceived my mistake, however, before I closed the door. Some years ago I had an engagement to dine in Kensington. The engagement was for a Wednesday. On the Wednesday, therefore (according to my reckoning), having told my housekeeper I shouldn't want dinner, I dressed myself in the evening attire of these modern times (which is not half so gentlemanly, to my thinking, as the frilled shirts and high-collared coats of my youth). I hailed a cab, and drove to the house. The servant who opened the door told me that Mrs. H— wasn't at home—in fact, was dining out. "But I have come to dine with her," I rejoined. "That must be to-morrow, sir," said she; "I know there is a dinner-

party here on Wednesday evening." "But, bless me! what's to-day, then?" I demanded. "Tuesday, sir," said she, smiling.

So I went home and sat down in my evening war-paint to cold mutton.

However, I do not often make such mistakes, and I certainly never forget to bring THE CAPTAIN out every month. But then, I have plenty of people to remind me that THE CAPTAIN must be brought out, the first and foremost being the printer. It never does to keep the printer waiting. If you do, he starts howling through the telephone or sending up messages by boys who are noted for their speed of foot. So I make it a rule always to be prompt to the minute with all CAPTAIN manuscript. ("Oh, I say, draw it mill, Mr. O. F.!"—Printer of THE CAPTAIN.) If any of you boys ever become editors, have a placard printed and hung over your desk to this effect: NEVER KEEP THE PRINTER WAITING. Then you will always be punctual with your "copy," and your relations with your printer will always be courteous, smooth, and satisfactory. ["Oh, I say! Why, this very 'Editorial' is three days late."—Printer of THE CAPTAIN.]

To return to absent-mindedness and forgetfulness. In Mr. James's chapter on the subject, I note the following:—

Forgetfulness and absence of mind, among people generally so lamentable, are especially so among the clergy in regard to their public ministrations. And even here how seldom do they forget their sermons? The instinct of self-preservation is so strong, that here, though banns may be forgotten to be published, or notice of alteration of hours to be given, the sermon is safely forthcoming.

The author here quoted does not then launch forth into anecdote, but I myself can call to mind several anecdotes which are akin to the matter under discussion. I recollect the case of an old clergyman who used to become so absorbed in his subjects that his sermons were protracted to an extraordinary length. Once, having preached for over an hour, he pronounced the Ascription and descended the pulpit steps to find the church completely empty save for the clerk, who was fast asleep. But this parson carried his absent-mindedness to extremes, for he was sometimes observed walking in rain-showers holding a stick over his head, evidently being under the impression that it was an umbrella! He was also in the habit of speaking his thoughts aloud—a most awkward habit—and on one occasion,

having been asked to lunch and tea by a neighbouring vicar, suddenly observed (whilst partaking of the latter meal): "I wonder whether they will ask me to stay to dinner!"

Once his eccentric behaviour produced most salutary results. He was sent for one night to baptise a sick child. Instead of taking his surplice and cassock in a bag, he robed himself at home, and set out thus attired to the cottage to which he had been summoned. It was some distance off, and our good pastor, feeling wearied, presently sat himself down on a heap of stones to rest. Whilst seated there, who should come along but the village drunkard, a notorious character whose case was regarded as quite hopeless. This man had had his fill of beer, and was decidedly the worse for it. Suddenly, with starting eyeballs, he stopped dead. What was that white, ghostly figure seated yonder! The drunkard gaped, shuddered, then turned tail and fled with howls of terror. And the story goes—and I have every reason to believe it to be absolutely true—that the man never touched strong drink afterwards—such was the effect of the scare he had received!

I recall instances of absent-mindedness in another cleric, whose mistakes were most laughable. Once he went to a tea-party, and, on entering the room, solemnly apologised to his hostess for his wife's absence. She was, he explained, unavoidably detained at home. Hardly had he concluded his explanation when he felt his sleeve violently tugged. Looking round, he perceived that the tigger—if I may use the word—was the very lady for whose absence he had made such an ample apology.

But the most humorous mistake this absent-minded clergyman ever made was connected with the publication of banns of marriage. Opening the Banns' Book, one Sunday morning, after the second lesson, he proceeded to publish the banns of a couple who had been well and duly married five-and-twenty years ago, and were at that very moment sitting in the church with their numerous family! He had opened the Banns' Book, of course, at the wrong place, and was not even aware of the error he had been guilty of until the worthy couple, who had thus been "cried" twice, approached him after the service and told him of the very peculiar mistake he had made!

And now I must have done with my anecdotage, for other matters claim space and attention. I may add, though, that, according to the author of "Tastes and Habits," there is danger in relying too much on pocket-books and memorandum slips. They tend to weaken the memory. You should try to do without them. Says Mr. James:—

A most respectable and intelligent man, who cannot write, and is out from home on business nearly every day of the six, has assured me that he never by any chance makes a single mistake about dates, amounts, or engagements. He can sign a cheque, and nothing more, and simply tells his children the rest, for them to put down. He is a thriving man and is under no obligation to written memorandums.

Mr. James adds that one line of Shakespeare or Milton learned the first day, two the next, three the next, and so on, will improve the memory after it is weakened. That, he says, and an *early life* moderation in the use of pocket-books, followed up by diligent and conscientious self-examination, and (if need be) accusation, might save young people from the reproach, in after life, of being odd, absent-minded and "never-dependable."

Mr. Nankivell's "Transvaals":

Those who follow our stamp editor's monthly discourses will be interested to hear that he has at last disposed of his celebrated collection of Transvaal stamps. The formation of this occupied over twenty-three years, and one can well imagine the amount of care and thought Mr. Nankivell must have expended over his task. A noted philatelist says of this collection: "It is one of the ultra-super-fine specialised collections that can be counted on one's two hands throughout the world. It represents the high water-mark of specialised philately."

The moral I wish to draw in connection with this event is of a double nature: Firstly, it is evident that THE CAPTAIN enjoys the services of a stamp expert of the very highest eminence; and, secondly, that stamp-collecting, if seriously followed, is a hobby that may, in course of years, result in great pecuniary advantage, should the collector find it necessary to turn his stamps into bank-notes.

Mr. Nankivell has sold his great collection of Transvaals to Messrs. Stanley Gibbons, Ltd., who are offering it again for sale—at present in its entirety—at the price of £5,250.

"A Prefect's Uncle"—I have pleas-

ure in recommending to your notice this excellent story of public school life by P. G. Wodehouse, author of "The Pothunters." Mr. Wodehouse has already won the favour of CAPTAIN readers with his short stories, and before very long we hope to publish a serial from his pen. "A Prefect's Uncle" (price 3s. 6d., A. and C. Black) makes capital reading. It is full of wit and humour and abounds in high spirits of a kind that should cause it to become a much-demanded book in every school library.

The late Dean Farrar.—I always like to say a few words on the occasion of the death of a man, who, during his life-time, was an interesting personality to boys. Dean Farrar, during his long and strenuous career, wielded a great influence for good over boys, both as schoolmaster and writer. It has of late become the fashion in certain circles to sneer at the author of "Eric" and "St. Winifred's," but my honest opinion is that both of these books were perfectly sound as works of art and most fruitful in their effects. Both have proved of very great and real benefit to many thousands of readers. No boy could read either without being very much the better for it. Dean Farrar strove to fill his boy-readers with manly, pure, and noble aspirations; his aim was high and sincere, and we should, therefore, count his memory worthy of all reverence and honour.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Quinque-Folium (Glenageary, Co. Dublin).—Your essay on patriotism breathes the true patriotic spirit. It is generously conceived, and could we in this country realise the ideal patriotism you have described, there would be less distress and discontent, and a more wholesome result would ensue for the good of the State. Unfortunately the beautiful Emerald Isle, from which you write, is still chafing under the sense of wrongs unredressed and insults unavenged. The atmosphere at present in Ireland is a little clearer, but we require people like yourself living in the country, to advocate and disseminate the seeds of love and friendship towards the people and the Government on this side of the Channel. I was sorry not to receive your promised spring of shamrock. The office was quite upset in consequence and I had to dash out into the Strand and make a purchase.

J. J. Newton (Clapham, S.W.)—Would-be campers on the seashore should first determine whether the pitch they desire is on private or public property. If the former, they will have to communicate with the tenant and either obtain his permission to their presence, or arrange to rent the necessary space from him; if the latter (as would be the case with the actual shore), they should communicate with the local authorities. In the case of up-river (Thames) camping, pitches can be obtained

at various localities from local farmers, whose land reaches to the water. The average annual rental of a pitch is about £2; but the bank is the property of the Thames Conservancy, from whom permission to cut steps or build a landing-stage must be gained, and for which an annual fee of 2s. 6d. will be charged.

Richard Ashley (Upper Tooting).—All I can say is that "In Deep Water" was vouched for by the authors, and while granting that the adventures appeared very extraordinary, I daresay that you will admit that, after all, they might be possible. I have made a note of your favourite sea story writer, Mr. Basil Lubbock, and hope to share the pleasure you have enjoyed from perusing his writings, and have ordered from my bookseller "Round the Horn Before the Mast." Clubbed.

Junioso (Doncaster).—India is a slow business country. Apply to the Delhi Bank in Threadneedle Street, E.C., or to Messrs. King and Co., Cornhill, E.C. Send them your credentials typed or printed, and tell them you have passed the Institute of Bankers' examinations. Don't go out on "spec." Mr. Cockburn Reynolds does not think one year furlough in five necessary. It is generally a case of one year in ten. I.C.S. men, if well-to-do, take one year in five. You can always get away to the hills at Simla for a few weeks if you feel very much overwrought.

X. Y. Z. (Hampstead).—(1) Your experience is a very common one. It is not at all surprising to me to find how much more acceptable boys' books and boys' stories are to girls than girls' stories are to girls. The reason, I presume, is that the virility and healthy atmosphere about boys' books and boys' stories appeal to your mind much more than the somewhat vapid atmosphere which usually characterises most girls' books. (2) See answer to "Dart" last month.

Epaminondas Cicero Themistocles (Birmingham).—There is no "Mrs. O. F." The Latin language is scientific. You cannot read your Livy or your Horace, or your Cicero, without accurate scholarship. The mind must be quite clear of vague, uncertain knowledge, and must know what to expect. The only way to write decent English is to learn Latin. Boys should go to bed at 10 p.m. (or 9.30), and rise at 6.30 a.m.

Perplexed (Winchester).—I am extremely sorry to hear of the unfortunate set of people amongst whom you have been thrown, and I know it requires a good deal of courage to be able to resist the evil influences of such society. You can prove your strength of character, however, by keeping yourself uncontaminated by your surroundings, and who knows but your example may have a most beneficial effect on those around you?

Poet (Old Hill, near Dudley, Staffs).—Consult Edwin Gosse's History of English Rhythms.—I believe the 1st edition was published in 1882, and revised by Professor Skeat.—Professor J. B. Mayor's chapters on English Metre, 1886. Dr. Gummere's handbook of Poetics (Boston), and Professor Schipper's Englische Metrik, published at Bonn, 1881.

C. W. Kent (Hexham).—(1) Yes, a lottery is a form of gambling. (2) Your full and correct title is O.R.C., which you may put after your name. (3) Should very much like to see some copies of the paper you once published entitled "The Special." It may contain some ideas worth incorporating in THE CAPTAIN. (4) Sorry, photos too dark.

H. G. T. (Forest Hill).—Clubbed. The "Cake

Walk" originated in Florida, U.S.A. The negro labourers on the orange plantations there borrowed the idea from the now almost extinct Seminole Indians, who commenced their war-dances with a similar performance. In course of time cakes took the place of boxes of sweets first offered as prizes to the best "walkers"—hence the name "Cake Walk."

James H. Walker (South Shields).—(1) To get to the other side. (2) Am running a literary competition this month, and will try to have one every month. The reasons for the omission are too deep for tears.

A. Scriven (W. Kensington).—Clubbed. The book you want is, "Model Yachts and Boats: Their Designing, Making, and Sailing," by J. du V. Grosvenor, price 5s. 3d., post free, from L. Upcott Gill, 170 Strand, W.C.

"Grigalach" (London, S.W.).—Many thanks for pointing out mistake. We are always open to correction. Sorry to say that your "Milton" is of no great value.

Le Brun (Maida Hill, London).—Many thanks for pointing out the mistake in volume VIII., page 561. Such "howlers" as this will creep in in spite of the greatest care.

Long 'Un (East Dulwich).—Clubbed. See this month's competitions re photography. We hope to continue them from month to month. I regard G. M. F. as one of the best writers of boys' stories who have put pen to paper.

D. Y. Whittingham (Bromley).—I hope to continue giving prizes from the advertisement pages in the competitions as you suggest; in fact, I prefer to do so, though some of my friends prefer hard cash.

Gossip.—No doubt you are sincere in what you say about girls, but my opinion is that a fellow is all the better for having some nice girl-friends.

Ethel S. Brown (Corso A. Podesta, Genoa).—Criticisms duly and thoughtfully digested.

Gildart J. Walker (Aberdeen).—Sorry, but we cannot receive visitors at the office. Too busy!

James A. Simpson (Falkirk).—Clubbed. You have guessed right. **J. S. L. Speck** (Oxford).—I am keeping your verses by me, but cannot see my way at present to make use of them.

A. F. Forward (Alton, Hants).—Reply next month. **Savile** (Epsom).—We prefer verses on rather more topical events than the Relief of Mafeking. Besides, I have already said that I don't want anything else—be it story, poem, or essay—about the late War.

Nora Simmonds (Ardwick, Manchester).—Sorry you were entered in the wrong class. These mistakes will occur sometimes. **Ernest L. Awbery** (Southampton).—Clubbed. **V. Smith** (Bromley).—Yes.

CAPTAIN stamps are for putting on the front of letters. **E. Alan Hall** (Alberta, Canada, N.W.T.).—Clubbed. Sending stamps. Farming in a new country is always tough work, but you must peg away.

Letters, &c., have also been received from: "Spotted Tail" (Repton), Yorkshireman (Bristol), E. K., and G. D. (Folkestone), Percy Dunham (London), W. J. Juleff (Stockwell, London), R. E. Thomas (Whitby), G. Adames (Putney), T. R. Davis (W. Norwood), am trying to arrange for prize of a bookcase; James R. Campbell (Strathbungow, Glasgow), Nat. A. Zelinsky (London).

Official Representatives Appointed: C. W. Kent (Hexham), R. S. Kisby (Preston).

Results of March Competitions.

No. I.—"Copy of a Picture."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)
WINNER OF SET OF DRAWING MATERIALS: Florence Warde, Stonehurst, Beenham, near Reading, Berks.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Dolly Snelling, Maude E. Green, T. Allwork Chaplin, W. W. Clarke-Pitta, H. W. Pike, Elsie Mildred Bazin, Winifred D. Ercaut, Eleanor Theakston, Edgar J. Ercaut, Melicent Meredith.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)
WINNER OF SET OF DRAWING MATERIALS: L. Selway, 32 Well-street, Exeter.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: Fred. Ford, 31 Well-street, Exeter.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Leonard J. Smith, Dorothy Lambert, William Shaw, Noel Edward Lean, H. A. Atwell, Mary McCance, George A. Bell, C. Crossley, J. S. McBean, L. E. V. Tiffen, Alfred J. Judd, D. M. Sothers.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF SET OF DRAWING MATERIALS: Harry Hill, 26 Northumberland-street, Workington, Cumberland.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: Gilbert Ledward, 3 Mount Park-crescent, Ealing, W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: L. K. Adams, Charles A. Mackay, O. K. Owen, Robert E. Giudici, William M. Marshall, Muriel Ethel Willoughby, Dorothy Wheatley, M. Selby, Alexander Walker, George A. Whitelaw, Frank Thorns, Joseph Taylor, F. Lord, Frida Phillips, Gladys Scantlebury, J. C. Matthew, E. J. Powell, Mabel Martin, Winifred E. Bengier, Geo. Linnell.

No. II.—"Map of Central America."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)
SEVEN SHILLINGS DIVIDED BETWEEN: W. Logan, c/o Raeburn, 9 Oxford-street, Edinburgh; and A. McGregor, c/o Mr. C. McGregor, 81 Buccleuch-street, Edinburgh.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: Geoffrey Langshaw Austin, The Knoll, Lancaster.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Olive C. Lupton, Arthur S. Atkinson, Dorothy Binney, Maurice P. French, Ian C. Russell, Adah Falconer, A. T. King, Alfred T. Hurt.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF 7s.: Clifford H. Hughes, 35 Gonville-road, Thorn-ton Heath.

HONOURABLE MENTION: L. E. V. Tiffen, R. V. Southwell, L. H. Newbery, Dollie Phillips, Josephine King, T. Cox, Dorothy E. Sibun, Charles F. Treeby.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)
SEVEN SHILLINGS DIVIDED BETWEEN: M. G. Morrish, Riverside, St. Andrew's-street, Tiverton; and Lionel M. Lupton, Newton Park, Leeds.

HONOURABLE MENTION: G. S. Bellerby, Frank Raby, Willie L. McNair.

No. III.—"Missing Features."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)
WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: James H. Dowd, 11 Travis-place, Broomhall, Sheffield.

HONOURABLE MENTION: E. P. Cook, Stanley Wilson, O. Lupton, R. M. Thomas.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: Joseph Taylor, 40 Northgate, Baildon, Shipley, Yorks.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Helen M. MacGregor, D. G. Kinloch, Mabel Musson, Dorothy Snowden.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)
WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: Douglas Whittingham, Kimberley, Kinnaird-avenue, Bromley.

A packet of "The Captain" pictorial post-cards has been sent to all competitors who have received honourable mention as announced above.

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 following books—"Tales of Greyhound," "Acton's Feud," "The Heart of the Prairie."

COMMENTS ON THE MARCH COMPETITIONS.

I.—COPY OF A PICTURE.—An immensely popular competition, and it was really remarkable to find that nearly all competitors had decided to copy the following subjects:—"Another Panther on the Bough," page 516; "I am Covered of it," page 491; "Vikings," page 492; and "The Old Flag," by T. Allwork Chaplin, page 565. This competition gave great pleasure to the Art Editor to find so many of our artists readers choose line drawings instead of wash.

II.—MAP OF CENTRAL AMERICA COMPETITION was very closely competed for, but we wish that our English and Irish readers would take as much pains with their lettering as do the majority of our Scotch readers, as it is undoubtedly a fact that readers beyond the Tweed take especial care in this direction.

III.—MISSING FEATURES.—Was very heavily contested, but most competitors missed out the horse's jaw.

HONOURABLE MENTION: E. J. Powell, David Rankin, Mollie Woollard, F. F. Morgan.

No. IV.—"Handwriting."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF "CAPTAIN" POCKET-KNIFE: John Dyce, 31 Meadowbank-crescent, Edinburgh.

CONSOLATION PRIZE: E. Dunsford, 2 Paris-street, Exeter.
HONOURABLE MENTION: Chas. Briggs, Cyril Dawson, F. Hunt, Chas. C. Norbury, Bernard Audsley (all of Wakefield Academy), Paul Frommer (Budapest), E. Jefferson (Belfast), Victor Dallavotta (Brussels), L. Fergusson, S. C. Kay (Wakefield), W. H. Stephenson.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twelve.)
WINNER OF "CAPTAIN" POCKET-KNIFE: R. J. F. Peacey, Thornton, A., Christ's Hospital, Horsham, Sussex.

HONOURABLE MENTION: John Hunt (Academy, Wakefield), P. S. Linnell, E. Anderson, W. E. Phillips, F. C. Tickle, Percy Dolinson (Wakefield), R. Wilson, Leslie Williams, A. J. Sheldon, C. E. Burden, J. Burden, Leslie Stancliff (Orpington), F. R. Corrie (Orpington), A. West.

No. V.—"Peg Puzzle."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)
WINNER OF PRIZE: Horace Taylor Austin, 15 Aberdeen Park, Highbury, London, N.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. C. Jewell, S. H. Taylor, S. I. Box.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)
WINNER OF PRIZE: E. M. Dawe, 22 Glebe-road, Bromley, Kent.

HONOURABLE MENTION: M. P. French, F. Fredericks, G. E. Ellis, Kittie Wade, G. Williams, R. S. Malby, A. H. Wood, W. J. Wicks, H. T. Birrell, T. R. Worthington, J. Barlow, J. Snelgrove.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF PRIZE: Chas. M. Manners, 12 Greenlaw Avenue, Paisley, N.B.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Muriel Carolin, A. Hughes, R. Stafford, A. Ronald Legat, C. E. Cresswell, G. S. Bellek, H. Thomas, J. M. Luck, G. P. Stringer.

No. VI.—"Tailpieces and Initial Letters."

WINNER OF 5s.: Harry G. Spooner, 38 Grosvenor-road, Ilford, Essex.

HALF-A-CROWN has been sent to each of the following: Arthur S. Atkinson, George A. Whitelaw, Edith Humphreys, Eric A. Haward.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Edward J. Norman, G. A. Bell, C. Crossley, Winifred D. Ercaut, T. Allwork Chaplin, Edith Humphreys, Norman B. Ashford, Sydney J. Bond, H. M. Bateman, Hubert Haward, Eric Bradbury, Charles G. McClure, Dorothy Wheatley.

"Foreign and Colonial Readers." (NOVEMBER, 1922)

CLASS I. No award.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)
WINNER OF 5s.: J. Alexander Main, G.P.O., Box 70, W11ington, New Zealand.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. Goodbrand (Natal), A. S. Goodbrand (Natal), Dallas F. Grahame (Canada).

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF 5s.: Maurice Hurst, Nelson, New Zealand.

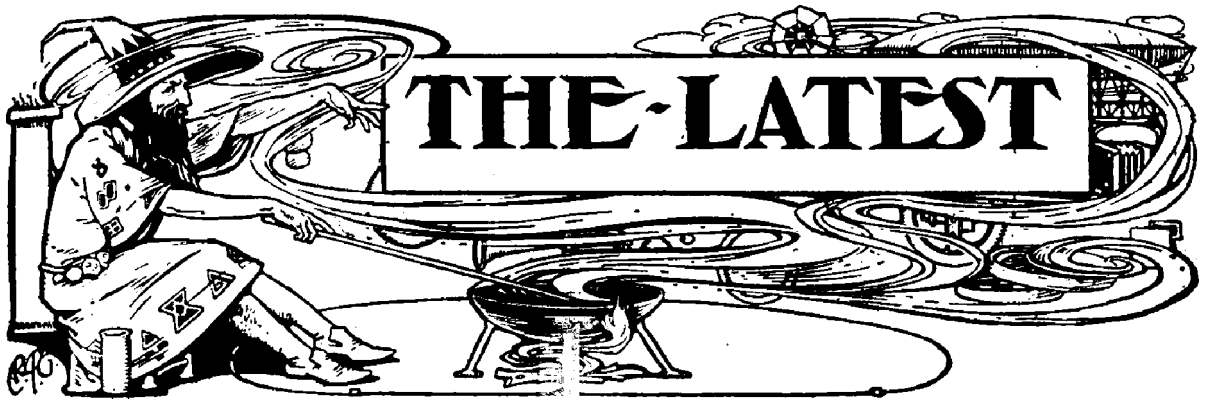
HONOURABLE MENTION: Frank Brierley (Trinidad), Edward Payn Le Sneur (Canada).

IV.—"HANDWRITING."—We have never had such a number of competitions sent in under this heading; very great credit is due to all the Honourable Mentions.

V.—PEG PUZZLE.—Out of a great number sent in, only about one dozen in each class were correct, and these were judged in order of neatness.

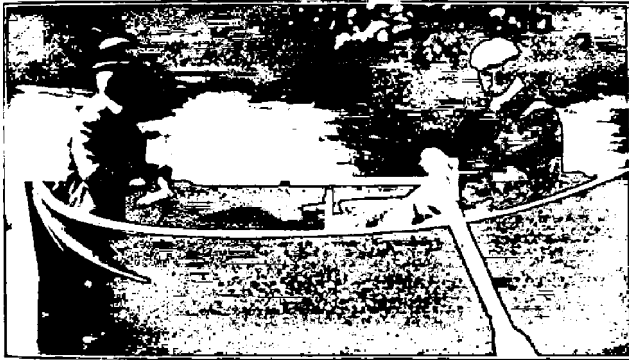
VI.—TAILPIECES AND INITIAL LETTERS.—We were glad to see that 90 per cent of the initials and tailpieces were very carefully worked in pen-and-ink, and we would point out to a great number of readers that, for pen-and-ink drawings, it is always better to work on Bristol board rather than a rough Whatman's surface.

FOREIGN AND COLONIAL READERS.—An essay carried off the prize in Class II., and in Class III. two pen sketches were successful.



The Berthon Folding Boat.

This boat, which is known as the Berthon Patent Folding Boat, is 9ft. long, and weighs from 90 to 100lb. It is made of a number of



A "BERTHON" BOAT.

longitudinal segmental webs, covered over with strong double canvas, so that it can be folded up in a very small space. In the heaviest sea it is perfectly safe and buoyant, and there is no danger of any water getting in between the skins, as the air holes, the only places where water could percolate, are closed against the stem and stern-posts when the boat is ready for use. For rowing purposes this boat is extremely handy and comfortable, and when furnished with the ordinary depth of keel is a remarkably fine sailer. The Berthon Boat Company have offices at 50 Holborn Viaduct, E.C., where the boats can be seen, and catalogues obtained.

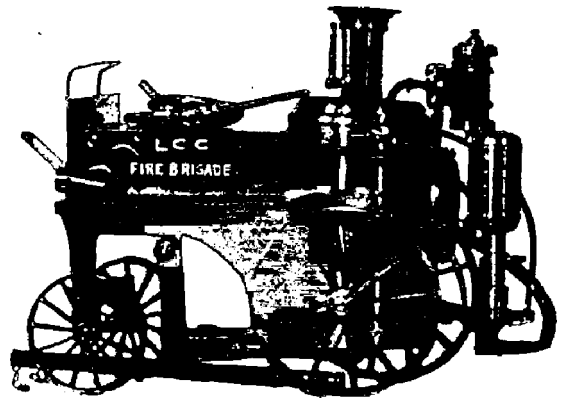
The Latest Method of Railway Signalling.

A very remarkable method of railway signalling has recently been experimented with on the Great Central Railway, though whether it will be adopted to any large extent is a somewhat disputable question. In this, the "Miller System," instead of ordinary semaphores by the side of the line, the signals are communicated into the cab of the engine itself by means of an

electric circuit attached to the rails, so that so long as the next "section" ahead is clear, a white light is shown on the footplate, but as soon as there is any obstacle on the line within a specified distance, the white light goes out and a red one is automatically switched on.

The Latest in Models.

The catalogue issued by Stevens's model dockyard of Aldgate, London, E.C., costs you 3d. in the first place, but very few of its readers stop there, as the desire to become the possessor of one or more of the various fascinating models of locomotives, stationary-engines, steam yachts, and other novelties therein described, which are far too numerous to mention in one short paragraph, usually ends in a purchase. The model of a steam fire-engine, which is illustrated herewith, particularly

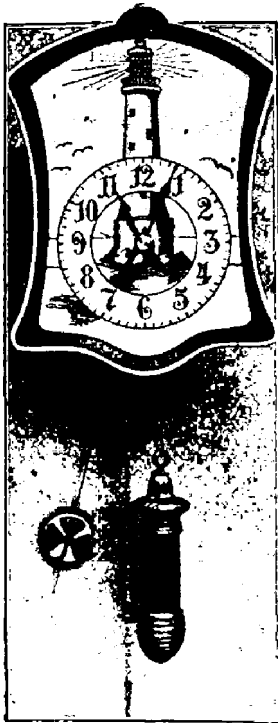


A MODEL FIRE ENGINE.

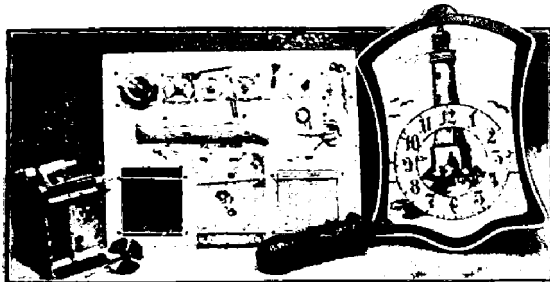
took my fancy; but those who are on the lookout for other articles will have little difficulty in finding what they have set their hearts on buying.

A Home-made Clock.

The "Tick-Tack" clock, while being the latest in the toy line, is both educative and useful. It



THE "TICK-TACK"
CLOCK COMPLETE.



THE "TICK-TACK" CLOCK AS PURCHASED.

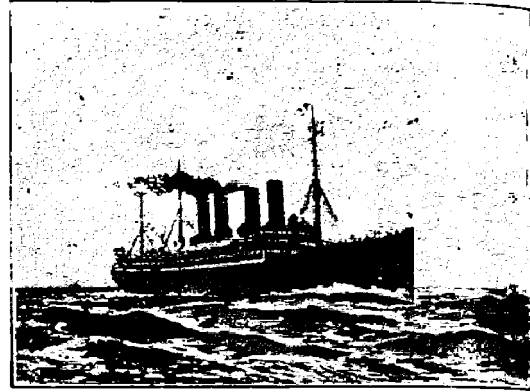
or from John Piggott, Ltd., 117 and 118 Cheapside, and Milkstreet, London, E.C., for 3s. 11d.

The New Atlantic Greyhound.

Here is a picture of the *Kaiser Wilhelm II.*, the new twin-screw express steamship belonging to the Norddeutscher Lloyd Line. This fine vessel was launched last August from the Vulcan shipyards at Stettin, and makes her first trip across the Atlantic this month. Her length over all is 706ft. 6in., her beam 72ft., and she displaces 26,500 tons of salt water. At present Germany holds the "blue ribbon" of the

is supplied all in pieces as shown in our fourth illustration, and may, after a more or less lengthy attempt, according to the ability of the child to whom it is given, be put together, and form the very useful nursery clock shown in the accompanying photograph. I spent half-an-hour one evening making up the one Messrs. Baer, Bechmann and Co., Ltd., the wholesale agents, were good enough to send me, and after a test of several days, found it to keep very good time. The "Tick Tack" clock may be obtained at all novelty stores and toyshops,

Atlantic, and the shipbuilders of the Fatherland are naturally proud of their achievements. But John Bull is waking up, and the new Cunarders are coming.

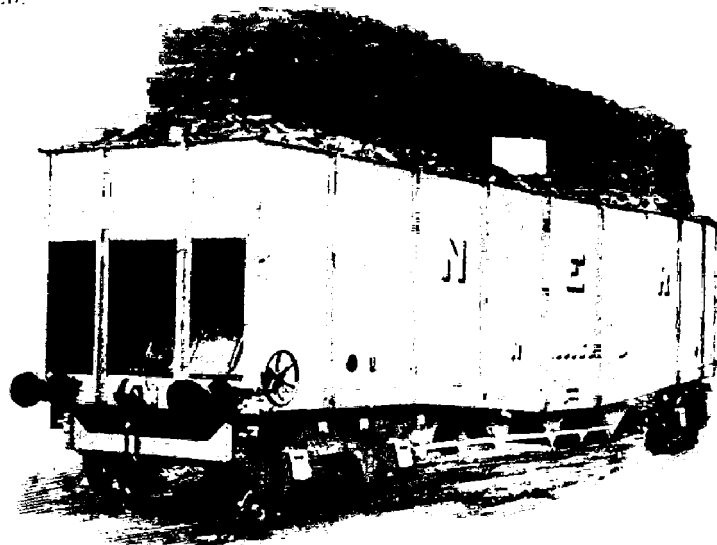


S.S. KAISER WILHELM II., THE LATEST N.D.L. LINER.

Huge Railway Wagons.

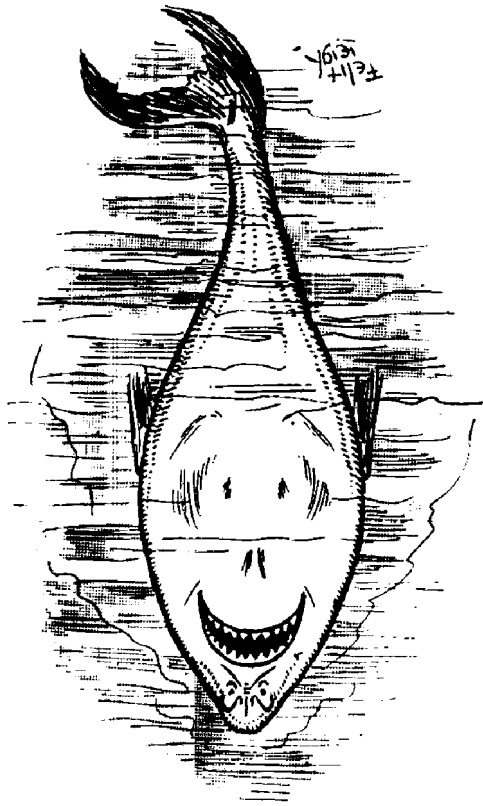
Several of the leading British railways have come to the conclusion that it is more economical to use large wagons having a capacity of 30 and even 40 tons instead of the old-fashioned 10 ton trucks. On this page I reproduce a photo, kindly supplied by the Leeds Forge Company, of one of the 40 ton "bogie" coal wagons they have recently built for the North Eastern Railway. By the use of these big wagons the "dead weight" hauled in comparison to the "load" is much less than in small four-wheel wagons.

J. A. K.



ONE OF THE GREAT 40-TON WAGONS ON THE NORTH-EASTERN RAILWAY UNDER A 100-TON TEST LOAD.

But when the mariner is in
The Shark, its frown becomes a grin.



CHANGE OF EXPRESSION.
When for a mariner the Shark
Is hungering, its frown is dark.



THE STRIKERS LET GO A VOLLEY OF STONES.

THE RUN OF THE CHARTER CAR.

A TALE OF AN AMERICAN TRAMWAY STRIKE.

By
J. GEO. FREDERICK.

Illustrated by
CHARLES GRUNWALD.

WHEN the strike was declared Peter Lando was at the end of the suburban line, and when he brought his car into the city as fast as a down-grade road and empty seats would permit, the streets were already deserted for the night, and he whizzed past corner after corner with as much speed as he dared toward the barn, totally ignorant of the occurrence. His conductor was on the inside huddled in a corner, taking a nap before turning in. Peter was thinking of the luxury of his bed after a hard day's work and a midnight lunch from the cupboard at home.

When he reached Cortland Avenue, two squares from the barn, his eagle glance spied a crowd under the glaring arc lights, and he wondered what it meant. His heavy eyes opened wonderingly as he rounded the curve and rang the rear stop bell to awaken his conductor, and saw large knots of uniformed traction employees, whom he knew should have been in bed long since.

Three conductors jumped on the front platform before he drew his brake taut, and yelled in his car, "Strike!"

"Yer eye!" replied Peter, calmly drawing the brake and looking ahead to see if the proper switch was turned.

"Straight, Pete," answered one of the men excitedly. "Wright's called it to-night. There won't be a car wheel moving to-morrow. Every man's with us."

"Are they?" replied Pete, doggedly; but they failed to note the significance of his tone.

The car rumbled into the barn, and Pete drew it deftly up to within an inch of the one ahead before he replied to the confused chatter of the conductors.

"Well, if it's a strike, it's a strike, I guess," he said as they dropped off, and he went into the car to awaken his conductor, who failed to respond to the bell.



"CONFOUND YOU, TOO!"

"Get up, Bob," he said, roughly shaking him by the shoulders. "This is the last nap you'll take on this car for a spell."

"What's up?" answered the conductor, sleepily.

"Wright's done it," returned Pete, shortly.

Pete turned the register back, while his conductor secured his report blank, and then, turning out their lights, they made their way to the barn entrance.

"Hey, Pete!" yelled Wright, the organizer of the Street Railway Employees' Union, "sign this."

"What for?" asked Pete. Wright handed him a sheet of paper. "I just want to get the names of the fellows who are O. K.!"

"I'll sign nothin'," answered Pete, giving the paper a contemptuous glance and then tossing it back. "Confound your strike!"

"What!" shouted Wright excitedly; "d'ye hear that, fellows?"

An angry chorus arose from the little group. "You're a fool!" shouted some one. Pete stopped short.

"Come out here an' say that," he said threateningly; but no one ventured. Pete's muscle was plenteous and active.

He walked unconcernedly down the tracks, passing group after group of motormen and conductors discussing the situation. Each car, as it came in for the night, was surrounded, and its surprised crew informed of the strike. Wright had acted suddenly.

The company had their representatives there also, and they endeavoured to persuade the men to return to work. They were unmolested, though ridiculed by the strikers, who were confident of the completeness of their work.

"Hello, Pete!" yelled one of these, as he saw him strike homeward with his supper basket on his arm at a powerful pace. Pete turned his head and removed the pipe from his mouth. "And confound you, too," he made answer, and passed on.

Pete was angry. He had eight children, and was just "gettin' on his feet," as he said, from protracted illness in his family and other ill-luck. A strike meant to him a speedy return to his old condition and the loss of all the ground that he had gained. His anger grew deeper and deeper as he contemplated his prospects, walking through the silent streets.

The next morning he told his wife peremptorily to "shut up" when she called him for breakfast at the usual hour, and turned around in his bed for another nap to make up



HE WAS AWAKENED BY HIS WIFE ANNOUNCING A VISITOR.

for the sleep he lost during the night, condemning Wright. Later on he was awakened by his wife announcing a visitor in the parlour.

"Hello, Jim," he said nonchalantly, as he greeted the company's road superintendent, at the same time buttoning his waistcoat and rubbing his eyes.

The superintendent was very cordial and offered him a cigar.

"Nope," said Pete, carefully filling his black pipe with tobacco; "thanks."

"Why, Pete," said the superintendent

fingering his hat, "we need men on the line to-day."

"I reckon ye do," replied Pete, dryly.

"Double pay, you know," said the superintendent, suggestively.

"What does Wright say he struck for?"

Pete asked, disregarding the remark.

"Nine-hour day, and take 38 and 39's crews back."

Pete sniffed. "Don't you take 'em back," he said.

"We ain't goin' to," said the superintendent, heartily.

"They were drunk as sailors; I saw them," said Pete, "and ye did right in firing them, even though one is the president and the other the secretary of the union. Ye don't ketch me strikin' to get 'em back."

"You'll run for us, then?" asked the superintendent, eagerly.

"Hold on, Jim," chuckled Pete, "don't travel too fast. I'll run for nobody. We oughter had that nine hours, though, Jim, an' ye know it."

"Well, the company's willing to give you that, if you let the takin' back of them scamps out," said the superintendent persuasively.

"That's fair," replied Pete, vigorously.

"Will you run for us?" persisted the superintendent.

"Nope," laughed Pete; "the boys 'll settle if you'll put that to 'em."

"The company will submit the proposition to the executive committee this morning," said the superintendent.

"Are ye tied up clean?" asked Pete.

"Pretty clean," grinned the superintendent as he rose to go. "Two cars on the avenue and two in the east end, that's all; none on the Hill Road."

The papers that evening informed Pete that the company's proposition had been met with refusal by the strikers, who had insisted on the reinstatement of the discharged employees. Pete threw down the paper in disgust.

"They're a pack of fools," he said; "givin' up their job because two fellers got drunk, v'lated the rules and got fired."

A messenger a little later brought him a letter asking him to call at the office of the Traction Company at once.

"What's that for?" Peter asked himself suspiciously. He went down, however, and on mentioning his name was at once admitted to the General Manager's office.



"THAT'S ALL RIGHT, BOSS."

"Mr. Lando?" inquired the Manager, when he presented himself.

"Yep," replied Pete, leaning with his back against the door, hat in hand.

"Sit down, sit down," said the Manager, turning in his chair. Pete sat down wonderingly.

"You see, it's just this way," said the Manager, as he leaned back. "We're bound to win this strike. It's utterly absurd to expect us to take back a couple of loafers and

drunkards who have broken the rules, just because they happen to be officers in the union.

"The charter which enables us to operate this road was secured under a State statute which expressly provides that we are obliged to run a car over our lines every twenty-four hours to keep our charter legal. It is one of these old statutes which were made by legislators who couldn't see far enough ahead to anticipate a strike; but the provision will

hold in the courts in spite of its evident unfairness.

"Now, Wright knows all about this part of the game, because he tried to have the charter of a company in the western part of the state revoked some time ago, while he was leading a strike. He failed for some small reason; but we won't take any risks here. We want to run a car over all our lines in strict compliance with the charter's provision. To do this we must run a car before midnight to-night? Do you see?"

Pete nodded and puffed at his pipe.

"The city lines don't worry us. It will be an easy task to run a car over those, for we have police protection from all violence. But on the Seminary Hill line it's very different. There's danger there. Since Wright has refused to accept our proposition and the entire strike now hinges on our taking back those men, almost a third of the men have already come back and more are deserting the strikers every minute. The remainder are becoming desperate, and there is bound to be violence. I've just got word over the 'phone that our detectives and a crowd of them had a little scrap up on Clinton Street. And in many other places they are waylaying the motormen and conductors to club them. They're trying to damage our power houses, break circuits, cut the trolley, and play all manner of other tricks; but as fast as our detectives are getting their names we are arresting them and locking them up unless they can secure bail."

"Jim told me to send for you, because you weren't afraid of anything—" the Manager smiled as he looked at Pete's burly figure—"and because you didn't believe in cutting off your wages because a crowd of men got drunk."

Pete puffed at his pipe vigorously.

"If you make that run to Seminary Hill to-night I'll give you \$100," said the Manager.

Pete shifted the pipe in his mouth, and the fire in its bowl glowed fiercely.

"You see," continued the Manager, "the police department won't go out of the city limits, and we can't get any official protection. Out of a dozen men we asked to accompany you, if you'll go, we got two men. They'll be on the car."

The volume of smoke from Pete's pipe grew denser than the atmosphere of the little office, and the Manager coughed. Pete pulled his soft hat into a score of impossible shapes and his small eyes roamed restlessly around the room.

"D'ye think Wright knows you'll try to run?" he asked.

"I'm afraid he knows it very well," replied the Manager.

Blowing another whiff from his pipe, Pete said, suddenly: "All right, I'll go, boss."

The Manager wanted to shake hands with him, and thanked him profusely, but Pete drew back unconcernedly, saying: "That's all right, boss; that's all right."

"You'd better start at once," said the Manager, energetically, looking at his watch, "or it'll get too dark before you arrive there. Go out by the back entrance of the office; there'll be a cab there to take you out to Fern Avenue and Tenth Street, where a car with the two men on will be all ready for you. Everything is ready; I have just 'phoned out to the barn and give them the word to start. There are pickets watching the building here and the barn, and we want to move so that we can gain as much time on them as possible. You'll find several revolvers and some clubs on the car, and a lunch, if you want to eat. If you reach there 'phone me at once."

Before taking his departure, Pete turned to the Manager. "If anything happens to me, boss," he said, "let it down a little easy on the old woman, will ye?"

The Manager acquiesced quickly, flushing somewhat shamefacedly as he realised that he was perhaps sending this man to his death.

When Pete got his hands on the controller and the brake once more and felt the car moving swiftly along with the other two men inside, he forgot what peril he had associated with the trip and sent the car along the level track at a good speed, feeling glad to hear the familiar buzz of the motors and the singing of the trolley, which he had missed strangely for a day. He had stuck a revolver in his hip pocket and put a heavy club within easy reach, and felt entirely secure.

As he bounded on beyond the avenue and cleared the outskirts of the city the sun was hovering just a little over the distant hill that he was to reach, if he could, before midnight.

He was on the ballasted sills now and the car rolled easily at full speed. Just as he dashed by a suburban post office he caught a glimpse of a group of uniformed and canvas-capped strikers staring agape at the flying car from the post office steps, where they were lounging. He looked back a second and saw them disappear into the office.

"To 'phone," he surmised.

There was a clean stretch for three miles ahead, and in order to use his eagle eye to its very best advantage he lowered the glass window while the car was at full speed, and the summer breeze whipped his coat lapels fiercely.

Every pole, every sill, every rail-joint and the continuous line of feed wire Pete kept his eye on steadily and with the most minute scrutiny. He was about to draw the brake a little over a frog, when he had run about three miles, when an idea came to him, and he drew the brake hard instead. He reversed the current and backed up as quickly as possible, with one of the men holding the trolley to a place where there was an emergency switch-off to the parallel track. In a few moments he was speeding along on the other track—used, when the line was in active operation, only for city-bound cars. A broad smile of satisfaction spread over his face when he espied something at the track's extreme perspective in a small patch of woods. He quickly released all breakage and gave the car every opportunity of going as fast as it was possible to go. The car rocked fearfully and the men on the inside held on to the straps with both hands; but Pete stood as easily as though the car was not moving. The speck grew larger, and he soon made out three men working with might and main piling fence rails on the opposite track. The men saw the car coming, but not until it was almost upon them did they discover the trick, and then with shouts of anger they contented themselves with throwing rocks at the flying car. Only one was aimed well, and it went clean through the car windows with a crash.

On and on Pete sped his car, with just the shadow of a grin on his face. He had still six miles to go, and he knew that near the next village he would have the most to fear. There was a wayside inn there which was very popular with the conductors and motor-men. A score or more of them were sure to be there then, and without doubt they had received word by 'phone that the charter car was coming and were making preparations to stop it at all hazards.

He ran two miles and then saw something unwonted ahead in the distance, and pre-

pared for action. He yelled to his men above the din of the dashing car, which was actually threatening to derail, and told them to prepare to repel boarders. The gates on the platforms were put up and locked and the weapons of defence made ready for instant use. Pete saw gathered a large crowd of both strikers and sympathisers, who were gesticulating and shouting loudly. He took in the situation with a swift glance as he bounded towards the men. As he came within four hundred yards a large tree at which several of the men had been working frantically to cut down before he could pass fell slowly across the tracks with a crash. Believing that the charter car's progress was now effectually barred, a yell of triumph was given by the crowd. The tree had been cut

from the side of the track opposite the one on which the charter car was travelling in order to bring its heavy trunk on the track which they thought the car was on.

Pete's eyebrows lowered and his jaws set with terrific determination. He saw the crowd brandishing clubs and stones and prepared to assault the car's occupants, and for a moment he was nervous with indecision. Then his muscles set like steel and his plan was formed. The tree had hardly settled down before the car was upon it, and then Pete's skill with the brakes was manifested. He brought the car against the tree and its branches with just the exact speed required to prevent the impact from derailing the car. The instant he felt the shock and heard the front platform rip off he applied the full current to the motors. The car swerved the tree-top out of the road and

bounded forward. In this brief space, however, the strikers let go a volley of stones, and several pistol shots resounded through the woods. Pete felt a terrific blow on his right shoulder, and every movement he made on the controller with that arm cost him excruciating pain. The brake, as he released it, spun around like a whirlwind, and the car took another leap forward. Pete breathed a deep sigh of satisfaction. The danger seemed over. But, as he thought it, he spied a dangling feed-wire hanging loose from all support, and the pole which had sup-



"THAT YOU, BOSS?"

ported it lying by the track. It had been chopped down.

"Hold down the trolley!" he yelled to the men inside, though he was uncertain whether they were dead or alive, as he applied the brake. The trolley was held down, however, and the feed-wire sagged and spit fire as it dragged on the roof of the car. A few hundred yards farther on it was properly fastened again, and Pete felt sure that everything was now all safe.

When he arrived at Seminary Hill he found his injuries consisted of a broken shoulder bone, a deep gash in his scalp, which he was totally ignorant of until the physician to whom he repaired informed him of it, and

sundry bruises. The other men had been lucky enough to escape injury altogether.

"That you, boss?" he inquired over the telephone, later.

A broad grin spread over his face as the manager congratulated him. "Yep, we had a pretty warm time," he said.

"Wright's just skipped town," said the manager over the 'phone, "taking with him a juicy share of the strikers' funds, and a committee of the strikers have just come here to tell us that they'll settle on the nine-hour proposition.

"Come home on the steam car at 10.30 and get your hundred dollar bill."



"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS—A BUSY DAY.

Photo by Geo. Neinen, Ltd.

ROUGHING IT IN MANITOBA.

A GREENHORN'S EXPERIENCE "OUT WEST."

By ROY CARMICHAEL.



It is no use trying to gloss over the fact. I was in every respect a "tender-foot."

An adventurous spirit and some Government exaggerations had made me long for the freedom of a cowboy's life at an age

when most British youths are hovering between school and college. Before going further, let me warn the inexperienced against so-called "emigration agents." I foolishly accepted the statement of an agent that a friend of his would only be too pleased to

take me on his ranch and teach me the rudiments of agriculture, for which pleasure he would be willing to pay me at the rate of five dollars per month. I bought a gun, and a few other equally useless articles, and in the course of three weeks found myself landed at midnight at a small wooden station in Manitoba. I groped my way in inky darkness to the hotel, and was accommodated with a bedroom which might have done credit to a Whitechapel lodging-house. Barricading the door with a chair, I deposited my watch and valuables under my pillow, along with a revolver, which I was firmly convinced was necessary in these parts, and soon fell asleep.

Nothing occurred to disturb my slumber, so after a hearty breakfast I paid my score (only 50 cents, about 2s.) and inquired the way to Mr. Blank's farm.

Mr. Blank happened to be "in town" that morning, and I found him at the blacksmith's shop.

I told him that Mr. X., a friend of his, had sent me.

"Who the blazes is Mr. X.?" was the astonishing reply. "I know nobody of that name."

I explained the circumstances, and he said, "Well; fetch your grip, jump into the buggy, and I'll see what you can do." I obeyed.

After a drive of five miles over a "corduroy" road, we arrived at the farm, and my baggage was dumped into a shed, which I thought was a tool-house, but afterwards found was my bedroom.

Then I was told to take off my coat and vest, roll up my shirt sleeves, and "set to and hoe them weeds. Look spry, now. I've no sort of use for loafers."

The month was June, and although snow had fallen heavily the day before, so variable is the climate that the thermometer in the porch of the house registered 97°.

I worked, as I thought, like a Trojan, but my "boss" seemed anything but pleased at the result of my labour. A dinner of roast pork, rice, and stewed rhubarb, all eaten off the same plate, followed. Then I was told to "hitch up" and take a few barrels of "swill" to the pigs.

Being entirely ignorant of the intricacies of Manitoban harness, I requested the "boss" to show me how. Then for the first



"LOOK SPRY, NOW. I'VE NO SORT OF USE FOR LOAFERS."

time he found out that I knew nothing of farming, and after asking me if I thought he was "running an agricultural college," informed me that he couldn't afford to teach me, that I wouldn't be worth my meat, but that if I would "sign on" with him to work for a year for nothing he would see what he could do with me.

That night I finished work about ten o'clock, and had just fallen into a sweet sleep when I was roused by the boss, who had returned late from the village, and told that it would be my duty to wait up for him when he was "in town," carry a lantern out to him, take his horse to the stables, groom it, and wash the buggy before I myself retired to rest. As I had to get up at 4.30 every morning I thought this a "bit thick," but I said nothing.

My sleeping apartment was a shed which would have disgraced an old country stable, and here, with four fellow-slaves, I reposed on a bed of straw between the hours of ten and four. Punctually at 4.30 a.m. I was over at the stables grooming, feeding, and watering the horses, and then driving the milk cattle out to the free and open prairie to graze.

After breakfast I forked hay, weeded in the fields, and did "chores" until four o'clock, when I was sent to round up the cows for milking: no easy job for a greenhorn on a lively broncho, especially as in this case the milk-cattle had strayed amongst a large herd belonging to a neighbour.

Naturally, I brought the wrong ones, and was sent back in company with the stockman to rectify that mistake.

This done, I had my first lesson in milking, and was unfortunate enough to allow a frisky calf to knock over a bucket of milk.

Had I been in receipt of wages this would have been deducted from them, but as it was I escaped with a "cursing."

Next day I was out in the fields making myself "generally useless," as the boss said.

The following days were spent in much the same manner. Then came Sunday. What joy! I had two whole hours to myself, and rushed down, immediately I was free, to the Assiniboine river, where I plunged about to some purpose. (I felt that I badly needed washing after that week's work.)

On the opposite side of the river was an Indian Reserve, and my behaviour in the water afforded considerable amusement to a few dusky braves who were engaged in swilling "fire-water" on the opposite bank.

I endeavoured to get into conversation with them, but they were not communicative.

The production of a dollar on my part, however, brought forth a corresponding promise, still unfulfilled, on the part of a red-blanketed chieftain, of a pair of embroidered mocassins.

After working seventeen hours a day, doing "chores" nearly all the time, for about a fortnight, it occurred to me that I was not learning much farming, but was doing labouring work, for which I deserved pay.

On mentioning this to the "boss," I was coolly told that he had only wanted me to work for about a fortnight until a new man, whom he had engaged, could come. I resolved to leave at once and go to a friend who resided in Alberta, a few hundred miles west.

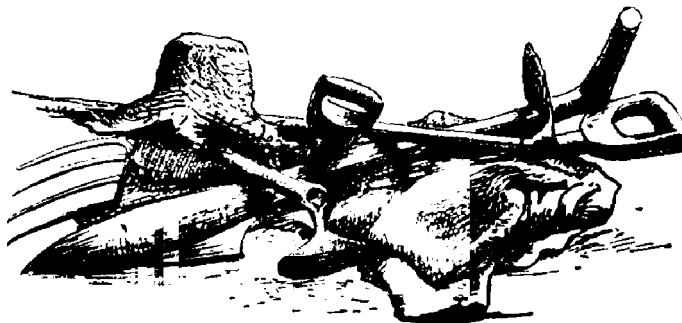
The boss promised to send my "traps" to the hotel, but after waiting several days for them I had to hire a "rig" and drive up for them myself.

The few days I spent in the village, which consisted of a hotel, a newspaper office, three shops, a post-office, and about thirty wooden houses, were rather dreary, but the monotony was relieved by the arrival of THE CAPTAIN from home, and also by a fight with a drunken farm "help," who was resolved to sit on the newcomer.

When at last I had said good-bye to the village, and was on my way further west, it occurred to me to open my "grip." To my surprise, every article of value had been abstracted.

On my arrival at my destination I found that my trunk (the key of which I had lost) had been similarly treated, the weight of the stolen articles having been made up with wood and other rubbish.

In my new crib I got on famously, and as I gained experience, soon began to like the life, but even now I have a very vivid remembrance of my sensations when, as a friendless greenhorn, I roughed it in Manitoba.



THE WILL AND THE DEED

A PUBLIC
SCHOOL STORY

BY
FRED SWAINSON



Illustrated by
T. M. R. WHITWELL.

I.

THE ground man, as he pulled the light roller slowly round the inside edge of the running track, talked to Edward Malet, Junior Elizabethan, of Holden's house. Malet was so interested that he went round with him. "If all the shady tricks when professional running was in its prime was put down in black and white, they'd make a dirty book, sir. It's a grand thing it's died out, as near as may be. There's the Sheffield handicaps and the Powderhall at Edinburgh left still, and they *may* be run straight as a die—now. We'll suppose they are. It's of the old times I'm speaking. Then, in order that a gang of Lambeth sharps might scoop in all they'd betted, likely winners or the favourite were hocused—drink drugged you know—nobbled, or spiked—not the ordinary natural way a man may spike himself. They were set on the night before by a rough or two, and there were other fancy black-shame ways. Why, Akenhead, in '69 I think it was, took the hundred-and twenty Nottingham dash with a pellet in his calf."

"How?" asked Malet.

"Air-gun—before they was as common as they are now. Oh! they'd stick at nothing. Wire to a likely winner that his mother was dead—suddenly—black lie, of course, and how could any one run—even a ped—if he started on top of that? Ah! a very dirty, dirty book it would make, sir."

"How was the spiking done?"

pavilion. 'Tis this way." Cowan, with a knife, gave the Holden junior an object lesson. For an infamous trick it was simple enough. "Sometimes, mind, the spikes will do the trick themselves, through bad workmanship, and then the sprinter rolls out of the track just like a shot rabbit. Then it's called a curious accident. They were dashed common once," said Cowan, going on again.

Malet possessed before he went in to tea some curious lore about running when the "glory" of foot-racing was at its height. He was so interested that Jim Cruden "lined" him for being late.

Malet was the newest of new Elizabethans. He had come to Eliza's at Christmas, fresh from the tuition of the village curate, from the life led by an only child in a house full of servants, fresh from the idolatry of his mother—a widow, who, as some one said, "would have skinned her dearest friend to make Eddy a pair of gloves." Some boys from a natural bent of mind can take any amount of petting and survive decent fellows after it all, but the hen-with-one-chick attitude left its mark on Malet. He arrived at Eliza's a spoiled, woman-handled kid. And the transition was comparable to the stepping out of a hot-house into a March wind. He was not bullied, for that kind of thing doesn't obtain at a public school, despite some rattling stories to the contrary, but Malet found he was one of the very smallest unconsidered trifles out of six hundred, and he had

been a very important individual indeed for fourteen years or so. There was thus a natural shock.

Malet suffered severely—in his feelings; he had to turn out wet or fine—generally very damp—for a run or footer, dead against his inclination; the 6.30 bell and first school rankled sorely on the bitter mornings, and Holden had said one or two blistering things about the way he did his work. Now, a headache as excuse was always good enough for mamma and the curate.

Then there was Jim Cruden, Holden's captain, for whom he fagged; Malet groaned under what he thought brutal oppression. Shirking footer or runs came within Jim's purview, and Malet progressed from a warning to lines, from lines to more, and from double portions to a gentle tunding with Jim's ground-ash. The spoiled leaven took a good time to work out of Edward's system, and, *ad interim*, Malet hated Cruden with all the hatred of a pampered fourteen-year-old jibbing at the usual, wholesome, Elizabethan, high road.

Two days after he had had the conversation with Cowan, Malet got into hot water with Cruden—corridor row—and Jim improved on the first thrashing. Malet went to his den, which he shared with Rick Wormald, seething with fury. "Rick, the brute thrashed me," he said, his face white as paper—"and 'pon honour I'd nothing to do with the rumpus."

"No," said young Wormald, calmly. "That was Anderson and Clarke scrummaging."

"I told him I'd only gone down to Turner's to borrow a book, but he wouldn't believe me."

"You see, Teddy," said Rick, judiciously, standing on the hearthrug, "Jim C. thinks he's no particular reason to. That toothache dodge, when you cut your last footer, wouldn't wash. Why, you've a mouthful of flawless pearls and Jim remembers. But," laughed Wormald, "what's the odds! I've got licked thrice when I didn't earn anything, and been missed—say a score—when I did. The balance is all right. It's one's luck. Under-boil his tea-water for him."

"Holden ought to know."

"Should he? Rats!" thrilled Wormald, in the high note of derision. "Then go and inform him, my son, and then trot in to Cruden's an' tell him it was two other boys."

"That would do no good," said Malet, still flaming.

"No," said Rick. "Neither to them—nor you. What did he give you?"

Malet merely glared.

"Jove! once he striped me like the American flag, and I threw in the stars gratis. Fetched blood every time," gurgled Rick with cheerful exaggeration. "Still, I'm alive an' kicking."

"I hate Cruden; he is a brute beast," almost screamed Malet.

"He's anything you like, old man," said young Wormald soothingly, looking at his chum with a puzzled air. "Didn't know you felt that bad."

But Malet was not to be drawn off his anger by any Wormaldian red-herring. He curled up in his chair, and frothed and mouthed over the name of Cruden until Rick got tired. "There's my Afghan dagger under that raffle"—he pointed to their common table;—"go and seek out Cruden's black heart with it—or shut the door; the fellows will want to come up and join in the curses."

Now Malet *had* cast a good number of his failings during the three months he'd been at Eliza's, and he felt dimly that he was an improvement on the old pattern. He had started by hating Cruden with a sort of shrill, girlish hatred, had progressed into a sullen dislike, and then passed into toleration. But Jim's mistake roused every evil passion in his breast again: the intense hatred of a clever, coddled kid smarting under unjust punishment.

Rick got frankly tired of the sustained, white-hot diatribes. "Don't understand your locus, Ted, but if you want to hurt Jim very much," he said, with mild sarcasm, one day, "you have your chance. Cruden's heart's desire is to get the sports championship for Holden's—your house, by the way—and that practically depends on whether he can beat Burke, of Bult's, in the hundred. My tip is—as much laudanum in his brekker coffee as will make him sleep all sports' day. I wouldn't try strychnine. Works too quick. and, besides, the corpses curl up like dried leaves. Jim with his heels in the back of his neck wouldn't be pretty. I'll be mum, of course, whatever happens."

Malet looked at Rick in a quick, sharp manner. It was half a minute before he replied, "There *are* other ways than hoccussing, Rick."

"I'm an amateur, Ned, but in the name of Buddha, Mohammed, Carver, and the other saints, choose one and shut up. What did you do with my Smart's Horace?"

Jim Cruden's heart's desire *was* to win the championship for Holden's. He had called a meeting of the seniors, and they had grown as keen as he. Bultitude's was the only house they need fear. Jack Wantage, Cruden's chum, would get the two jumps, Rolle was a good hurdler, Hurst could do a smart quarter, and there was the Captain himself for the sprint and a second in the Two Miles. Holden's hopes centred in the first event, the Senior Hundred. Could Jim beat Rod Burke, the Bultitude flier?

"We'll do our best," said Cruden, "and if I can't do that we'll have a forlorn hope in the two miles."

"That's most forlorn," sighed Holden's in chorus. "Why, Jim Luttrell's training for record figures, with Martyn, for that."

"No, Jim," said Wantage. "Bult's have the Two Miles snug: you *must* pull off the sprint."

"Amen," said the chorus.

On the Friday night Edward Malet had persuaded himself that he could do a piece of dirty, dirty work. He went to Cruden's room to do it, and although Cowan's illustrations had been as clear as daylight, and Jim's shoes were corked and in their usual corner ready to hand, the fag couldn't do what he thought was in his heart. It was not from fear, either. When he held the pumps in his hand his better angel whispered him something insistently. "You can't do it, Teddy,"

was the chorus. Malet hesitated at least a minute, then he shied the shoes down and fled. Once out of the room the horror of what he had meant to do took him prisoner. Big drops of perspiration stood on his forehead. Malet truly thought revenge was a morsel for the gods alone.

He was sitting shivering before the warm study fire when Jim Cruden put his head in at the door. "Can I see you a minute, Malet?"

Holden's captain had had a little conversation with Messieurs Anderson and Clarke, and they had enlightened him to a grievous error of judgment on his part. He talked to Malet for thirty minutes by the clock, and Malet had the privilege of seeing Jim Cruden in a blue funk—of remorse. Malet came back, and when Rick asked him if Cruden had ceased to struggle, Teddy said throatily, "Shut up, Rick—I've been a young fool."

"Carried unanimously," quoth Wormald, with a chuckle.

II.

THE morrow came in as jolly an April day as any Elizabethan could have chosen if he'd had the choice himself. After dinner the streams of fellows set in for the field, where the men had been busy since the morning marking

the starts and take-offs, roping in the track, spacing the hurdles, flagging, putting up a tent or two as dressing-rooms, and planting the scoring boards.

HE COULDN'T DO WHAT HE THOUGHT WAS IN HIS HEART.



The April sun, smiting you on the back with the genial warmth of an old friend, the school flag floating cheerfully in the breeze, the streamers rustling on their white poles at the starts, the living green of the turf, the blue and white in the sky, the women's and girls' dresses outlined clearly against the sober black and grey of Elizabethan garb, the cricket pavilion with its flights of snow-white seats, the whole scene ringed in by gaunt brown elms with the first flush of new leafage showing in the boughs, made up a picture which only England can show. The fellows on the ropes let slip a little of their Elizabethan calm as they weighed the merits and chances of their chums or house fellows, and their people listened to the oracle with the faith of those who went to Delphos of old. There were little knots of juniors guying each other across space, heated seconds when some pushing youngster attempted to *scrowge* another off some well-earned perch, and tense moments when polite fags, possibly twenty-six round the chest, offered their niches to mature dowagers. The crowd was thickly clustered round the finish flags, thinning out towards the start for the hundred, which, however, had its crowd, mostly youngsters, who anticipated the strained moment when the runners would crouch on the mark.

At an early period Wormald had taken his place on the ropes, not fifteen yards from the tape, with Malet, whose feelings were wonderfully changed concerning Cruden. Yesterday he would have given almost anything he had that Jim might miss what he longed for, the house championship, and now he found himself, teeth chattering, skin shivering from nervous excitement, lest his old hated enemy should lose it. How he had misjudged his man! He shut his eyes involuntarily as though he had seen an abyss yawning at his feet, when he thought of the crime he had conceived and all but perpetrated—all but! Malet's young heart leapt with happiness at his escape.

"You'll see old Jim sailing in, Teddy, and chalking up first score for Holden's. Jim knows how much depends on the hundred. He must do it."

"Hope so," said Malet, with difficulty, thinking.

"Jove! you look hipped. Are you cold?"

The bell clanged out for the Senior Hundred, and Rick forgot in his intense expectation that his friend replied not.

Out from the tent came the runners—

Burke in Bultitude's blue, Hemingway in Carver's pink, Martyn in Worsfold's livery, and, last, Jim Cruden. Every Elizabethan knew that the issue lay between Burke and Jim. Hemingway was running for a place, and Martyn merely regarded the sprint as a little striding muscle loosener for the mile. That clever Worsfoldian had theories of his own. Burke caught the eye of more than Jim. The Irishman moved with the perfection of easy grace, an exquisite ripple, as it were, from head to heel; he was built on perfect lines, thin, fine drawn, and sporting the pink of perfect health. Cruden had little of that lissom Celtic race, the *élan* of Roderick was wanting, but he moved easily and freely, and in some odd persistent fashion Jim Cruden's gait suggested a speed hidden in his long limbs. Roderick ran a few yards from the mark, a little scientific burst to see if all was right, then walked slowly back. The four Elizabethans settled themselves on the line, Burke and Cruden in the outside berths, there were two tense seconds of waiting, and then Lurgan's pistol cracked. There was a universal roar as the runners shot down the track. Burke had gained a couple of yards on the start, and Jim, feeling rather than seeing what had happened, sent his very soul into the effort to draw level, to gnaw into that terrible handicap, and inch by inch he lessened the gap, outrunning the Irishman, and dropping Martyn and Hemingway as though they were mere hacks. The school roared against each other, but neither Burke nor Cruden heard a sound. Jim had drawn level, and Burke summoned up the last iota of his strength to draw away. In vain; Cruden was a foot ahead.

Then, without the slightest warning, Cruden swerved across the track, one leg seemed to slither under him, and he shot full length under the ropes. He uttered a little half-smothered, dolorous cry of pain, and rolled out of the race. Burke broke the tape—winner by six yards from Hemingway.

Cruden rolled at the feet of Malet, and clutched at his right shoe in agony. "Pull it off, youngster," said he. "I'm spiked."

Pale as death, Malet whipped out his knife, cut the lace, and drew off the shoe. Through the sole he saw a jag of steel, and a drop of blood fell out and trickled on his hand. He threw down the shoe in a paroxysm of horror. If he had done this thing!—This was the thing he had meant to do.

Jack Wantage shouldered his way without



almost before Malet had dropped the shoe. The foot dripped steadily.

A chill silence fell on the field as Wantage and Martyn helped Jim to the tent. Lurgan hurried up and examined the shoe carefully. He whistled softly. "I've heard of such a thing," said he. Rick heard the words, and in a queer instinctive way glanced at Malet. Teddy looked ghastly. A suspicion, faint, intangible, but persistent, entered Rick's head. His mind went back like lightning to Malet's stringings up and his outbreaks of hatred against Cruden. Rick looked at his chum again, and then, as the crowd thinned to see the jumps, he took hold of Ted by the arm and said, "Let's get out of this, old man."

Malet went with Rick as though he were in a dream, but young Wormald switched him into the world again. He stopped him dead, and looking him square, unflinchingly, honestly in the eyes, said, "Ted, had you anything to do with Cruden's accident?"

Malet almost felt his knees turn to water.

HE SHOT FULL LENGTH UNDER THE ROPES.

ceremony through the press, and had his arm round his friend helping him out of the crowd

but his eyes did not leave the line a moment. "Thank God. No," he said, solemnly.

"I'm a young fool," said Rick, with a gasp of satisfaction, "and deserve to be kicked off the field."

"But, Rick," bubbled Malet, "though I know no more than you do why Cruden spiked himself, I had meant to do it. I knew the dodge."

"Dodge!" said Rick, wiping his mouth as though he had swallowed poison. "But you didn't do it, old man."

"No," said Malet steadily. "When the time came I couldn't."

"Rather not," said Wormald, grimly. "Eliza's doesn't breed dirty scoundrels. Lurgan said it was an accident."

"Rick, old fellow, what would I have done if I'd had a hand in it?" said Malet, ashen pale at the thought.

"I wouldn't have envied you, Teddy," said Rick, with a grim tightening of the lips. "A fellow can't always help his thoughts, but his deeds are his own. You've had a narrow squeak. Anyhow, Jim's rotten pumps have lost Holden's the championship. We're out of the hunt already. Not a mark."

As Malet saw Bultitude's figures go on the board, he felt ill.

The afternoon wore on. Jack Wantage secured both jumps for Holden's, Hurst ran second in the quarter, and Rolle did the same in the hurdles, and Friedland gained the house two useful marks by running fourth in The Mile. When the bell rang for the last race—the Two Miles—Bultitude's were leading four marks ahead of Holden's, who led Carver's by a modest couple. Luttrell would surely annex that and give Bultitude's a clear lift of a dozen points. Luttrell never had been beaten at the distance, and now, with Cruden crooked, the only fellow likely to extend him, the race was merely a promenade for him. Martyn could not stay the distance. Indeed, he might not even run except to oblige Luttrell, and cut out the pace for the first half. Luttrell wanted the school record to his name.

Within the dressing tent Jim Cruden had had an unhappy time. Wantage had passed him over to Martyn's care while he went for the jumps, and Martyn had done his best with cold water and a house cap. When the bleeding stopped Jim dressed, and too anxious for the success of Holden's to go home, and hating the shoals of sympathising inquiries he would have to endure if he went

into the field too much, he kept in the tent. Unlike the Greeks, Holden's did not fare so badly when their Achilles was away. They won an unexpected half-dozen marks.

The long-drawn-out suspense of the two leading houses died away: Bultitude's was champion house already. Luttrell's two mile score would only make it more emphatic. Wantage came in to dress, putting a cheerful face upon his house's misfortunes. "They're two up, Jim. All is lost, save honour."

"Honour," echoed Martyn, tightening his shoes. "Rather! Bult's are in luck's way to-day. I'm merely turning out now to show Jim round, for he's terribly keen about the time. There's the bell."

As Martyn moved to the opening, the ghastly ill-luck of it all took Cruden by the throat. The last, last chance of the house was going. He started off the table where he had been despairingly swinging a leg, moved by a frantic desire to save the game even at the last gasp. "One minute, Fred. I'm going with you."

Both Wantage and Martyn said something quite different; each meant the same. Yet this is strange. Their savage protest ended with what they said then. One glance at Jim told them that Holden's captain had formed a resolution at that moment, and that neither prayers nor entreaties would move him one hair's breadth. As he threw off his coat he seemed resolution incarnate. Martyn looked at Wantage in blank stupefaction, and then said, in an odd, flat voice, "All right. I'll wait."

"I'll have your shoes, Jack," said Cruden. Wantage handed them over without a word.

A curious little silence took hold of the crowd when first it caught sight of Cruden coming out in Holden's scarlet and blue. Then there arose a burst of cheering, a universal yell as though pandemonium fringed the ropes and harboured on the school sward. Fellows and people who were moving off came pelting back cheering wildly when they knew, and Holden himself slipped under the ropes and shuffled off excitedly to the start.

"Your foot, Cruden!" he exclaimed. "Think it will last, sir. I want to run, sir."

Cruden barely heard what Holden said for the roar. Jim smiled quietly. "We have an outside chance, sir. Please don't insist."

Luttrell shook hands with Jim, the genuine

light of joy in his eyes. "Looked forward to this for an age, Cruden. Dead sorry we don't start fair, you know."

"Thanks. I'll try and help you to some fine figures."

As the trio settled on the line Martyn howled cheerfully, "Don't let Jim in front of you, Cruden. The man in front always wins." Luttrell laughed honestly. "Fred's tip is my handicap. We're level now, Jim."

Lugan's voice said distinctly, "Are you ready? Go." And the three Elizabethans swayed forward on the word.

Martyn made the pace a cracker, and Cruden and Luttrell strung after him a yard apart. As the runners hurried past the flags the crowd gathered yelled—and Elizabethans only yell on occasions—Bultitude's calling fully upon Luttrell, and the rest of Eliza's wildly upon Cruden, the man who stood no chance. The trio went by, faces strained and set, as though they heard them not. Never was a race run at Eliza's into which so much dramatic interest entered. Carver himself and the older beaks who had seen so many Two Miles run sent their minds back to the old times to discover parallels, and found not one.

Luttrell was a strong, powerful runner, with an odd, pounding, hen-toed shuffle—his action was without a glimmer of grace, but disguised the pace he undoubtedly possessed. He had the lungs of a bull of Bashan, and the strength to grind out a second mile almost as quickly as the first. As an addition to his natural qualities as a distance runner, Luttrell had the incentive of trying to set up new figures for the Two Miles, and the knowledge that if he were beaten his house lost the championship. Moreover, he was trained—yea, to a hair—for the event.

Cruden was a speedier runner than Luttrell, but could he last? Would his injured foot prove too heavy a handicap? Would Jim's grim pluck make up for the handicap of a torn foot?

Martyn at the second lap shook off Luttrell, but Cruden hung on to his heels. The Worsfoldian and Holdenian went on stride for stride as though they ran tandem, and Luttrell, grimly pursuing, lurched heavily on after them, a distinct rear. Yard by yard Martyn and his haunting ghost widened the gap, and when the mile was lapped Bultitude's hope was two score yards in the rear. His house urged him on frantically, "Cut him down, Jim," "Hang on 'em, Jim," "Don't let 'em steal a lead," "Buck up, old man!"

But Luttrell heeded not a word. Sure of himself, he never quickened his hurried shuffle, but lurched onwards steadily and inevitably as Time. Martyn dropped out when the third lap had been run, and left the stage clear for his friends. When he turned off, run out, Cruden felt as though some familiar piece of furniture had been moved from his sight: Martyn's disappearance discomposed him a little, he broke step, and glanced round. The sight of Luttrell, grim as death, moving behind him steadied him in a moment, and he ran on again easily and smoothly as the Cornishman might when she has rattled over Slough points.

As the bell announced the last lap, Cruden felt the heartache of knowing that his strength was failing him. As he went past the flags his mind thought with horror of what another lap would mean. Already his limbs felt numb from the knees upward. One foot was as hot as fire, his heart knocked against his ribs as though struggling to get out, and his breath came in thin, sobbing gasps. The hot pacing of Martyn told its tale: nature began to fly the flag of distress. Cruden knew what it meant, and with a species of fierce anger against himself he forced himself to struggle on. Slowly, but surely, Luttrell stole up: the forty yards were cut down to thirty, thirty to twenty, twenty to fifteen. Never, never had Eliza's seen such a race. Bultitude's howled as though Luttrell couldn't fail if they could only shout, and the rest of Eliza's rolled out its faith in Jim. As the pair entered the straight for the run in, Cruden's gait had dropped into a straggling shamble, but Luttrell was stealing up upon him, his odd shuffle not changing an iota. Fifty yards from home, when Luttrell was barely five yards behind, Cruden was "all out." He seemed as though he couldn't see, he looked as though he would pitch headlong on the track, he staggered rather than ran. In plain English. Cruden was fainting as he went. The school saw that something was the matter, and the roar died down as though by magic. They saw that Nature had sent in her resignation.

Then a strange thing happened. Eliza's saw a lad, pale as death, his eyes blazing with excitement, heave up a bucket of water and drench the swooning runner from hair to heel. For a second Cruden seemed to stand swaying in the track from the shock; then, as though galvanised into new life, he picked himself up exactly as a sprinter does from a crouching start, and ran for the tape. He actually

ran. Luttrell closed on him in desperation. Inch by inch he ran him down. Amidst a roar which beggars description, Cruden fell over the tape a winner by a bare yard.

Holden's were *en fête* that night as became cock-house, and Cruden made a modest little

speech. "I did not win that race. Young Malet, who doused me with water when I was going blind, won it. Well shied, young 'un."

If Malet will make a hundred at Lord's he may hear such another cheer for his own especial benefit, but unless he does *that* I don't think he ever will.



SCOTCH FIRS.

From the drawing by Alfred Parsons.

DULWICH COLLEGE

"*Defur gloria soli Deo.*"



COULD the shades of the departed revisit their bygone haunts, not a little would the ghost of the worthy Edward Alleyn, actor-musician—impresario—bear-baiter—dog-dealer—money-lender—land-agent—church warden in the reign of King James I., marvel at the 600 and more Alleynians of to-day who have succeeded the "men-children" of Dulwich, whom—with sundry "towne" or "foreign scholars"—it was his benevolent aim to educate. Scarcely less would be his wonder at the handsome red pile of buildings (familiar to travellers by rail through Dulwich) which forms the modern home of his "College of God's Gift." *Tempora mutantur, nos et mutantur in illis*: though, truth to tell, it is only within the last fifty years that the pious player's foundation has been affected by those changes which are inevitably wrought by progress.

Among public schools, Dulwich College holds a position peculiarly her own—unique, in fact. Her nearest parallel is, perhaps, Highgate School, which stands in a similar position, on the northern fringe of London, to that occupied by Dulwich on the south. Both date from nearly the same period (Highgate was founded in 1565, and Dulwich in 1619), and in the histories of either there are several points of similarity. Both likewise are composed of day-boys and boarders intermingled. Dulwich, however, is twice the size of Highgate, and has probably a more corporate existence. It is, indeed, this corporate existence, so difficult of attainment in a school where day-boys largely preponderate, that is the most striking feature of Dulwich life. Many causes, no doubt,

contribute to it, but of these the chief seems to be the thoroughness of the games system, for by few means can *esprit de corps* be better fostered than by games. And since our avowed intention in these articles is to present, so far as the exigencies of space will permit, a picture of the living organism of to-day, rather than a skeleton constructed of the dead bones of the past, we offer no excuse for making at once for that centre of public school social life, the playing-field.

That games are compulsory at Dulwich goes without saying. But the efficiency of the games system, with the excellent results it produces, it not obtained merely by obliging all boys not medically exempt to play. Rather is it due to carefully planned and well carried out organisation. Take football, for instance. On the first morning of term, each form-master makes out a list of boys qualified to play. Those only who may be certified as unfit by medical authority, or whose parents are conscientious objectors, are omitted. These lists are handed in to the Captain of Football, who then proceeds to call a meeting of his game-captains. These latter play a part of not a little importance in the social scheme of Dulwich. They are, in fact, the monitors of the playing-field, and, as such, possess no small influence upon the school life. In their hands and



THE MASTER OF DULWICH,
A. H. GILKES, ESQ., M.A.,

the prefects' rests primarily the discipline of the school, and to their influence for good is due the establishment of that corporate existence which we have noted as so characteristic and admirable a feature of Dulwich life.

The game-captains are always members of last



FOUNDER'S DAY AT THE COLLEGE.—MUSIC BY THE CHOIR AT THE GARDEN PARTY.

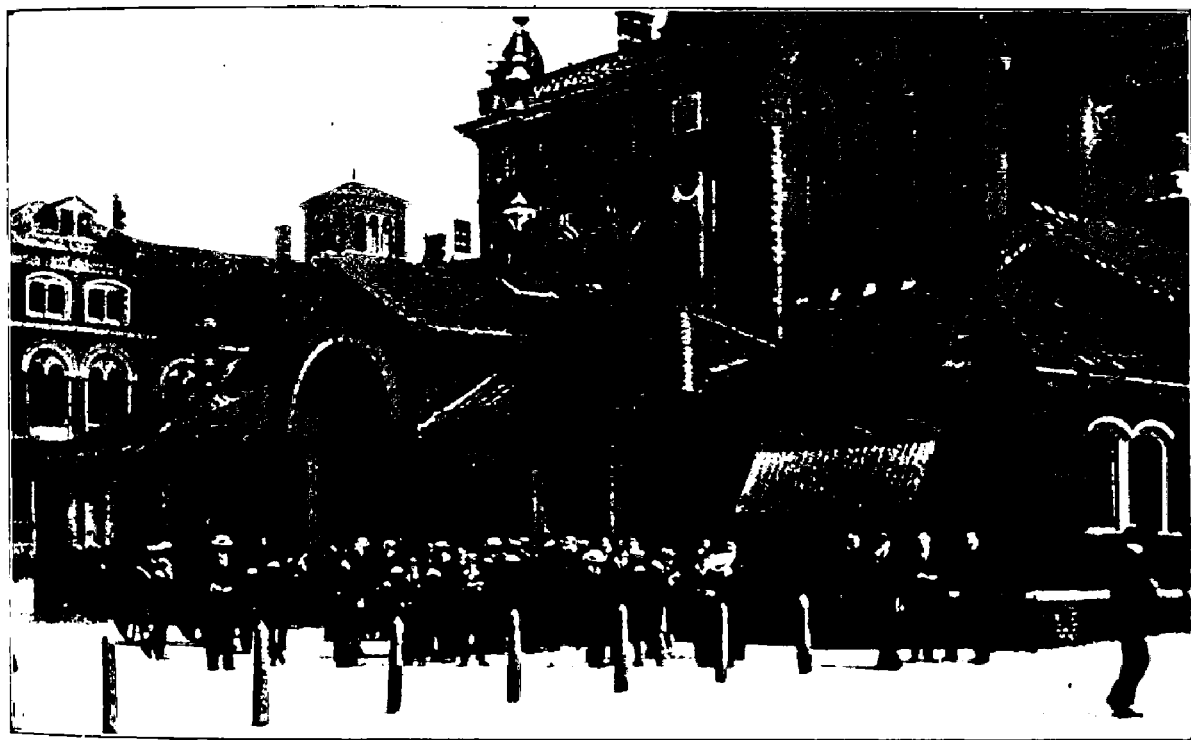
year's First XV., or the most prominent of last year's Second XV. At the preliminary meeting they discuss with the Captain the lists received from the form-masters. The various names are sorted out, and assigned to different games, and the result of their labours is then posted on the notice boards in readiness for the first half-holiday. Mistakes occasionally arise through ignorance of newcomers' capabilities, but these are easily rectified after the initial game. On Tuesday and Friday mornings, the game-captains put up the lists for the following afternoons. At 2 o'clock on the Wednesday or Saturday afternoon, they call over the names on the ground, and make a note of the absentees. In the game itself they act theoretically as referee, but in practice as a coach to the players. Any attempt at "ragging" is thus suppressed at once, and promising talent is quickly discovered and promoted. On days when there is a First XV. match, games are over by 3.5, when the luckless game-captain has forthwith (unless the opponents are a school team, when he is relieved of his earlier duties), to line up fresh and smiling, and play his hardest for the credit of the College. Besides the ordinary games on half-holidays, there are inter-form, inter-house, and inter-side cup matches, of which the inter-house series is fought out with the utmost keenness. Consequently, there is no lack of occupation for the most ardently athletic.

In no small degree Dulwich owes her thoroughness in matters athletic to the exertions of one man. Previous to 1896, there had never been more than two XV.'s worthy to be counted as such. Third XV. colours were given, it is true, but they were distinctions of an honorary rather than a substantial nature. There then arose a giant in the land, one W. D. Gibbon, a hardy Scot, Captain of Football, and a born leader of men to boot. Not only did he transform the honorary Third XV. into a living, working team, with a match card of its own, but he instituted a Fourth XV. as well. Likewise, he revolutionised the training of the teams; formerly only the First XV. had made any pretence at systematic preparation, and they but half-heartedly. Gibbon altered all that; and not only organised regular practices in running, passing and scrummaging, with occasional "grinds" round the College grounds, but introduced a course of systematic, physical training, which included dumb-bell swinging to the music of the band. Under such a leader, Alleynians woke up. In the first year of the new régime, Bedford Grammar's long succession of victories was broken, and so lasting has been the enthusiasm aroused by Gibbon's precept and example, that to-day Dulwich can put no less than eight XV.'s—organised teams, not mere

scratch mobs—into the field at once. The debt which Dulwich owes to Gibbon, socially as well as athletically, it would be hard to reckon.

Cricket is organised on similar lines to football. The principal school matches are against Tonbridge, Bedford, and St. Paul's in both football and cricket. Haileybury is met only at football, while at cricket there is also a match against Brighton College. Of Old Alleynians distinguished in the athletic world there are many. Such names as M. P. Bowden, W. G. Wyld, the Douglas brothers (A.P., R.N., and J.), W. R. M. Leake, G. Jordan, and C. M. Wells, speak for themselves. Messrs. W. R. M. Leake and J. Douglas still preserve, in their present

an hour and a half. From 10.45 to 11 o'clock comes the interval, during which the school adjourns for buns at the Buttery, by which dignified title the school tuck-shop is known. For the hard-worked game-captains, however, buns must come second to duty, and for them the interval is first of all an opportunity to collect fines from absentees on previous half-holidays. Standing at the foot of the stairs in senior block, they levy toll upon the passers-by, defaulters being mulcted in the sum of 6d. for each offence. From 11 o'clock, morning school continues until 12.20, when the dinner hour begins. Boarders return to their houses for lunch, and those day-boys who live within reasonable distance likewise



BUNS AT THE BUTTERY.—THE INTERVAL DURING MORNING SCHOOL.

capacity as masters, an unsevered connection with the College; and how Dulwich would fare without their aid and interest, Alleynians do not like to conjecture. Mr. Leake, indeed, has been described in the present writer's hearing as "Dulwich personified," so closely is his name associated with the school and all that appertains thereto.

Turn we, for a space, to a day in the life of an Alleynian, perhaps the simplest way of describing the ordinary incidents of the school life. Roll-call is taken in the form-room at 9 o'clock, and the school then assembles in Great Hall for prayers, the prefects reading the lessons. Morning school proper begins at 9.15, and lasts for

depart homewards. The rest are provided for in Great Hall. Since afternoon school, however, does not begin till 2 o'clock, there is ample time for other recreation than that of satisfying the inner boy. On Mondays (when afternoon school is postponed till 2.15) there are drills for the rifle corps, while fencing, Morris-tube practice, fives, or casual net-practice, are always obtainable.

As the hour of two approaches, the broad stretch of gravel that flanks the school buildings on the playing field side presents a lively appearance. Alleynians of all ages and sizes assemble in rapidly increasing numbers, constantly augmented by a continuous stream of fresh arrivals, many on bicycles, which are stored in a convenient



ALLEYNIAN MARKSMEN.—THE SHOOTING VIII. WHICH WON THE ASHBURTON SHIELD AT BISLEY IN 1900. SERGT. CARPMAEL, WHO WON THE SPENCER CUP, WEARS A WHITE HAT.

“cycle stable” close by. Five minutes before the hour, the tolling of the bell warns the laggards to hurry. A general movement towards the form-rooms bestirs the whole throng; and ere the second stroke of the chime has sounded, the scene, a moment ago so animated, is entirely deserted.

Afternoon school lasts for a couple of hours. At four o'clock, the majority of the boys wend their way homewards by train, bicycle, or on foot. There are frequently, however, form matches to be played, and in summer there are net practices. Lock-up for boarders is a moveable feast, varying from five o'clock in winter to 6.45 in the summer. “Prep.” for boarders (from which house prefects are exempt) takes place in Great Hall from 7.15 to 9.15, “lights out” being timed for an hour later. Of what happens on half-holidays some account has already been given. Roll-call for boarders

takes place at four o'clock, after which your Alleynian will, in all probability, stroll townwards, either for tea at French's—a social function of much importance—or to cater for his

literary requirements at the station bookstall. On Sundays, boarders attend service at eleven o'clock in the Old Chapel, which maintains a link with the earlier buildings of the College. Roll-call is taken at four, and lectures are given until five. A second chapel is kept at 6.30.

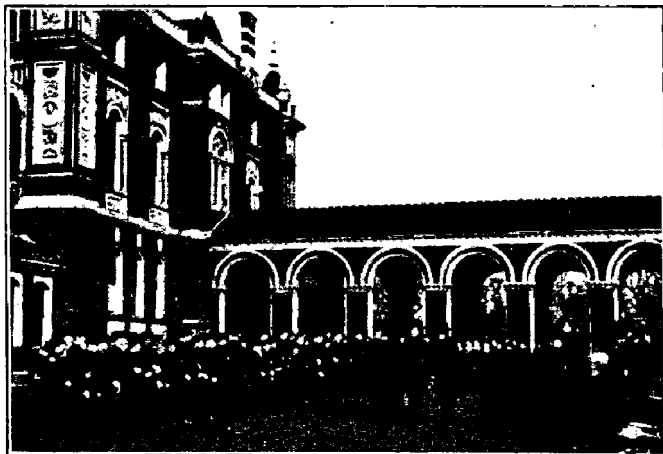
Of *dies festi*, the most important is Founder's Day, celebrated on the Saturday nearest to June 21st, the anniversary

of the day on which the Charter of the College first passed the Great Seal. Cricket matches against teams of O.A.'s occupy the morning till lunch. In the afternoon come the speeches, English, French, German, and Greek, the latter from



“BOBS” AT DULWICH. EARL ROBERTS TALKING TO THE MASTER.

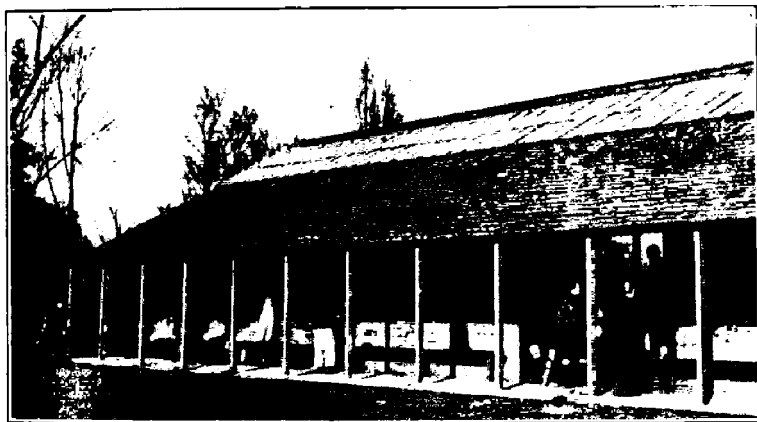
Aristophanes, being performed in costume. Formerly, the Dulwich play used to be an annual event of great importance, and was always attended, being diligently rehearsed, and most carefully staged, by success worthy of the traditions of the College's actor-founder. But it took up a great deal of time, and was discontinued in favour of "Speeches" of the usual type, some fifteen or so years ago. After the speeches comes roll-call, followed by a garden party in the Master's garden, where the guests are entertained with music by the choir, who are rewarded in the evening for their vocal labours by a Choir Supper.



A PARADE OF THE RIFLE CORPS.

On St. Luke's Day occurs another festive function, especially interesting in that it helps to keep up the connection between Dulwich old and new. The occasion is the

offers great attractions, and, as a rival to cricket, proves somewhat of a thorn in the weary side of the harassed game-captain. At the end of the summer term swimming sports are held, after which the bath is boarded over, and transformed into an annexe to the gymnasium, being particularly useful for the performance of free gymnastics. The gymnasium, as an institution, is extremely well managed, and is taken very seriously. Classes are held every day, and a place in the VI. is only to be attained by genuine merit. To the truth of this, the exceptionally good displays given by the Dulwich gymnasts in the public school competitions at Aldershot, of recent years, is sufficient testimony. Matches are contested against Haileybury, St. Paul's, and Oxford University, and at the end of the winter term an assault-at-



FIVES. THE COURTS OCCUPIED BETWEEN MORNING AND AFTERNOON SCHOOL.

luncheon and garden party given to the President of the Royal Academy, and other notable guests, by the Governors, at the old College buildings, to which the prefects are officially invited. In the spring and winter terms, a mid-term service is held on the Thursday before mid-term, which lasts from ten o'clock till half-past eleven, and is followed by an address from the Master, the rest of the day being a holiday. Concerts are held on the last day of the summer term and during the winter term, and the boarders have house suppers at breaking-up time in summer and winter.

To return once more to Dulwich athletics. Fives has already been alluded to in passing. The game serves as an excellent adjunct to football, and during the winter terms the courts are generally fully occupied. In summer, the swimming bath



THE CORPS BAND.

arms is held. At the end of the Spring term come the Athletic Sports, on much the usual lines, save that perhaps rather more sporting events, such as steeple-chases, tugs-of-war, etc., are included than generally figure on a public school programme.

Lastly, we come to the Rifle Corps, at present commanded by Captain W. R. M. Leake, under whom it has attained an excellent state of efficiency. Not so smart on parade as some cadet corps we could name, the Dulwich Corps can yet hold its own in general usefulness, and is a familiar feature of the big Aldershot field days, as well as of sundry other smaller manœuvres. In shooting the corps can do more than hold its own. Did not the Shooting VIII at Bisley, three years ago, carry off both the Ashburton Shield and Spencer Cup? At the last two meetings, also, the Dulwich score has been well up in the final list, and we shall look with interest for what this coming July may bring forth. The corps is attached to the First Surrey Rifles, and wears a uniform of black (or green, as the official mind loves to call it) with red facings.

Of Dulwich within-doors, there is not a great deal to be said. A word, however, must be given

to the splendid pile of buildings in which the school is domiciled. Opened in 1870 by his present Majesty, they may yet be taken, in a sense, as coëval with the foundation of modern Dulwich: for only since 1857, when the Charity Commissioners stepped in with a scheme which effectually ended the abuses to which, for nearly 250 years, the foundation of the pious Alleyn had been subjected, has the real history of Dulwich College as a public school begun. Of a rich red colour, relieved by a profusion of white stone, the three blocks—senior, centre, and junior—connected by covered cloisters, present a strikingly handsome appearance, not a little enhanced by the level stretch of greensward which lies spread beyond them.

Among the earlier buildings, mention must be made of the famous Dulwich Picture Gallery. The collections, bequeathed by Sir Peter Bourgeois to the College in 1810, was formed by one Desenfans, a dealer, as the nucleus of a national gallery at Warsaw. It is rich in Cuyps, Murillos, and Gainsboroughs, and the works of many another celebrated painter. Here Ruskin studied and Kingsley wrote; and surely here, if at all, should be awakened the latent spirit of genius. How far the



J. DOUGLAS, ESQ., O.A.



ATHLETIC SPORTS AT DULWICH.—A TUG-OF-WAR.

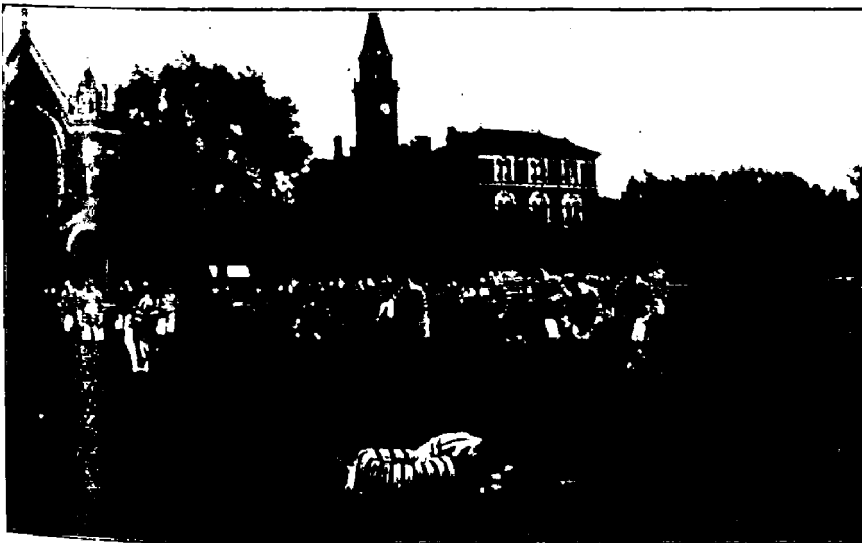
gallery can be said to exercise an æsthetic influence upon the College, it is hard to decide. Certain it is, however, that in the domain of art—*terra incognita*, it may be observed, to most public schools—among Old Boys, Alleynians come easily first. Musical also is Dulwich. Besides the choir, there is an orchestra and a brass band. Enthusiasts all are the members of these associations, and excellent are the concerts they give twice a year. For the bookworm (*rara avis*), or for his more rational (but scarcely less rare) brother, the boy whose devotion to things athletic

has not entirely smothered his appreciation of more refined pleasures, there is the well-stocked library; for the camera fiend, there is the Photographic Society; while for the earnest enquirer into the mysteries of nature there is the Scientific Society, under whose auspices papers are read at frequent intervals. Nor must *The Alleynian* be forgotten—a magazine which not only chronicles the news of the school, but offers to the chosen of the Muses such a means to fame as should kindle into a blaze the smouldering embers of the divine fire. Lastly, there is the College Mission, of interest common to all, the object of which is to educate and start in life destitute and orphan boys, and in the good work of which Alleynians join together whole-heartedly.

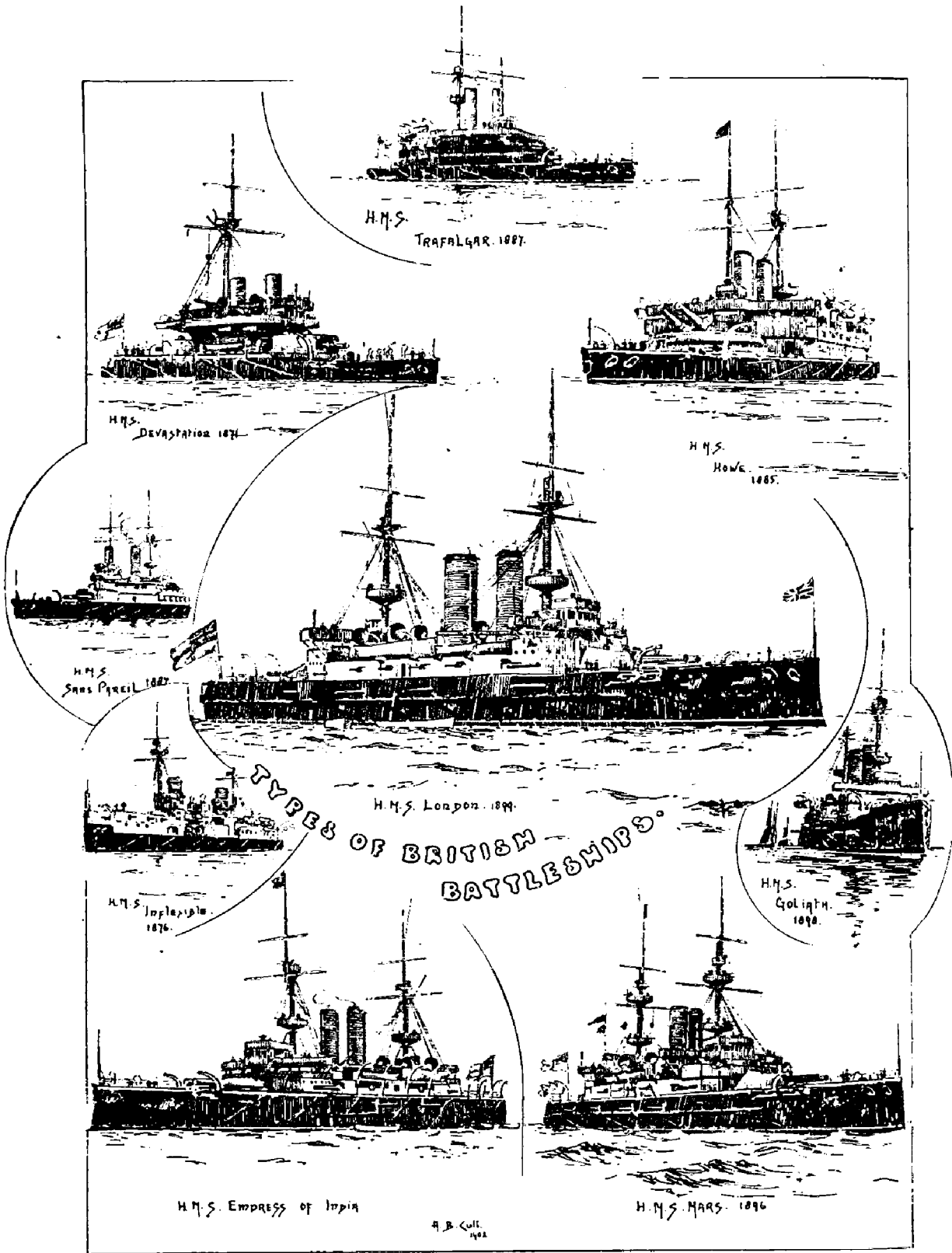


A STEEPLCHASE AT DULWICH.

In a brief article such as this, it is impossible to give a close description of the life of a school. It must suffice if the details be left, and a suggestion conveyed of the main principles actuating that life. To that corporate existence, so characteristic of Dulwich, and so remarkable in a school composed mainly of day-boys, allusion has already been made. There is, however, a something else yet more difficult to describe—an energy, an enthusiasm, a determination to succeed, which seems to infect everything that the school undertakes. Of what the College has done, her extraordinary progress, unparalleled in the records of the public schools, from what may be fairly termed her modern foundation in 1857 to the present time, is sufficient illustration; of what she may do, the future will alone tell us. Dulwich, in short, to use a colloquialism, *means business*, and, as a powerful force in the educational world, she will have increasingly to be reckoned with. "Alleynians," once observed a close observer of public school life to the present writer, "are the Yankees of the public schools." The remark intended no offence, and epitomises what we have been endeavouring to make clear.



RUGBY AT DULWICH COLLEGE.



Drawn for "The Captain" by A. B. Cull.

THE ISLE

OF FORTUNE



By CAPTAIN CHARLES PROTHEROE.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEO. HAWLEY.

Jim Harvey ships as mate of the *Aurora*, of which the notorious "Bully" Harker is skipper. A word and a blow is Jim's character. He is no respecter of persons, as "Bully" Harker learnt to his great discomfiture soon after setting sail. Thenceforth Harker watches him with a malignant eye. One of the crew, Tom Nichols, relates the story of the strange disappearance in the Solomons of Jim's predecessor, who was given out by Harker as kidnapped by natives. Rather than fall a victim to Harker's hate, Jim leaves the ship one night in an open boat, and drifts in the direction of New Guinea. He reaches an island, and establishes himself in great authority with the natives, because he drove off some of their beligerent neighbours with the aid of his rifle. The island chief makes friends with him, but he incurs the jealousy of Gawana, a native, who was in love with the old chief's daughter, and this nearly cost him his life. One day, whilst walking in the woods, Jim Harvey hears mysterious footsteps behind him. He hides himself, and Gawana appears.

CHAPTER VII.

"THOU SHALT DO NO MURDER."

HE seemed puzzled that the sound he was following had so suddenly ceased, and put his ear close to the ground and then stole on a few paces to do the same thing again. His motions gave me a creepy feeling, and reminded one of a sleek cat bent on stalking some unwary bird.

From where I was hidden I could see his every movement, and to shoot him would have been the easiest matter in the world. More than once I was within an ace of pressing the trigger, and releasing a messenger of death that would have placed it beyond his power for ever to undertake another such expedition.

That I didn't do so was due to a little reflection, causing me to remember that I was to blame for working on his jealousy, and although this was a treacherous and contemptible way of squaring the difference, it was perfectly legitimate to his understanding. So he passed along on a fruitless errand, little knowing that for a full minute I held him at the end of my gun, or that for the best part of that space of time he hovered between life and death.

I am glad now I spared him, for surely it can't be a pleasant reflection, as you grow older, to know you have blood on your hands, no matter whose or how it came there. I let him go, as I say, but I carried my gun nice and handy, and paused many a time before I reached the village again to look behind me in order to see that he wasn't following.

I mentioned the matter to Oobona the next time I saw her. She shewed her white teeth in a smile, and said in her own liquid language, which I was beginning to understand fairly well, "Ho must be a fool."

"How's that?" said I, having a lively recollection that I, and not Gawana, had very nearly furnished the article she spoke about.

"Because," she answered, "all the other people know well enough that it is impossible to kill you by violence, or why didn't it happen when the enemy came from the big land? Gawana over-

turned your canoe the other day, thinking he could easily spear you while in the water. I didn't say anything about that, for, of course, I knew better. Then he gave you the poisonous fish. I wasn't so sure about those, which is the reason I threw them into the sea. That's why he's a fool," and she laughed again.

"Of course, he must be," I answered, airily, not inclined to give myself away, although having perfect confidence in her but remembering that Samson had come to grief through imparting his weakness to a woman.

Here was an eye-opener. The capsizing of the canoe was not an accident after all, and but for my holding the revolver up to keep it dry, in all probability he would have succeeded in his object. Seeing me facing him with the firearm in my hand, his guilty conscience suggested that I had found him out, and was prepared to give a good account of myself, explaining the curious expression I had seen on his face, and his hasty flight ashore. Finding as time went by that I took no steps to punish him, he saw that he must have been mistaken, and finding how the land lay, plucked up courage and presented the poisonous fish to me, and that I hadn't eaten them was due to the chance arrival of Oobona. Now, he was silently stalking me through the bush.

When I saw everything so plainly staring me in the face, I could have kicked myself for an ass (which is mostly the way) for not being able to see all this before. I began to think that the gentleman in question was as hard as the veritable article (teak-wood) after which his parents had named him. He was not the fool Oobona took him to be, but simply wiser than his generation, for although the others might think me invulnerable, he took nothing for granted, but goaded by his jealousy had determined to prove it. I had a little opinion of my own on the matter, too, and knew I could not stand the test he contemplated—the thrust of a spear with a good muscular native behind it.

I didn't get any great amount of sleep that night, for I was thinking over all Oobona had told me. Three attempts on my life in little over a week struck me as a rather high percentage and certainly more excitement than I had need for. I began to see I hadn't taken Gawana seriously enough, and that it was only a question of time for such a persevering young man to get the chance he was looking for. Then he would hang my skull on his house as a memento of his shrewdness, to be laughed and scoffed at as a fraud for the remainder of his existence every time he had need of a little amusement. But I had no desire for my skull to be treated in that manner.

The idea the natives had that I was not amenable to bodily harm was a danger in itself. They did nothing that otherwise they might have done to check the designs Gawana harboured against me, which they regarded as futile, and him half-witted to attempt them.

Had it been a question of his life or mine, and no other way out of it, there need have been no hesitation in the matter, for in that case I would have taken his willingly. But was it so? That was the question which troubled me and kept me sleepless.

A brutal skipper once told me I had no idea of handling natives.

"Perhaps not," said I, looking him squarely in the face, "and if your idea is the correct one I have no wish to."

As it was, I literally held Gawana in my hand, for all I had to do was to take up my gun, sally forth, and the matter need trouble me no longer.

Although I said this to myself, in my heart I was not quite so sure of it, remembering an incident that once happened to me.

I had gone ashore on a small island to replenish our larder by doing a bit of shooting. I was bare-footed, for we don't affect boots much in the "Islands," but on this occasion it wasn't long before I wished I had got inside a pair. The place was nearly all swamp, and fairly alive with mosquitoes, which scenting something out of their usual fare, attacked me in thousands.

I was glad to bury my feet in the sand to protect them, but so savage were those little pests that I was bitten even through my thin clothing until I was as angry as possible. Just at that time a bird flew overhead. I saw what it was—a black cockatoo, quite unfit for food; for no sane man would eat one, providing he had a nice old sea-boot handy.

I was in a mood to vent my anger on anything, so brought the gun to my shoulder and let drive at him.

Down he came within twenty feet from where I stood, a wing broken, and, looking at me from where he lay helpless, with eyes I didn't forget for many a day, he set up a most pitiful cry, for all the world like the wailing of a child.

I forgot all about the mosquitoes, and gave them the chance of a fine meal as I removed my feet and hurried in the direction of the bird. The look in its eyes and the plaintive cry made me feel real bad until at last I wrung its neck and put it out of misery, but, I tell you straight, I would have given anything I possessed to give back that bird its life again.

Was it weakness? Well, I don't know. If mercy is weakness, perhaps it was; for my part, I was rather proud of it.

Just now the affair was much more serious. A man's life hung in the balance.

For the best part of that night, all that was bad in my nature, and all that was good, kept up a see-saw kind of argument, first one and then the other being in the ascendancy.

"Go out and settle it," said the worse part; "the man's life is forfeit, and, if you don't, possibly he will have yours."

"What!" said the other, "descend to the level of a savage, and prove yourself no better than this benighted native? Is that all your boasted civilisation is good for, and have you already forgotten the lesson learned as a boy, 'thou shalt not kill'?"

I couldn't shake that little sentence off; it clung to me and sang in my head.

"Confound it!" I cried, irritably, jumping up from where I lay, and pacing up and down the limited space at my disposal, "anyone would think I was premeditating murder."

"Call it what you like," said my better self, "but that's what it amounts to in spite of what you may say to the contrary. What are you doing here, anyhow? Are you going to stop for ever and take root? If that is not your intention, then up stick, my lad, and clear out of it before you do something you'll be sorry for."

A light broke in upon me. Of course, that was the way out of it, and I wondered I hadn't thought of it before. I then and there determined to leave the island as soon as possible, having already tarried too long, and besides, I was frightened—frightened that, should Gawana try any more of his tricks, I might be tempted in a moment of passion to take from him what no human power could restore.

It didn't require much effort on my part to leave the place, for I had promised myself to do so each morning for the last fortnight, and yet had lingered day by day, until I was about full of it. The music of wind in the palm trees and the murmur of the reef are all very well for a time, but even they are apt to grow monotonous if you have nothing else to do but listen to them, and they were beginning to pall on me. I began to crave for the murmur of traffic in the streets, and the sweetest music I could think of—the hum of civilisation.

Before daylight I had mapped out all necessary plans of how I should leave the island without more delay, and try to reach Cookland. In the way of provisioning for the trip, I saw no great difficulty. Yams (a vegetable like a gigantic potato) were plentiful, and fish simply abounded everywhere. The latter, if dried, would keep for months, and, in addition to the

yams, would furnish a diet not to be sneezed at even in the best of times.

First of all catch your fish, and this I preferred to do on some other island, for choice uninhabited, and where both Gawana and myself would be out of the reach of temptation.

I took the old chief into my confidence, and told him what was required.

"Dim dim Bada" (white master) said he, pointing to the north'ard, "in that direction lie many small islands. Take me with you, and I will show you the best of them."

"How about Oobona?" said I.

"She must come also," he answered.

I was inclined to object to this, for I saw no points in burdening myself with his family, but a little consideration showed me it would be a simple matter to land them later on Sanaroa, which I should have to pass on my way south again.

CHAPTER VIII.

I AM OFFERED A KINGDOM.

HAVING arranged matters thus satisfactorily, I quietly made preparations for leaving, and a night or two after, when all the village was asleep, with the aid of Oobona and her father, passed all my belongings into the boat. The moon was just showing above the horizon as I noiselessly hoisted the sail, which filled to the gentle breeze that blew off the land, and in half-an-hour we had left the Island of Sanaroa some distance behind us. At daylight we had opened out the end of Fergusson Island (named thus later), and the place we had left lay a good eight or ten miles astern.

"There lies the place I speak about," said the old chief, with a jerk of his head, indicating the north-west, where a patch of small islands was just becoming visible, "but they have not always been there."

"Oh!" said I, jocosely, "who dumped them down, then?"

"The Spirit of the Mountain," he replied, gravely, pointing to one of the peaks of Fergusson Island, which towered some six or seven thousand feet into the air. "It happened long ago, long even before my father's time. There were no small islands around here then, and Sanaroa was joined to the big land. The water in between which we have passed over, was at that time a garden where the people grew their food. It was a wonderful place. Yams grew to such a size in such a short time that, I've heard my father say, it sometimes took three men to carry a single yam away. Taro ripened in

seven suns, and on this ground everything that was planted flourished exceedingly.

"But the people grew indolent, because the food was so easily grown, and even neglected to do the little work required in the gardens.

"Finding they had so little to do, an evil spirit took possession of them, so, banding themselves together, they made war on their neighbours, carried off their property and wives, and hung the heads of the husbands in their houses. Now, the spirit that dwelt in the mountain was vexed at this, for he saw these people were not making the best use of the wonderful garden he had given them, but had turned their attention to lust and cruelty, and watered the land with blood.

"So he stirred himself from his home inside the mountain and rumbled, shaking the earth with his displeasure. The people were frightened, and fled, and did not return until the spirit was quiet, and had laid himself down again.

"For a time they gave up their evil ways and looked after the gardens, but by-and-by, when their fear was gone, returned once more to their wickedness.

"Seeing his warning was of no avail, the Spirit of the Mountain arose in his anger, and one night, when everybody was asleep, rained down fire and stones upon them, and rent the earth asunder.

"For three days darkness hung over the land and the sun hid his face, for he was angry also, having ripened the food for them.

"After a time the Spirit's wrath was appeased, and daylight returned again, but many of the people had been destroyed, and the face of the

land was changed altogether. Their wonderful garden has disappeared, the Spirit having taken it away, but not wishing to lose it completely, had made it into little islands, and, in the place where it had once been, the sea rolled.

"Now the people have to cultivate the sides



"THERE LIES THE PLACE I SPEAK ABOUT," SAID THE OLD CHIEF.

of the mountain (pointing to the land almost without a beach, that ran sheer into the ocean) where the food grows slowly and takes more of their time, which is what the spirit intended."

"A capital little yarn, and points a very good

moral," thought I. "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do."

I found afterwards that the peak he had pointed out on Fergusson Island was a so-called extinct volcano—that may slumber for hundreds of years and then break out with renewed activity. It had evidently been in eruption at some former time, and the description he had given me was a graceful piece of folk-lore handed down to account for the phenomenon.

By the time he had finished his tale, we had considerably lessened the distance between us and the islands which formed part of his story. From where we were, it looked as though one might spread a handkerchief over the whole of them, but on approach they proved to be some miles apart.

I steered for the largest, and, as we drew near, saw it was planted with a number of cocoanut trees—a sure sign of habitation.

"There was a village on the island at one time," said the old man, "but now it is deserted, the natives of Fergusson having raided it and wiped the occupants out long ago."

It was surrounded by a reef, the white surf that broke gently on the outer edge being lost in a ripple on the inside lagoon. I found an entrance, and a few minutes after we landed on the sandy beach.

The place was truly what it had been described, a deserted village. Fire had been applied to most of the houses, the blackened posts alone remaining, and everything in the vicinity of where a prosperous village had once stood looked bare and desolate.

"Seems to me," thought I, surveying these evidences of rapine, "that spirit the old man spoke about was a bit of a failure, and didn't make their cultivation nearly hard enough, for they've found time to play up Old Harry round here, anyhow."

"What was your spirit doing while all this was going on?" said I to the old chap.

"The Spirit of the Mountain sleeps," he answered, "but some day he will awake, and then his anger will be terrible."

"Hop! he'll sleep on until I'm safely off the premises," said I, "for this is none of my work."

The few houses still left standing were in an advanced state of dilapidation, as though, having no purpose to serve, they had quietly succumbed and given up the ghost. The cocoanut trees seemed the only vigorous things of life left by the destroyers, and the wind from the sea rustling their leaves made a mournful sound, as though they had hardly yet recovered from the horrors of which they had been mute witnesses. It was evident that the victors had indulged in

a cannibal feast on the spot, for, scattered about, and whitened by the sun, were a number of bones, and examination left no doubt in my mind that they were human. I cleared away these gruesome reminders that we are all mortal, and, with the assistance of the old chief, who was an expert at the business, patched up a couple of houses to make them fit for use.

Then I turned my attention to the prime object of my visit, which was to catch enough fish and dry them to last for the trip I had ahead of me. I couldn't have found a better place for the purpose had I searched among the islands for a month. The fish were plentiful and easily caught, and before many days were passed I had a pile of them drying merrily in a smoke-house I had hastily thrown together. As I dodged about the reefs fishing, I noticed that there was sufficient *bêche-de-mer* on them to make a man's fortune in a year or so. I didn't touch it, for what was the good? As matters stood just then it was useless to me, but I made a mental note which might be profitable to remember at some more favourable time. In a couple of weeks' stay on the island, I had cured fish enough to last me for the trip I had in contemplation, even should it take double the time I had allowed myself.

I sat on the beach one afternoon making my final plans for departure, having decided to start next day. The old chief potted about in my vicinity on one pretext or another, and by the furtive glances he occasionally cast in my direction I could see he wished to unburden his mind of some weighty matter.

"Bada," said he, at last, approaching and laying his hand on my shoulder, "you are thinking of leaving us?"

"Well, you needn't be a thought reader to guess that," said I. "That's just what I was thinking about. I can't stop here for ever."

"Why not?" he replied, eagerly, stretching his arms in the direction of where Sanaroa lay, "there is plenty of food, the people will obey you without murmur; come and be our *dim dim bada* for ever."

Now, it's not often that a man has the chance of being presented with a kingdom, be it even a small one, and I must say I was rather touched by the sincerity of his offer. He seemed to think it would be as simple a matter for me to rule the roast as to fall off a log, but, even had I been inclined to accept the responsibility, I saw many difficulties ahead in the way of doing so.

Since the exhibition of dynamite, the majority of the people, and this old man in particular, may have had the notion that I was a distant relative of the Mountain Spirit he was so keen about,

but I knew from experience there was one among them not to be so easily persuaded or gulled. Of course, I was thinking of Gawana, and I saw that if I took the job on and wanted to do it thoroughly, my personal safety would demand some action altogether repugnant to me. Don't think for a moment, dear reader, that I thought of closing with the offer. I hadn't the slightest idea of doing so; but these thoughts passed through my mind. "Old man," said I, kindly, patting him on the back, for he was a decent old savage, anyhow, "what you propose is impossible."

"The Bada knows best," he answered, dropping his head and walking slowly away along the beach, leaving me to complete the plans this novel offer of a kingdom had interrupted.

The conclusion I arrived at was this:

After landing Oobona and her father on Sanaroa again, I would continue my course to the south until I lost New Guinea altogether. After this, by steering southwest I should fetch the "Barrier" at some part or other, no nice navigation being required to find this reef, which extends twelve hundred miles along the Australian coast. Once in sight, it would be a matter of little difficulty to pick my way through with such a light draught boat, and reach one of the ports that lay on the other side of it. I wasn't bothering my head much about the trip, for I had a good double-ended whale boat, and, properly handled, she was as safe as a church.

Had I known, I might have saved myself the trouble of making all these plans, for a little occurrence banished them completely from my mind, for the time being, at any rate.

CHAPTER IX.

I BECOME A VERITABLE "PEARLY KING."

HAVING my plan all cut and dried, I jumped up, knowing that if I wished to leave by sunrise the next morning.

I had a fair amount of work cut out to enable me to do so. First I must overhaul the boat, and see that no cobra (a minute and highly destructive little insect, that can riddle the hardest of wood, and abounding in those seas) had found lodgment in her. So I went down to the direction of where she was anchored, with the intention of beaching her.

Oobona had been away all the afternoon on the other side of the island. She now appeared



I SAW ABOUT AS NICE A LITTLE PEARL AS EVER I HAD CLAPPED EYES UPON.

round the point, chanting a native song, and keeping time to it by swinging in her hand a basket she had made from cocconut leaf. Evidently she had been fossicking for Kai Kai (food) on one or other of the reefs, a favourite pastime with the women, and the basket contained several species of marine delicacies in the shape of shell-fish.

Remarking that these were good eating, she carried them up to one of the houses, outside of which a fire was always smouldering.

"A good chance to break the news to her," thought I, and, as she bustled about, putting more wood on the fire and blowing it into a blaze, I strolled up, intending to let her know the decision I had arrived at.

It was not so easy a job as I thought it would be. Apparently the old man had not met her, having gone in an opposite direction, no doubt to nurse his sorrow alone, and by her manner I could see she had no inkling of what was in my mind. I only hoped she had no extravagant notions like her father, but anyhow, it had to be done, and the sooner I got over it the better.

The shell-fish she had gathered lay scattered on the ground, among them being a number which resembled oysters, only that they were more concave.

I picked up one of these, just to see if it were anything like the real article, and also to obtain a little leisure to choose the best words in which to tell her that the time had arrived for me to leave. Long before I had made up my mind what was best to say I had inserted the knife, and the shell lay open in my hand. I was loosening the fish in oyster fashion when the blade came in contact with something hard on the lip of the shell. Scraping it clear, I rolled it into the palm of my hand, and, as I looked at it, I saw about as nice a little pearl as ever I had clapped eyes upon. Needless to say, I didn't allow Oobona to cook the remainder until I had first opened and examined them myself. She had brought in between twenty and thirty, and by the time I had done with them I had collected eleven beautiful pearls.

"Where did you pick up these shells?" I asked, having overhauled them thoroughly and made sure I hadn't missed any of the valuable morsels contained in most of them.

"Round the other side, on the reef," she answered, "and there are plenty more there."

This little discovery naturally upset all the plans I had made, and the words I had found such trouble in choosing were, for sundry reasons, never uttered. I determined that another week or two might be spent profitably, whilst I

hung on to the island and saw a little more of it.

The next morning we went round to the place mentioned, which I found to be a reef lying close inshore, with not more than two feet of water on it at low tide, and, as Oobona had said, there were plenty of shells on it. I didn't bother about those lying in the deeper water, but picked them up from where I could reach them easily. These we carried round to the house, and, although opening oysters may not seem a very stimulating occupation, I can assure you, as I opened them one by one, I hadn't had such an exciting job for many a long day.

The old chief couldn't understand my behaviour. That I should let myself go on account of a little pebble which, according to his reasoning, might be picked up from the beach in hundreds any day, was beyond him. Had it been anything to eat he could have comprehended it, but even then such a tiny particle was hardly worth making such a fuss about.

"What pleases you, Bada?" said he, at last.

"Pills, my boy, pills," I answered, clapping him on the back, much to his astonishment, and rather more heartily than I intended; "you decent old buffer, this is the best day's work I ever did in my life."

For the next week, all his spare time was spent on the shore, where, thinking to please me, he gathered all the white pebbles he came across, and offered them for my acceptance.

"Pille gahona, Bada" (more pills, master), he'd say, presenting the rubbish he had collected, and, having remembered the word "pill," pronouncing it as well as he was able.

I had to take them, for I didn't wish to hurt his feelings, but I took good care to drop them in a place where there was no chance of his finding them again and making me a second presentation.

I had never worried my head about the scientific cause of anything, but, reader, that's no reason why *you* shouldn't.

If you are of an inquiring turn of mind, and wish to know the why and wherefore of the matter, people who profess to know all about it will tell you that a pearl is caused by some disease in the fish. Be it so or not, I saw that on the reef around the island was a fortune, and a big one at that, going a-begging.

This was worth waiting for. The weeks I had at first intended spending on the island became months, until I reckoned that four of them had passed since I parted company with the *Aurora*. By this time I had as many pearls as it would be convenient, or wise, to carry away with me. If I reached Cookland, and it leaked out what I had brought with me, all hands who

could hire, borrow, or steal a boat of any description would be swarming here like bees. True, it was a big order to find the exact spot where I had obtained them, but even so, I wasn't caring to run the risk of them dropping on to it. I much preferred to leave the pearls growing until I could come back with a larger vessel, and better equipped for the operations I intended.

Before I left, I thought it would be a wise thing to visit the other islands lying around and see if they were the same as this one. With this object in view, I took the boat one morning at sunrise, telling Oobona I should be absent all day. Now, the last island I landed on I did a very foolish thing, and for a sailor almost inexcusable. It was high water when I reached there, and instead of shoving the boat off and anchoring her out as I should have done, I left her on the beach. I went fossicking round the island, and was certainly away longer than I intended to be. When I returned, the tide had gone out, and the boat was left high and dry on the shore. I tried to shift her, but found she was a much heavier boat than when she was on the deck of the *Aurora*. She was dry and light then; now, after being in the water so long, she was nearly as heavy again. I am no more backward than most sailormen in rigging ingenious contrivances for a case of this sort, but shift her I couldn't. I tried to skid her with timber, so that she would slide better, but, although you may have guessed I am not by any means a weak man, I had to confess after repeated efforts that it was a cut above me. All I could do was to sit on the beach and wait for the tide to come up again and float her, applying extravagant names to myself, meanwhile, for being such a fool. It was not any hardship to wait there, nor was I in any particular hurry, but I could have kicked myself for being such a lubber. However, as profuse language had no effect in shifting the boat, I drew out my pipe, and, lighting it, squatted on the beach, determined to make the best of things.

In time darkness came, and the wind fell, the only distinct sounds to be heard being the gentle surge on the reef, or the occasional splashing of a fish. Finally I dropped off to sleep, and it must have been getting on for midnight before I awoke to find the moon had risen and flooded land and sea with light, and that the boat was almost afloat again.

At first I thought of starting right away on the

return journey, but further consideration inclined me to stop where I was. Moonlight at the best is not a good assistant for spying out reefs, unless they break heavily, and in that case the sound will reach one long before you catch sight of them. Between me and the island I wanted to reach lay a number of what I term "sneak" reefs, that is, with a foot or two of water on them, and no break in fine weather. How many there were, of course, I didn't know, but I had seen enough of them on my way down to make me cautious, and I had no wish to find myself stranded, and perhaps my boat damaged just at the time I was thinking of taking a final departure from the island. So I shoved the boat off the beach and dropped the anchor on the bottom, whilst I waited for sufficient daylight to enable me to steer clear of anything between the two islands.

At the first streak of dawn I was under way again, thinking as I shaped a course that the old man and his daughter would be wondering what had become of me.

There was little or no wind, and, having landed on the lee-side of the island, some time elapsed before I opened out the place I was returning to, and hours had passed ere I reached it.

As I drew near I was rather surprised to see no sign of Oobona or her father, whom I naturally expected to see on the beach awaiting my return.

However, as neither was to be seen, I concluded she had gone to the other side of the land to follow her favourite pursuit of dabbling on the reefs gathering shell-fish, and that possibly the old man had accompanied her with a view to pebbles.

I ran the boat on to the sand, and, with a shout to warn them of my arrival should they be within hearing, jumped ashore.

It was from this point that I first had evidence that something was seriously wrong. The two houses I had made habitable were invisible from seaward, being screened by a number of trees. When I arrived at a position whence I should have seen them, I rubbed my eyes again and again—I couldn't believe my senses and pinched myself to make sure I wasn't dreaming, for sure enough they had disappeared!

Chas Protheroe

(To be Continued.)

THE STAMP COLLECTOR.

Conducted by

E. J. NANKIVELL.

Notable New Issues.

THERE seems to be somewhat of an outcry in the United States against the beautiful new series. The critics condemn the designs on the ground of over-elaboration of detail; they are not simple enough to please the popular fancy. It is true they are open to that objection, but they are so pretty that, on this side, nothing but compliments have been heard. However, the objections to the designs are having apparent effect, for already



the 2 cents is to be redrawn or redesigned right away. In the new 4 cents and 10 cents there is the risk of clashing, for the colour in each case is almost identical. So it will not be at all surprising if we have some changes in one or two, if not in all. Servia promises a new set. The new

stamps have been designed by a French engraver, M. Mouchon, and are being printed by a French firm. The design will include a profile of King Alexander, crowned with a laurel wreath, above being the word "Servia" in Slav type. The Cayman Islands King's heads are announced, but so many things are announced now from specimen sets that it is better to wait for the actual stamps before chronicling them, as some stamps chronicled on the strength of specimen sets have never appeared.

Cape of Good Hope.—The 6d. value of the new series of King's heads has been issued, and like the rest is allotted a separate design of its own. As will be seen from our illustration, it is neat and effective. So far, the colours of the old set are all retained, that is to say, each new stamp is in the same colour as the same value in the old set. Wmk. crown and CA. Perf. 14. Up-to-date



the following are the values and colours of the new series which have been issued :—

- 3d. green.
- 4d. olive green.
- 1d. carmine.
- 6d. mauve.
- 1s. ochre.



France. Foreign Post Offices.—Several values from 10 cents to 30 cents of the type illustrated have been supplied to the French post offices in the following places :—Alexandria, China, Crete, Port Said.

Hong Kong.—Several more values of the King's head set are chronicled, most of which I have seen. They are all of the type illustrated. Wmk. Crown and CA. Perf. 14



- 2 cents, green.
- 4 cents, brown, salmon paper.
- 5 cents, orange, head light green.
- 8 cents, violet, head black.
- 10 cents, ultramarine, head mauve, light blue paper.
- 12 cents, brown, head green, yellow paper.
- 20 cents, brown, head black.

Malta.—At last we have the long talked of King's head series started for this little colony. The ½d. and 2d. are all we have yet seen. As will be noted from the illustration, these new stamps very closely resemble the stamps of the first issue, so far as the general design is concerned. Wmk. Crown and CA. Perf. 14.



- ½d. green.
- 2d. grey, head mauve.

Orange River Colony.—Here is an illustration of the new 1d. King's head for this colony. It is the only value of the new set that has been received. Hence we cannot say whether it is to be followed by others of the same design or not. Wmk. Crown and CA. Perf. 14.



- 1d. carmine.

Somali Coast.—A new series has been issued for this French Protectorate. The values run from 20 centimes to 5 francs. The centime values are of the small type as illustrated, and the franc values of the large type.



- 20c. purple, centre green.
- 25c. blue, centre blue.
- 30c. red, centre black.
- 40c. yellow, centre blue.
- 50c. green, centre red.
- 75c. orange, centre lilac.
- 1fr. orange red, centre lilac.
- 2fr. green, centre carmine.
- 5fr. orange, centre blue.



values of the new series, the 3 cents, 4 cents, and 10 cents, which we illustrate.



Of the new series there have now been issued :—

- 1 cent, green, *Franklin*.
- 2 cents, carmine, *Washington*.
- 3 cents, violet, *Jackson*.
- 4 cents, brown, *Grant*.
- 5 cents, dark blue, *Lincoln*.
- 8 cents, black, *Martha Washington*.
- 10 cents, brown, *Webster*.
- 13 cents, sepia, *Harrison*.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. C. (Natal).—Yes, the New Zealand stamps over-printed "Niue" and "Penrhyn Islands" are all right. They are selling at very little above the ordinary price of new issues, and are plentiful enough. Some day they may be scarce, but there are no signs of scarcity at present. There are several varieties of perforation and defective lettering which are not plentiful, and an inverted surcharge on the ½d. is priced 40s.

A. B. C. (Oswestry).—"Tête bêche" is a French term used to denote stamps printed upside down beside normally placed stamps. *i.e.*, a pair *tête bêche* would be a pair in which one of the stamps is printed upside down. This arises from one of the dies on the plate having been, in error, dropped into its place upside down. The line alongside your crown watermark is from the margin, and does not constitute a variety.

Ardent Philatelist (Bedford).—The nearest album to your requirements is the Stanley Gibbons Imperial, Great Britain and Colonies, price 10s., or the same firm's British South Africa album, price 10s. You can, however, add fresh pages to any album very neatly by lightly gumming in a sheet of thin good linen typewriting paper, sold by all the typewriting firms.

J. G. H. (Macclesfield).—Your list of Paraguay 1900-2, lithographed series, is complete, but you omit the 8c. brown from your list of the engraved series, price 2d., unused.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

- Bright & Son.**—Cape of Good Hope, Malta, Orange River Colony.
- Butler Bros.**—Malta, Hong Kong.
- Ewen.**—Trinidad, Malta, Orange River Colony.
- J. W. Jones.**—Hong Kong.
- Graham Morris.**—Transvaal.
- Stanley Gibbons.**—Somali Coast.

Transvaal.—Two new values of the current design, 3d. and 4d., have been received and also the 1s. and 2s. in new colours. In the 3d. the head is in black and the rest of the design in olive green, in the 4d. the head is in black and the rest of the design in brown. The 1s. has been changed from olive green with head in black to brown with head in slate blue, and the 2s. from brown with head in black to orange with head in slate blue. Thus it will be seen that the new 3d. is printed in the colours of the now obsolete 1s., and the 4d. in the colours of the obsolete 2s. There is also another change to be noted. In the first set of the King's heads all the values from ½d. to 2s., inclusive, were inscribed with the



word "postage" on one side, and "revenue" on the other side, and the high values, *i.e.*, 2s. 6d., 5s., and 10s., had the word "Postage" on each side. In the new stamps the 3d. and 4d. are inscribed "Postage" and "Revenue," but the 1s. and 2s. have the word "Postage" on each side. The set now in use is, therefore, made up as follows :—

- | | |
|---------------------------------|----------------------|
| 1d. green, head black. | Postage and Revenue. |
| 1d. scarlet, head black. | " " |
| 2d. purple, head black. | " " |
| 3d. olive green, head black. | " " |
| 4d. brown, head black. | " " |
| 6d. orange, head black. | " " |
| 1s. red brown, head slate blue. | Postage. |
| 2s. orange, head slate blue. | " " |
| 2s. 6d. black, head mauve. | " " |
| 5s. mauve, head black. | " " |
| 10s. purple, head black. | " " |

Trinidad.—The 1s. stamp of the current set has been changed in colour from green, with name in red, to black on yellow paper, with name in blue. Wmk., Crown and CA., perf. 14. Apparently this West Indian colony does not intend to have a King's head series. Nine years ago it abandoned its Queen's heads for its old design of the seated figure of Britannia, which it still retains.

1s. black, name in blue, yellow paper.

United States.—We have received three more

LOWER SCHOOL YARNS.

BY HAROLD BURROWS.
AUTHOR OF "TOLD ON THE JUNIOR SIDE"



Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.

No. III.—"OUR OWN INVENTION."

I.

"QUORUM PARS MAGNA FUI" is a motto I might appropriately place at the head of this record; since I was present when the idea that the Lower School should form a dramatic society first took root, was one of the quartette that translated that idea into action, played a part in the first and last performance which the society rendered, and, finally, was present at the scene which brought its flourishing career to an unexpected and premature close. And it all happened in this wise.

"I wonder," quoth the Junior Classic one day at the close of morning school, as he nibbled his pen and gazed at us meditatively, "that you youngsters never try to do something at the show."

We youngsters gazed on one another with astonishment. "The show" to which the master so airily alluded was none other than speech night; when, at the conclusion of the term, parents and guardians and old boys flocked to the school to hear the Head's summary of the year's working. On that occasion also were speeches delivered, prizes presented, poems recited, sometimes a play acted, and, generally speaking, the whole talent of the school paraded in full dress uniform. That we members of the lower forms should venture to obtrude on such a scene—save by our ever-vigorous and frequently ill-timed applause—was a novel idea to us. It

took some little time to grasp it. Then the ever-practical Bannister rose to the occasion.

"But what are we to do, sir?" asked he.

"Anything," responded our oft-tryed mentor. "Something original for choice. At my school the kids always weighed in with something of their own invention." Then, like a wise man, he turned on his heel, and left his remarks to sink into our minds.

And sink they did. None of us much relished the comparison to kids, but the allusion to the master's own school fired us with the spirit of emulation. True it was that old Slowcoach might, and frequently did, endeavour in vain to stimulate our energies by references to the excellency of lads and things in general when he was a boy. We were apt to qualify his eulogies of the past with more than the usual grain of salt. But when the Junior Classic referred to his own experience, we felt instinctively that we were listening to a plain, unvarnished tale. And if fellows had done it in his time, why should not we?

Why not, indeed? We felt we only wanted an opportunity, and we should be found capable of an effort which would make the approaching speech night unique, and cause the memories of the Junior Classic to pale into utter insignificance. Obviously the first thing to be done was to obtain permission for our proposed addition to the usual programme. The biggest fellow present, Carter, took the chair, and by a judicious exercise of the authority conferred by that position, succeeded in obtaining the election of himself, Bannister, and myself, with the addition of young Lewis—thrown in as an afterthought—as a committee to interview the captain on the matter. Some fellows wanted to question whether such was the result of the election, but Carter ruled that it was. And, as he sagely observed, what is the use of having a chairman if you don't obey the ruling? Then that ass, Walters, endeavoured to raise the objection that Carter had

not been appointed chairman. But Bannister and I, making a sudden rush at the objector, laid him at full length along the form and sat upon him. His point was then formally declared to be out of order.

And so Carter and Bannister and I, followed by young Lewis, trotted off to ascertain the views of the great Burton, who happened to be the bright particular star of that year. Scenting a petition, Burton looked down upon us from his height of five-foot-ten (and still growing), and genially inquired what was the row now? When he heard our wishes an incredulous stare came over the captain's face, and his lips emitted a low, prolonged whistle. Could it be he was going to refuse? Heavens! how that beast Walters would scoff.

"Please, Burton," pleaded Carter, earnestly, "the Junior Classic wants us to, you know."

"Oh!" ejaculated Burton, and regarded us thoughtfully. "Well," said he, at last, "I don't know that I see any objection if the Head has none. I will ask him about it. Only cut it short, you know. People won't stand too much of that sort of thing."

With what triumph did we return to the lower school, a triumph that was increased when, a few days later, the captain sent for us and intimated that the Head saw no objection, but reiterated his advice to cut it short. But then it was that our troubles really began. The prospect of appearing in public before such a conclave as that which assembled on speech night was found sufficient to daunt the stoutest junior. Every one began to make excuse, and to find his vindication in the captain's advice. "You don't want a crowd, you know; so you can do without me." Walters was in high feather as he watched our difficulties increase. *He* knew the very thing that was wanted, and he would have done it willingly enough; but if the fellows *would* shove themselves forward they must not expect any help from *him*. "We don't want your beastly help," exclaimed Bannister hotly. "Very well," quoth Walters, "you four had better do it all by yourselves then." "So we will," rejoined Carter fiercely; and the rash undertaking was received with general acclamation. Only Walters appeared downcast at this unexpected acceptance of his challenge.

II.

BUT though we enjoyed the satisfaction of temporarily silencing the scoffs of the enemy,

it cannot be said that on reflection we felt very sanguine about accomplishing the task we had undertaken. We had thought of appealing to the Junior Classic—and I have an idea that he was rather expecting us to invite his assistance—but, in view of Carter's declaration, how was it possible for us to call in extraneous aid? And although ever willing to lend a helping hand when appealed to, we knew the master too well to dream he would volunteer to intermeddle. So we were left to our own devices.

And many were the devices we tried. At first our ideas pursued a hackneyed groove, and we resolved on presenting a scene from *The Rivals*. And for a time things went fairly well, and we should have got on very nicely, at least, in our own estimation, had it not been for the contumacious conduct of Bannister, who was cast for the part of Bob Acres. That youth absolutely refused to simulate an abject fear of his rival, Carter. In vain we explained to him that it was all in the play. Bannister was obdurate. "It seems so funny," he protested, indignantly, "to pretend to be frightened of Carter, when"—defiantly—"I am not frightened a bit!" After that we were forced to abandon our first design; and at my suggestion we fell back upon a more modern piece, a one-act melodrama with parts for four. The *dramatis personæ* consisted of a damsel in distress—for which we cast Lewis of the angelic countenance; of a gallant and virtuous hero—a character which fell to my lot; and of two desperate ruffians, who brought their career of crime to a conclusion by falling out between themselves, and perishing in a sanguinary duel. It was the duel that was to finish the piece, and it did so in unexpected fashion. Carter and Bannister went at it with such fury that the blows soon became earnest and the contest unduly spirited. I have no doubt they hurt each other very much, but I thought it rather unfair when they subsequently turned upon me and united in declaring that it was all my fault for choosing such a rotten piece. After this fiasco we ventured upon many other experiments, but all in vain. Time was growing short, and we were growing desperate. We could hit upon no satisfactory solution, and yet our honour was so much involved that we could not bear to think of throwing up the sponge.

At last, in the darkest hour of our perplexity, the hint thrown out by the Junior Classic returned to us and brought with it a

ray of light. At his school, he had said, the kids always weighed in with something of their own invention. Since all outside sources had failed us, why should we not turn authors and compose a play for ourselves? Fellows had done it in the time of the Junior Classic, and could it be that we were cast in inferior mould? Perish the thought! Yet who was to bell the cat?

"You do it," said Carter to me, after we had all grown weary of listening to a series of modest disclaimers. "You are a poet."

"I am not," said I, flushing with proper indignation.

"Then why don't you get your hair cut?" rejoined Carter; and for a few moments the meeting looked like breaking up in disorder. But a sense of the critical position of matters restrained us, and finally a decision was come to. I was to undertake and be responsible for the general framework of the play, and the others were to render every assistance they could in the shape of criticism and suggestions.

Oh! those suggestions. At a very early stage in the proceedings I learnt to appreciate the trials and difficulties of collaboration. Carter rather leant to melodrama, but stipulated that in any event he should have a good acting part. He explained that he did not want to say much, you know—he would leave the writing to me. It was the acting that was the thing, wasn't it? And I was to give him something to act. Bannister, on the contrary, who had taken the junior prize for elocution in the previous term, desired to be provided with long speeches. He did not much mind whether these were of a tragic or a comic character. It was the way a speech was delivered that

was the thing, wasn't it? He did not think it mattered so much about the acting himself. But Lewis proved the greatest trial of all. His attention when wandering down the High had been attracted by an Italian organ-boy, the proud possessor of a hurdy-gurdy and a monkey. Lewis, who was of an inquiring mind, and given to form all manner of weird acquaintances, had embarked on a conversation with the wandering alien and dis-



"PLEASE, BURTON, THE JUNIOR CLASSIC WANTS US TO, YOU KNOW."

covered that he purposed to remain for some little time in the town—until, I suppose, the authorities found him too big a nuisance and compelled him to move on. Lewis induced the youngster to promise, for an adequate consideration, to loan both organ and monkey for the eventful evening; and nothing

would satisfy him, despite all my protests, but that I should provide him with an opportunity of appearing on the stage with both of these possessions.

Yet great is the ingenuity of youth, and at last we triumphed over all these difficulties. Our united efforts succeeded in evolving a burlesque entitled *King John; or, It all came right in The Wash*. As *Rex Angliæ*, Carter felt he was cast for a part commensurate with his own dignity and importance. Bannister, as the Baron O'Rator, chief spokesman of those old feudal tyrants, was provided with the lengthy speeches he desired. Whilst, by a truly daring conception, Lewis (with organ and all) figured in the programme as "Archbishop Langton" (from Italy). For myself, I was modestly content with duplicating various minor, yet necessary, parts. Even then we had to select some dozen fellows to represent in turn a crowd of barons, retainers, citizens, pages, etc. Walters, ever jealous and malignant, objected that this was not in the bond. But he was unanimously overruled. The Lower School, keen to take part in the proceedings, adjudged that we had fairly fulfilled our compact; and that the enlistment of mere supernumeraries was not a violation of our undertaking.

III.

GREAT was the excitement amongst the lower forms as the eventful evening drew near, an excitement which increased when, on the publication of the official programme, it was seen that our little masterpiece figured prominently amongst the items. Even some of the seniors were found to manifest a languid interest in the matter, and to inquire genially what was in the wind now? Others were not quite so genial, and thought the innovation a mistake and one calculated to lower the prestige of the occasion. Anyhow, if the lower school were to be permitted to take any part in the programme at all, they opined it would have been wiser to prescribe some stereotyped task for their energies rather than to allow them to embark on a speculation of their own. In this opinion the jealous Walters heartily concurred. But Burton, who, as I rather suspect, had been got at by the Junior Classic, met all objections with an indulgent smile, and intimated that, as the Head saw no objection to the kids taking part in the show, he thought it only fair they should be allowed to do so in their own way. Whereat the captain loomed

in our eyes a larger figure, if possible, even than before.

At last the long-looked-for evening arrived, and with it came in shoals the boys' fond parents and relatives, and divers show representatives of the scholars of the past. The judicial and ecclesiastical benches, and her late Majesty's forces, were each found capable of furnishing a representative. And to all these dignitaries, grouped as lesser satellites around our Head, Burton addressed the customary speech of welcome, a speech plentifully garnished with quotations from all manner of recondite and out-of-the-way authors, cited with the air of one who had their works at his fingers' ends. He thundered at his audience in Latin, he flattered them in German, he waxed facetious in French, he ventured on the pathetic in Greek. "And," murmured Bannister in my ear, as through a hole in the stage curtain he scrutinised the audience with a cynical eye, "I don't believe they understand a single word of it!" Be that as it may, the captain's address was frequently applauded, and came to an end amidst an outburst of cheering which denoted the enthusiasm of some, and the relief of others. "So clever, you know," cooed one dear lady to another, "so very, very clever." Which seemed to be the general opinion. And so, whatever the truth of Bannister's surmise, the speech, doubtless, served its purpose.

I fear that four members at least of the lower school paid but little attention to the efforts of the other performers as the programme proceeded through its usual routine. To us the various items seemed mere padding, which served as a doubtless necessary, but rather tedious, introduction to what was to be the event of the evening. As time went on and its advent drew nigh, we worked ourselves into a perfect fever of excitement alternating between the extreme heat of impatience and cold fits of shivering despair. At least three of us worked ourselves into a fever. Lewis, by way of contrast, seemed as cool and imperturbable as ever. Personally, I was in a state of extreme misery, and becoming more and more convinced, as time passed by, that my wig did not fit, that my clothes were put on wrongly, that the sweat was making the paint run off my face, that my limbs had been stricken with palsy, that I had lost my voice, and that I did not recollect a single line of my part, or rather parts. At last, to our relief, the preceding items were cleared off, and the voice of the

Head was heard announcing our promised entertainment.

"Ladies and gentlemen,—It is not, as you are aware, the custom for our younger members to take any part in the programme which it is our privilege—may I not say our delight?—to present to you year by year. But, as the poet so sagely puts it, '*Tempora mutantur nos et mutamur in illis.*' (Frantic applause.) And inasmuch as these young gentlemen volunteered their services for your entertainment, I thought it well not to discourage a not unworthy desire to do credit to their training, feeling assured that you would extend to them your sympathy and—er, if necessary, indulgence. (Hear! hear!) Ladies and gentlemen, the title they have chosen for their play is—eh? what! Ladies and gentlemen, the title they have chosen *appears* to be—what did you say? Oh! yes. Ha! ha! Very good, to be sure; yes, very good. Ladies and gentlemen, *dulce est desipere in loco.* (Loud applause.) With the usual high spirits of youth, our performers have indulged, when framing their title, in a kind of play upon words, in short, if I may say so, a pun. The name they have bestowed upon their little piece is '*King John; or, It all came right in The Wash.*'"

Loud and prolonged cheering greeted this announcement, and was followed by a slight pause as Joey, who acted as scene-shifter, struggled with the refractory curtain. The Head clapped his hands in perfunctory fashion, and was followed by a host of more vigorous imitators. The judge adjusted his spectacles, and assumed his most indulgent smile—that smile which says to the youthful pleader, "Yes, I know that anything you may say will be utter rubbish, but pray observe how courteous I am." The bishop thoughtfully nursed a leg—he had a shapely calf—and endeavoured to appear mildly interested. The general sat bolt upright and glared round the audience as though prepared to court-martial any one who dared to express a word of hostile criticism. And then, amidst an expectant hush, the curtain went up.

IV.

The curtain went up; and Carter, clad in regal array, strode darkly on to the stage, followed by myself attired in humbler garments as the "First Varlet." And thus the play began:—

"What ho! knave. Hast thou there the Carta?"

"No; good my lord, the king."

"Then run immediately, and get it!"

Ecstatic glee of the audience, determined alike to welcome the pun and to manifest its knowledge of history. Attempted groans on the part of Walters and a few malcontents were promptly silenced by a fierce glare from the general.

The applause did us good. From that moment we bucked up wonderfully. Carter fumed and fretted and posed right royally in mock imitation of the baffled Plantagenet; I played my many minor parts with increasing confidence and vigour; and Bannister delivered his burlesque speeches as the Baron O'Rator with extreme unction. And the over-indulgent audience applauded and laughed with equal heartiness, and was, or affected to be, genuinely amused at our efforts. And now drew nigh the critical moment of the play, the episode which was to make or mar the performance—none other than the introduction of young Lewis in his daring conception of the part of the intrepid Archbishop. Already the voices of the well-drilled chorus were heard without, chanting in divers tones:—

"Way for his grace, the leg-hit;
Way for his grace, the leg-hit;
Way for his grace,
Way for his grace,
Way for his grace, the leg-hit!"

As the chorus died away, Lewis appeared, made up as an itinerant Italian, and grinding vigorously at the hurdy-gurdy, on the top of which was perched the monkey. Scarcely had he importuned the King and barons with his first words, "Me no speakee much English! Drinkee beer?"—when peals of laughter from the audience drowned all further speech. Yet high above all was heard the shrill voices of the fair sex: "Oh! what a *dear* boy. What a *charming* little fellow!" Lewis stood bowing and scraping before the applause, gesticulating the while as though entreating the bestowal of a few coppers. Suddenly a wild feminine shriek rent the air, and the plaudits came to an abrupt cessation.

Bewildered by his unaccustomed surroundings, and driven wild by the tumult of applause, the monkey had forgotten its accustomed docility. Leaping from its perch, it ran swiftly across the stage, and, bounding across the footlights, ran grimacing, chattering, biting, and scratching, full tilt at the astonished audience.

V.

GREAT was the confusion that prevailed. Mistaking her gesticulations for an invitation to approach, the monkey first essayed to seek shelter in the lap of a buxom dame, who shrank back in a state of aversion and alarm bordering upon hysteria. The gallant

was otherwise a singularly vigorous old gentleman, aimed a sweeping stroke at the intruder, and, missing his mark, caught the bishop a most resounding whack on the calf. (The good man had been expatiating only five minutes before on his delight at encountering so many things that reminded him of his youth.) Now the monkey deserted his first refuge and ran a muck amongst the audience, causing the ladies to scatter helter-skelter in all directions. All the school had now joined in the pursuit, and foremost amongst them were Carter, Bannister, and I, still clad in our motley garments, and frantic with alarm at the sudden turn of



LEWIS REMAINED ON THE STAGE,
GRINDING AWAY AT THE
HURDY-GURDY.

general, advancing to the rescue, essayed to seize on Master Jacko, but for his pains received a vicious bite, which caused him to give vent to his feelings in language more becoming the barrack-room than the decorous assembly of which he formed part. Then the judge, who walked by the aid of a stick, but

affairs. Meanwhile, Lewis—whether of malice aforethought, or whether unaware in his excitement of what he was doing, I know not—remained in the centre of the stage grinding away at the hurdy-gurdy as fast as his arm could turn the handle. The discordant notes of the miserable instrument

made a fitting orchestral accompaniment to the babel which was in progress. This way and that way went the little ape, dodging, spitting, scratching, clawing, biting, grimacing, chattering, swearing, whilst its pursuers, impeded by their own numbers, charged vigorously into one another, stumbled tumultuously over one another, grabbed one another under the impression they were effecting a capture, chastised one another with blindly-aimed strokes, and encountered the full force of missiles of every description aimed with more vigour than judgment at the cause of the confusion. At last the monkey succeeded in getting back to the stage, and, eluding the outstretched arms of Joey, swarmed up one of the side curtains and there remained, trembling in every limb with fear and anger.

"There now," said the general soothingly. "Was he frightened of the noise then? Pretty little fellow—ah!"—as the monkey made a sudden move as if to pounce on the speaker—"would you, you miserable brute?"

"Butler!" commanded the Head, speaking in determined accents.

"Yes, sir?" interrogated Joey.

"Obtain a ladder forthwith, and remove this wretched animal."

"Yes, sir;" responded Joey, in tones of evident misgiving. With scarce concealed delight, we boys watched the unhappy butler essay his task. Very gingerly did Joey go to work, the slightest hostile demonstration on the part of Jacko being sufficient to cause the servant to descend rapidly two or three rungs of the ladder. At last, when, in obedience to the Head's angry mandates, the butler actually made an attempt to catch hold of the monkey, he got so badly clawed as to cause him to call out in agonised tones, which evoked a roar of unsympathetic laughter.

The scene was put an end to by the forethought of young Lewis, who, becoming alarmed at the turn things had taken, had laid aside the organ and slipped out to find its true owner. The latter now appeared in a high state of indignation and of alarm for the safety of his pet. As soon as the latter saw its master it slipped down from the curtain, and, evading the hands stretched out to seize it, made its way towards him. The Italian snatched the monkey up in his arms and soothed it into quiescence with the soft cooing language of a Southern clime, interspersed with various disparaging asides hurled at us in broken English, but which were sufficiently intelligible to convey the impression that the speaker did not think much of our united intelligence.

"There, there," said the Head, at last. "That will do, my boy, that will do. Take your pet away, and do not let him intrude again within the precincts of the school. I fear, Lewis, your zeal has outrun your discretion. Ladies and gentlemen, we will now, if you please, resume our programme, and I purpose to do so with the succeeding item. We have all, I think, had enough of *King John*, and, h'm, ah, need hardly pause to inquire—er, how it all came right in *The Wash*."

Which was really rather good for the old Head. The next item was announced, and gradually the ruffled feelings of the audience subsided and the usual decorous calm was restored. In the subsequent official account of the proceedings no allusion was made to the juniors' contribution to the entertainment, nor did we hear anything further of the matter. Yet, strange to relate, never again—at least in my time—were the Lower School invited to take part in a similar function.





HOW TO RIDE A FREE WHEEL MACHINE.

A GOOD deal has been written at one time or another as to the free wheel itself—its principles and mechanism—but what is, after all, more important from a rider's point of view is information, rarely given, as to how a machine fitted with the device should be ridden. When the free wheel was first introduced many cyclists, even those of many years experience, decided against it because it meant that they had to "unlearn" all they had previously learnt on the "fixed" wheel and had to acquaint themselves with a new method altogether. It is, of course, a fact that the riding of a free wheel machine is very different practice from that of riding the now almost old-fashioned "fixed" variety, which is at once proved on an initial spin, but this is perhaps the only real objection that can be made, and, as a rule, it is one which is at once dissipated as soon as the pleasures of the new form are experienced. The first great difference which the cyclist riding a free wheel for the first time will find is the entire absence of back-peddalling power. The fixed-wheel rider depended, to a large extent, upon this for his brakage, but the free-wheeler finds the absence more than made up by the aid of an additional brake either of the back-peddalling form or one actuated by a lever in the usual way on to the rim of the front wheel. In this matter of brakes it is worthy of note that the free wheel is responsible for the much-improved and vastly more efficient brakes now fitted to machines than were in vogue before the device came into

popular use. With the demand came the supply.

The somewhat novel, and at first almost uncanny, feeling of being without power to retard the machine by back-peddalling, as is generally understood by the term, very quickly wears off, and the rider begins to experience the pleasure of swift and silent coasting without having to perch his feet upon the foot-rests of the machine—an action, by the way, which is neither good from a physical point of view, owing to the tendency of the muscles to set when the legs are in this unusual position, nor good from a point of view of security, since, obviously, the very last part of a machine which should be used for resting the feet upon when coasting by the old-fashioned method is the forks, where the steering is likely to be affected, and, in the need of a sudden deviation from the straight course, likely to be disturbed—with serious results.

DO NOT SPURT AND DRIFT ALTERNATELY.

The fact of riding a free wheel machine should not be the excuse for drifting down every slight decline—if it is thus used it will be found that the rider is several miles per hour slower over a journey than if he had pedalled in the usual way, as on a fixed wheel. Nor should the rider spurt and free wheel alternately—this is bad practice and also bad economy, because the effort of spurting calls for more muscular exertion than the subsequent drift gives in rest, while also it is not good form. The free wheel should be called

into play only down hills of appreciable grade, and on these it will, in most cases, prove to be faster and certainly always easier than pedalling.

NEAT AND ACCURATE PEDALLING THE RESULT OF RIDING A FREE WHEEL.

The beginner on the free wheel quickly discovers the need for neat and accurate pedalling, another good result of using the device. With the fixed wheel, clumsy pedalling is often smothered by the fact that the cranks are fixed and bound to come up each time by the very momentum of the machine, even though a retarding power were, by bad pedalling, placed upon them just before the upstroke was actually completed—a very common fault. Now, however, any action of this kind would mean that the crank would not carry over the dead centre, but that involuntarily the rider would free wheel, the position of the cranks being to all intents and purposes vertical—say the right foot at the highest and the left at the lowest point of the pedal path. Attention, therefore, must, at the first, with those who are weak in this respect, be paid, and care be taken to lift the feet on the upstroke, dropping the heel just as the dead centre is passed. In time, in fact, after but a few spins, habitually good pedalling will unconsciously follow.

WHAT TO DO WHEN COASTING.

When coasting a hill, always be ready to apply the brakes in case of need, for on these you depend for safety. If the main brake, *i.e.*, that acting upon the back wheel, is of the "one point" back-pedalling variety, the cranks should be so placed that by a slight backward movement the power can be at once applied. If, on the other hand, it is on the "all point" system, there is, of course, no need for this precaution, because it means that the brake can be at once applied, no matter what the position of the cranks may be. "All point" brakes, however, are by no means common, and are, in fact, but rarely found on the machines of today, the tendency rather being in the direction of making the wheel absolutely free and providing adequate brake power by means of two brakes actuated by levers from the handle bar on to the back and front wheels respectively. Regard the back brake as the mainstay, and only use the front brake in rare cases, when additional power is required.

In going down really steep hills, however, it will be found as well to have both brakes in operation, each brake being held up to its work with moderate firmness—the strain being thus better distributed.

WHEN TO RESUME PEDALLING AFTER COASTING.

After coasting a hill do not let the pace of the machine drop too low, but resume pedalling when you are moving at an eight or ten miles per hour pace. When dismounting, do so either by the pedal or step—the former is the prettier and just as good. In this case, of course, the dismount is best made with the left pedal hanging at its lowest point and should not be made until the machine is travelling but slowly—in fact, the rider should step off. In mounting, follow the usual method, but do not really make the first push until the crank is well over the dead centre, otherwise it is quite possible that the cranks will be pushed back the reverse way, the pedals missed, and a good crack on the shins result. After but a few rides these points are not even to be remembered—they will come naturally.

The free wheel is now, it almost goes without saying, fitted to nearly all bicycles, and it is certain that, apart from its intrinsic merit and the added pleasure it gives to riding, it has led to far more efficient cycling than was the case before it came into use in the refined form in which it is now made.

NOTES AND NEWS.

RAILWAY REFORM FOR CYCLISTS.



At last something tangible has resulted from the negotiations which were started in November last between the National Cyclists' Union, the Cyclists' Touring Club, and the Scottish Cyclists' Union, acting for cyclists generally, and the Railway Companies' Association. The result must be regarded as highly satisfactory since, amongst other concessions, the railway companies have agreed to abolish the special "owners' risk" rate as well as the rule of compelling cyclists to agree to the company being free from all risk.

THE EXTENT OF THE RAILWAY COMPANIES' LIABILITY.

The result goes much farther than this, for, under the new arrangements, the railway companies agree to accept liability in regard to claims for loss or damage over ten shillings,

but if the cyclist wishes to insure against loss or damage for this sum and under he can do so by paying one penny insurance fee, which gives cover for any distance; otherwise he takes the risk. Of course, any damage sustained by a machine and upon which a claim may be made, must be pointed out before the machine is taken away from the railway company's premises.

RAILWAY PRECAUTIONS FOR SAFE TRANSIT.

Proper accommodation will be provided for the safe conveyance of machines, and to show how thoroughly the companies intend dealing in future with this cycle traffic, they have decided to issue to their servants instructions as to the correct and proper manner in which machines shall be handled, so that the somewhat familiar sight of a porter lifting a cycle into the guard's van by means of the spokes and any other similarly unsuitable part of the machine that may strike him as handy, should quickly become a thing of the past.

THE NEW CARRYING RATES.

With regard to the carrying rates, these have been favourably revised, but only so far as the minimum rates are concerned. The new minimum tariff is twenty-five miles for sixpence, fifty miles for one shilling, and so on at the same scale. It was hoped to secure better terms in this respect, but much has been gained quite apart from the matter of carrying rates, and cyclists all round should be satisfied.

The allied bodies acting for cyclists are to be congratulated on the excellent result of their work.

THE OBSERVANCE OF CAUTION AND DANGER BOARDS.

It is becoming a rather common practice to regard lightly, if not to ignore altogether, the caution and danger boards now so well placed all over the country. Why this should be is rather difficult to understand, because it stands to reason that before any board of this kind has been erected its need has been properly determined by those competent to judge. During the recent Easter holidays a cyclist met his death owing, it is stated, to this very disregard of the warning notice. One is rather apt to think that because a decline may in itself be easily negociable the need for warning is not apparent, but it should be remembered that there are many hills which, although so far as decline alone

is concerned, are absolutely safe, yet contain such twists and curves as to render them quite dangerous to the ordinary cyclist and especially to the man who does not know the locality. A hill marked with a caution board should be ridden with caution, but one marked "Dangerous" should be walked, no matter how expert the cyclist or how well-equipped with brakes his machine may be.

TOURING FROM A CENTRE.

This form of touring has come into vogue during the last few years, and, when the holiday is limited in time, offers the best means of a comfortable and enjoyable vacation. The selection of a good centre in a good district is not a difficult matter. Daily out and home circular tours are taken in various directions, the tourist returning each night to his headquarters, where a proper change of clothes and other comforts are thus always available. If luggage is sent down by train there is absolute freedom from this encumbrance, for, although the tourist is generally depicted looking happy with some fourteen pounds of luggage behind his machine, there is not one who would not rather be without it. Another advantage of this form of touring is that the selected district can be thoroughly and properly explored. At Easter-time, particularly, is this plan adopted, the duration of the holiday and the season of the year with its chilly evenings rendering the convenience and comfort of a definite headquarters particularly acceptable.

43 MILES 686 YARDS IN ONE HOUR.

It is not very often that records are beaten in England so early in the year as Easter, and certainly not such a thoroughly exploited and difficult record as the one hour, but on Easter Monday, when Emile Bouhours, the crack French middle-distance racing-man, met W. T. Hall, of this country, in a fifty miles motor-paced race on the Canning Town track, the former "put up" the distance named, which is British record, and, moreover, covered one of the miles *en route* in the world's record time of 1min. 14 4-5sec. Bouhours led from the start, and, as a matter of fact, won in the easiest possible manner, although it is only fair to state that Hall was considerably handicapped by having to change his machine at three miles and also by inferior pacing. Bouhours, who thus again places his name on the English record books, is one of the most consistent of all the Continental middle-distance riders. When

ever he mounts he may always be relied upon for a good race and a good performance.

WIND SHIELDS USED.

The motor bicycles which were used for pacing were fitted with wind shields, an enormous advantage on such a day as Easter Monday, when the wind was particularly strong and the temperature bitterly cold. It is a pity, however, from a sporting point of view, that wind shields are allowed, as they introduce such an element of artificiality into racing as to make it difficult to determine the athletic merit of any performance in which they are used.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Join (Edinburgh).—A Lucas's "King of the Road," *rummelled*, and burning good oil, will give you every satisfaction provided you give the lamp proper attention. See detailed remarks on lamps in a former number. **H. H.** (West Didsbury).—Your Rudge-Whitworth should stand you in good stead. The Clincher A-Won tyres are all right. I don't think yours have become porous, and, indeed, there is grave doubt as to the whole question of porosity in good rubber tyres. A careful examination either by yourself or some patient workman will probably result in the detection of some small puncture, or possibly the trouble lies in the valve seating or in the valve itself. Do not introduce any of the sticky mixtures to the inside of the inner tube. "**Rota**" (Southend-on-Sea).—1. The New Rapid is all right. As for long cranks, I think a slight lengthening, say half an inch more than you have been accustomed to, will reduce your tendency to have attacks of cramp. The causes of cramp are having too long a reach, having clothing which gives improper pressure somewhere (as, for example, in the case of riders who wear garters or knee-straps instead of suspenders), riding too fast or too far, or doing "forced marches" without sufficient nourishment. In short, the chief causes of cramp may be grouped under the phrase, "defective circulation." No special make of machine will give you immunity. Practice and attention to the ordinary laws of health will put you right, if, as I judge from your handwriting, you are a person of normal constitution and vigour. If cramp occurs in bed at night, there is a remedy which I have known effective in many cases. Raise the framework of the head of the bed four inches higher than the foot. In this way the action of gravitation gently aids a more ample supply of blood to the legs and feet. 2. Lucas's lamps may always be relied upon. Personally, I still prefer oil, as I think it more trustworthy provided always that the hints given in my chapter on lamps are kept in mind. 3. Probably 26 inches; but to be sure I must have what is called a "fork measurement," which is taken inside the rider's leg when he is standing erect on the ground with straightened knees and shoeless feet. "**Mastiff**" (Brighton).

—Pleased to hear from you again, and from any girl readers at all times. 1. I think your brother will find the three-speed Raleigh to be a good thing. I was years ago convinced upon the free wheel principle. You had better do as I did: possess your soul in patience, and wait till you can afford a new one. 2. You did well to polish up for the summer season. The work is greatly lessened if the machine passes its period of fallow in vaseline. 3. I'm glad you at last found the wood with the daffodils in it. To my eye there is no colour more beautiful than yellow in a flower. 4. The drink question is a difficult one, as you say. Some day I may write a whole chapter on it. I suspect that you do not always ride with the mouth closed, breathing through the nose only. If not, you will find the adoption of the practice makes a wonderful difference. It is difficult to prescribe for you. In this country most of the temperance drinks are "faked up" with chemicals, and lack the attractiveness which characterises them in America and makes them so popular in the States. As for milk, it's a question for the individual to discover for himself. I can take it with benefit. Water is a fine drink if you can trust its purity, but there is often that "if." A good brand of ginger beer, or ginger ale (which you didn't name), is a fine thing to catch on to; but the finest absolute thirst killer known is good potash water, and for choice some that has not been kept near ice. 5. If you are not tired after sixty miles it means that sixty is not too much. Nature has given her sanction to the feat, otherwise she would let you know about it. 6. The pun about the motor was indeed shocking. I wish you a fine summer. **L. B.** (Basingstoke). It is not possible at a distance to appraise the value of your mount. From the description I should think it is a trifle out of date. I could not say what you ought to give for a second-hand one in its place. It depends on make, age, appearance, fashion, the time of year, and the locality. "**A Captain Reader**,"—I have mislaid your address, and so could not answer through the post. 1. About 15s. This would include the cost of unbuilding and rebuilding, and new spokes and nipples. 2. About 2s. 6d. 3. They vary according to size and design. Consult Gamage. 4. Yes. 5. The Royal Enfield is good. "**Hazlewood**,"—You will obtain full particulars as to membership of the Cyclists' Touring Club from Mr. E. R. Shipton, Victoria Street, S.W., while, if you write to Mr. S. R. Noble, National Cyclists' Union, Lonsdale Chambers, Chancery Lane, he will similarly advise you as to membership of that body. **F. Rushton**.—The ash or soot which forms on the burner of your acetylene lamp is owing to your not keeping the light up to its proper strength. If you see that the light is right in this respect, you will find that the combustion is practically perfect, and no such deposit as you mention will form. **G. W. Berry**.—I am pleased to know that the "Premier" bicycle has been so satisfactory. The New Forest route you mention I have toured over several times, while the Shaftesbury journey also brings back to mind a pleasant tour in that district. I think you would do well to have a Smith's band fitted, as you suggest. I shall hope to hear from you again.



MY RUN FOR

LIFE

A WOLF STORY.



GEORGE SOPER

By
CLIVE
PHILLIPPS-
WOLLEY.

Illustrated
by
GEO. SOPER.

IT is a long time ago now, and since then I have myself killed many wolves, generally from a "stand" where the foresters have placed me. You wait dumb as Death until the horn sounds, and then before the timid roedeer, or even the foxes think it necessary to flee, the slinking grey brute comes, looking back and listening for the faint sounds behind, but never dreaming of the danger behind the oak bole.

But these are everyday experiences. My first meeting with wolves was not an everyday affair, and, because of that and because our earliest experiences are always most clearly photographed on our minds, I can even now recall clearly every detail of that trip to the White Forest.

I can hear the sleigh bells ringing in the street. I can see the long line of equipages in the snow outside my father's door, and I can remember the contrast between our great rooms with polished floors and pink oleanders blooming in the pleasant heat of them, and the white cold street leading straight through the town, out on to the desolate steppe beyond.

In England, where I have travelled since those days, the towns fade gradually into the country. There are suburbs and country houses, and then farms, and, perhaps, sometimes, as in Devon, a stretch of waste land at last; but, even there, there is almost always a house in sight.

It is not so in Russia.

Our land is so big that the people are

afraid of its vast spaces and huddle together for protection from the unconquered world outside.

Inside the town it is all Man and Man's Affairs, but directly you pass beyond the long main street it is Steppe, Steppe, and the waste wind-swept home of wild things.

But that morning the wildness of Russia only added to its charm, and no one was so happy as I, tucked away in a huge bearskin by the side of Stepan, our red-shirted driver, whilst his three little doves, as he called his greys, harnessed abreast, went at a gallop through the sparkling snow dust.

We were going to my father's annual wolf hunt, and going in great style, because we had for our guest the General Prince Krasnikoff, an old gentleman with rows and rows of orders and medals and a temper like that of mother's pet pug-dog.

How I hated that man, especially because, when he came, I was always obliged to dress in my very best, speak French instead of my native tongue, and show off all the airs and graces which my poor father paid Monsieur to teach me!

And even so I was no gainer by my exhibitions, for the old man was bored by children and had never ceased telling my father that to take children to a hunt was to court an accident.

However, that was too much for father. He always had taken me, and always would, but he bent to the great man to the extent of putting me in the sleigh with Stepan and some of the provisions, whilst he drove with the prince, listening courteously to his yarns instead of, as usual, telling me about every beast and bird as we passed it.

However, it was good enough for me with Stepan, until the keen air after lunch and the long drive and the ringing of the sleigh bells overcame me, and I slept a sleep that was better than most wakings, just sufficiently conscious for enjoyment.

When I woke, what a world I was in!

The light had gone, or all but gone, and I drew closer to Stepan, because the slim swaying shapes on either side of me nodded and curtsied until I thought that they must be the wood spirits I had heard tell of. Stepan said that they were, but that in the daylight men called them birches, and were not afraid of them.

And then the moon came up and it was frosted silver everywhere, with jewels hung on the trees where the light from our lamps struck them, and ahead of us a

great red star on the edge of an endless black barrier, which I knew was our lodge on the edge of the White Forest.

There was a merry meal in the lodge, and half an hour, a very short half-hour, on a rug by the foresters' camp-fire for me, and then I was ordered off to bed, and the very next moment, it seemed, I woke at a whistle under the window, and, peering out, saw some indistinct figures gather together and go off silently towards the forest.

They, I knew, were the beaters, and I envied them, because, though they would have a long, long wait at their posts, knee deep, perhaps, in the snow until the daylight came and the "guns" had all been posted, they would see more of the shy wild citizens of that snow-buried forest than ever the "guns" would see.

The "guns" see the wild things for a moment, whilst they are escaping for their lives, and the daylight wanderer only sees and half interprets the tracks written on the forest floor; but the beaters, lying still in the half-light, see wolves, perhaps, and the great wild boars and the dainty roe deer and plenty of small beasts, like martens and polecats and foxes, going unconcernedly about their own business. That is the essence of sport.

I could not sleep any more after that whistle, but lay awake until breakfast-time, and showed temper I am afraid at the prince's attempts at chaff, because I knew that it was on his account that, for the first time since I had been old enough to go with father, I was to be left behind, instead of being allowed to curl up at the foresters' feet just behind the master's "stand."

The master (my father) always used to say that I was less trouble than his best-trained spaniel, and my reward was that I was to be left behind!

Father told me to be a good lad and keep close to the house whilst they were away, and even whispered promises of better things for the future, but the future seemed to be a long way away. When the sleighs had vanished into that mysterious forest, I could see no reason for father's commands.

That's the worst of it. If "grown-ups" would only tell you why you must not do things you would not do them, and I should not have disobeyed father anyhow if I had thought that he would have really minded. I thought he had told me to stop in the house just to please the old prince, and the prince was not my father, and I cared more for a *man* like my father than for any number of

old gentlemen who wore medals and had never seen a battle.

For old Krasilnikoff was a civil general, you know, not a soldier at all, but just a kind of government official, and that made me think less of him than I should have done if he had been a proper soldier like my father, or had not called himself a general.

I don't see how a man can be a general who has never seen a battle.

But this only by way of apology for my own misconduct.

As the morning wore on I could not keep in bounds. Once or twice I heard the distant reports of rifles in the forest, and though I set baits for them, not so much as a crow would come within range of the little rook rifle which winked and called to me from its slings above the fireplace.

Then, away out on the snow I saw a fox nosing about for beetles. Of course he would not come within range, so I *had* to go out to him, and he led me farther and farther away, until at last I was half-way up the big rolling swell which hides the plains from our lodge windows.

It could do no harm to go a few yards further and look over the brow of it, so I went, and, lying on my stomach in the snow, I saw not one, but a dozen foxes poking about here and there and everywhere for anything with life in it, or that might be eaten, under the snow.

Here was my chance. If I could only get near enough to one of them I might yet beat that old prince. I felt sure that he could not shoot, and would get nothing.

So I went on, and the foxes led me from point to point, always a little too far from me for me to shoot, until at last I was climbing the hogsback which looks down upon the lake where the miners last year found copper.

It was supposed to be two miles from the lodge, but it did not look a mile.

That is the worst of our big plains. You never know how far you have come until you want to get back again.

Now old Ivan, our head man, had taught me never to *walk* over a skyline until I had *looked over* it, so I crawled up and peeped first, and this probably saved my life.

At first I could see nothing. The foxes had all vanished, and I was just going to turn back when my eye, glancing wide to my right, lit upon a whole band of foxes, twenty or thirty of them, in a group.

All that I had been following in the morning must have banded together. But stay!

Do foxes band together? I knew that Ivan said that they did not, and now that I looked more closely I saw that these were far too big for foxes, though the distance made them look smaller than they were.

Then one rose and stood against the skyline for a moment. He looked larger than our village cattle.

They were wolves, a band of them, some sitting on their haunches, some strolling about uneasily, and some playing pranks with a monstrous old beast which sat up in their midst, snapping and snarling at all who came near her.

I suppose that, being Russian-born, I ought to have realised my danger at once, but I did not.

Instead, I lay there for fully ten minutes watching the gambols of the great gaunt beasts. They could not see me, and they were ever so far away. But at last one of them spoke. It was the one upon the skyline, and although he gave but a whimper it had in it the echo of the dreaded wolf note, and made my hair rise and my feet itch to be gone.

I needed no second bidding, but turned down the slope and ran for all I was worth. The second hogsback, the one near home, looked a long way off then, and the snow, which had not bothered me as I strolled along in the morning, seemed to swallow me up to the knees and hold me fast now that I was in such a desperate hurry to get back.

I was half-fainting with fatigue, my knees knocking together, my feet stumbling over one another, and my very coat wet through with perspiration, in spite of the frost, when I reached the swell from which I could see our lodge, and I was thankful for the sharp breeze which sprang up and blew in my face, cooling me and giving me fresh strength.

Until then the breeze had been behind me, but as the sun went down it must have changed round, and not alone cooled me but carried my scent and betrayed me to the wolves just when their hour for work had come.

The message that the breeze took brought back an answer almost as quickly as the telegraph does.

Home seemed a long way off when I reached the top of that rise. It was half a mile in the morning, it was two miles and more now, and when a long, wailing cry came to me over the snow, followed by another and another, the distance doubled again.

I was Russian-born and knew wolf-lar-

guage; I knew that the grey noses were up asking more questions of the breeze that had betrayed me, and then I knew that they had the line and were already after me with that horrible mechanical stride which has no spurts in it and no lessening of speed as mile after mile goes by.

I ran and prayed. We Russians pray always when we are in trouble, and I threw off my cap to pray better and dropped my fur coat in the snow that I might run faster, but for all that I fell time and again, and all the strength and all the pluck had gone from me, when I heard my name called and saw two men running towards me as surely no men ever ran before.

and to my frightened eyes they looked gigantic.

"Lie down, little one, lie down," roared Ivan, and as I fell on my face two bees seemed to hum past me, but they must have had stings in their tails, for almost with the reports of the two rifles came a scream from the pack, and struggling to my knees I saw the wolves all bunched together and apparently fighting amongst themselves.

The next moment I was snatched up in Ivan's strong arms, and I could hear the breath sobbing through his great brown beard as he floundered with me through the snow.

"That hillock, Vassily," he shouted. "It's our only chance. Shoot again, boy. It won't stop them though to-night. It is their time now."

"Their time." Yes, that was just it. The sparkle had gone from the snow with the sun, and the long lands looked bitter and cruel at the edge of the winter's night, a desolate time, and fit for wolf's work.

Vassily fired again into the thick of our enemies, and again there came that snarling yell in answer to the shot.

"Good," grunted Ivan. "Pray God they heard that at the lodge."

"They heard it," panted the lad as he joined us on the hillock. "Don't you see them coming? It will be a bad time for the wolves directly."

"May be, but *they* are coming, too. It is a race. Shoot!"

As Ivan spoke I saw the pack pour down the hogsback and drive straight for us.

They had tasted blood and they knew the winter hunger, and though the kneeling men shot steadily and well, the shots hardly made the pack waver any more.

As a sea breaks round a rock and recoils for a moment, only to gather force and come again, so that howling wave of death raced up to our vantage ground, and for a moment



THEN THERE CAME A CHOKING GASP.

They were Ivan Ivannitch and his son, the great boy Vassily, my playmate.

For a moment I felt safe again, and struggled manfully to meet them, but, fool-like, I looked over my shoulder—and that finished me.

The wolves were streaming over the ridge,

broke and wavered before the steady front of the two men.

It was a sight that I can never forget.

All the savagery of our northern steppe lands, all the hunger of our winters, all the misery of our howling winds, seemed to have taken shape and substance in those grey demons who threatened us with their white fangs and glared at us with their greenish eyes.

"Shoot the she-wolf," I heard Ivan shout, but though two wolves fell, the fiend which seemed to lead them escaped. Then some of the "forwards" made a rush, and whilst Ivan and his son beat them off (there was not time now to fire) the she-wolf sneaked round to our rear. I saw her coming, but could not make Ivan understand, and the next moment she rushed in without a sound and pinned the old man behind the knee-joint.

I, who had seen her come, struck wildly at her with my rook rifle, but she took no heed of my puny blows and would have had Ivan down but for Vassily, who broke her back and the stock of his own rifle with such a stroke as only Russian axemen can give.

Then it was all teeth and flaming eyes and a strong dog-like stench, whilst the men fought for dear life.

"Keep the lad between us," I heard Ivan call, but at that very moment something dragged me away, and I went rolling down the far side of the hillock, and then it seemed to me as if I fell, and fell for ever, as one does in a dream.

The next thing that I can remember was a hideous pain in my arm, and then in the dark a sound of worrying and growling, half-beast, half-human, and the touch of a warm shaggy coat inextricably mixed up with the arms and legs of a man.

Then there came a choking gasp or two, and after that silence until a man's voice spoke, and it was Ivan's.

"So much for you, you son of a dog."

The man rose, and in the half-darkness I could see that it was Ivan, but I could not see what the limp mass was at his feet.

Later, I knew that it was the body of a throttled wolf, throttled by a Russian peasant's bare hands, the same wolf that had dragged me down the hill and by our combined weight had broken through the snow-bridge which lay over the mouth of an old prospector's shaft, till then hidden by the snow.

Our cone, on which we had made our short stand, was the dump or stone pile at the

mouth of this shaft, and the brave old man had not stopped for an instant to calculate the depth of the shaft when he saw his master's son disappear. Jumping into the dark he had landed on my hand, worse luck, and so brought me back out of my swoon, but he had gripped the wolf before it had time to recover from the surprise of its fall, and there, whilst I lay momentarily unconscious, had choked the life out of it.

Vassily, too, was in the pit, and now, looking up, we could see the gleaming eyes of our enemies and hear their heavy breathings as they sniffed and hesitated to follow us.

It was, with them, a battle between prudence and hunger. If one jumped all would jump, and in that narrow shaft it is hideous to think of what would have happened.

They, at least, would never have got out again, though the pit was not twenty feet deep, but then, neither should we!

But we were not to die that time, for suddenly there came to us a cry which *always* makes my blood tingle. That day it meant not sport but life.

It was the deep, full-throated cry of the hounds.

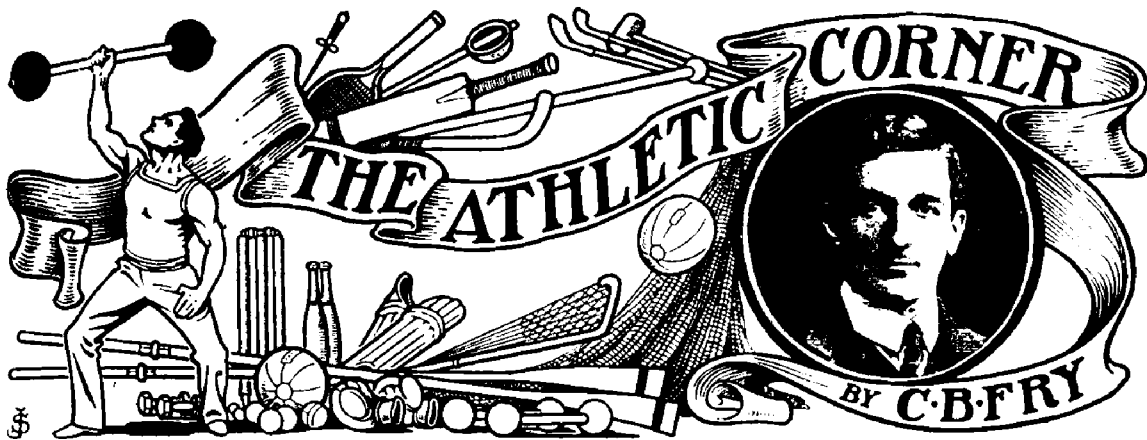
"Thank Heaven they have loosed the pack. Now we are saved," cried Ivan; and as the watching eyes disappeared from the pit's mouth at that first deep chorus, the old peasant dropped on his knees where he was and muttered, I know not what, to the Father our peasants believe in more than men who should know better than they.

When they had hauled us up and made some sort of a rough splint for my arm there was not a wolf in sight, but the snow was trampled with their feet, and far away, near the horizon, were three dim specks hurrying into space.

"A wolf and two of the hounds," my father said, and I suppose he was right, for when the men got our pack together again next day they found three wolves which had no bullet wounds on them, and beside one of them (a great she-wolf) lay old Tiger, his scarred face marked with fresh scars, his ears torn, and his leg bitten through near the shoulder, but too proud or too sulky to come home until some one he knew had seen what he had done.

Dear old chap, he is alive still, though he is too stiff to hunt, and General Krasilnikoff says that he led our pack by lengths from the moment they were loosed at the lodge.

And it was Krasilnikoff, too stout and too old to run, who thought of loosing them!



CONCERNING CRICKET PITCHES.

THE modern first-class groundman has, as you know, reduced the making of cricket pitches to a superfine art.

Indeed, I hardly like to use the name of groundman in connection with the artists who produce the beautiful slabs of glorified turf at the Oval, Lord's, Trent Bridge, and other first-class grounds. No one who has seen Mr. Apted, for instance, exercising his authority over the Oval greensward, would ever think of any title for him less dignified than "custodian of the arena." Why, he is the most important official at the Oval outside the pavilion. Mr. Craig, the poet, calls himself the captain of the spectators, but he exercises no command over the crowd at all equal to that of Mr. Apted. Let but an unauthorised person make a show of trespassing on the sacred roped-in square in the middle of the Oval, and he is straightway warned off in a voice of thunder. And in moving people on Mr. Apted equals about six policemen. Why, even if you are engaged in the match, and consider yourself rather exempt from ordinary restrictions, you must take care. You must not make a short cut to the practice-nets across the roped-in area. By no means! If you attempt this short cut, kindly but firmly Mr. Apted will point out to you a longer and a bet-

ter path—just outside and round, please, sir. Even Bobby Abel dares not trespass. Nay, I have witnessed the discomfiture of even the Hon. F. S. Jackson when he

was for examining the wicket too closely on the morning of a test-match. But it is agreed that an artist who can make wickets such as we enjoy at the Oval must be allowed to domineer a bit. Every live thing at the Oval obeys Mr. Apted, except the sparrows: they are beyond him and he pretends not to see them.

What is the secret of making these perfect pitches such as Mr. Apted makes at the Oval, Mr. Hearne at Catford, and Mr. Somebody at every county ground? Cannot the secret be surprised and carried away for use on every school and club ground in England?

Well, now, the truth is that, except in the case of marl-made wickets, about which I speak below, there is no particular secret about artistic pitch-making. Provided you start with a ground that is well laid on good soil and well-drained, you can make a magnificent wicket without much trouble. The two cardinal principles of pitch-making are, first, to make any alterations or improvements (in the shape of re-turfing, etc.) in October or November; and, secondly, to do your rolling in February or there-



MR. S. APTEd AT THE OVAL.
"Custodian of the arena."
Photo Geo. Newnes, Ltd.

abouts. The great mistakes made by amateur groundmen are to put off improvements till the spring, and rolling till the season actually begins. Then, there are a few details about how to prepare and mend pitches which must be observed: but the only secret about these is to see that they are observed.

It is perfectly astonishing how much can be done just by rolling. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that half the bad pitches belonging to small clubs, villages, and schools could be made really first-rate if only their owners would take the trouble to roll them assiduously and thoroughly in February or March. Then is the time to make pitches. Any fairly good ground that is well rolled then needs little preparation when the season comes. First-class pitches are really prepared in February by the roller; by that slow old horse at the Oval, for instance, wandering up and down so systematically when the Oval is a bare and deserted expanse of ordinary-looking turf. The preparation that immediately precedes a match is, in fact, merely a process of finishing and polishing. And, by the way, the one thing that you must not do is to roll a pitch when the frost is in it. You should hear Mr. Apter on the subject of frosts in the spring! Frost makes the surface of the pitch very brittle, and the result of rolling is simply to break up the pitch and make it crumble.



"THAT SLOW OLD HORSE AT THE OVAL."
Photo Geo. Newnes, Ltd.

It sounds too simple to say that the secret of making good pitches is judicious rolling in the early spring. But it holds true not only for ordinary cases of fairly good grounds but for strips of previously unused meadowland. Where inexperienced pitch-makers fail is precisely here: they think they can make good pitches by simply slushing on some water a few days before the match and then rolling. The result of this hasty preparation is merely to smooth out small surface inequalities: it does not bind the turf thoroughly into a sound pitch that will withstand wear and tear.

In the case of a ground that is bad simply from the turf being too thick and matted, the important thing is to cut the grass off close as soon as the young spring herbage has got a fair start in order that the surface of the pitch may have a chance of drying well after it has been rolled. Thick grass on a pitch protects the soil from the drying influence of the sun and wind, and is itself very retentive of moisture. This kind of turf, unless properly attended to, is too loose and too easily cut up for a good pitch. Sometimes it seems as though the root fibres of the grass, instead of forming a binding web in the soil, are somewhat above ground and make a kind of loose surface mat. It is difficult to improve this sort of turf in one season. But once get



ROLLING THE PITCH AT THE OVAL JUST BEFORE A MATCH.
Photo Geo. Newnes, Ltd.

the grass crisp and short and the roller will produce a sound surface.

But there are two kinds of bad pitches which cannot be made good by rolling however seasonable and assiduous. These are the pitch where there is only an inch or two of surface soil between the turf and either outright gravel or some very stony sub-soil, and the pitch that is composed of sparse grass or some very light friable soil such as sand or peat.

Thin gravel-lined turf can only be turned into a sound cricket pitch by the somewhat laborious process of stripping off the turf on the required area, digging out the gravel to the depth of about a foot, and then filling in with loam or good soil. Unless this is done the pitch can never be anything but bumpy and fiery in dry weather. But there is this consolation, that if the trouble and expense of putting in the new sub-soil is once got over, the pitch becomes excellent because the gravel underneath drains it so admirably.

Loose, sandy, or peaty soil is the commonest enemy of the pitch-maker. But, fortunately, it is very easy to turn a bad pitch of this kind into a good one by the well-known process of top-dressing with clay or marl. The use of clay or marl on turf that is naturally sound and good is perhaps a mistake, and there has been a great outcry against the use of marl upon county grounds.

But the case of an ordinary school or club ground is quite different. The best stuff to use is undoubtedly the famous red marl, which comes from Nottingham, because it does not hold the wet like ordinary clay; but failing red marl, ordinary clay will do. There is no mystery or difficulty about the marl or clay made pitch: the secret of success is attention to detail. In October or November the stuff should be spread over the required area in lumps and left until, by the action of the frosts, it has become brittle. It should then be broken up as nearly as possible into dust and spread out into a layer of even depth. This layer should be from half an inch to an inch and a half in depth. It is important that it be not too shallow, otherwise there is danger of patchiness, nor too deep, for fear the grass may fail to force its way up and through. After the clay is thus spread it may be left till the following spring. The rain will wash some of it down into the turf

and the grass will grow up through it. About March the surface should be rolled with a light roller. It is a mistake to roll at all till the grass has shown up well all over the dressed area, for if the clay is caked tightly the blades may not be able to come through at all. And it is a mistake to use a heavy roller, because it may compress the grass into the clay and kill it. A clay or marl made pitch requires much less rolling than ordinary turf. There is no doubt that hundreds and hundreds of clubs which now have execrable pitches could make them very good by dressing. And the best of a good clay or marl pitch is that in dry weather it lasts splendidly and can be used for several matches.

With regard to the immediate preparation



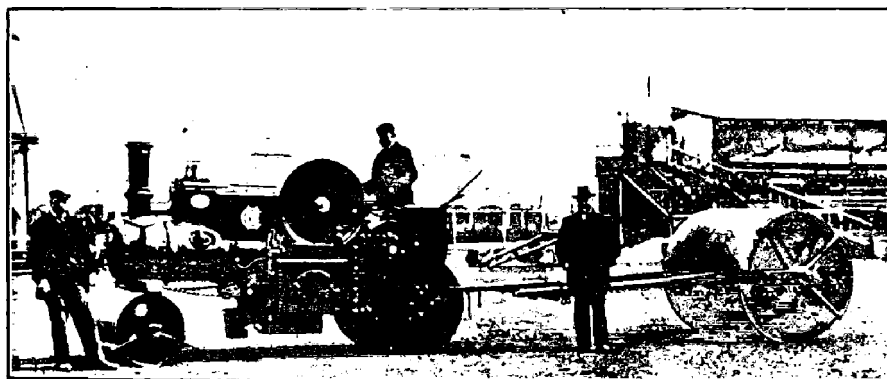
THE LARGE MOWER AT LORD'S. MR. HEARNE, THE GROUNDMAN, IS STANDING TO THE RIGHT OF THE MOWER.
Photo Geo. Newnes, Ltd.

of an ordinary turf wicket for a match, the important points are to begin the work on it at least three days before it is required for use and to cut the grass fairly close before the roller is put on. If the grass is left on, the roller flattens out the blades, so that the mowing-machine cannot clip them when you want to finish off the process of preparation. Also, the flattened grass is liable to hide small shallow holes. These holes are common on ill-prepared pitches, but are not difficult to mend. They should be mended as long before the match-day as possible by carefully loosening and raising the turf round them with a fork and then beating round it gently and firmly with a pounder: and, of course, the ground ought to be damp at the time.

Water should not be put on a ground in sunny weather except in the evening or the very early morning. The best plan seems to be to water the pitch late overnight and roll

it early the next morning. But it is necessary to accommodate the amount of water put on to the state of the pitch. Some groundmen maintain that except in very dry weather no watering is necessary on grounds which have been properly prepared in the spring. It is never right to put water on a pitch on the day of a match. I have heard of very sandy grounds which play fairly well when wet but absolutely dangerously when dry: perhaps these might with advantage be watered on the morning of a match, but I have never had personal experience of such an experiment.

Occasionally even the skilled groundman makes an error. There is an amusing story about the Tonbridge ground being found so wet on the morning of an Essex v. Kent match that no play was possible before lunch.



THE STEAM ROLLER AT LORD'S.

"At Lord's there is kept a regular assortment of rollers . . . and the big roller is an imposing fellow, indeed!"

Photo Geo. Newnes, Ltd.

And it had not rained for a fortnight! But the Tonbridge ground is inclined to be fiery in dry weather, and C. J. Kortwright in those days bowled very fast for Essex! No doubt the groundman wished to provide a wicket of pleasant, easy pace, but the soil was so hard below that the water did not sink through as quickly as he anticipated.

It is, perhaps, worth mentioning that the effect of a heavy roller upon a wet ground is to squeeze up the water to the surface. Therefore, when it is doubtful whether the pitch will dry properly owing either to rain or to too much watering-pot, only a light roller should be used. The knowledge of what kind of roller to use according to the various states of the pitch is very valuable to a county captain. At Lord's there is kept a regular assortment of rollers, from which the most fastidious captain should be able to select his roller to a pound. And the big roller is an imposing fellow, indeed! But in

ordinary club and school cricket the captain is not likely to be embarrassed by choice of rollers. Generally it is a case of one or none.

One of the most important points in connection with pitches is the mending of the holes made by the bowlers' feet. These holes should be mended as soon as possible by cutting out a patch of turf, so that no part of the worn edges of the holes are visible, and then filling in with a piece of good turf. Care should be taken that the new wad of turf when first put in stands out a little above the level of the pitch, otherwise the patch is liable to sink below that level. It is also very important that the turf used for mending should be sound and of first-rate quality. I know a very highly-praised county ground which has been somewhat spoilt by careless mending with second-rate turf. A. E. Relf,

the Sussex player, who, besides being a fine batsman and bowler, is a very clever ground-expert, showed me where patches of inferior turf had been put in the season before: he poked up some of the grass with his fingers and displayed the loose fibre of the roots and the dusty friable nature of the soil. To a casual eye these patches looked exactly like the old turf. It can readily be understood that a few seasons of careless mending may

do great harm. The best groundmen keep in some corner of the ground a regular nursery of turf which they tend with as much care as they devote to their pitches: thus they are able to supply perfect material for mending. Both for this purpose and for relaying large areas of pitch the best turf to be obtained from outside sources comes either from commons or from downs.

It is important to remove weeds from any turf that is used for mending, because weeds have a wonderful power of multiplying themselves. The worst weed is the plantain with its long root and broad, squat leaves. A plantain on a pitch is almost as bad as a perceptible hole of like size, and besides this no grass will grow underneath the leaves of the weed. The best way to deal with plantains is to nip them out root and all when they are small in the spring, if you have time and patience and a quick eye. Afterwards it is not so easy to deal with the pests. A large

plant cannot well be uprooted in the summer, as a bare patch, if not a hole, is left. So the plan then is to cut off the head of the weed and kill the root by piercing it with a skewer dipped in sulphuric acid. It is said that common table salt will kill the root, but I cannot vouch for this: sulphuric acid certainly does the trick.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Arthur Davis sends us intelligence of a weight and hammer throwing contest which he saw last year on the Black Lake, Fribourg, in Switzerland. These mountainous districts appear to produce men of prodigious strength. The stone for weight-throwing weighed 80lbs., and the thrower was known by the nickname of "Michael le Blanc" (White Michael) on account of his white hair. A fine contrast with the lake I imagine! He was a cheesemaker, and threw the stone a distance of 59 feet. The hammer weighed 20lbs., and the same man threw it a distance of 188 feet. Both these performances are rather tall, even for a cheesemaker. But my informant is evidently reliable. He adds that the occasion was a First of May Feast; and that there are in the Swiss mountains some wonderful wrestlers and throwers. This is not yet an advertisement for anybody's Swiss Milk. But why not?

Max Melior.—The details of your physical development with which you supply me lead me to conclusion that you are a very fine fellow for your age. To lift a weight of 40lbs. with one hand is excellent for a boy of 14. Still, even for a weight-lifter of such natural ability, I do not advise dumb-bells of more than 5lbs. each. Heavy bells like these are all right enough for weight-lifters. For people, however, who wish to be quickly as well as slowly powerful with their muscles, my prescription is, bells of not more than 2lbs. But my ideal athlete is quick and elastic as well as merely strong. If you think a minute, you will see how much greater is the general value of quick than of slow strength.

A. Varley.—If you start with the idea that you can improve your chest measurement in about two days you will probably split yourself. A chest requires slow and careful treatment. Vide the professors *passim*. You might try the breathing exercises which I recommended not long ago: and you might supplement these by the judicious use of dumb-bells and Indian clubs. There are two excellent little books, by C. E. Lord, whose address is 71. Inverine Road, London, S.E. Then, there are such exercises as cricket and football. But be systematic and don't overdo it. Be satisfied with an inch a month. Think what that means at the end of a year!

Jack Randell.—Good luck to you for being a supporter of Sussex. Splendid county! I am pleased to inform you that in the Cup-ties the visiting team goes halves with the home team in the gate-money. But in the semi-finals and final the Football Association rewards itself with a percentage.

R. G. H. G.—You are a lucky fellow to have the advantage of practice with a professional in the holidays. Make the best of it. I do not quite know how to help you to a good over-arm action. You must just practise and practise. Do not try to bowl too fast, and stick to the same length of run. But, if

you have a constitutional impediment, please observe that a good under-arm lob bowler is a very valuable asset in a cricket team. Why not be another Walter Humphreys?

M. M. Dodds is a strong supporter of football, and claims that it is our true national game. He writes:—"I should think you have often noticed such a scene as this; to me it is very impressive. A dull grey sky, a keen east wind, a bit of waste ground, soon to be covered with hideous red flats; in the foreground three small and dirty boys, and a bloated ball; in the background, a high black fence, placarded in huge letters, 'Try Oldham's Reliable Football Boots'; from behind the fence the roar of 30,000 excited men. That's my idea of a national game." It seems to me, sir, that you might possibly become a readable descriptive writer. Think it over! And write again.

W. A. T. (Batley) makes a statement for which I was not prepared. He denies that Rugby is in the north considered more gentlemanly than Soccer. He asserts that Soccer "is thought of as a young lady's drawing-room amusement, fit only for molly-coddles." Well, I never! Whatever will happen to you if circumstances cause you to migrate from Batley to Sheffield? Sorry to hear you are too fat to be competent at cricket and footer. I can prescribe nothing better than exercise for you. No, I do not advise drugs. Weight-reducing drugs will do you any amount of harm.

J. C. C. (Clifton).—Your letter came too late, I fear, for a reply to be any good to you. You should practise the hurdles three or four times a week. The best method is to run four or five times over three or four flights, and then run through the whole distance. If you have mastered the "three-stride" style, you should concentrate your attention on going low over the hurdles without any hang in the air. The instant your front leg is over whip it down to the ground like lightning. You ought to practise sprinting on the track to increase your pace between the hurdles.

A. W. E.—Probably all there is the matter with you is that you have grown too fast. You see, you come from a tall family. I expect you will fill out later on. Do not worry about your knock-knees. They will probably get all right when your limbs grow stronger.

Daffodil.—Of course, you will hate me for saying so, but there is no training better than walking; good long country walks, with as much pace and swing as you can muster. No necessity, by the way, to tire yourself out. Then you might try what a short run, say, of a couple of hundred yards every other day, would do for you. But most people who play tennis find the game itself sufficient training. I do not see that you are out of the way heavy. Any way, your attitude towards your game is sportsmanlike.

Jack L.—Cramp in a muscle generally comes from subjecting that muscle to an amount of work in excess of what it is accustomed to. But sometimes I think it comes from wearing too tight garters, which impede the circulation. Should a fellow be necessarily heavy to play back? Well, weight is an advantage at back, but, on the other hand, there have been some very good light-weight backs, who have made up for deficiency in weight by their activity and cleverness. If back suits you, I should stick to it. For, although pace is more valuable in a forward than in a back, fast backs are not very common, and are very, very useful to their side. It is all very well for you to say that you can last a hard match without training. The

very fact that you can last proves that you are in training. What I said, or meant to say, was, that a fellow cannot play his best when out of condition.

W. E. Wright.—At the time of writing, the question of an increase in the size of the wicket is under discussion. I cannot prophesy how the members of the M.C.C. will vote. But you will know by the time you see this.

P. R. Dye.—My article in the last number was an answer to your question. You can get a good bat from any good maker. Certainly, Shaw and Shrewsbury, of Nottingham, are likely to send you a good one if you write to them, giving your age and height.

John Patrick (New Zealand) is kind enough to send papers full of interesting accounts of the doings of Lord Hawke's team. Here is an amusing character of a New Zealand player. "Strange, a chrysalis half hatched. The half that is out is very liable to get runs, particularly if it can find a bowler soft enough to bowl to the off. Said to have aspirations to be a bowler, which he nobly keeps to himself. This is remarkable, as the only instance of this kind of modesty in the team. By the way, the hibernating half of the chrysalis is the only half that goes out to field." I hope Ranji will read this; he is that down upon the hibernating field!

W. N. C. T.—Your measurements are all right. The human being at your age is in a variable state and cannot be exactly standardised. You cannot beat ordinary plain, farmhouse fare for training. As long as your present diet suits you and you feel fit and well you need not trouble to change it; in fact, to do so would be a mistake.

Outrigger.—You need not trouble to attempt to increase your size by artificial means. You need not adopt any particular system of training for rowing. Oxford and Cambridge oarsmen lead healthy, regular lives: and row.

E. P. B.—See article in last month's CAPTAIN; also reply above, to P. R. Dye.

F. A. M.—The champion lawn-tennis players you mention are amateurs. There are no lawn-tennis professionals that I know of. But some people maintain that any one who accepts travelling expenses is not, strictly speaking, an amateur. Perhaps your opponent holds this view, and has heard that lawn-tennis players receive travelling expenses. Personally, I know nothing about the matter.

W. R. Cresty.—With 7½ hours' office work and 3 hours' study per diem, you must be careful not to overdo physical exercise. But 15 minutes night and morning with the developer should do you no harm. Remember, though, that what you want is as much fresh air as you can get. You should have your window well open at night.

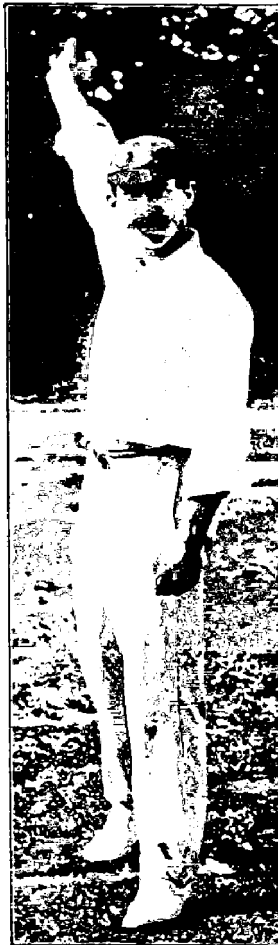
G. M. O'Neill.—Not having seen R. S. M'Coll play this year, I cannot compare him on present form with other centre forwards. V. Woodward of the Spurs is a fine player, but he is not yet as good as M'Coll was two years ago.

Harrier, who a little while back enquired about an athletic club in London, N., should write to the hon. sec. of the Hampstead Harriers, 22, Lofting Road, Barnsbury, N. Many thanks for the information.

Swiss Football.—I am much obliged for the details sent by F. F. from Berne about the Final Cup-tie of the Swiss Association, which was won by the Young Boys F.C., of Berne. The secretary of this club, 7 Oberweg, Berne, kindly volunteers to reply to any question about sport, travelling, etc., in Switzerland, to readers of THE CAPTAIN. For which we thank him very much. Some of our readers may find the information very useful.

Inquisitive.—Your plan of doing an hour's work at dumb-bells, etc., every evening for a week, and then having a rest for the week is, I think, a mistake. Far better do about 20 minutes every evening regularly. Certainly you do not want extra exercise in the evening after a stiff bout at a gymnasium or a hard game of footer. I do not know of any rowing club that would suit you. Can any reader suggest a small rowing club accessible to a resident in Stratford, E.?

O. E. D.—You can practise both the hurdles and the 100 yards the same day. Give a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes to each, and in each case make your staple practice consist of tursts of about 40 yards with pauses for rest in between. Run the full distance occasionally.



MR. A. E. RELF,
"GROUND-EXPERT."
Photo. Foster, Brighton.
By permission.

C. B. Fry

THE LONG 'UN.

By R. S. Warren Bell.



Author of "J. O. Jones," "Tales of Greyhouse,"
etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON BROWNE, R.I.

father, hearing of this, carries out his threat, and Jim has thenceforth to depend on his own exertions for a living. By the instrumentality of Sir Savile Smart, a famous specialist, Jim is put in temporary charge of a surgery in Mount-street, Blackfriars, a district infested by gangs of Hooligans. Sir Savile recommends him to some lodgings near the surgery in what turns out to be Dora Maybury's home. Here also are two other boarders named Miss Bird and Mr. Cleave. On Jim's first evening in his new quarters, he meets Mr. Jefferson, a young stockbroker, who is also an admirer of Dora's, and appears to be regarded with favour by her. At the end of Jim's first day at the surgery, Dr. Taplow—the proprietor of the place—dispenes with his services, he having appointed another doctor to the post. The conversation between Mr. and Mrs. Maybury (Chapter XI.) refers to the fact that Jim's appearance at the police-court has become known to them and their boarders.

CHAPTER XI.

MR. MAYBURY'S RESOLVE.

MR. MAYBURY received a long and severe curtain lecture from his wife on the night of Jim's arrival at No. 9, the subject of it being Jim Mortimer and Jim Mortimer's delinquencies.

"After the disgraceful revelations of this evening," said the good dame, as, having blown out the candle, her lord composed himself for slumber, "we can't allow him to stay with us. It would give the house a bad name. People would tattle and gossip until we should be obliged to move. Imagine! Drunk and disorderly! fought the policemen! had to be bound with ropes and taken in an ambulance to a police-station——"

"I hardly think it was quite so bad as that," Mr. Maybury interrupted in a mild, sleepy voice.

"The fact remains," continued Mrs. Maybury, with energy, "that he *was* taken to a police-station, *was* fined, *was* reprimanded by the magistrate. A nice sort of man to have in one's house contaminating the children! Frank has taken a fancy to him already; the next thing will be *Frank* fighting policemen——"

"Don't talk such nonsense, my dear," said Mr. Maybury. "Medical students," he added, "often get into trouble. Nobody cares much if they do; they are regarded as privileged mad-caps. Dr. Mortimer is a very young man——"

James Mortimer ("the Long 'Un"), a young doctor, is grandson and heir to Dr. John Mortimer, a man of wealth and position. Owing to Jim's frequent escapades, Dr. Mortimer warns him that, if he indulges in any more riotous conduct, he will disown him. On returning to town after this conversation, Jim makes the acquaintance, by the agency of his friend George Somers ("Koko"), of a young lady named Dora Maybury, with whom he falls violently in love. So excited does he become in consequence of his introduction to Miss Maybury, that, on the same evening, he falls foul of the police, and after a desperate battle with six of them is arrested and eventually fined forty shillings. His grand-

still a student at heart. I must say I like what I've seen of him very much, and am not surprised at Frank's taking a fancy to him."

"Do you want your son to be sent to a reformatory, as Miss Bird suggested?" inquired Mrs. Maybury.

"He won't be," her spouse assured her; "Frank has no vices; he's only mischievous."

"If he imitates Dr. Mortimer," cried Mrs. Maybury, "there's no knowing what the boy won't come to. No, William, you must tell Dr. Mortimer that he must find fresh lodgings. He can't stay here. Miss Bird and Mr. Cleave will both leave if he does. Mr. Cleave told me to-night that he cannot breathe the same air as such a man."

"Cleave's an old woman," muttered Mr. Maybury.

"Miss Bird——" began Mrs. Maybury.

"I wish Miss Bird *would* go," put in Mr. Maybury.

"And you can see Mr. Jefferson doesn't like him," continued Mrs. Maybury, "with half an eye. Mr. Jefferson!—the man to whom you are indebted for your daily bread!"

"I'm employed by his father," objected Mr. Maybury.

"It's all the same. Mr. Jefferson got you your post. Suppose he told his father that you were harbouring a man who fights policemen and gets drunk——"

"His father would say that that was *my* business," rejoined Mr. Maybury.

"Well, we can't risk keeping him here. It's too dangerous. I've no objection to the young man myself——"

"Then why d'you go on about him so much?" retorted Mr. Maybury.

"For the sake of our home and its reputation," almost shrieked Mrs. Maybury, "that's why. Here I work and slave, and get no thanks—not a word of thanks—and then, when I express an opinion, you snap my head off. It's more than flesh and blood can stand!" she concluded, dissolving into tears.

"Suppose," said Mr. Maybury, placidly, "that we discuss the matter in the morning?"

"I won't say another word," cried Mrs. Maybury, between her sobs; "I've said all I have to say. If you keep this man here, he'll take our good name away. There—now I've done!"

And so, with sobs at intervals, she at length fell asleep.

The once wealthy merchant held a very modest position in the business house of Jefferson and Son. He was, in fact, but one of their bookkeepers. He—the erstwhile employer of fifty clerks and five hundred workpeople—now sat on

a high stool at a high desk and laboured at ledgers for a small salary. When a man has come down in the world with a sudden run he is generally to be had at a low figure, and Jefferson and Son bore the fact in mind when they engaged Mr. Maybury. The hours (ten to four) were short, it is true, but Mr. Maybury would have worked later willingly could he have thereby added to his earnings.

The other clerks at Jefferson and Son's were mainly young fellows between whom and Mr. Maybury no great bond of fellowship could very well exist. He was left largely to himself, therefore, went out to his frugal mid-day meal alone, returned alone, and said very little to those about him from the time the office opened till its closing hour.

Harold Jefferson did not trouble himself with business more than he could help. He preferred the West End to the City. However, he put in a certain number of appearances per week, and whilst at the office treated Mr. Maybury with respect mingled with a slight but distinct air of patronage.

Such conversations as they held related, of course, entirely to the firm's business, and so it was with no little surprise that, on the day following Jim's arrival at No. 9, Mr. Maybury received an invitation from Harold Jefferson. "I want to speak to you about one or two matters," ran the pencilled note which the office-boy handed to Dora's father, "so shall be glad if you will lunch with me at 1.30. I will be waiting for you at the front entrance at that hour."

It was, of course, as much a command as an invitation. At the appointed time Mr. Maybury met young Mr. Jefferson, who at once hailed a cab and drove his guest to a restaurant in the West End. It would not do at all (thought young Mr. Jefferson) to be seen lunching with one of his clerks at a restaurant in the City.

"Now, Mr. Maybury," said the host, when lunch was over and they had lit their cigars. "I have two things to say to you. One of them concerns your daughter—Miss Dora."

Mr. Maybury inclined his head. He had not imagined that this invitation was the outcome of purely hospitable motives.

"I have been paying her attentions for some time," said the well-to-do young stockbroker, "and I propose, with your sanction, to ask her to marry me."

"You have my full consent to do so," said the ruined merchant, graciously.

"From what you have observed, do you think that my proposal will be favourably received?" asked Jefferson, carelessly.

"I can offer no opinion," said Mr. Maybury.

"I may at least take it that, if she accepts me, you are willing to regard me as a prospective son-in-law?"

"Perfectly willing," was the reply.

"Thank you. Now as to this fellow Mortimer——"

"I beg your pardon. What has Mr. Mortimer to do with the matter?"

"If," said Jefferson, "I become engaged to your daughter, Mr. Maybury, I shall have a decided objection to your allowing such a man as Mortimer to remain under the same roof as my *fiancée*."

Mr. Maybury took a thoughtful pull at his cigar. The well-to-do young stockbroker looked keenly at the rained merchant. It was to the latter's advantage to defer to the former. Was he not, as his wife had remarked, indebted to this man for his daily bread?

Mr. Maybury laid down his cigar and sipped his champagne, and meantime such reflections as these coursed through his brain. He was a very poor man, 'tis true, but he had always prided himself on being a just one. Personally, he had perceived no great harm in "this fellow Mortimer." Why, therefore, should he turn him out of his house?

"Well?" enquired the young stockbroker, curtly.

"The most charitable course to pursue," said Mr. Maybury, at length, "would be to see how he goes on. Should he prove himself unfit——"

"He has. He is a low, drunken brawler. I cannot bear the thought of Dora being brought into daily contact with him. You will at least admit that I have a right to lodge an objection against him—or will have, should your daughter accept me?"

"I should prefer to see how he goes on," said Mr. Maybury.

"Very well, sir," rejoined Jefferson, rising from his seat with a look of great annoyance on his face, "have it your own way. Waiter, my bill. You must excuse me now, Mr. Maybury, as I am not returning to the City."

Instead of going straight to the office, when he got back to the City, Mr. Maybury turned into a quaint little churchyard—a smoke-begrimed patch of green, where one might rest awhile on a seat. Here he remained for ten minutes, and when he at length turned his steps off-wards, he had made up his mind that, however disastrous such an attitude might prove to his prospects, he would in no way seek to influence Dora in Harold Jefferson's favour. Nor should Jim Mortimer leave his house, unless he himself desired to go.

"I have lost pretty nearly everything," thought the ex-merchant, as he paced his way along the

crowded pavement, "but till the day of my death I hope, please God, to retain my self-respect."

The thought inspired him, and he went back to his book-keeping with an unusual light in his eyes—with an additional firmness in his step. 'Twas true that Fate had robbed him of wealth and position, but Fate's worst buffets could not cause him to act in any way save that becoming a gentleman.

CHAPTER XII.

KOKO'S WORD.

"WELL, old chap," said Koko, as, after Jim's curt dismissal by Dr. Taplow, they walked down the pavement together, "this is a pretty kettle of fish."

"I know that," growled Jim. Then he grasped a lamp-post to steady himself. He felt faint and sick. The smash over the head he had received from the Hooligan's belt, combined with the sudden disheartening turn events had taken, had proved a little too much for him.

"We'd better have a cab," said Koko, in his quiet way.

"Right you are," groaned Jim. He felt too ill, weak and miserable to do anything except just agree with everything that was said to him. If the gentle reader has ever been seasick he will be in a position to appreciate Jim's condition.

"Keep a grip on that lamp-post while I fetch one," said Koko, hastening away through the gloom of the autumn evening.

When the cab arrived, Jim got in thankfully, and the two friends, holding Tom, who had followed Jim out of the surgery, between them, rattled off.

"I suppose you'll ask me to stay to dinner with you?" said Koko.

Jim uttered a hollow laugh.

"Stay if you like, but I won't guarantee you'll enjoy yourself."

"Any girls?" enquired Koko, flirtingly.

"Two," said Jim; "also a woman-man teetotal crank, and a female gorilla."

Koko particularly wished to stay to dinner with Jim, for he was formulating a plan for Jim's future. But he was not going to expound it until Jim was in a state to give it due consideration.

On reaching Number Nine they found Frank lurking in the passage. When Jim removed his hat, Frank, observing his wound, was filled with curiosity.

"I say, Dr. Mortimer, how did you hurt your forehead?"

"Somebody hurt it for me," said Jim.

"Was it a fight?" enquired the youth excitedly.

"Kind of one," admitted Jim.

Now, Frank did not know that Jim was already in disgrace at Number Nine owing to a previous combat. Full of the news he had gleaned, he burst into the drawing-room, where Mr. and Mrs. Maybury, Dora, and the other paying guests were awaiting the summons to dinner.

"I say, pater, Dr. Mortimer's been having a fight. He's got an awful cut over the napper."

"Frank!" exclaimed Mrs. Maybury, "how often must I tell you not to use such vulgar terms?"

Frank grinned.

"You go and have a look at it!" he added, with supreme gusto, "you never saw such a whopping cut in all your life."

Mrs. Maybury turned a glance on her husband which plainly said: "And what do you think of him *now*?"

Miss Bird gave a snort of disgust, and Mr. Cleave, heaving a deep sigh, buried himself anew in the advertisements of the *Total Abstinence*, he having by this time utterly exhausted all the literary portions of the paper.

Jim sent Mrs. Maybury a message by Mary intimating that he had brought a friend, Mr. Somers, home with him, and would be greatly obliged if she would permit the said Mr. Somers to remain to dinner. Mrs. Maybury graciously replying that she would be "most happy," Koko and Jim (the latter with his head neatly plastered) in due course appeared in the drawing-room.

Much to Mrs. Maybury's surprise, Koko, after exchanging bows with the lady of the house, walked straight across to Dora and shook hands with her.

"You know Mr. Somers, then, Dora?" enquired Mrs. Maybury, somewhat sharply.

"Yes, mamma," replied Dora; "he is a friend of Miss Cook's."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Maybury, to whom it seemed that Miss Cook had been introducing Dora to very undesirable people—for Dora had informed her that it was by Miss Cook's agency that she had become acquainted with Jim.

Mrs. Maybury, it should be added, had never liked the idea of Dora's working in a post-office. She would have much preferred her to be a governess, for that, at any rate, she considered, was a more genteel occupation than post-office work. Still, Dora's little will had prevailed, as she had declared (with sparkling eyes in which tears had shone) that she would *never* be a governess—that, in fact, she would rather go on the stage than be a governess!

"Well, my dear," Mrs. Maybury had retorted.

"go on the stage. With your looks you could easily succeed, and it is quite a common thing nowadays for pretty actresses to marry into the peerage——"

But here Mr. Maybury had interposed in an emphatic manner. "Dora shall never go on the stage with my permission," he had said, with the incisive firmness that he could display when the occasion needed it. And then Dora had flung her arms round her father's neck and promised him that she would never, *never*—as long as she lived—do anything that he did not like, and the ruined merchant, battered by mischance as he had been, felt that Dame Fortune had left him still much to be thankful for in the loving obedience and sweet loyalty of this fair daughter.

Dora had now been in the post-office six months, and had behaved so far in an exemplary manner. Even the girl's step-mother, prone to find fault as she was on the slightest pretext, could not discover anything to grumble at in Dora's conduct. But now—now affairs were assuming a different complexion. Dora had made masculine friends unbeknown to her mother. One of them was a dissipated young doctor, and the other—well, who and what was this other man—this Mr. Somers?

"And do you, too, belong to the medical profession, Mr. Somers?" enquired the dame.

"No, I am a journalist," replied Koko.

Miss Bird glanced up sharply; Mr. Cleave also looked across at the visitor. Miss Bird had not been introduced to Mr. Somers, but she did not allow little facts of that kind to stand in her way when she required information.

"And what is your particular department?" she abruptly demanded.

"I work for the sporting Press—I am what is known as a sporting journalist," replied Koko.

The inquisitive expression on Miss Bird's face turned into a stony glare of disapproval.

"You go to horse-races?"

Koko did not like being cross-examined about his private affairs in this unblushing manner. So he determined to let this rude old lady know all about himself so as to save further questions.

"Yes, I attend horse-races and swimming-matches, and billiard-matches and prize fights——"

"Then you ought to be ashamed of yourself!" roared Miss Bird. As for Mr. Cleave, he uttered a thin, high cough. He had heard that the average journalist did his work with a bottle of brandy at his elbow—what then must a journalist be like who reported prize-fights and horse-races! What, indeed!

With a sigh he sought distraction in the long list of "Homes for Inebriates" which appeared regularly in the *Total Abstinence*. This weekly

journal was Mr. Cleave's invariable comforter when he felt distressed. Besides, it offered £100 insurance in the event of one of its regular subscribers being accidentally killed. Several of Mr. Cleave's nearest relatives took in the paper, and Mr. Cleave had often calculated what amount he would receive as insurance should all these relatives be killed in one railway accident.

"I believe," Miss Bird went on (as Koko made no rejoinder) "that drunkenness is a common vice among persons working for the Press. Is that not so, Mr. Cleave?"

"Pardon?" queried Cleave, putting his hand to his ear.

"Bless the man!" exclaimed Miss Bird, irritated beyond measure, "why doesn't he get an ear-trumpet! I was saying," she continued, in a boisterous key, "that most journalists were drunkards. Is that not so?"

Now, Mr. Cleave recollected Mr. Maybury's stern rebuke of the previous evening, so he deemed it as well to be cautious.

"Some journalists," he replied, nodding pleasantly at Miss Bird.

"Most!" insisted Miss Bird.

"I will not go so far as to say that—" quavered Mr. Cleave.

"Then you're a coward!" snapped Miss Bird, in utter disgust. Mr. Cleave had proved but a backboneless creature when she had relied on his support!

It is highly probable that Miss Bird would have proceeded to put further questions of a personal nature to Koko had not Mary popped her head into the room with, "Dinner's quite ready, mum."

Miss Bird's face cleared. She could eat twice as much as any one else in the house (not excepting Frank), and the announcement of dinner always put her in a good temper.

Whilst Koko and Jim had been upstairs, before entering the drawing-room, Jim had given his friend a brief sketch of the situation. For, it must be remembered, this was their first meeting since Koko had read old Dr. Mortimer's drastic and final epistle. When Jim told Koko that this house was the home of Miss Dora Maybury, Koko had smacked his chum on the back and enjoined him to go in and win; but when Jim mentioned Jefferson, and the latter's attitude with regard to Dora, Koko whistled thoughtfully.

Two things he decided. Firstly, that Jim must stay on at Number Nine at all hazards, and, secondly, that the plan which had been in course of formation in his mind from the moment Dr. Taplow had told Jim to go, must take an immediate and definite shape.

That plan Koko intended to broach to Jim after dinner. But Fate willed otherwise.

The meal progressed quietly, the presence of a stranger possibly having a restraining influence on the shrewish outbursts of Miss H. R. Maybury, the cheeky utterances of Master Frank, and the voluble rebukes of Mrs. Maybury. Jim was seated between Miss Bird and Mr. Cleave, the two girls, with Frank and Koko, facing him. Dora, as a matter of fact, sat immediately opposite Jim.

"Well, Dr. Mortimer," presently observed Mr. Maybury, "you have not come through your first day's work unscathed, I see."

For Mr. Maybury felt sure that Jim would be able to give a satisfactory account of the proceedings.

Miss Bird grunted; Mr. Cleave cast a glassy eye on the broccoli. Both waited for Jim's defence.

Jim laughed. "No," he said, "I met a Hooligan."

"Dear me! So soon!"

"I thought it advisable, in view of the possibility of my being some time in the district, to take a strong line from the beginning. So I led off by tackling what turned out to be the worst man of the lot."

"You have shown them that you are not a person to be trifled with?" suggested Mr. Maybury, approvingly.

"That was my idea. But you may be interested to hear that another man has been put in permanent charge of the surgery——"

"Then you are no longer employed by Dr. Taplow?" interrupted Mrs. Maybury.

"That is so," said Jim.

"But he will still work in Mount Street," put in Koko, quickly, "as he is setting up a practice there on his own account."

They all glanced towards Koko, except Dora, who, looking at Jim, observed that he was palpably wonder-struck by Koko's remark. Jim, indeed, was as surprised as any one at the table. What on earth was Koko driving at?

As everybody (except Dora) turned towards Koko, Mr. Somers rose from the table.

"You must excuse such an unceremonious departure, Mrs. Maybury," he said, "but I have just remembered that I have a most important appointment to keep. I thank you for your very kind hospitality. Jim, I should like to see you before I go."

As Koko bowed himself out, Jim, marvelling greatly, followed him. In the hall, Koko explained.

"It's all right, Jim—I'll lend you the money."

"What—for me to set up against Taplow?"

"That's it. You *must* stay here, and you'll do well in Mount Street. You shall have the money in the morning, and then you can go along

and rig up a place and start right off. What's the lowest figure you can begin on?"

"I don't know," said Jim. "Say fifty quid."

"You shall have it. I'll be round here with it at ten in the morning."

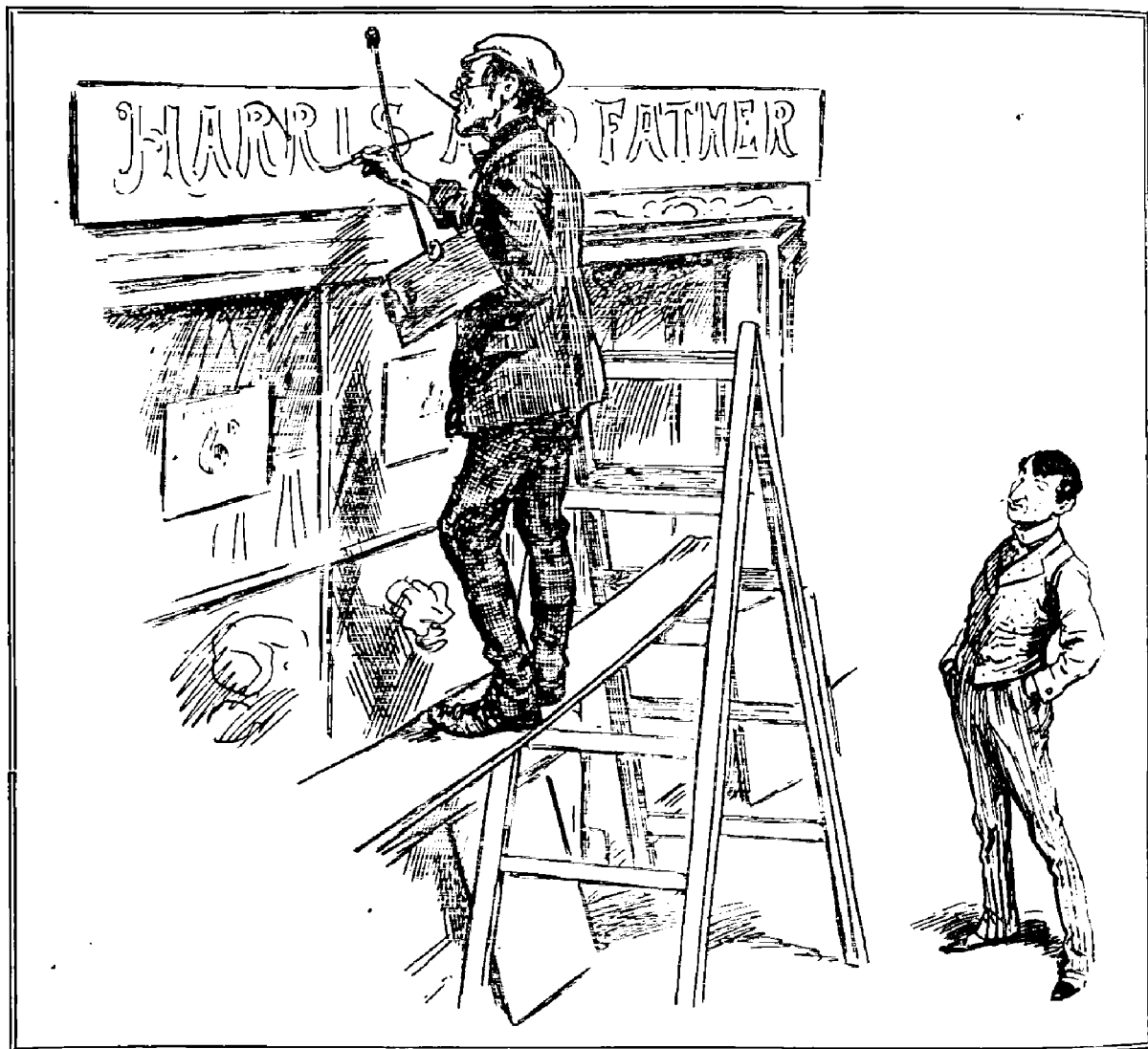
"But—old man—I don't like—"

"I've thought it out," said Koko, "and meant to tell you all about it after dinner, but you forced my hand by saying you'd left Taplow."

CHAPTER XIII

"HARRIS AND FATHER."

MR. HARRIS, senior partner in the firm of Harris and Son, provision dealers, Mount Street, S.E., was in a state of much tribulation. For Mr. Harris, owing to an unfortunate propensity for backing horses which either came in last, or fell down



YOUNG HARRIS, WITH HIS HANDS IN HIS POCKETS, PERKILY SURVEYING THE ALTERATION.

Then Koko put on his hat, opened the front door, and slipped out. Jim returned slowly to the dining-room.

"Is this true, Dr. Mortimer?" asked Mrs. Maybury, in a tone implying some doubt. "Are you really setting up in Mount Street on your own account?"

Jim had implicit confidence in Koko's word.

"It is quite true, Mrs. Maybury," he replied, coolly, as he resumed his seat.

and broke their legs, or behaved in some other unsatisfactory fashion, had, as the phrase is, outrun the constable, and on the day that witnessed his visit to Dr. Taplow's surgery had found himself threatened with bankruptcy and ruin.

That evening—there being no other course to pursue—he had made a clean breast of his affairs to his son Isaac, a weedy, lynx-eyed youth of a greasy and unwashed appearance.

"So dat is the case, my son," concluded Mr. Harris, throwing out his hands in a gesture of despair, "and now—vot are ve to do—vot are ve to do?"

Mr. Harris and his heir, it may be added, were East End Jews of a pronounced type, and their speech suggested a certain German strain in their ancestry.

"It is very sad, mine fader," replied young Harris; "it vos foolish of you to bet on dose 'orses——"

"It vos foolish of dose 'orses not to run faster!" cried Mr. Harris, proceeding to cut his nails with the counter scissors.

"Don't take the edge off dose scissors, mine fader," said young Harris, snatching them away from his parent.

"And vy not? Dey are my scissors!" exclaimed Mr. Harris, endeavouring to grab them back.

"Ven I haf bought dem dey vill not be yours," explained young Harris, amiably turning the point of the scissors towards his sire, so that, should the latter persist in his endeavour to regain them, he might receive some hurt from the effort.

The old dealer gazed wonderingly at his fond child.

"You—you vill buy dose scissors? Ah! at the sale?"

"No—from you, mine fader. I haf saved up some money, and I haf backed 'orses, too. But I did notice, mine fader, dat the 'orses you did bet on did always lose, so I did always bet against dem, and so when you did lose I did vin, and so, mine fader, I will buy the pizness from you—dat is to say," concluded the young man with hasty caution, "I vill pay your debts, mine fader, if you vill gif me the pizness."

"Isaac," said Mr. Harris, with emotion, "do not be hard on your old fader. Think of the money I skwandered on your education, my son—think of the peautiful school I put you to ven you vos a boy——"

"It vos only fivepence a veek!" retorted young Isaac, ungratefully.

"And ven, you vos fourteen, my son Isaac, ven you vos an eddicated young gentleman, I took you from dat school and I put you behind the counter, and I taught you the pizness—and you had two soots of clothes a year, and a veek's holiday at Margit—oh! I haf been a kind fader to you, my son Isaac! Vill you lend me the money to pay my debts vith, Isaac?"

"Not a furding!" exclaimed young Harris, roughly. "You've been 'ard on me, and now I'll be 'ard on you. You've made me vork and slave while you've gone off to put money on

'orses that always fell down! Yes, you've been 'ard on me, and now I'll be——"

Here young Harris paused in his harangue. An idea occurred to him. If he bought up his father's business and turned his father out of the house, he would have to engage a shopman. That would come expensive. No, he must keep his father on, and make him help with the work.

Old Harris was quick to take advantage of the discontinuance of Isaac's discourse.

"You von't be too 'ard on me, my son?" he whined, "think of the *tram-rides* I took you ven you vos a little boy!"

"Vell, I vill not be 'ard on you, mine fader," responded young Harris, apparently softened by this tender reminiscence, "No. I vill tell you vot I vill do. I vill take you into partnership. You shall be as I vos—you shall haf what you haf gave me. Is that not dootiful of me, mine fader?"

Old Harris groaned. True, his son had been his partner of recent years, but Isaac's share in the business had been so small that it could hardly have been called a share, save when viewed under a microscope. However, beggars can't be choosers, so there and then young Harris drew up a temporary agreement—to be presently made permanent in a due and proper manner by a solicitor—under which Isaac undertook to pay his father's debts (which amounted to a hundred pounds—a large sum for a small tradesman in a humble street), and Mr. Harris, on his side, undertook to hand over the control of the shop to Isaac, he himself receiving board, lodging, and a share in the business, on condition he gave as much time to the business as his son had formerly devoted to it.

Thus were the tables completely turned on the unlucky provision dealer.

By way of showing that he was in earnest, and not being restrained by any false delicacy, Isaac, as soon as he had breakfasted on the following morning, went out in search of a painter. Having found a man, he brought him and his ladder and his paint-pot back with him, and set the man at once to alter the title over the shop window from "Harris and Son" to "Harris and Father."

So it came about that when Jim, having received the promised fifty pounds from Koko, walked round to see Mr. Harris concerning a suitable tenement wherein he might set up as a surgeon, he found the painter just completing his task, and young Harris, with his hands in his pockets, perkily surveying the alteration.

"Hullo!" said Jim, "changes in the firm, I observe!"

"Yes, doctor," said Isaac; "mine fader, he

vos ruined by 'orse-racing, and so it is now my shop, and mine fader, he is my partner."

"Don't quite see how it can be your shop if he is your partner," said Jim.

"*He* vill tell you," said Isaac, indicating the interior of the shop with a dirty forefinger; "he is cleaning the counter. Soon he vill wipe the plates and knives and forks. He is going to vork now as I did used to."

And Isaac resumed his occupation of watching the painter with a most truculent and self-satisfied expression on his face.

Jim walked into the provision shop.

"Morning, Mr. Harris."

Mr. Harris shook his head despondently.

"I ain't Mr. 'Arris no longer," he said. "'E's Mr. 'Arris. 'E's the boss. Ah, doctor," continued the old man, wiping away a tear with his shirt-sleeve, "if I'd a-known this vos goin' to 'appen—if I'd a-known that velp vos goin' to buy me up by bettin' against the 'orses I backed, I——"

Mr. Harris paused for breath. Jim waited for some interesting old Hebraic curse. But none came.

"—I'd never 'ave let 'im see my evenin' paper. That's vare 'e got it. I marked the 'orses I vos goin' to flutter on, and 'e saw 'em and laid agen 'em!"

"Rather smart!" laughed Jim. "The firm got square with the bookies that way."

"And when I think," almost shrieked old Harris, "that 'e betted vith money out of the till—that he used *my* money to play me that trick vith—when I think of *that*——"

Again Mr. Harris paused for breath, again Jim expected a rich and fruity paternal curse, and again none such came.

"When I think of that," resumed Mr. Harris, "it goes to my 'eart to remember I wouldn't buy a cash-registering machine that vos offered to me at 'arf-price by a pawn-broker friend of mine 'oo vos giving up!"

"And why didn't you?" asked Jim.

"Vy! Vy, becous that velp yonder—young Isaac—says: 'Fader, do not buy that machine. If you do, the customers vill steal the sausages vile ve turn our backs to get the change.' That is vy. And I gave 'im a shillin' for bein' so clever. And it's a thousand pound to a little bit of cat's meat, doctor," concluded Mr. Harris with great bitterness, "that 'e laid that bob against a 'orse that I vos backin'!"

"Well, Mr. Harris," said Jim, "I'm sorry you have been so unfortunate. But I must get on with my business. I want to open a surgery in this street, and I want you to tell me if there's a likely house about here for the purpose."

Mr. Harris fixed his gaze eagerly on Jim's face, and as he did so his eyes lightened up with a great idea. What he wanted was a little ready money. Get that ready money he must or his scheme would fail!

"Yes, doctor," he said, "I know a 'ouse. That pawnbroker friend of mine, 'e shut up 'is shop when 'e retired from business, and asked me to get a tenant for it. You shall 'ave it cheap, my dear sir. You can 'ack it about a bit, and it'll suit you fine. Come and see it—come on!"

In nervous haste the old man put on his coat and hat.

"Come on, doctor," he said.

But young Isaac confronted his father at the shop door.

"Vare vos you goin', mine fader?" he enquired.

"I vos goin' vith the doctor. If I oblige 'im 'e will attend us for nozzing, my son. Is that not good? Come on, doctor."

With this Mr. Harris hastened past his son, and, accompanied by Jim, at length arrived at a dingy-looking shop, whose shutters bore sundry placards giving the world to understand that the place was "To LET."

"There, doctor, that vill make you a peaceful surgery. But you shall see it."

When Jim had inspected the place he decided to take it.

"What's the rent?" he asked old Harris.

"Sixty pound a year, doctor, paid quarterly in advance."

"Do I pay you, Mr. Harris?"

"Yes, you pay me," replied the dealer, hastily.

"All right. Then that's fifteen pounds. You shall have it as soon as I have taken possession. You get a commission on this deal, eh?"

"I get a commission! Vy, yes, I would not let anything vithout one. I get ten per shent, doctor dear—to come off the first quarter's rent. That's six pounds. You *vill* pay me in advance, doctor, eh?"

"Oh, rather!" said Jim.

At this point Mr. Harris looked cunningly at his young medical adviser.

"The top part of the 'ouse, doctor dear—*you* vill sleep in it?"

"Not I!" said Jim.

"Then you vill not vant it?"

"Well, I suppose not."

"You vill lend me the outside, then. Eh? You vill lend me the vall?"

"Lend you the wall—what for?"

"First say you vill lend it me!"

"Well, I'll lend it you. Now tell me what you'll do with it," said Jim.

Mr. Harris rubbed his hands together.

will let it for advertisements. It will be an 'oarding. I will let it to one of those contractors—it will be a fine 'oarding. It will not 'urt you, and it will bring me money."

"Where do I come in?" demanded Jim, laughing.

"Vy, it will 'elp you, my dear doctor. People will look at the 'oarding, and then they will see your plate, and then they will come in for advice, and you'll make a fortune, doctor dear—all through me! Vy, you ought to pay me for the idea!"

"I hadn't thought of it in that light," said Jim, much amused.

The old dealer chuckled with glee.

"Ah, my son Isaac!" he cried, "you shall sing yet with the uzzer side of your mouth. I shall 'ave money. The evenin' paper shall come—Isaac will mark the 'orses now—'e will back them, and I will bet against them. Then ve will see!"

"That will be a cute dodge—if it comes off!" said Jim.

"Come off—it *must*!" cried the old man, with the fatalism of the confirmed gambler, "it can't 'elp itself! Aha! And then ve will see, Isaac my son, *ve vill see!*"

CHAPTER XIV.

A PIECE OF NEWS.

JIM went to work on the ex-pawnbroking establishment with marvellous energy. He had banknotes in his pocket, and a compelling personality which duly influenced the workmen he engaged to make the necessary alterations. In a few days his surgery was ready, and the door of it adorned with a neat brass plate bearing his name.

Koko called and ran a critical eye over the place.

"It'll do," he said; "now go ahead and cut out old Taplow."

"Well, it's all your idea," said Jim, "and carried out with your money, old man. By the way, many thanks for the loan. You bolted off in such a hurry the other day that I'd no time—"

"Had to go to a trotting match," explained Koko, briefly.

"Well, many thanks! You're a brick. Wish I could save money like you do, Koko."

And then Jim fell to talking of something else. It was no unusual thing for him to ask a loan of his friend—though he had never borrowed anything like such a large sum as this from him before—and Koko always seemed to have the money. In fact, Koko's never-failing supply of ready cash was Jim's envy and admiration. He

knew Koko only earned a few pounds a week, and wondered how his friend managed to save anything out of his salary. He regarded the matter, of course, from his own spendthrift point of view, and did not fully understand or appreciate Koko's modest manner of life.

Jim would have been still more surprised had he known that Koko, out of his moderate means, supported a ne'er-do-well brother, who was married, and had a bunch of little children to be fed and clothed. But none knew anything about it save the brother—who would have readily taken a larger allowance from Koko—and George Somers himself.

Koko was a little man who always tried to do his duty, and the right thing in all matters, and that was why he was appreciated by those who really knew him. Consequently his life was happy. Many people yearn for happiness and are surprised that it does not fall to their lot. They do not see that a man makes his own misery or happiness by his deeds, for it is those who establish an ideal, and live up to it, that find peace of mind, and, by thinking of others as well as themselves, win love that is better than riches, and engrave their names for ever on the hearts of their understanding friends.

"I should never have thought, Jim," said Koko, "that you would get to work like this."

"You see," said Jim, quite seriously, "there's Dora."

"Ah!" said Koko, and heaved a little sigh, for once upon a time he, too, had been in much the same frame of mind. But that was years since, and the story of it was as a book that one has read and closed for ever.

Jim was rather surprised himself at the way he had "got to work." In the morning he went off to his surgery full of zest and expectancy; his duties interested him keenly. True, very few people came to him to be doctored, but Jim had a stout heart, and thoroughly believed that he would be able to work up a good practice—in time. At present the folks round there went to the surgery they were used to—Dr. Taplow's. They were yet to learn what Jim was made of. The man Taplow had "put in" was ten years older than Jim—bearded and serious, with a grave, telling manner, behind which lay (apparently) a wealth of knowledge. Jim's extreme youthfulness was against him. The ladies of the neighbourhood declared that they weren't going to be doctored "by a boy like that," and Taplow's new man threw in consequence. The few people who called on Jim, or summoned him to their homes, opined that the "boy" had got a good headpiece, and knew his business, and the children Jim attended became his very firm friends and admirers (especially the little girls)

from the very outset of their acquaintance. One poor woman said that you'd never think "a great tall, long feller like that," who smashed a Hooligan about the first day he was in Mount Street, could be so gentle or so kind in a sick-room. Yet he was, she said—she'd never met a cleverer or a kinder gentleman. And you may be sure that her homely testimonial helped Jim along up the steep path he was climbing.

Before Jim was Dora's face—that was the beacon that guided and gave him hope. Dora—

But the human scum of which this Hooligan band was composed was not easily daunted. It was equal to almost any atrocity—any meanness. It could kick a policeman's head in, and steal his cape; it could waylay old men, rob them, and leave them half-dead in the gutter. This scum could plan out its forays with deliberation and cunning. It could watch a man pace his way homewards on Monday and Tuesday, and let him go scatheless, but it would have him on Wednesday in some dark corner.



THE VOLUME OF WATER SCATTERED THEM IN ALL DIRECTIONS.

with whom he merely exchanged a few words daily! And so he plodded on his rounds, with Dora's eyes, as lanterns, lighting the path of duty that he trod.

The rough whom Jim had laid out in the fashion already described, had not forgotten the incident. He had a sturdy band in the neighbourhood at his call, and one night, as Jim was issuing from a house in the Blackfriars Road, he found an ill-favoured ring of louts about him. Not a policeman was in sight, but a man was hosing down the pavement. Quick as thought Jim made a dash for the hose, and, seizing it, turned it upon the Hooligans. The volume of water scattered them in all directions, and Jim, chuckling, returned the hose to the road-cleaner with many thanks and a tip.

Of course, members of this gang were caught, and sentenced—to what? Six weeks' hard labour! But did they care? Not a rap. Out they came, invigorated and freshened by regular hours and regular meals. Six weeks! They could "do it on their heads."

And so the Hooligans went on hustling women off the pavement, robbing old men, and occasionally laying up a policeman for life, because the Law of England was too soft-hearted to give them the "Cat."

And Jim Mortimer was working in the midst of the Hooligan district—Jim Mortimer had incurred the hatred of these wolves because he had taken a short way with their chief, and knocked him on to his back.

A less courageous man than Jim would have

thrown up the sponge and retired to a safer neighbourhood. But Jim held on. They broke his red lamp, and smashed his windows, but he merely requisitioned the services of a glazier, and hammered half the life out of a ruffian whom he found, a few nights later, about to put the knob of his stick through the new lamp. And so the Hooligans came to learn that the new doctor in Mount Street—the bearded man, curiously enough, they let severely alone—was made of about the sternest stuff they had ever encountered, and they saw that they would have to bide their time and watch most diligently for an opportunity to be revenged on him. But their desire to get even with him never abated. They were just waiting, and they knew they would not have to wait very long.

So Jim went on his way, not exactly rejoicing, but admirably serene. He carried a revolver at night-time when his rounds led him into dark courts and treacherous alleys. And ever before him, wherever he went, he saw Dora's eyes, and for Dora's sake, and because he hoped one day to win Dora, he kept a stout heart, and worked with persevering resolution.

Jim used to reach the surgery in the morning about ten. Between one and two, or two and three—according to his engagements—he had his lunch at the emporium of Harris and Father, or at some other eating-house situated near his work. Tea was served to him (when he was there to have it) by an old dame whom he had engaged to look after the house and do the cleaning. This lady occupied a couple of the upper back rooms, for Mr. Harris, losing no time in carrying out his "boarding" scheme, had let off the upper walls of the front to a bill-posting firm, the result being that that portion of the ex-pawn-broking establishment which faced the street was soon covered with flaming placards, drawing attention to whatever melodrama was being played at the local theatre. As Mr. Harris had anticipated, these posters attracted much attention, and Mount Street wayfarers stopped constantly to gape at the thrilling scenes depicted in crude and aggressive colours above Jim's surgery. Not being aware of Mr. Harris's share in this display, Mount Street naturally conjectured that the Long 'Un had let off this space on his own account, and so, while some of its inhabitants expressed admiration for Jim's cuteness, others declared that a doctor ought to be above getting money in that way, adding that Taplow didn't descend to such catch-penny tricks, which showed that he could afford to do without them.

But Jim had some faithful patients who constantly sang his praises. He had made some good friends during his one day at Taplow's

surgery, and these friends vociferously advertised their young medical adviser in fried-fish shops, public-houses, and other places where the world of those parts did congregate to eat, drink and gossip.

The posters were a source of constant amusement to Jim himself, and he took a keen interest in the weekly changes of the pictorial decoration of his outside walls. The men who came every Monday to paste up new "bills" soon got to know the young doctor, and one of them gruffly invited Jim to pay a call on his father-in-law, who seemed unable to throw off an obstinate attack of bronchitis. Jim promptly looked up the old man, and, after examining him, stripped him to the skin and rubbed him all over with brandy. "It'll be all right," said Jim, "you'll see." And it was, for the fierce spirit drew out the inflammation, and within three days the bill-poster's father-in-law was able to go downstairs. The story of the cure, needless to say, was related in every public-house in the district—and from that hour Jim's fortunes mended.

Jim went home for dinner, but returned to his surgery directly the meal was over. One night, however, he did not go to the surgery, but, instead, stayed at Number Nine, and helped Frank with his home-lessons. They had the dining-room to themselves, and were soon deeply immersed in the Rivers of Europe. Presently Dora peeped in—a little shyly, it seemed to Jim—and Frank sang out: "I say, Dora, this is fun; come and see!"

For Jim had drawn a rough outline map of Europe, and Frank was filling in the countries and rivers, Jim holding the map proper before him, and coaching his pupil with characteristic energy.

"It waggles there," Jim said, as Dora having seated herself by her brother, Frank started on the Danube, "and now it goes straight on. Steady, man—you're making it run over a mountain. Now, waggle it a bit more—that's prime."

Frank enjoyed the lesson hugely, and presently Dora drew a river—the Rhine—and won high praise from Mr. Mortimer.

After that Jim took Frank through his French verbs, Dora flagrantly prompting her brother, and from this they proceeded to English History, Jim giving Frank a racy description of James the Second's flight, and the causes leading up to it, which somehow stuck in Frank's head to such effect that on the following day he was awarded 80 marks out of a possible 100, and greatly astonished his form-master by such an unusual display of ability.

It was a happy evening—Jim never remembered spending a happier—and the Long 'Un went to

his work next day with a light heart and a most tender recollection of Dora drawing the Rhine—under *his* tutelage!

But such happy evenings as this had been do not often occur in anybody's life—it is their unexpectedness which gives them the charm which lingers in one's memory.

Jim helped Frank on several occasions after that, but Dora did not join them. She was out, Frank supposed, with Mr. Jefferson. Such announcements filled Jim with forebodings which were to be realised only too speedily.

One evening, when Jim had been established in his new surgery about three weeks, Koko looked in.

"Hullo, Koko!"

"Hullo, Jim!"

Koko sat down and glanced about him.

"Business improving, Jim?"

"Things are looking better, thanks, old man."

"And as to Number Nine?"

"Cold generally; variable breezes," was Jim's weather report.

"He doesn't know yet," thought Koko. Then he added:

"I met Miss Cook to-day."

"Oh, how is she?" said Jim, carelessly, as he went on making up medicine.

"He ought to know," thought Koko, adding aloud: "She's all right. Gave me a bit of information—about Dora."

Jim stared round at his friend with a blank look on his face.

"Eh?"

"She took a fortnight to make up her mind.

She accepted him yesterday, and was wearing his ring to-day."


"Jefferson?"

Koko nodded.

"Yes, she's engaged to Jefferson."

CHAPTER XV.

KOKO IS THANKED.

ORA often looked at her engagement ring. It was a beautiful ring, and had cost Mr. Jefferson thirty pounds. Dora did not know this, but she knew it was a very expensive and valuable ring, and she was very proud of it. She often looked at it—she was for ever holding up her left hand and admiring this lovely, shining, diamond ring—this ring which glittered in dark places and flashed and twinkled even when her hand was quite still.

Dora felt that she was a very lucky girl to have a lover who could give her such a ring. Her stepmother had told her that she ought to consider herself very lucky, and so Dora sup-

posed that she ought to. Yes, it was a beautiful ring, and Dora had blushed when Mr. Jefferson had put it on her finger, and kissed her. She felt that she was very fond of Mr. Jefferson. Few girls, indeed, could boast of such a lover as he—good-looking, well-mannered, perfectly dressed, the pink of politeness, and very much in love with her.

She was sure now that she was fond of him. He had proposed to her quite suddenly one night in a cab as they were driving home together (they had been to the "autumn drama" at Drury Lane, where, of course, he had had a box). Dora had been considerably flurried by the suddenness of the proposal, and had asked for time to consider her answer. Mr. Jefferson had seemed a little put out at her not accepting him at once, but with as good a grace as he could muster he had consented to give her the time she required in which to "think him over," and went off for a fortnight's shooting in Scotland.

During this period Dora gave the matter careful consideration, and discussed it with her stepmother. She did not do this very willingly, but Mrs. Maybury insisted on introducing the topic, she having been informed by Mr. Jefferson of the fact that he had asked Dora to marry him. Mrs. Maybury pointed out to Dora that she would, in all probability, never get such a good offer again—that it would be the wildest folly on her part to refuse Mr. Jefferson. What was she—Dora? A *post-office clerk*! Did she wish to go on performing such drudgery? Of course not! This was one of a thousand reasons why she ought to accept Mr. Jefferson!

As to the other nine hundred and ninety-nine reasons—well, *one* of them that must occur to Dora was the fact that her father was employed by the Jeffersons. It was in young Mr. Jefferson's power to put Mr. Maybury in a much better position at the office. Dora must bear that in mind.

But apart from all this, she had always understood that Dora was very fond of Mr. Jefferson. Had she not accepted presents from him and accompanied him to the theatre, to the Exhibition, to all sorts of places? In short, Dora had encouraged him in every possible way, and Mrs. Maybury was surprised—greatly surprised—to hear that Dora had even asked for time in which to consider her reply. In Mrs. Maybury's opinion, Mr. Jefferson had acted in a most considerate manner; he would have been justified in demanding an immediate "Yes" or "No." As it was, he had shown great forbearance.

Mrs. Maybury had introduced the topic ^{one} evening when Miss Bird and Mr. Cleave were present, as well as herself and Dora. She sup-

posed they both knew that Mr. Jefferson had proposed to Dora. They would, therefore, be rather surprised to hear that Dora had asked for time in which to consider her answer.

"Ridiculous!" said Miss Bird, "she ought to write and accept him at once. What do you say, Mr. Cleave?"

"Didn't quite catch——" replied Mr. Cleave, putting his hand up to his ear.

"I say she ought to write and accept him at once!" howled Miss Bird.

Mr. Cleave nodded rapidly.

"Yes, an admirable offer. A most temperate young man. Yes—as you say—at once!"

"I am sure, Mr. Cleave, I can get on quite well without *your* advice!" snapped Dora.

"My advice," said Cleave, who only caught the latter part of her sentence, "is to accept him. Yes, a good match. A most temperate young man."

"It's got nothing to do with temperance," roared Miss Bird.

Mr. Cleave heard this remark—the people in the next house probably did as well—and looked at Miss Bird reproachfully.

"I hope you are not falling away from the Cause?" he said.

"It's got nothing to do with the Cause!" bellowed Miss Bird. "What I say is, a bad husband is better than no husband at all. Even a pretty girl doesn't get too many offers nowadays. Mr. Jefferson will make a very good husband, and if Dora doesn't accept him, she'll be a fool!"

"You hear what Miss Bird says?" observed Mrs. Maybury, looking at Dora.

"Thank you," said Dora, in an icy voice, "I think I can manage my affairs without assistance from Miss Bird!"

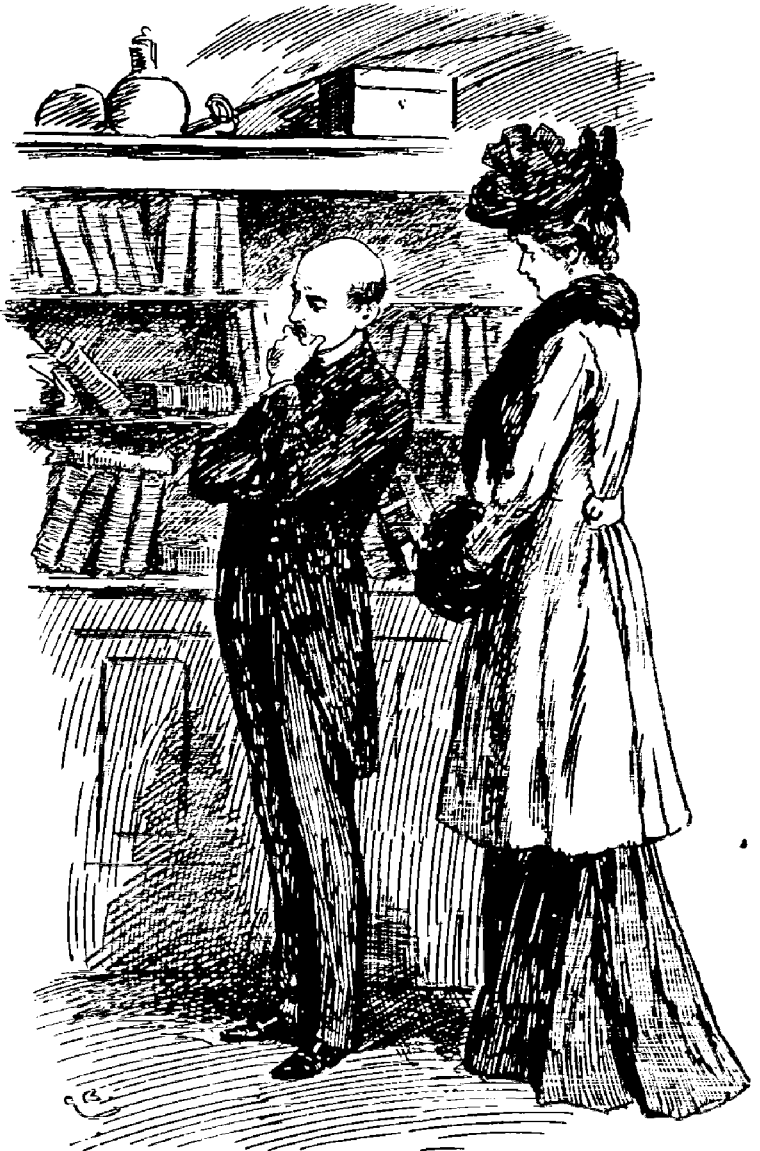
And with that she flung off to bed.

Eventually, however, she accepted Mr. Jefferson. All these speeches in the drawing-room (for the matter was discussed openly on several evenings) had their due effect on her—and the argument that weighed with her most was that by becoming engaged to Mr. Jefferson she could not help but benefit her father. One of the first things Mr. Jefferson would do (asseverated Mrs. Maybury) after becoming engaged to Dora, would be to find some way of bettering Mr. Maybury's position in the office.

It must be borne in mind, too, that Dora was by no means indifferent to Mr. Jefferson. Had he suddenly ceased to pay her attentions she

would have felt greatly hurt and annoyed, for she had become accustomed to his society, and always enjoyed herself very much whenever he took her out.

"Oh, miss, what a lovely ring!" cried Mary, when she saw the present with which Jefferson



"JIM'S MY BEST FRIEND," SAID KOKO; "I'D DO ANYTHING TO HELP HIM."

had clinched the engagement, "oh! what gleam-in' jools! What a rich gentleman he must be, miss! Dr. Mortimer couldn't give you a ring like that, miss—he's too poor!"

Dora, who had been allowing the little servant to examine the ring (they were in her bedroom at the time, which was bedtime), drew her hand sharply away.

"Don't be so silly, Mary. You really are very stupid sometimes, and say such absurd things."

"I didn't mean anything, miss," replied Mary, who had really spoken quite innocently; "it only came into my head, like."

"Then you have a very silly head!" exclaimed Dora.

Mary was going out of the room when Dora called her back.

"I'm so tired, Mary. Would you mind brushing my hair for me?"

"Of course I will, miss," cried Mary (who had been pattering about since six in the morning); "I always *love* to do things for you, miss!"

And then Dora sat down in front of the looking-glass, and Mary took her hair down and combed it and brushed it, "just like a grand lady's," as she said.

"I expect you'll have your own maid when you're married to Mr. Jefferson, miss," added Mary.

Dora made no reply. She was thinking—and the poor over-worked little servant, with her woman's instinct, divined her thoughts.

"Don't you think, miss," she said, presently, "that Dr. Mortimer's thinner than when he first came?"

"Oh, I haven't noticed it," said Dora, carelessly.

"I have," returned Mary.

She brushed away vigorously without speaking for some little time, and then she said: "I wonder if he's in love, miss!"

"Who?" demanded Dora, quite unnecessarily.

"Why, miss, Dr. Mortimer!"

"How should I know!" cried Dora. "Please be quick, Mary—I'm so tired."

"I sometimes think that he is," continued the sentimental little servant, "by the look in his eyes, miss. I should think," added Mary, thoughtfully, "that he would be a very faithful lover, like the knights and barons you read of in books. He'd look well in armour—fightin'—and he'd be so faithful and strong and true. I can't pictur' Mr. Jefferson in armour. Can you, miss?"

"Don't ask such idiotic questions, Mary!" cried Dora, impatiently. "There, I think you've brushed my hair quite enough. Thank you very much, Mary."

"Quite welcome, miss," said the little servant; "good-night, miss!"

"Good-night, Mary."

And so Mary went to her humble couch in the attic, and Dora lay for an hour thinking. And presently she fell asleep and dreamed—and her dreams, curiously enough, were of a knight in armour, who was ever so strong and true, and who went to the wars, and after many battles came back home to claim the hand of his fair and faithful lady-love.

The diamond ring, twinkling and flashing, attracted a good deal of attention at the post-office. The other girls went into raptures about it, and told Dora that she was a very, very lucky girl. Everybody—it seemed to Dora—said she was a lucky girl. Dora did not altogether appreciate being informed so frequently that she was a lucky girl. After all, this ring was only the symbol of a compact. Had she not given herself in exchange for it? She did not put the matter to herself quite in these words, but this was the drift of her reflections on the subject. Why should she be considered so very, *very* lucky!

Miss Cook and she got away from the post-office early one afternoon.

"We will have a nice tea somewhere," said Dora; "I will treat you, dear."

"Shall we go to tea with Mr. Somers?" suggested Miss Cook.

"Mr. Somers! But he will be out."

"No, he won't. I saw him last night at the house of some friends of mine, and he told me he would be in to-day. I knew we should get off early to-day, and so I asked him," added Miss Cook, a little shamefacedly.

Dora sighed. She was fond of Miss Cook, and she was afraid that Mr. Somers was never likely to take a fancy to her friend.

"Very well, dear; we will go and see Mr. Somers."

They turned their steps, therefore, in the direction of the Adelphi, where, along a modest terrace, Koko did dwell.

Presently Dora said: "What friends did you go to see last night, Rose?"

"Oh, some old friends of ours—not at all grand. He is a bookseller."

"I suppose he has all the new novels. I wonder if he ever reads them!"

"He doesn't have any new novels, Dora. He is a second-hand bookseller. He deals in all sorts of old books."

"Oh!" said Dora. "Mr. Somers is very fond of collecting old books, isn't he?"

"Yes, he has found some very good ones in the twopenny box—you know—the box which they mark 'THIS LOT 2d.'"

Dora laughed.

"Oh, yes—I know an author who says his books circulate freely among the twopenny boxes. And does Mr. Somers go routing about for old books in those boxes?"

"Yes; he has made several 'finds,' as he calls them. My friend bought some from him the other day."

"What! has he been selling them again?"

"Yes; I wonder why! He called on my friend quite late one night not long ago, and sold him twelve very valuable books. He got fifty pounds

for them. I wonder why he sold them—he is so fond of his old books! But here we are! Isn't it a queer, musty old place!"

Koko received the girls with a smile of genuine pleasure. He hustled about and got tea for them, and then Dora played to them both on a very old but still tuneful piano that Koko had picked up at a sale years since. When Jim was at Matt's, Koko told the girls, he often used to drop in and play the piano. "Wonderful ear Jim's got," said Koko; "but," he added, "he's not been here since he went to Mount Street. Jim's working now."

Then, while Miss Cook sat down and tried to pick out a march on the piano, Koko showed Dora his treasures, and spent quite a time telling her little anecdotes as to how this book and that book had come into his possession. While he talked, Dora was putting two and two together. She remembered how amazed Jim had looked when Koko said he was going to set up in Mount Street, and she remembered how Koko had hurried away in the middle of dinner. She understood now why he had done so.

"Some have gone from here," said Dora, pointing to a gap in one of the shelves.

"Yes," said Koko, in an off-hand way, "I have a clear-out occasionally."

"Did you sell them?" she asked.

"Rather—I don't give my books away."

"And did you get a good price for them?"

"Fair," said Koko; "yes, a fair price."

Miss Cook ended up with a loud and inharmonious chord and rose from the piano.

"Come, Dora—we must be going."

"Oh, don't go yet," urged Koko.

"We must—it is getting late, and Dora is expected at home. Good-bye, Mr. Somers."

They shook hands, and Miss Cook sauntered out into the passage.

And now Dora had to say good-bye.

"Mr. Somers—I know why you sold those books. You wanted to help Dr. Mortimer."

Koko gazed at her for a few moments without speaking and then said, quite simply: "Yes, I did. Jim's my best friend. I'd do anything to help him."

As he spoke, his glance wandered to the half-emptied shelf. Much as he loved his old books, however, he did not regret his recent sacrifice.

"You are a very good man, Mr. Somers—very kind and good. I only wish," she added, with demure hesitation, "that I were a little younger, for then it would be quite proper for me to—to kiss you."

"Are you coming, Dora?" Miss Cook was growing impatient.

Koko turned to Dora with a smile and took her hand.

"If I were a little younger, perhaps it would not be proper," he said, gently, "but as I'm ever so much older than you, don't you think that—"

"Why, yes," said Dora, and bending swiftly she kissed him, and fled with much haste into the passage.

Koko mused on the incident for some time after they had gone. "Well," he said, "that's queer. I don't understand women! She's engaged to one man and kisses me for helping another. No, I don't understand women at all!"

And then, with a thoughtful smile, he proceeded to clear away the tea-things.

(To be Continued.)



SCHOOL MAGAZINES



"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

The Aluredian (King's College, Taunton; Lent Term).—The tendency to drop Euclid and take up geometry has induced a humorous article, entitled "Out of the Frying-pan into the Fire." Of the rest of this magazine we like the happy selection of early English proverbs from the writings of Hendyng, notably the following: "Learn wit and wisdom eagerly, and take care that no man prevent another from being wise and good, for it is better to be wise than to wear gay apparel." "If thou art rich and highly esteemed, be not thou, therefore, puffed up, and wax not too wild, but conduct thyself courteously."

The Arvonian (Carnarvon County School; March).—A glut of "copy" is a refreshing note to hear the editor sounding. His portraits of the football and hockey teams are very nicely reproduced. The girls' hockey team seems wonderfully strong, especially when on the defensive. Miss N. Evans appears to be the best scorer. Five goals against Bangor County School is almost a record. The article entitled "Characteristics of the Sixth Form" is excellent reading, but for one of the members to give the rest away in such a wholesale fashion is hard luck. We fear the Sixth will fall from their high estate when lower forms become acquainted with their ways. The list of "howlers" is no better than similar efforts we see elsewhere. Sometimes there is a laborious attempt to explain whatever spark of humour may exist in this form of wit.

The Breconian (April).—We congratulate J. W. Jenkins and T. P. James on the pretty cover in which the magazine is now clothed. We are promised improvements in the design for July. Athletically the school appears to have been very busy. The Cadet Corps is looking forward to the camp at Aldershot. The poets of the school have been very busy we observe. The following definition of Brokerage from an arithmetic paper seems to suggest a closer familiarity with the Turf than with the Stock Exchange:—"Brokerage. This term is used every day, and it means that a man has a certain sum of money, and he wishes to investigate it on such and such a thing; he sends it to a broker to investigate it for him, it is then said to be in Brokerage."

The Bridlingtonian (Bridlington Grammar School Magazine, April).—The Head has been appointed a member of the new education committee. According to the reports of the Sports Fund Lectures, they appear an excellent series of a much higher standard of merit than we usually meet with. The school is to be congratulated on the opening of the new wing. Forty years ago the Grammar School was a loft in the old town. Now a magnificent pile of buildings has sprung up and spread in such a way that Commissioner Leach, of the Board of

Education, said he had never known any school develop in so phenomenal a manner.

The Carterian (Red House School Magazine, Marston Moor, Yorks.).—The articles on "Child Study" and "Professions" raise the value of this magazine enormously. Outdoor games are receiving more attention, hockey evidently enjoying the greatest favour. "Seaside Geometry," in the shape of definitions and postulates, is a happy conceit, notably: A single room is that which has no parts or magnitude. On the same bill and on the same side of it there shall be two charges for the same thing.

Holmwood (Bexhill, April).—A flood of "copy," a healthier exchequer, and a new sub-editor, in the person of Mr. Lunn, form the burden of the editor's song. Golf has come to stay. Francis, with a very good score, won the Putting Competition. The verses by G. P. H. on "Golf" are amusing. Cecil Reindorp's article on "Ranching in Colorado" is informing and helpful to boys intending to go "out West."

Mill Hill Magazine (April).—A portrait and an appreciation of Dr. Weymouth, for seventeen years (1869-1886) Head of the school, form the staple of the April number of this magazine. Himself the first D.Litt. of London University, he scored remarkable successes with his pupils at the London Matriculation. Among those who owe their early training to him are Mr. Owen Seaman, the brilliant satirist and versifier on the staff of *Punch*; Mr. A. R. Ropes, better known as Mr. Adrian Ross, who wrote the lyrics in *The Country Girl*; Mr. Micklem, K.C., Mr. Scrutton, K.C., Dr. Lavington Hare of Tientsin, and Mr. S. H. Leonard, late Warden of Broadplain Mission, Bristol. The school's success at hockey over the Royal Naval School and King's College is noteworthy. The Natural History Society appears very vigorous. We wish other schools would follow the example of Mill Hill in this respect.

The Olavian (March).—We would add our note of welcome on the re-issue of the school hymnal, carefully revised and much enlarged under the care of the Head. "Re-union" will appeal to a far wider circle than Old Olavians. It strikes a note of deep devotion and nobility. The contrast is so marked between the doggerel which characterises much of our hymnology (and caused Dr. Johnson to doubt whether hymns ever could rank as poetry) that we take leave to quote the following:—

"From many ways and wide apart,
Obedient to thy call,
Hither we turn with loyal heart,
Dear Mother of us all!

For more than gold has been the lore
We learned beside thy knee—
The faith that grows from more to more,
The truth that maketh free;

The strength to do and to endure
Through good report and ill,
The heart of love, the conscience pure,
And the undaunted will."

Stopford Brooke, Henry Newbolt, and Christina Rossetti all find a place in this book of golden thoughts.

The Quernmorian (Bromley, Kent; April).—The school sports form the chief item of interest. S. D. Carpenter's splendid performance in the 100 yards race was too good to be believed, the editor says. Incredulity was overcome when the two time-keepers agreed it was 10.25secs. G. Davies did well in the quarter-mile (under 15), tying with Carpenter's record, viz., 60secs.

The Salopian (April).—The splendid play of Old Salopians for the "Dunn Cup" in beating the Malvernians and Brightonians and drawing in the final with two goals in their favour well deserves the encomiums of the editor. Nor is Salopian success limited to this. The school beat Uppingham at fives and Cromwre at hockey. At the time of reviewing, it is undecided what the next step is to be in the play for the "Dunn Cup." The publication of the magazine was delayed to express thanks to W. J. Oakley, the captain of the team, on their success in the first year of the competition.

The Williamsonian (Rochester Mathematical School, April).—The success of the school team in the shooting competition at the Crystal Palace is very satisfactory, thanks to Mr. Blake's efforts. A photograph of the School First XI. enlivens the pages of the magazine, and a strange article on "The Phenomena of Perversity" forms capital reading. It is regrettable to hear the editor "nagging" because the boys do not take a deep interest in anything but the dinner and recreation bell. It isn't easy to pump up a due appreciation of the part thought and sentiment play in the world, as the editor desires. Good appetites and soundness in wind and limb are vastly more important to boys

THE WILLIAMSONIAN

THE MAGAZINE OF THE ROCHESTER MATHEMATICAL SCHOOL

CONTENTS

By the Editor	1
The Phenomena of Perversity	2
Our Local Genius	5
Shooting Competition at Crystal Palace	7
The Magazine	7
Photographic Society	8
School News	8
Term Calendar	8
M.S.R.G.	8
Football	9
Junior Williamsonian Club	11
The Williamsonian Club	12
Old Williamsonians	15

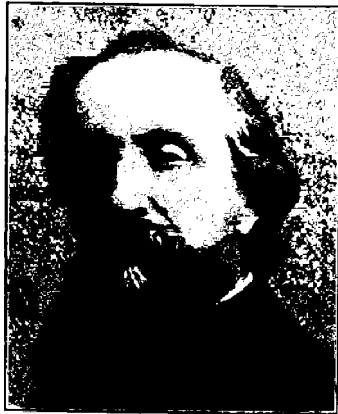
APRIL, 1903.

than a problematic appreciation of the importance of thought and sentiment.

We have also to acknowledge the receipt of the following:—*The Wasp* (Sedbergh), *The Taylorian*, *The Tonbridgian*, *Truro College Magazine*, *The Patesian*, *Rolandseck School Magazine*, *Sotoniensis*, *The Ousel*, *The Blue*, and *The Haileyburian*.

THE HEADMASTER OF MARLBOROUGH.

ALL Marlburians have learnt, with intense regret, that Canon G. C. Bell intends retiring at the end of the summer term. He has been "Head" of Marlborough seven and twenty years. We cannot pay a higher tribute to his work during that time than by quoting the following resolution passed by the College council:—In accepting the resignation of Mr. Bell the Council of Marlborough College desire to place on record their deep regret at losing a master



CANON BELL.
Headmaster of Marlborough.
Photograph by Elliott and Fry

who for twenty-seven years has presided over the college with the greatest devotion and the most conspicuous success. By his work as a teacher, his wisdom as a ruler, and the happy relations he has maintained with the council, his colleagues, and his pupils throughout that long period, they feel that Mr. Bell has not only carried on the high traditions of the mastership, but has rendered services to the college and the community, the value of which it is impossible to exaggerate."

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

In our July number we hope to publish an ably written article on this school from the pen of Mr. A. E. Johnson with copious illustrations. Mr. Johnson will attempt to invest his work with the atmosphere which old Westminster Boys have always felt surrounded Westminster, and assisted so much to produce past and present distinguished scholars.

CHECKMATE

BY JULIA TRUITT BISHOP

(A Popular American Writer.)

THE two men, riding a little distance from the house, sat on their horses and looked at one another.

"He went there, sure as fate," said the elder man, with decision.

"But she says not," said the younger, much perturbed. "An' if she says so it'll pay us to go slow. Old May's mighty touchy."

The sheriff ran his fingers grimly through his long beard, and gazed at the house in question. "Looks mighty innocent," he said, reflectively. "Nobody at home but the girl—her there ironin'—ducks and chickens in the yard—everything like it had been just so for a year."

The young man, who chanced to be deputy sheriff, smiled at his superior with some embarrassment. "Tell ye what," he said, blushing, "if he's there I can get that girl to give him up. I'm some acquainted with her," he added, consciously. "I've took her out to church once or twice—an' once on a hay-ride. You just go off down the road an' wait at that sycamore-tree at the fur side o' the clearin'. Bet you five dollars if the man's there I'll bring him out."

"See what it is to have a kind o' way with women," sighed the sheriff. "There was always somethin' lackin' in me, but whenever I piped they didn't dance, not by a long sight. I'll wait for ye, Ben."

The sheriff rode away as though he had given up the quest, while Ben Pringle, deputy of a week's standing and intent on his first capture, went back to the house he had quitted a few minutes before. He was a handsome young fellow, tall and alert. There was something suggestive of power in the very manner in which he tossed the bridle over a fence-post and slapped the horse's neck, making that animal bound airily; and perhaps the girl within was not altogether unconscious of it.



She bent over the table, sprinkling more clothes and singing to herself. The neck of her dress was turned in, showing the round white throat. Her sleeves were rolled up above her elbows, and

such arms might have set throbbing an older heart than his. All the mass of her red-brown hair was piled up on her head, but there were alluring little curls that fluffed around her forehead and strayed over her neck. The deputy sheriff inwardly reminded himself that he had come back in pursuit of an escaped prisoner; but when he paused to think he was not so sure. As for her, when she straightened up at the sound of his step in the door there was a daring light in her eyes.

"Back already?" she asked, with a laugh and toss of her head. "You'd much better be out hunting for the man that beat Sol Wiggins, it seems to me."

The deputy sheriff sat down deliberately. "I don't mind waitin' awhile," he said civilly. "We think the man came this way, an' havin' a kind o' friendship for—the family, you know—I couldn't rest easy with you here alone and the man loose in the woods."

His eyes were fixed on a cupboard door just beyond her. That was absolutely the only place possible.

"So! You're worried about me!" said the girl, flashing that light in her eyes upon him. "Now, isn't that kind of you—especially as father's in the field just over yonder, and if I called he'd come?"

She took up an iron from before the fire and held it near her glowing cheek, looking at him the while.

"You seem to forget that other people may be worried about you as well as your father," he said, with an emphasis that was tenderer than he had really meant to make it.

The girl opened her eyes with a baby-like stare as she rubbed the iron smooth on a cloth. "Other people?" she repeated. "Oh, yes; you mean my mother, and Aunt Lucy, and Cousin Jim. They are all in town to-day, but perhaps they'll hurry back because they are worried."

He felt that he was not making much headway. The abrupt motion he made tipped his chair down with a crash.

"You know," said the girl, spreading out a garment with elaborate care and beginning to run the iron over it, with skilful haste, "I never felt so flattered in my life. Here is a criminal loose in the country—not so very much of a criminal, either, just the man that got into a fight with Sol Wiggins, and laid Sol up for a while—and here comes an officer and stands guard over me, so that I won't be harmed. Now, isn't that beautiful? I suppose that's what the state hires officers for—to come and sit here and watch me iron, and scare off criminals."

Her mockery set his face ablaze; but he would not allow himself to be ridiculed out of his purpose.

"I'd do more than that for you," he said, leaning his elbow on the table and looking up at her.

"Would you?" she asked. "I wish you knew how to iron. If you could only take that off my hands now—or perhaps you wouldn't mind splitting up a little



"I'M GOING TO SEE WHO'S HID IN THAT CUPBOARD," HE THUNDERED.

wood there and making a fire in the stove."

Ben Pringle frowned. "I don't know nothin' about that kind of work," he said, firmly; "but I know how to catch up with people that's hidin' criminals from the officers."

She set the iron down before the fire and perched herself on the edge of the table. "Are there people who do such a thing as that?" she asked, with awe. "Mercy, what wicked people they must be! When you catch people at a thing like that, what do you do to them? Take them to jail?"

"We settle with 'em," he said, darkly.

"Oh, how awful that sounds," she said, with a shudder. "And now, with so many criminals to catch and people to be settled with, how can you stay here and bother me with my ironing? Do hurry off now and tell Sheriff Barton he isn't hiding here."

She slipped down from the table and began ironing again, humming the remainder of that little tune, as though the discussion was quite finished so far as she was concerned.

"I'll look around a little first," he said, rising with a darkened countenance. His eyes were fastened upon the door of the cupboard, and he drew near it.

The girl stepped back toward the door and flung up her head like a deer. The time for jesting was over. "What are you going to do?" she demanded.

"I'm goin' to see who's hid in that cupboard," he thundered, extending a hand.

But she was too quick for him, and sprang to the cupboard door and stood with her back against it, her round, young arms laid out on either side. Her blood was up, and the brown eyes flashed fire into his.

"Don't dare to touch me!" she cried, the red glow surging into her face; and determined as he was, he fell back discomfited.

"You've got somebody in there," he said, sternly, "an' I'm goin' to see who it is before I leave."

"Are you?" she said, smiling at him tauntingly, as though she dared him with all his height and strength. "All right—come and push me away and break down the door!"

He stood and looked at her with the kind of helplessness that strong men feel in a clash of wills with women. He could have crushed her with one hand. He could have thrust her to one side as though she had been a gnat. Yet there she was, standing up and defying him.

"I have to do it, Miss Bert," he said, fal-

teringly. "I hate it mightily, but the law compels me to see into that cupboard."

"The law doesn't know anything about it," she retorted, with all a woman's unreason.

"But it has to know," he said almost suppliantly. "Just stand out o' the way, now, Miss Bert, an' let me look into that cupboard."

She stood still, her pretty head up, her arms thrown back against the wall.

"Do, now, Bert!" he pleaded, desperately. "I hate to do it—if I wasn't compelled, the fellow could go hang for all o' me. But I just must see into that cupboard. I'll—I'll never forgive you if you make me push you out o' the way."

The girl dropped her arms and walked over to the window like an offended princess.

"Open the door, then!" she cried haughtily; and with deep humiliation, and with something rising in his throat and choking speech, he took up a hatchet from the corner and prized the door open.

The shelves within were adorned with boxes and cans and such gear from floor to ceiling. The rest was empty.

As he fell back discomfited the girl burst into ringing laughter. "Thank you for waiting so long," she said, cheerfully. "It gave the man a good chance to get across Hollow Tree ford and into another state. I gave him the directions early this morning. I hope you've enjoyed your stay. Come again, Mr. Pringle."

"What did you mean by makin' me think he was hidden there?" he demanded, furiously, unappeased by the dancing brown eyes that looked into his.

"I didn't tell you he was there," she said, innocently. "You said he was there yourself."

Ben Pringle flung himself out of the house and upon his horse without a backward glance. If he had looked he would have seen the girl standing in the door, shading her eyes with her hand and waving something white after him; but he could not look. Down under the sycamore-tree vengeance was waiting for him in the person of a grim old sheriff who had an extraordinary gift of language.

The girl watched him out of sight and then turned back into the room. "You can come out now," she said; and the man who had laid Sol Wiggins low came forth from his hiding-place.

"Talk about Delilah!" he said, gleefully, as he stretched his cramped limbs, "I'll bet you could give her fifty yards—"

"I wouldn't talk about anything," she said,

briefly, "I'd strike out for the lower ford, and try to get across before they find the track again."

And acting on her suggestion he went; but bursts of laughter made merry the solemn road down to the lower ford.

Three weeks later Ben Pringle, still in the depths of humiliation, told Sheriff Barton all about it.

"I thought I knew something about women," he said, irritably, sitting sidewise on his horse; "but there she was, ironin' away an' chaffin' me all that time, *with him hid under the ironin'-table.*

She had a big quilt spread over it to iron on, an' there he was so close I could 'a' reached out an' caught 'im from where I was sittin'. Blame a woman, that's what I say!"

"Beats me," said the elder man thought-

fully, "how easy it is for some folks to be come over by a woman. Now, if I'd 'a' gone there, looks to me like I'd 'a' seen into that little game. There ought to be somethin' done with that girl. She ought to be taught a lesson."

"That's what I thought," said the deputy, with a chastened spirit. "I went there an' talked to her seriously—an' we're goin' to be married next month. You see, it occurred to me—"

"What!" ejaculated the sheriff.

"That there ain't a mob livin' could get a prisoner away from that girl if she didn't want to give 'im up."

The sheriff considered the question thoughtfully.

"But Ned, if that ain't so!" he exclaimed, with astonished conviction. "We'll just take 'er into partnership, Ben—ironin'-table an' all!"



BODIAM CASTLE.

A CAPTAIN CLUB CONTRIBUTION.

THIS fine specimen of a baronial castle of the middle ages is situated in the rural parish of Bodiam, in the county of Sussex, and is one of the most frequently visited places in "that county of abbeys, churches, and castles." Bodiam takes its name from the Bodyams, to whom the greater part of the district was given after the Norman Conquest. The castle was built in 1386 by Sir Edward Dalyngruge, who had distinguished himself at Cressy and Poitiers, and who was appointed, in 1393, Governor of the Tower of London. The Wardeux's were the next owners, and at the time of the Civil War Sir W. Waller besieged the castle, which was then owned by Sir Thos. Lewknor, for seventeen days, at the end of which time the Royalist garrison was obliged to surrender. The castle has been restored and the towers strengthened, etc., several times, but not in such a way as to destroy its ancient appearance. This is to be attributed in a great measure to the care of Mr. Cubitt, M.P., during his ownership. The castle, as it now stands, is surrounded by a deep moat fed from the River Rother, which is crossed by a causeway, on which the barbican stands; the drawbridge, however, has disappeared. The gateway, flanked by two square towers, is protected by a great portcullis, and the places can still be seen from which the defenders

could pour boiling pitch or other objectionable liquids on the heads of the attacking force if it tried to effect an entrance. There is also another portcullised gateway on the opposite side of the castle, where the drawbridge formerly was, and over each gateway are three coats-of-arms, namely, those of Bodyam, Dalyngruge, and Wardeux. Each of the ten towers, which all rise to a considerable height, is ascended by a winding, or nowell, staircase, and a fine view of the surrounding country can be obtained from them. The interior of the castle is now mostly an open space with a few fragments of old walls, and is generally used by visitors for playing cricket and rounders and other games. Most of the apartments, however, can be distinguished, especially the large kitchen, on the south-west of the castle, which is often used by picnic parties for the purpose it was put to in the days of the Dalyngruges. The chapel stood on the east side of the castle, and there are traces of a small apartment above, which was probably the residence of the chaplain. There are the usual dark holes, supposed to have been used as miniature dungeons, and there is a boat which can be used for rowing round the moat by those wishing to do so. Altogether Bodiam is well worth a visit, either by the antiquarian or pleasure-seeker.

L. J. HOBSON.

wood there and making a fire in the stove."

Ben Pringle frowned. "I don't know nothin' about that kind of work," he said, firmly; "but I know how to catch up with people that's hidin' criminals from the officers."

She set the iron down before the fire and perched herself on the edge of the table. "Are there people who do such a thing as that?" she asked, with awe. "Mercy, what wicked people they must be! When you catch people at a thing like that, what do you do to them? Take them to jail?"

"We settle with 'em," he said, darkly.

"Oh, how awful that sounds," she said, with a shudder. "And now, with so many criminals to catch and people to be settled with, how can you stay here and bother me with my ironing? Do hurry off now and tell Sheriff Barton he isn't hiding here."

She slipped down from the table and began ironing again, humming the remainder of that little tune, as though the discussion was quite finished so far as she was concerned.

"I'll look around a little first," he said, rising with a darkened countenance. His eyes were fastened upon the door of the cupboard, and he drew near it.

The girl stepped back toward the door and flung up her head like a deer. The time for jesting was over. "What are you going to do?" she demanded.

"I'm goin' to see who's hid in that cupboard," he thundered, extending a hand.

But she was too quick for him, and sprang to the cupboard door and stood with her back against it, her round, young arms laid out on either side. Her blood was up, and the brown eyes flashed fire into his.

"Don't dare to touch me!" she cried, the red glow surging into her face; and determined as he was, he fell back discomfited.

"You've got somebody in there," he said, sternly, "an' I'm goin' to see who it is before I leave."

"Are you?" she said, smiling at him tauntingly, as though she dared him with all his height and strength. "All right—come and push me away and break down the door!"

He stood and looked at her with the kind of helplessness that strong men feel in a clash of wills with women. He could have crushed her with one hand. He could have thrust her to one side as though she had been a gnat. Yet there she was, standing up and defying him.

"I have to do it, Miss Bert," he said, fal-

teringly. "I hate it mightily, but the law compees me to see into that cupboard."

"The law doesn't know anything about it," she retorted, with all a woman's unreason.

"But it has to know," he said almost suppliantly. "Just stand out o' the way, now, Miss Bert, an' let me look into that cupboard."

She stood still, her pretty head up, her arms thrown back against the wall.

"Do, now, Bert!" he pleaded, desperately. "I hate to do it—if I wasn't compelled, the fellow could go hang for all o' me. But I just must see into that cupboard. I'll—I'll never forgive you if you make me push you out o' the way."

The girl dropped her arms and walked over to the window like an offended princess.

"Open the door, then!" she cried haughtily; and with deep humiliation, and with something rising in his throat and choking speech, he took up a hatchet from the corner and prized the door open.

The shelves within were adorned with boxes and cans and such gear from floor to ceiling. The rest was empty.

As he fell back discomfited the girl burst into ringing laughter. "Thank you for waiting so long," she said, cheerfully. "It gave the man a good chance to get across Hollow Tree ford and into another state. I gave him the directions early this morning. I hope you've enjoyed your stay. Come again, Mr. Pringle."

"What did you mean by makin' me think he was hidden there?" he demanded, furiously, unappeased by the dancing brown eyes that looked into his.

"I didn't tell you he was there," she said, innocently. "You said he was there yourself."

Ben Pringle flung himself out of the house and upon his horse without a backward glance. If he had looked he would have seen the girl standing in the door, shading her eyes with her hand and waving something white after him; but he could not look. Down under the sycamore-tree vengeance was waiting for him in the person of a grim old sheriff who had an extraordinary gift of language.

The girl watched him out of sight and then turned back into the room. "You can come out now," she said; and the man who had laid Sol Wiggins low came forth from his hiding-place.

"Talk about Delilah!" he said, gleefully, as he stretched his cramped limbs, "I'll bet you could give her fifty yards—"

"I wouldn't talk about anything," she said,

briefly, "I'd strike out for the lower ford, and try to get across before they find the track again."

And acting on her suggestion he went; but bursts of laughter made merry the solemn road down to the lower ford.

Three weeks later Ben Pringle, still in the depths of humiliation, told Sheriff Barton all about it.

"I thought I knew something about women," he said, irritably, sitting sideways on his horse; "but there she was, ironin' away an' chaffin' me all that time, *with him hid under the ironin'-table.*

She had a big quilt spread over it to iron on, an' there he was so close I could 'a' reached out an' caught 'im from where I was sittin'. Blame a woman, that's what I say!"

"Beats me," said the elder man thought-

fully, "how easy it is for some folks to be come over by a woman. Now, if I'd 'a' gone there, looks to me like I'd 'a' seen into that little game. There ought to be somethin' done with that girl. She ought to be taught a lesson."

"That's what I thought," said the deputy, with a chastened spirit. "I went there an' talked to her seriously—an' we're goin' to be married next month. You see, it occurred to me—"

"What!" ejaculated the sheriff.

"That there ain't a mob livin' could get a prisoner away from that girl if she didn't want to give 'im up."

The sheriff considered the question thoughtfully.

"But Ned, if that ain't so!" he exclaimed, with astonished conviction. "We'll just take 'er into partnership, Ben—ironin'-table an' all!"



BODIAM CASTLE.

A CAPTAIN CLUB CONTRIBUTION.

THIS fine specimen of a baronial castle of the middle ages is situated in the rural parish of Bodiam, in the county of Sussex, and is one of the most frequently visited places in "that county of abbeys, churches, and castles." Bodiam takes its name from the Bodyams, to whom the greater part of the district was given after the Norman Conquest. The castle was built in 1386 by Sir Edward Dalyngruge, who had distinguished himself at Cressy and Poitiers, and who was appointed, in 1393, Governor of the Tower of London. The Wardeux's were the next owners, and at the time of the Civil War Sir W. Waller besieged the castle, which was then owned by Sir Thos. Lewknor, for seventeen days, at the end of which time the Royalist garrison was obliged to surrender. The castle has been restored and the towers strengthened, etc., several times, but not in such a way as to destroy its ancient appearance. This is to be attributed in a great measure to the care of Mr. Cubitt, M.P., during his ownership. The castle, as it now stands, is surrounded by a deep moat fed from the River Rother, which is crossed by a causeway, on which the barbican stands; the drawbridge, however, has disappeared! The gateway, flanked by two square towers, is protected by a great portcullis, and the places can still be seen from which the defenders

could pour boiling pitch or other objectionable liquids on the heads of the attacking force if it tried to effect an entrance. There is also another portcullised gateway on the opposite side of the castle, where the drawbridge formerly was, and over each gateway are three coats-of-arms, namely, those of Bodyam, Dalyngruge, and Wardeux. Each of the ten towers, which all rise to a considerable height, is ascended by a winding, or nowell, staircase, and a fine view of the surrounding country can be obtained from them. The interior of the castle is now mostly an open space with a few fragments of old walls, and is generally used by visitors for playing cricket and rounders and other games. Most of the apartments, however, can be distinguished, especially the large kitchen, on the south-west of the castle, which is often used by picnic parties for the purpose it was put to in the days of the Dalyngruges. The chapel stood on the east side of the castle, and there are traces of a small apartment above, which was probably the residence of the chaplain. There are the usual dark holes, supposed to have been used as miniature dungeons, and there is a boat which can be used for rowing round the moat by those wishing to do so. Altogether Bodiam is well worth a visit, either by the antiquarian or pleasure-seeker.

L. J. HODSON.

NATURALISTS' CORNER.

Conducted by EDWARD STEP, F.L.S.

Museum Beetle.—When the entomologist has caught and "set" his specimens, pinning them neatly into his cabinet drawers or store-boxes, he must take the precaution of putting in with them some naphthaline; otherwise they will sooner or later fall a prey to the moths, beetles, or mites that insinuate themselves into collections and speedily ruin them. Here is the sad experience of Hal. J. Henderson (Brockley), who writes for information and advice. He says: "I have a dozen boxes of moths and butterflies which have been put away for some time. On opening them the other day, for the purpose of arranging a couple of glass-covered cases, I found that insects had completely destroyed the contents of two boxes, and were also in most of the other boxes, though not having done much damage. On examination I discovered two distinct kinds of these ravagers, of which I enclose living specimens." The two kinds sent to me turn out to



THE MUSEUM BEETLE.

be the larva and perfect insect of the Museum-beetle (*Anthrenus muscorum*), of which we have had enlarged figures made. The larva or grub is whitish, clothed with little bundles of brown hairs, with two longer bundles at the tail end, which the creature carries laid along its back, but can erect at will. The mature insect, though only about one-tenth of an inch long, is very pretty, the wing-cases being covered with minute scales of white, yellow, and brown, which give it a mottled appearance. When alarmed the insect tucks in its head and legs and feigns death. It is really the larva that commits these ravages, for the beetle shows a decided preference for flowers; but the beetle must be kept out of the collection, for it lays the eggs from which the troublesome larvæ emerge.

Giddy Dog.—A black and tan collie owned by C. B. Tidboald (Lower Corneytrowe) "loses control of its limbs, lies on its back for five or ten minutes, or runs into walls, etc., as though mad or intoxicated." It is not cramp, as you suppose, C. B. T., but either vertigo or epilepsy. If the symptoms you describe are accompanied by foaming at the mouth, and convulsions, it is epilepsy; if without these symptoms it is probably vertigo. The latter is sometimes caused by a tight collar or a heavy chain, but may be due to some internal disease. On the recurrence of an attack the dog's collar should be removed, and cold water poured on his

head. Make up an aperient of castor-oil and linseed oil in equal proportions, and give him a 4 dram dose. Then he must be kept quiet, and his diet attended to. Let him have only regular meals, moderate in quantity, and digestible in character. If from the foregoing you have reason to suspect epilepsy or any internal disease, you had better show him to a "vet."

Hedgehogs Again.—"Seftonian" (Liverpool), wants to keep a hedgehog, but has no garden or outhouse, and the powers that be object to such a creature roaming the house. "Would it be right or not to keep it in a hutch?" Well, "Seftonian," I have no experience of hedgehogs being kept in such close quarters, and should not advise the experiment. As the hedgehog sleeps during the day it cannot be a very entertaining pet, and as it likes so mixed a diet—worms, snails, snakes, frogs, birds, insects, roots, etc.—I doubt whether you will keep it in health long. I should certainly advise you to select some other pet for cage life.

White Rats.—In answer to A. C. D. (Aberdeen), the diet you mention should do very well; you might add oats, and an occasional bone with fragments of meat on it. The sore nose is probably due to rubbing against the wires of his cage; moisten it with vaseline. Impossible to say exactly how long they will live in confinement, but, with judicious feeding and exercise, you should be able to keep them for several years. Yes; they may readily be taught the same kind of tricks that white mice perform. Hay is the best bedding; it should be kept fresh and sweet by frequent renewal.

Tortoise, etc.—(1) If the garden is a painfully trim and well-kept one, your Greek Tortoise will not find all it wants there; but if there are some waste patches where such juicy plants as dandelions and marigolds are suffered to exist, it will be all right. Sink a large seed-pan until its rim is level with the soil, and keep it supplied with clean water that he may walk in to drink and wash. (2) If the aquarium is properly supplied with growing water-weeds, the water will seldom require changing. Add water to make up for evaporation, but do not change unless it becomes thick or offensive to the nose. (Answer to "Tortoise," Malvern.)

Various.—"Ye Naturalist" (Whit-hurch) asks several questions which will not allow of a less general title. (1) Your request for the title of a book enabling you to identify all the creatures of the earth, the heavens above, and the waters beneath, is a very large order, and I am sorry I cannot fill it. A general natural history in many volumes is the nearest approach to what you want, but even here the treatment must be by family groups rather than separate species. Tell us what class of animals you are particularly interested in.

and I may be able to help you. (2) "The best shape and size of net for capturing small fishes and aquatic insects." The ordinary hoop-shaped nets are the most convenient, and the question of size is a personal matter. I think a small one—say about 6in. across—is the best. (3) "The greatest number of fish and insects from 4in. to $\frac{1}{2}$ in. long that an aquarium 16in. by 12in. would comfortably hold." It is impossible to answer such questions, because it depends upon the size and species of every individual that is to be of the company admitted. Get your aquarium well furnished with growing water weeds, and then commence with a very few of the animals, gradually adding others so long as all appear to maintain good health. Most failures in aquarium keeping are due to overcrowding, or to including in one vessel creatures that are unsuited to live together in close quarters. (4) "The best way to capture and keep grass-snakes." Grip them firmly just behind the head. Keep in a fern case, and feed occasionally with small frogs. Provide a shallow pan of clean water for bathing and drinking, both necessary for the comfort and happiness of a grass-snake.

Dhyal Bird and Shama.—These two birds are closely related to each other, and also to our Redbreast. The Common Dhyal (*Copsychus saularis*) comes from India, and is frequently kept in this country as a cage-bird. The song of the male is much like that of the Redbreast, only there is more of it. It may easily be taught tricks, especially to turn somersaults. The colouring in the male is glossy black and white, distributed as in our illustration; but in the female the dark parts are brown above and grey below. The Shammas are of similar colouring, but the under-parts are chestnut instead of white, and the tails are longer. The one usually imported as a cage-bird is the Indian Shama (*Citta cinnamomea*). It is very delicate in our fickle climate. (Answer to B. S., Stratford.)

Sycamore and Maple.—"Mapsye" (Horsmanden) asks "how to distinguish between the sycamore and the maple? I believe we have both in our garden. At any rate, there are two sorts of trees, very similar in appearance, though not the same, and some people call them sycamores, others maples." Well, "Maysye" even supposing you have only one kind of tree, both names may be correct, for the sycamore is a maple. But you may have two species of maple: the greater maple or sycamore (*Acer pseudoplatanus*) and the Norway maple, or false sycamore (*Acer platanoides*). The differences between these two anybody not a botanist would consider but slight. In both, the general outline of the leaves is heart-shaped, divided into five lobes. In the true sycamore these



DHYAL BIRD AND SHAMA.

lobes have their margins cut into unequal teeth; in the false sycamore the teeth are more regular, but very much larger, so that the leaf has a more ragged appearance. The flowers of the latter are rather earlier than those of the true sycamore, and are distinctly bright yellow, whilst those of the sycamore are greenish-yellow. I am pleased to get your query, for hitherto very few of our readers have asked questions on botanical subjects. Perhaps they imagine that botany does not come under the head of natural history? This, however, will show them that we do regard it as such.

Freshwater Mussel.—Five inches is by no means an unusual measurement for the swan mussel (*Anodonta cygnea*); it attains much larger proportions. J. Bonsor (Wandsworth) will find plenty of specimens in rivers, canals, and the larger ponds. It occurs in shallow water, in colonies; where he finds it at all it will be in sufficient numbers to enable him to select fine specimens. When the animal has been killed and the shell cleaned out, the valves should be kept closed by winding thread round them until the hinge is perfectly dry, otherwise they will spring to such an extent as to make it impossible to close them again.

"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, and in the event of their proving successful in competitions where cricket-bats, &c., are offered as prizes, will be allowed to select other articles of similar value.

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 June 18th.

The Results will be published in August.

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.—"Best Value for a Penny."—Tell us, on a CAPTAIN post-card, what you consider to be the best value you can get for a penny. To the sender of the most interesting post-card, we will award a £12 12s. "Hobart" Bicycle—as illustrated on the opposite page.

One Age limit Twenty-one.

No. 2.—"Hidden Books."—On one of our advertisement pages you will find twelve pictures. Each picture is supposed to represent the name of a well-known book. Write the name 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 in correct titles, the prizes will go to the senders of the most neatly written competitions. Three of Messrs. Benetfink and Co.'s "Selected" cricket bats, as shown on the opposite page, will be the prizes.

Class I. Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. Age limit: Twelve.

No. 3.—"Egyptian Puzzle."—On one of our advertisement pages will be found a diagram with full instructions printed below. Neatness in the arranging will be taken into consideration. Two Sets of Sandow's Own Combined Developers, price 12s 6d., as illustrated on page 280, will be awarded as prizes.

Class I. Age limit: Twenty.
Class II. Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 4.—"Six Most Popular Living Englishmen."—The Editor has made a list of what he considers the six most popular living Englishmen. Tell us, on a CAPTAIN post-card, whom you consider these are. The three competitors sending lists most nearly agreeing with the Editor's will each receive one of the City Sale and Exchange "Exchange" cricket bats, as shown on the opposite page, as a Prize.

One Age limit Twenty-one.

No. 5.—"Six Best Features in 'The Captain.'"—Tell us on a CAPTAIN post-card what in your opinion are the six best features in this number of THE CAPTAIN. The four competitors whose lists are most correct according to the number of votes each item receives, will be awarded one of Messrs. C. Lindner's "Family" Printing Outfits.

Class I. Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. Age limit: Twelve.

No. 6.—"Photographic Competition"—Hand or stand-camera work, any subject. Neatness in mounting will be taken into consideration. PRIZES: 1st Class, "Hobbies" Hand Camera No. 4, value £1 10s.; 2nd Class, Three 10s. "Scout" Cameras as illustrated; 3rd Class, Three 10s. "Brownie" Cameras, as illustrated.

"THE CAPTAIN" PICTURE POST-CARDS

are now ready, in packets of six different designs by Tom Browne, R.I., R.B.A., printed in colours. A single packet of these unique and humorous cards will be sent, post-free, to any address on receipt of 1½d. in stamps, 3 packets for 4d., post-free, one dozen for 1s. 2d., post-free. Address:

"Post-Cards," THE CAPTAIN, 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, W.C.

ORDER AT ONCE, IF YOU WANT TO WIN A TWELVE-GUINEA "HOBART" BICYCLE

"CAPTAIN" PRIZES.

IF YOU WANT A

CRICKET BAT,

A "Brownie" 'Hobbies," or "Scout"

CAMERA,

A

SANDOW DEVELOPER,

or a Complete

PRINTING OUTFIT,

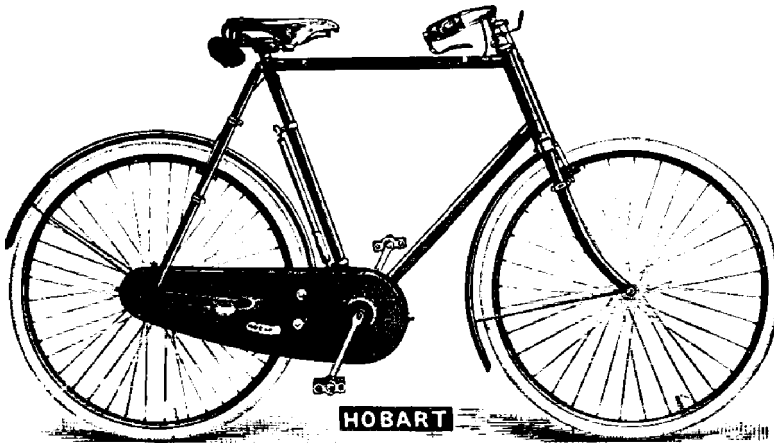
Read "The Captain" Competitions on the opposite page.

Or perhaps you would like to

WIN THIS £12 12s.

'HOBART' BICYCLE,

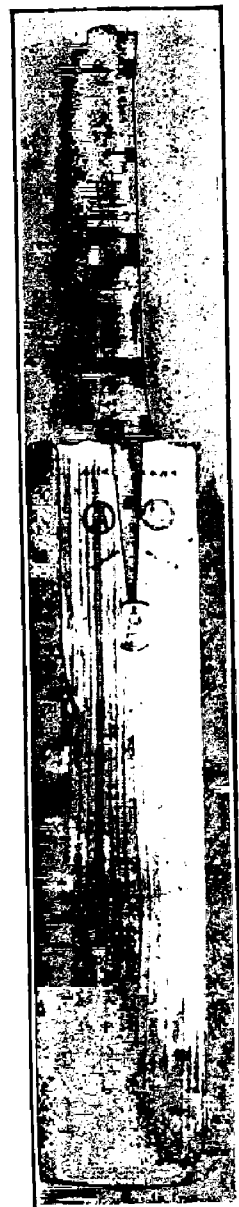
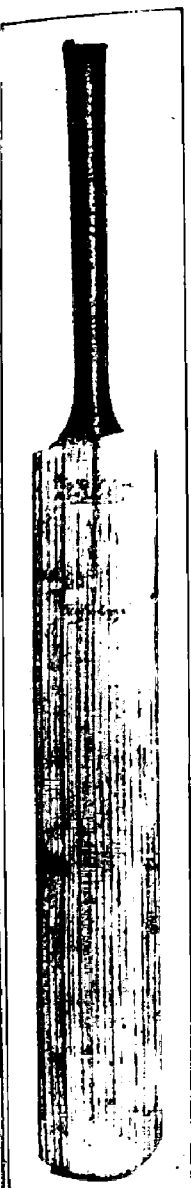
Fitted with Free Wheel, Bowden Brake on back, and front rim Brake, "Hobart" Carter Gear Case, Dunlop or Clincher Tyres, Dust-proof oil-retaining Barrel Hubs, &c., &c. With Frame of the finest selected weldless Steel Patent Bolted Tubes.



HOBART

To win this Bicycle all you have to do is to state on a "Captain" post-card what you consider to be the greatest value for one penny.

See Competition No. I. on the opposite page.



Three of these City Sale and Exchange Bats are given away as prizes in our

"Six most popular Living Englishmen" Competition.

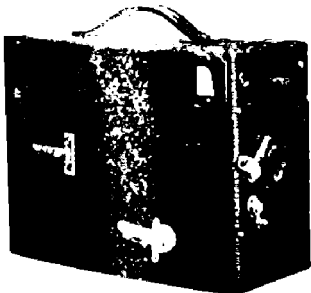
Three of these Benet-fink Cricket Bats are given as prizes in our "Hidden Books" Competition.

Three of these 10s.

"Scout"

Hand Cameras are awarded as prizes in our

'Photographic' Competition, Class II.

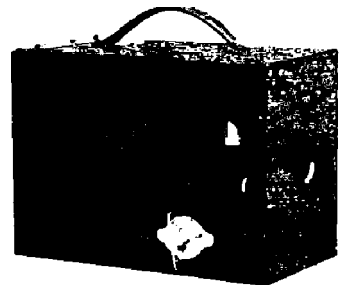


Three of these 10s.

"Brownie"

Hand Cameras are awarded as prizes in our

'Photographic' Competition, Class III.

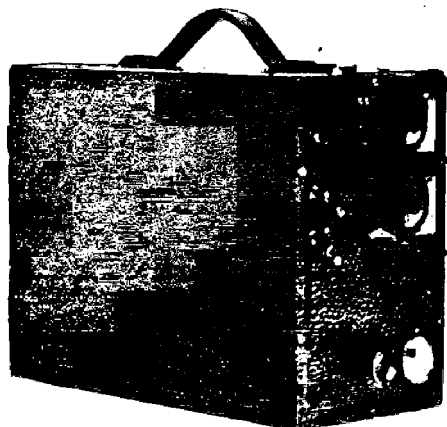
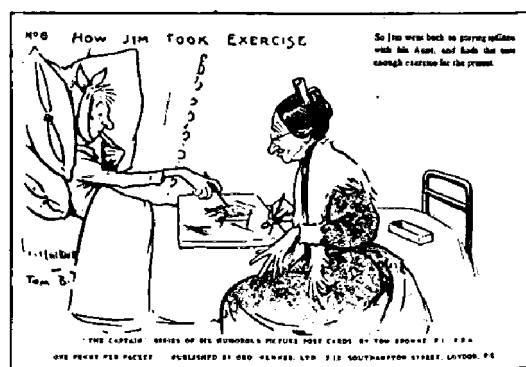
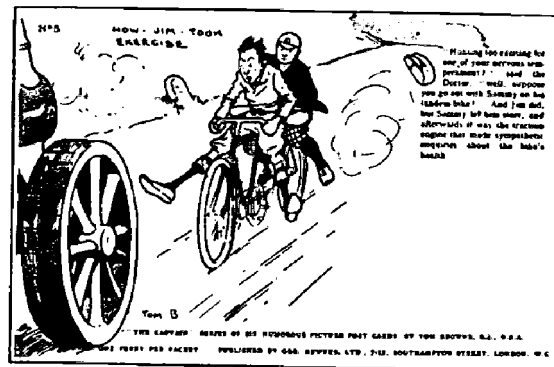
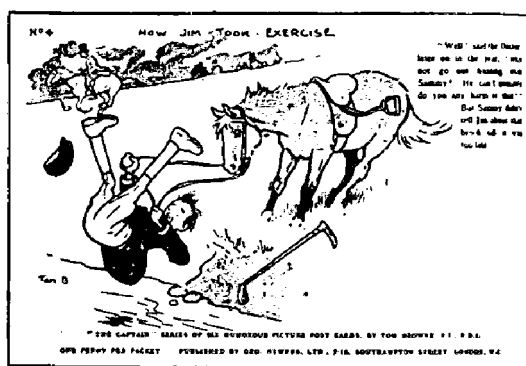
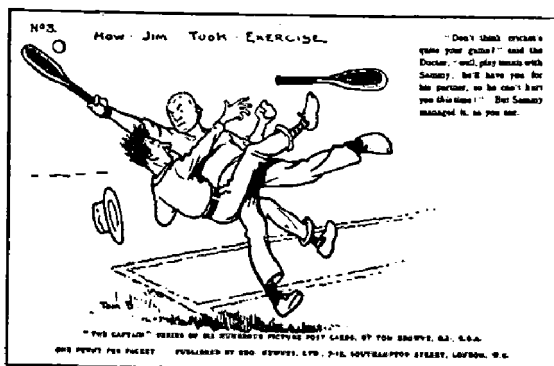
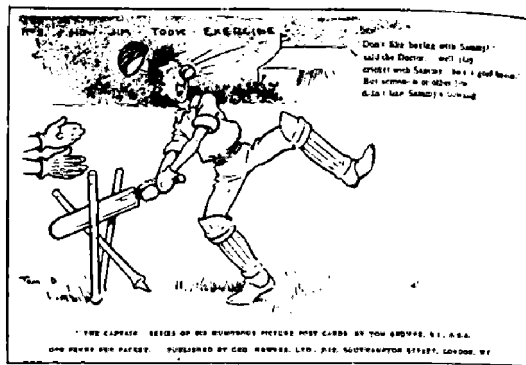
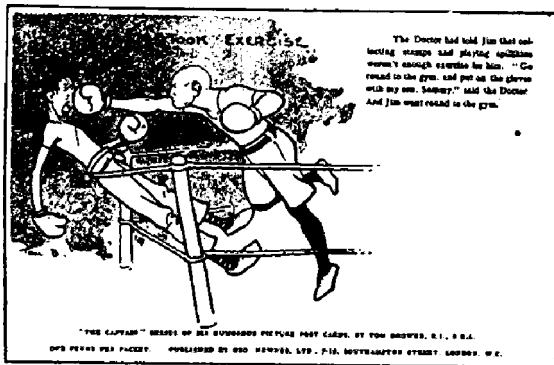


"THE CAPTAIN" PICTURE POST-CARDS.

"HOW JIM TOOK EXERCISE."

By TOM BROWNE, R.I., R.B.A. One Packet of Six Designs 1½d. In Stamps, post free.

See "Captain" Competitions Page for further particulars.



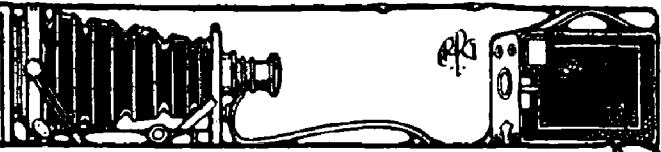
THIS HONNIES NO. 4 HAND CAMERA, VALUE £1 10s., IS THE FIRST PRIZE IN OUR PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION.



ONE OF THESE SANDOW'S OWN COMBINED DEVELOPERS WILL BE GIVEN TO THE WINNER OF THE FIRST PRIZE IN OUR "EGYPTIAN PEZZLE" COMPETITION. CLASSES I. AND II.

THE CAPTAIN

CAMERA CORNER



HOW TO HOLD A HAND CAMERA.

THE question is often asked, "How ought I to hold a hand camera?" The camera should, if possible, be held in the palm of the left hand, leaving the right hand free to operate the shutter, etc. The camera should be held *dead level*, at such a height that the finders can be seen; for near objects, it may be held fairly low. The camera should not be pressed against the chest, but held free of it. Some workers hold the camera under the left arm, a position which is not desirable, because of the difficulty of pointing it straight at the object. When first hand cameras were introduced, we knew one man, at least, and a clever worker, who held his camera under his chin; he had few imitators, but always persisted that it was the best position. For distant objects, it is well to hold the camera higher than when only requiring foreground subjects.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC CHESS BOARD.

An excellent chess board may be made with the assistance of photographic prints. Obtain a sheet of Bristol board, and divide it into 64 equal squares, two inches by two inches, leaving an ample margin. In each alternate square mount a photographic print. The size, two inches square, is named because users of Brownie No. 1. cameras will be able to try their hand at this unique chess board. It will be necessary to divide up the sheet of cardboard very carefully, or rather the 16 inches by 16 inches that will make the "board." When the photographs are all mounted, the whole board may be varnished or cut to the size of an ordinary oak frame, glazed and backed in the usual way. The back should, however, be covered with green baize. The photographs should be so mounted that they are all upright when the board is placed upon the table. The board can also be hung on the wall, and will make a pretty addition to the other pictures.

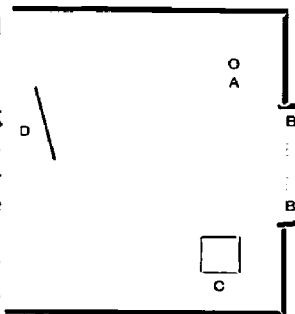
This season the folding hand and stand cameras are being very generally used; such cameras may be bought to take quarter, five by four, or half plates. They are sold usually in a case with shoulder strap, and one or three double dark

slides. One well-known firm has introduced the "Autocrat" series. The cameras are made in three types, as well as sizes, and are fitted either with single achromatic, rapid rectilinear lenses or with the well-known Bausch and Lomb shutter and R.R. lens. They may be used in the hand or on a tripod, and are all fitted with focussing screen and double dark slides for plates. The quarter plate cameras can be carried in the pocket; they are very compact; or the carrying case may be strapped on to a bicycle frame.

HOME PORTRAITURE.

Boys always want to "take" their friends. A little instruction, therefore, will not be out of place in this "Corner." In order to obtain good results, a little patience and consideration are necessary. In the first place, a north light is distinctly preferable, and if the light is not strong a longer exposure should be given. A top light is also necessary; if the portrait is being taken in a sitting-room facing north, all curtains should be drawn on one side, and a newspaper pinned over the lower part of the window; the light should all come from one source; if not, strong shadows will spoil the picture.

This little plan will help the operator. A. will be the sitter, B.B. the open window, facing north, C. the camera, and D. a moveable reflector, which may be a clothes horse covered with a clean sheet or table cloth. It is well to keep the sitter clear of the wall; take care not



to be led away into focussing any article *behind* the sitter. The pose of the sitter must depend upon the lighting; as a rule, three-quarter face is much better than full face. The reflector D. should be used so as to throw a light on the side of the face farthest away from the window; it can be moved at will. Of course, this must not be included in the view. Do not attempt to have a lot of accessories about when taking portraits; a table with books and a few flowers may be used with advantage, but

first and foremost the sitter should be properly posed, taking advantage of the lighting of the room, and carefully focussing in order to get a true and faithful representation on the ground glass.

A CHEAP TEMPORARY DEVELOPING TRAY.

This can be made out of the lid of a plate box. Melt about half a paraffin candle in the oven, placing it in an old teacup, remove the wick, warm the lid slightly, and pour on the wax; see that it covers the whole of the bottom and sides of the lid. When cool it will be ready for use.

Several correspondents have asked for a formula for a combined toning and fixing bath. Such a bath is not recommended, but in these days those who use cameras want to be able to tone and fix a print quickly, and this can be done with the following bath:—

No. 1 STOCK SOLUTION.

Hypo.	10 ounces.
Potash Alum	2½ ounces.
Sodium Sulphate	7 ounces.
Water	2 quarts.

Dissolve the hypo. and alum each in about a pint of hot water, mix, and then add the sodium sulphate already dissolved, making up to two quarts with water.

No. 2 STOCK SOLUTION.

Gold Chloride	7½ grains.
Lead Acetate	32 grains.
Water	4 ounces.

Dissolve the acetate of lead in the water, and add the gold. A heavy precipitate forms in this solution, and it must be well shaken when poured off; it will then re-dissolve when added to No. 1 stock solution. For use mix 8 ounces of No. 1 with 1 ounce of No. 2. It may be mentioned that gold chloride is now sold in 7½ grain tubes.

LANDSCAPES.

In photographing a landscape, the question of lighting the scene is more serious than appears on the face of it; it will be found that if the source of light be directly behind the camera, it will give the minimum of shadow, while the source of light directly in front will give the maximum of shade with sparkling brilliancy of the points upon which the light does fall. Take, as an instance of brilliant lighting, trees on a distant hill-side; the sun should be shining

brightly upon them to get the beauty of the rounded trunks. On the other hand, the detail of the depths of a woodland scene will be best secured by giving a full exposure in a somewhat diffused light. In all landscape work, much pains must be taken to compose the picture on the ground glass; if figures are introduced, they should not occupy the extreme centre of the plate. To succeed with landscape photography, some knowledge of drawing, and the value of light and shade, is necessary.

OLD CAMERAS.

"WHAT SHALL I DO with my old camera; it's all right, but the outside's awfully shabby?" That's the sort of question many readers of THE CAPTAIN are always asking themselves. Such a remark would probably only apply to hand cameras. We would suggest the following remedy, for which we are indebted to the columns of the *Photographic News*. A writer in that paper advises the purchase of a small tin of Propert's Harness Composition, costing 9d. per tin. A small quantity should be applied, and well rubbed in with a cloth, then polished and finished off with a smooth brush. Perhaps an easier way would be to pay a visit to the "Harness Room," and talk the matter over with the "helper."

FADED OLD PHOTOGRAPHS.

"HOW CAN I COPY a faded old photograph?" This question has been put to us. Well, it is not easy to make a good copy of a bad print, but the following course, if adopted, will possibly be successful. Use a slow plate, the largest aperture the lens works at, and slightly under-expose, or place a sheet of glass with just a tinge of blue in it in contact with the print, and photograph through it.

MOONLIGHT EFFECTS can be obtained on P.O.P. by taking the print, after it has been washed and fixed, and immersing it in a bath of 20 grains of potassium ferricyanide, dissolved in five ounces of water, mixed with 25 grains of uranium nitrate previously dissolved in five ounces of water. This immersion will tone the print, and when complete it should be well washed and again immersed in the following bath:

Perchloride of Iron	25 grains
Hydrochloric Acid	25 minims
Water	5 ounces

then taken out, thoroughly washed, and dried.

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.

I AM forwarding autographed copies of "J. O. Jones" to J. W. Tonkin and "Red Deer," for their respective contributions. Each prize-winner is requested to send his present address.

A Native Wedding in Jamaica.

THE preparations for this great day usually take two or three years. Of course, the negro has first to fall in love with some sable Venus, and to get his feelings returned.

When the man has sufficient money stored up, the bride, her family, and sometimes her "dearly beloved" go to Kingston, if they live in the country, to buy the trousseau. Two dresses at the very least are required, one for the wedding day, and one for the "appearing day," which is the Sunday following the former day. The preparations are very extensive. Invitations are sent out, a booth is put up, and a few dozen bottles of port, some rum and peppermint, and various cakes are bought.

The wedding party ride to church. This ride is a very imposing affair, the girls generally having boots and stockings on, the latter mostly with great holes in them. The men sport riding-gloves, and, as they do not know how to use them, the left-hand glove frequently adorns the right hand. The leading bridesmaid is generally a married woman.

After the ceremony is over there is a ride back to the bridegroom's yard. A feast is held, and toasts are proposed in quaint and tender terms. Those who cannot get a seat at table compete in horse races. There is generally a "spill," a bruised body, and a ruined outfit, to remind them of the great day.

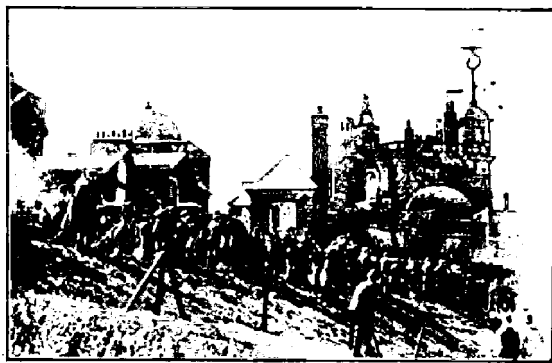
On the following Sunday, the newly married

couple appear at church, about the middle of the service, in order to attract attention. They are accompanied by the best man and the chief bridesmaid. After service, the couple and friends have another feast, and then settle down to ordinary life. They "jine religion," stand as God-parents, and are eligible for the leading parts in weddings.

A LATE JAMAICAN. (Loughborough.)

Epping Forest: its Flora and Fauna.

EPPING FOREST is, perhaps, the most interesting ground for naturalists near London. With them it is in high favour, and justly, for here there have been taken at different times such rare butterflies as,



GREENWICH PARK ON EASTER MONDAY. SPECTATORS WATCHING THE BALL ABOUT TO DROP (AT NOON) FROM THE OBSERVATORY BUILDINGS.

Photo by "Know All."

for instance, the brown hairstreak, ruby tiger and purple thorn. Insects with many legs and immense names abound, as also do flowers, mosses and fungi of all kinds, and, in fact, all the many things, winged and creeping, which fill a naturalist's heart with joy.

Here are trees!—great massive oaks and beeches, curious old hornbeams, slender birches, and gnarled crab apples, which, with the black-thorn bushes, go to make up the extensive thickets, in many places impenetrable.

Then the visitor (if he can get up early enough) may catch a glimpse of some wily old fox slinking home to his "earth," with some luckless goose or chicken in his jaws; a marten or an otter and even a badger or pole-cat; but these last two are very rare indeed, now. Besides the smaller animals above-named, there are many herds of deer (red and fallow) to be seen roaming about the forest. These are not in any sense "park deer." They are quite wild, though in the winter they sometimes approach very close to some of the houses, driven thereto by the pangs of hunger.



ONE SIDE OF THE PRINCIPAL STREET IN MOGADOR, MOROCCO, CONSISTING OF NATIVE SHOPS. Photo by J. W. Tonkin.



THE MAIN STREET IN TANGIER, WHICH OUR SNAPSHOTTING READER, J. W. TONKIN, TOOK WHEN ON HIS HOLIDAY. IT REQUIRES SOME CONFIDENCE TO USE A CAMERA IN THIS TOWN, AS THE ARABS HAVE A GREAT OBJECTION TO BEING PHOTOGRAPHED.

But it is in its birds that Epping Forest is particularly rich. In Wanstead Park there is a heronry, which contained last spring over twenty nests, also a couple or two of black swans and numerous wildfowl of all sorts. In Fairmead may be seen owls (after dusk), hawks, crows, magpies and suchlike birds in abundance.

Almost anybody who can keep still for a few minutes may see a bloodthirsty little stoat hunting the rabbits through their runs; squirrels scampering about the trees; a kingfisher flashing across some pond or stream; and perhaps a

hungry sparrow-hawk swooping down on some unlucky sparrow or other small bird.

"RED DEER." (Walthamstow.)

Q. Why does a detective remind you of a public house, a waistcoat, myself, a wooden barrier, and a rowing implement?

A. Because he is an Inn-vest-I-gate-oar!

P. DACRE, C.C.

Muffins or Toast.

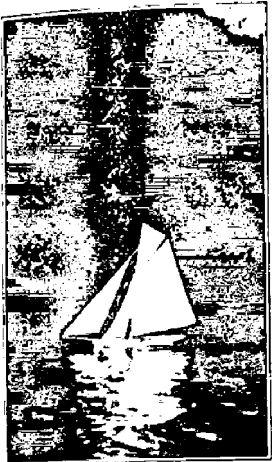
SOME tourists from the West Riding were visiting a pretty valley near the east coast of Yorkshire. In due course they called at a cottage to order tea. The good woman of the house received a few instructions as to what they would have, and then they proceeded for a short stroll. They had not gone far, how-



ever, when she called them back. "What's the want, mither?" said one of the party. "I forgot to aks thu whether thood hev muffins or toast." "Oh! muffins, mither." "Then we ae naen." "Whoi did ye ask us, ye fond and

STOUT PARTY: "Yes, the doctor says I'm much too stout, and must take more exercise."
SLIM DITTO: "Oh, that's all right, old fellow; you wear a straw hat on a windy day, and within a week you'll be as slim as I am."

By K. M. Davis.



THIS BOAT PHOTOGRAPHED IS AN EXACT MODEL OF SHAMROCK II., AND IS INTERESTING IN VIEW OF THE FORTHCOMING CUP RACE. IT IS 4FT. LONG WITHOUT BOWSPRIT, AND THE MAST IS 4FT. 6IN. FROM THE DECK LEVEL WITHOUT TOPSAIL.

Photo by Basil H. Butler (Leeds).

fael?" "Who!" replied the lady, "I thowt thud say tooast."

SIDNEY WHEATER.
(Scarborough.)

A Weird Request.

AT a country funeral, the officiating minister noticed the sexton making his way towards him in solemn haste. "Well, my man, what is it?" he asked. The sexton put his lips close to the clergyman's ear, and observed, in a sepulchral tone: "Before ye make a beginning, sir, could the corpse's brother

G. E. B.

"Captain" Club Criticisms.

(Artistic.)

Winifred Ereaut.—The initials show considerable ability, but ought to be drawn larger for reproduction. Line drawings are generally drawn as large again.

Kenneth M. Dowie (Montreal).—Will try and find space for photo of ghost in a future number.

S. Sturges.—Photo clear, though not deeply enough printed. Too late for "Coronation Processions."

H. F. Mackie (Boston, Mass.).—Send your address when you return; the O. F. will then write you. In snapshotting, get objects as large as possible.

G. Boulderson.—Thanks for "Brownie" snapshots. Remember to always write title of subject and name on back of photo. Yes. Only good firms advertise in THE CAPTAIN; they are quite trustworthy.

F. C. Newbould.—Shall try to find space for one of your sketches; other subjects not suitable. Try to get jokes of a more refined nature.

W. H. Freeman.—Line drawings that require tint over certain parts are to be marked with blue pencil, not in a wash of Indian ink.

Tommy (Hull).—Yes. We would publish "Hymer's College" if you sent a good snapshot. Will other "Captain Club" readers send us photographs of their schools? Get a Kodak, Scout, or Brownie; any of these would suit you.

Geo. E. Arrowsmith.—Photos too small for reproduction. Send along better prints next time, and we will give you a show.

Maurice S. Perrott.—You are a per-

severing fellow, and I am glad to note your drawings are very much improved, though Eugen Sandow is somewhat out of proportion.

M. Davison.—"Brownie" No. 1 beautifully clear but subject not of sufficient interest.

J. Chapelow.—Read the answers to the above. Printing outfits can be bought from about one shilling upwards. Ask C. Lindner, 170, Fleet-street, to send you his catalogue. Yes, neatness is everything, and always attracts attention.

Joan Sterling.—In the main, your sketch is well carried out, but you want heaps more practice. Pay greater attention to details, and don't trouble about water-colours till you can draw more correctly.

"Jersiais."—Your Phil May-like sketch is clever but the joke is hardly suitable for the "CAPTAIN Club." Why not send us something of a local nature?

V. W. Dougherty.—No, sir. Your illustrations are not good enough for reproduction. Study the pen drawings in THE CAPTAIN by Mr. Gordon Browne and Mr. Skinner; doubtless you will get hints from them.

Ivanhoe.—"The Scout" is well drawn, and shows ability, but you want more practice.

"Broadstairs."—I have not seen such a clear and good photograph for a long time. Send along something of more general interest, and we shall be glad to print some.

Joseph Taylor.—Sketches show considerable ability. Pay more attention to anatomy, especially hands and feet. The lettering on your sketches is good.

John Ferguson.—You are not up to CAPTAIN standard yet, but I have hopes of you.

Alfred Judd.—Your full page of sketches is done a little too hurriedly, Alfred. Steady a bit, and take special pains, as you have considerable ability. But do not try to run before you can walk; in other words, stick to your model.

"Dyke White."—Your thirteenth attempt does you credit. Will try to use the sketch "For Sale."

Bennett Ede.—Have another try, Bennett, and use Indian ink. What you send would not reproduce.

Contributions have also been received from:—H. L. Bateman, Fred. Thompson, G. Hopkins, C. J. Lloyd, and others whose names will appear next month.

THE ART EDITOR.

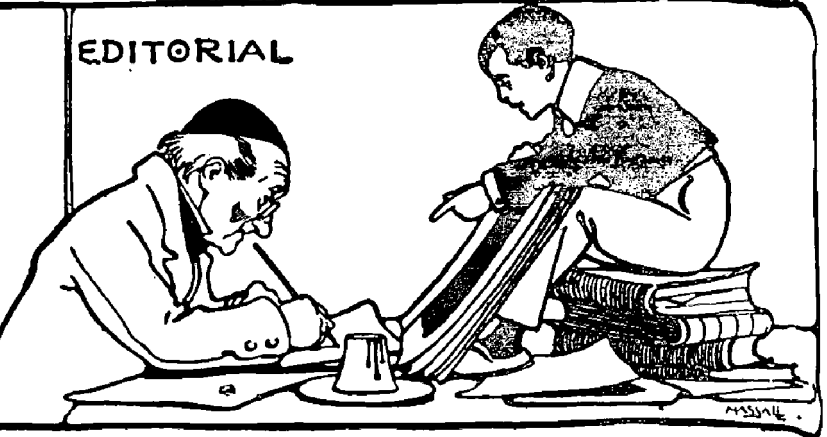


BREAKERS ON THE FRONT AT BRIGHTON.

Snapshot by "Hypo," of Highbury.

THE OLD FAG

EDITORIAL



12, BURLINGHAM STREET,
STRAND, LONDON.

A most fascinating work is "A Book of Beasts and Birds," by Gambier Bolton, for it is crammed with information that is, at any rate, new to me, and I expect that most of you who take my advice and make a point of reading this book will find that a great deal of what Mr. Gambier Bolton has to say is new to you as well. I hate photographs, but I find the photographs in this book very interesting. That, at least, is as good a testimonial as the one given by the man who said: "I hate soap, but I can't help using Pears'." The most curious photos in the book are naturally to be found in the chapter entitled: "Animal Oddities," where we are presented with a picture of an ox having three horns, eyes, and nostrils; with a cow whose horns come right round its face and meet under its lips; with a "wart-hog," and other freaks, about which Mr. Bolton writes at once with sympathy and humour. "Few more 'komical kusses' than the wart-hog exist," he says, "for not only are their faces hideous in the extreme, but their walk, with its jaunty roll and mincing gait, and the frisky twitch of their tails, all bespeak an individual who, however hideous and repulsive-looking he may be to other persons, is highly delighted with himself, probably fancying that he is one of the smartest members of the animal kingdom."

There are chapters in this book on "Flying Beasts and Flightless Birds," "The Larger Cats," "Curious Canines," "The King's Animals," and many other subjects. Of these, "The Larger Cats" chapter tells us many things about lions, tigers, leopards, jaguars, and pumas. I never knew before that the puma *was eatable!* Mr. Bolton asserts that the puma is one of the easiest cats to tame,

Kean, the celebrated actor, having one which followed him about his garden and house in London. The late Captain Marshall (the author adds) caused quite a sensation at Marlow by walking on the banks of the Thames with a large, tame puma, the newspapers protesting violently against any person being allowed to take his walks abroad accompanied by a *lion*.

This mistaking one animal for another reminds me (the O. F.) of an anecdote once related to me with much humour by Mr. George R. Sims. The tale has to do with the days when dogs had to be muzzled. "Dagonet," as I daresay some of you know, lives in Regent's Park, not far from the Zoo. A policeman, whose beat included the terrace in which "Dagonet" lives, had been taken to task somewhat severely by his superiors at the "station" for not having brought an unmuzzled dog "home." When, therefore, one fine morning, this policeman saw a strange-looking dog roaming about and surveying things, he thought "Here's my chance!" and began to attract the animal towards him. In less than no time he had a noose round its neck. As, however, he was gaily leading off his capture to the "station" aforesaid, two Zoo officials hailed him. "Hi!" cried one. "what's that you've got?" "Dog," laconically returned Robert, going on. "Dog be hanged!" returned the Zoo man, "that's a wolf." "Wolf!" screamed the policeman, letting go the leading-string. "Yes," said the Zoo man, capturing the string, "an escaped wolf! Just you keep your hands off our property in future, my son!"

To return to Mr. Gambier Bolton's delightful volume, one is impressed by the very great care and skill which have evi-

dently been lavished on this publication. The work is thoroughly done—there are no loose ends— and there is a vast amount of information to be gleaned from the pages under notice. Mr. Bolton, you may be interested to hear, has travelled in Europe, America, Canada, Hawaiian Islands, Japan, China, Java, the Malay Peninsula, Burmah, India, South Africa, and accompanied the Duke of Newcastle on his tour round the world, 1893-94. Everywhere he took notes and photographs of animals, and so he has come to be easily the first photographer of animals in this country. If you want to see some wonderful instances of his skill you should inspect Spooner's window in the Strand.

Most absorbing must have been the hours Mr. Bolton has employed studying animals and their ways. Talking of "flying squirrels," he says:—

Many a morning have I spent hidden away in the American forests watching these picturesque and graceful little animals at play, for it is then that they are seen at their best, when unaware of the near presence of any human being. Climbing, leaping, and sailing in the air, they spend hours at a time, sometimes ten or twenty of them, racing up the stem of a tall tree to the very highest branches, and then, suddenly leaping into space, they extend their membrane-like wings, and with tails spread out behind them come down with a rush towards the ground. But just as they seem to be on the point of striking *terra firma* they curve their bodies upwards, and in an instant are seen clinging to the side of another tree quite thirty yards away from the one they have just left. Quickly racing to the top of this tree, the little creatures once more launch themselves into mid-air and land on another tree thirty or forty yards further on.

"The Larger Cats."—This is the chapter in Mr. Bolton's book which the boy-reader will probably most keenly appreciate. Lions and tigers always fascinated me when I was a boy, and they fascinate me now. They had a couple of lions at the Earl's Court Exhibition some summers ago, and I recollect that I took more interest in these two great "tabbies" than in all the other exhibits.

The lion is a king, and the tiger is a prince, but the snow-leopard (as depicted by our author) is one of the wickedest-looking beasts I have ever set eyes on. The black leopard, too, has an unpleasantly sinister expression on its face, but the Indian leopardess is a superbly handsome and attractive-looking animal. The jaguar's facial expression is mild when you compare it with the malignity apparent in the visage of the female puma, but all these other cat faces pale into insignificance when one turns to the majestically

rugged portrait of Ravechol, the great Asiatic lion which Mr. Bolton photographed at Antwerp.

In this chapter I am referring to there are many interesting notes on lions. We learn, for instance, that the manes of lions are much longer when the animals are in captivity than is the case when they are wild. Thus it comes about that animal painters, who, of course, work only from captive specimens, are continually falling into this trap, and are greatly to blame for showing us portraits of lions, presumably in their native haunts, bearing full-flowing manes that would do credit to many a menagerie lion.

Here, too, is a note on the leonine voice:—

The lion's roar even when in captivity is impressive enough, but to hear it in perfection one should lie and listen to the resounding roars of a troop of lions at a drinking-pool on a dark night in Africa. Gordon Cumming has well said, on the lion's roar, that "it consists at times of a deep low moaning, repeated five or six times, ending in faintly audible sighs; at other times he startles the forest with loud, deep-toned, solemn roars repeated five or six times in quick succession, each increasing in loudness to the third or fourth, when his voice dies away in five or six low muffled sounds very much resembling distant thunder. . . . On no occasion are their voices to be heard in such perfection or so intensely powerful as when two or three troops of strange lions approach a fountain to drink at the same time. When this occurs, every member of each troop sounds a bold roar of defiance at the opposite parties; and when one roars all roar together, and each seems to vie with his comrade in the intensity and power of his voice. The power and grandeur of these nocturnal concerts is inconceivably striking and pleasing to a hunter's ear."

Speaking of the way in which lions and other animals will adapt their natures and their habits to surrounding conditions, Mr. Gambier Bolton quotes a paragraph from *The Times* of January, 1876. I well remember the appearance of this paragraph, which crops up again here like an old friend. After announcing the death of an old lioness, in the Dublin Zoo, which was born in the gardens and had reared no less than fifty cubs, the report continues:—

"During her last illness she was much worried by rats, which often swarmed in the cages of the carnivora (in search of any scraps of meat left over by the lion after his meal), and, whilst the beasts are in health, are rather an amusement than an annoyance. The rats, however, began to nibble the toes of the lioness when she could no longer defend herself, and accordingly a terrier was placed in the cage to protect the sufferer. She at first received the dog with a surly growl; when, however, she saw him kill the first rat she began to appreciate the visitor. The lioness coaxed the terrier to her, folded her paws round him, and the dog slept each

night on her breast, enfolded with her paws, and protecting her rest from disturbance."

There is likewise in this chapter a reference to the lion's courage. Mr. Bolton agrees with Mr. Selous, the mighty hunter, who tells us that when lions are met with in the daytime they invariably retreat before the presence of man, but that at night, and especially when hungry, lions are sometimes incredibly daring. In fact, as old Jan Viljoen once said to Mr. Selous: "A hungry lion is a true devil, and fears nothing in the world."

Right at the end of the book there is a strikingly clever photograph of a baboon yawning. This is one of the illustrations to the final chapter: "Some Zoological Puzzles and Attempted Explanations." One of the puzzles is: why does a baboon yawn all day long? This is a complete mystery to naturalists. Another puzzle is: why did the boa-constrictor at the London Zoo, a few years ago, swallow his brother? The late Mr. Bartlett, the then superintendent of the Zoo, was of opinion that the whole thing was a pure accident. Mr. Bartlett conjectured that the smaller boa-constrictor by some means found his head inside the larger boa-constrictor's mouth, and immediately the smaller one was doomed, for a boa-constrictor's teeth are so placed that, when once they are fixed in anything, the snake *must* go on swallowing, in order to save his own life, as he cannot let go. And so, it would appear, the larger boa-constrictor, who was eleven feet in length, was obliged to swallow his young brother, who was but nine feet in length. But the tax on his digestion killed him, for he only lived a few weeks after this truly appalling meal!

Mr. Gambier Bolton's book is a perfect storehouse of anecdotes. I haven't space to quote further from it, and so heartily recommend you all to buy the work and give it an honourable place on your shelves. Its price is 5s., and it is published by Messrs. Geo. Newnes, Ltd.

"What a Girl can Make and Do" (384 pp., George Newnes, Ltd., 6s. net) contains a host of suggestions for the profitable occupation of spare time by making useful articles for home decoration, and for the amusement of the younger children. For the older girls there are chapters dealing with "Work with the Hammer and Saw," "Basket-Weaving," "Priscilla Rugs,"

"Christmas Decoration," and "Statuary Tableaux"; while the younger girls will find much that appeals to them in "The Possibilities of an Easter Egg," "A Pea-Nut Noah's Ark," "Home-Made Musical Instruments," "An 'Abe' Lincoln Log-Cabin," and many other subjects too numerous to mention. In the chapter devoted to "Home-Made Pyrotechnics," the authors, Lina and Adelia B. Beard, show how some very pretty "Catherine-wheels," "sky-rockets," etc., may be made with coloured paper, old cotton-reels, pins, and string; and the pages on "Monotypes" will be perused with benefit by those with artistic inclinations. Fruit, vegetables, and flowers are called into service—vegetable-animals, fruit-lanterns, and flower-feasts being among the many uses to which they may be put. Nor are girls with botanical leanings forgotten, hints being given for the successful cultivation of flowers and plants in window-boxes, old tubs, and other out-of-the-way places, and the ideas for "friendship" and "memory" gardens are very pleasing. Naturalists, too, have a corner, entitled, "Some of Our Out-Door Neighbours," in this veritable encyclopædia. In short, "What a Girl Can Make and Do," which is copiously illustrated, should achieve great popularity, for it is a book which should most certainly be added to the library of every girls' school in the land.

What a Canary Cannot do

—Here is an amusing item from the *Times of India*:—"Judged by human standards, birds are in many respects incredibly foolish, and in others marvellously clever. But really they are neither one nor the other. The mistake is ours, for birds and other animals should not be regarded from human stand-points. I remember on one occasion hearing the following conversation between a small boy and an old gentleman, who were watching a canary eating seed. Said the old gentleman, who was doubtless desirous of improving the youthful mind, 'Look how wonderfully the bird picks up just one little seed at a time without disturbing the rest. You could not do that with your mouth.' 'No,' replied the boy, 'nor could the canary squeeze into its beak a whole halfpenny bun, which I can do!' It requires no more skill on the part of a canary to pick one seed from a heap without disturbing the rest of the seeds, than it does for the baker's boy to pick up a loaf out of his basket without moving the loaves underneath."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. Grohman.—I would very strongly advise you to take up electrical engineering, if you do by any chance fail to pass at your next exam. If you wish to study electrical engineering and become an expert, you will require mathematics even to a greater extent than is required of you in the *Britannia* exam. The developments in electricity are now worked out almost entirely on a mathematical basis, and although you might not have to devote a great deal of time to the study of mathematics at present, supposing you selected the career of an electrical engineer, yet you would have to work up your mathematics in years to come. From what I have been able to see, and I have a pretty extensive acquaintance among engineers, both mining and electrical, I have come to the conclusion that the only course to adopt in order to become really distinguished, is to start straight away as a premium apprentice in some engineering foundry, go through the mill, learn the routine, study the theoretical side at home, and make yourself thoroughly acquainted with machining and machine parts, and the working in all its branches, and then, on the top of that, put in a couple of years in the drawing office. If your people can possibly manage it, you could not do better than go to the schools at Zurich, in Switzerland, where you would be taught design in machinery, which is the great thing lacking at the present time in England. If you cannot manage this, try and get into the Westinghouse Company, or the British Thomson-Houston. Of course, supposing you were taking a college career, and going to the University, you could not do better in that case than go through the shops and the electrical department at Cambridge, under Professor J. J. Thomson.

G. H. Buckland (Bangor).—You can join any battalion of guards that is open to take recruits, but you cannot expect to remain always in London, as the battalions alternately take service at Windsor. If you join one battalion, the authorities may draft you subsequently to another, but of course they will not change your regiment. If, for instance, you join the second battalion Scots Guards, you may be moved to the first battalion, but not to the Grenadier, or Irish, Guards. A battalion is, on an average, in London about nine months out of every year, although the training at Pirbright in the summer is longer than it used to be. If you are up to the standard height on joining, your teeth and sight good, and have a fair chest measurement, any little shortcomings are overlooked under the "Special Enlistment" regulation. You will be closely watched, however, during the recruit stage, although given every opportunity of development, but unless a man proves too weak for the work, or hopelessly stupid, he is not likely to be discharged. Finally, with a good education, it is far better to join a territorial regiment, as promotion is much quicker. For good pay and opportunities of advancement the Royal Army Medical Corps is much better than the guards' battalions.

Bluebottle, C. C. (Yorkshire).—Sorry to hear of your mathematical plight. If you buy either Pendlebury's or W. P. Workman's "Arithmetic," and try and follow out the reasoning there, I think you will have no difficulty in even getting up a keen interest in mathematics. The great fault, so far as I have ever been able to discover, in teaching arithmetic is the way in which the reasoning out of each step is wholly ignored. Of course it is possible

to overdo even this, and one great mathematician, who spent forty years of his life in showing the gradual steps by which the whole system of arithmetic was built up, never got beyond the multiplication table! I don't mean that you must follow suit, but try not to follow slavishly the statement that twice two are four. Standing alone they mean nothing at all, but if you consider twice two in connection with some definite thing, then it has some meaning. Some months ago readers of the *Pall Mall Gazette* were perplexed by a correspondent who tried to make out that the half of one was two. All sorts of people racked their brains to find out the fallacy underlying this statement. The half of one glass of lemonade is two halves. If you divide one apple by a half you get two halves.

Lucien Le Prevost (Bradford).—Your letter amused me immensely. I read every word, and took your criticisms duly to heart. When Laurence Sterne commenced writing "The Sentimental Journey of an Englishman through France and Italy," his opening words were, "They do things differently in France." I suppose that explains why the pages of *THE CAPTAIN* do not appeal to you as they do to English boys and girls. I dare say the men you mention are excellent in their way, but I can only be guided by my experience and by the opinions of the vast majority of my readers. The result is unmistakably that Mr. C. B. Fry is still considered the English boy's ideal of an athlete. I am quite willing to be convinced to the contrary, if you will procure me sufficient reasons to show me that I am wrong. Probably it is because we lead more strenuous lives on this side of the Channel than you do on the other side that our readers require less coaxing than you appear to desire.

"Smoker" (Hinckley) writes as follows:—"I see, in looking through some of the *CAPTAIN* back numbers, an article by A. T. Story, on "How Smoking Hurts You." One of the pictures would lead us to suppose that it is doubtful whether the boy who smokes lives to be older than forty. I should like to point out to Mr. Story that the oldest man in England (an inhabitant of Birmingham) began to smoke at the age of fifteen, and was an ardent smoker ever after. I have this from a trustworthy and reliable authority, and I think it rather upsets Mr. Story's wise and temperate remarks." It doesn't, by any means! This "oldest man" proves by his great age that he started off with a tremendous constitution, which not even smoking as a boy could impair. I wonder how many of his companions, who started smoking at the same time, lived to half his age! If you examine the life-stories of centenarians, you will find that few of them ever dreamt of smoking until they were *full-grown men*.

W. W. Clarke-Pitts (Torquay).—(1) Clubbed. (2) If you or any other of my readers will send me a short school tale worth publication, I shall be most happy to use it, and give you adequate payment for it. The fact is, people who are able to write school tales such as reach the standard required by the readers of *THE CAPTAIN* are very limited in number indeed. I am always on the look-out for new writers who understand the schoolboy mind, and where one man does that, there are a hundred who are only equal to the adventure story. (3) Yes, we know Mr. F. A. J., and agree with you that he is a jolly good fellow.

"Forward" (Alton, Hants).—Your best plan would be to attend evening classes in architecture.

If that is not possible owing to the place in which you live, you cannot do better than study architecture privately. As an introduction, read Ferguson's "Handbook of Architecture," Ruskin's "Seven Lamps of Architecture," the works of Pugin, and the very excellent little book by Parker on Gothic Architecture. If you will send a stamped envelope, I will give you a list of periodical publications bearing on the subject.

Edward Pearse Wheatley is another person possessing a weird timepiece. His story, inspired by the harrowing accounts I recently gave of the office clock, runs as follows:—"Talking about clocks reminds me of a good old ticker of mine which absolutely gloats in hanging half in space. Put it on the edge of the mantelshelf, edgewise, and in this position (with one foot in the fender, as it were) it will contentedly tick as long as you leave it there. With each swing of the pendulum it tips half over and back, and any one unused to, or unacquainted with, its sterling qualities, would expect each moment to see it dashed to destruction on the fender below."

Handy Andy (Macclesfield).—Write to the Canadian, South African, and Australian Agents-General, in Victoria-street, London, S.W., for full particulars re Colonial forces, terms of enlistment, etc. You might go farming in Canada, and join the Militia out there, which is like our Volunteers, and well paid. I know of no centre in Manchester to which you can apply; you must correspond direct with the Colonial representatives in London.

F. Townson (Ely).—To remove grease-spots from books and papers, gently warm the soiled leaf and press into contact with blotting-paper, so that as much of the grease as possible may be absorbed. Then, with a soft brush, apply some heated essential oil of turpentine to both sides of the paper. Repeat this process several times, and the spots will be taken out, a final application of spirit of wine removing any discolouration. Clubbed.

A. E. F. (Four Marks, Medstead, Hants.).—(1) My advertising manager does not see his way to turn the pages of THE CAPTAIN into an "Exchange and Mart." (2) I cannot undertake to devote two pages every month to model engineering, but hope to devote space to this matter some day. Notes from readers on the subject will be duly inserted if interesting to the "bulk."

Worried (Hampstead).—I think it would be base ingratitude on your part to refuse your father's kind offer. Accept it in the spirit in which it has been proposed, and try in future to relieve him of any anxiety on your account. He is evidently a most devoted and affectionate father, and you ought to spare no pains to show him how much you appreciate his kindness.

V.C. New Reader (St. Julian's, Malta).—Yes, you are eligible for Foreign and Colonial competitions. The new vol. of THE CAPTAIN commenced with the April No. You may send in photos taken with a pocket Kodak, 2 by 2½. Writing rocky, but practice, practice, practice. Don't hold pen in cramped position.

S. H. Crow (Croydon).—Sorry cannot print your letter in full. Every inch of space I possess has to be economised. Am considering your suggestion to devote some space to mechanical toys, etc. Stories, however, have the greatest claims upon me. It is difficult to multiply my "corners." I will try to meet you.

C. J. Boger (Hammersmith).—Change of address noted. I think cigarette smoking baneful. Try and give it up. Use your Developer every morning for ten or fifteen minutes. Don't overtire yourself.

It's the regular work every day that develops you; spasmodic fits of it are not much good.

Frida Phillips (Hitchin).—It was nice of you to send me a posy of flowers. The office boy beamed, the art editor was jealous, and the "Houzi of the Basketvilles" barked with delight. I sat on my throne and swelled with importance, like the frog in the fable.

F. Chamberlain (Reading).—Clubbed. Don't hold your pen in a cramped way. Let it move freely in your fingers. Don't grip it. Sorry you're ill. Try and get out and about as much as possible. Send as many solutions to competitions as you wish. Send on your new album.

Interested Reader (Harrow).—Clubbed. I quote his brief remarks on the "Boy versus Girl" question:—"Girls (all I know) are rippers, and are always useful, either in practice at the nets or patching a hole in a stocking, and I think that 'E. S.' has just hit off exactly what I mean."

Gladys von Stralendorff (Southport).—Clubbed. (1) I am always willing to put my signature in birthday and autograph books. (2) You may still grow. Take plenty of light exercise. 4lb. dumb-bells for preference. (3) Yes, mount photos, and pencil descriptions on back.

Anxious (Salisbury).—It is a pity you live inland. Watch the advertisements in the *Daily Telegraph*, *Morning Post*, and *Standard*, and write to the big shipping firms. Failing success, go to the nearest port and try to get a post as steward or cabin boy.

Diddle (Beeston Hill, Leeds).—*The Musical Age*, price 2d., published at 2, Great Marlborough street, W., and *The Musical News*, price 1d. weekly, published by the Musical News Syndicate, Ltd., 130, Fleet-street, E.C., will give you all the information you require.

Boy the Third (Millersdale, Accrington).—It is not in accord with the aim of this magazine to start a correspondence club for boys and girls. "E.S." has aroused much feeling, but I must keep her name within the sacred precincts of this office.

Interested Girl Reader (Shepherd's Bush).—A portrait of myself is before you every month. If anything, perhaps, it is a little too juvenile. I have lost that sprightly cock of the eyebrow since I started THE CAPTAIN.

J. Clark (Bristol) points out that the nickname of the Sheffield United is the "Blades," and not the "Tykes." Mr. Clark is quite right. The name "Tykes" in Yorkshire is applied generally to all clubs—cricket, football, etc.

G. H. R. Laird (Bothwell).—I am not Dr. Gordon Stables, nor am I Sir A. Conan Doyle. No advertisement of the hair preparation you mention is intended by the author of the "Long Un." It is simply his little "joko."

One of the Team.—Your watch evidently wants whitewashing, or spring-cleaning, or something. It is very clear that it has got indigestion if it won't go, after winding, unless it lies on its face for eight hours.

P. Dacre (Balham).—Sorry you have been ill. I missed your familiar "fist." Your suggestion for a competition would appeal to a very few readers. You evidently read much more widely than most boys, or even many "grown-ups."

"Numismatologist" (Leicester).—(1) For £2 17s. 6d. you can get a cabinet to hold about a thousand coins from Messrs. W. S. Lincoln and Son, 69 New Oxford Street, W. (2) Clubbed.

Douglas Teague (Perranporth, R.S.O.)

—Try and get a photo of a pretty scene of the neighbourhood, so as to illustrate your description. I spent ten days at Perranporth in August, 1899.

A Regular Captainite (London).—Sorry but I cannot invite visits from readers. I do most of my CAPTAIN work at home. It is quieter there. The Art-Editor's habit of bursting into song is a little disconcerting to a gentleman of my years.

L. Schuster C.C. (Bracknell).—Your suggestion for a competition approximates dangerously near the missing word, which is taboo. Pleased to consider any other suggestions.

B. Harris (Naini Tal, Kumaon, India).—Competition 6, unless so stated, is not limited to foreign and Colonial readers.

Bull Pup (Bolton, Lancs.).—Clubbed. Many thanks for suggestions for competitions. I hope to profit by them. I wish more of my readers would assist me in this way.

"X. X. X" (Edgbaston).—I am, and I know Phyllis very well. Hope you have pleasant memories of your school days with her. Send a contribution to the C.C. pages.

J. V. Pearman (Slough).—Yes, write C.C. after your name. You may send tit-bits of interest to any of my "experts" for insertion in their respective corners.

Harry Hough (West Didsbury, near Manchester).—Send in your questions for all our Corners by the 16th of the month at latest. We go to press on the 22nd.

R. A. Joseph (Warrington).—Mr. Reynolds is writing us other Indian tales in place of "Hera," which he could not carry out to his satisfaction.

Frances Whittingham (Bromley).—My art editor judges the pictorial competitions. The literary competition editor does the rest.

George Bathurst Thompson (Forbes, N.S.W.).—Clubbed. Send the King's School, Sydney, mag., and we will review it.

R. G. L. Bennett (Alcester).—Must first see your article on "How to become a Bank Clerk" before I can make you an offer.

C. E. Deacon (Queensland).—I am sorry I cannot use the Boer War incident you kindly sent.

G. W. Ferguson (St. Andrews).—Clubbed. Will try and adopt your suggestion as to index.

N. C. R. (Dublin).—I think not, as long as you don't use the air-gun outside your own premises.

Ask a policeman. **G. S. Hasan** (Zanzibar).—Get "Bookbinding for Amateurs," by W. J. E. Crane, price 2s. 9d., post free, from L. Upcott Gill, 170, Strand, London, W.C. **Engineer** (New Zealand).—"The Model Engineer and Amateur Electrician," is 2d. a week, or 13s., post free, per annum. Address: 6, Farringdon Avenue, London, E.C.

Clubbed.—N. Mallison (Holland Park, W.), C. F. Worledge (Harrow Road, W.), James B. Sterndale Bennett (West Kensington), James Gilkison (Greenock), Henry Hall (Dublin), Harcourt Hughes (Muswell Hill), Noel N. Smith (Wellington, N.Z.), "Smike."

Enquiries re Books, Etc.—The following correspondents, who have asked us to recommend books, etc., are requested to send stamped envelopes, and repeat their questions, as we cannot afford space for such answers except in the case of foreign and Colonial readers, who cannot send stamps:—C. F. Worledge, "Chemical," "Smike."

Letters, etc., have also been received from: Frank V. Edwards (O.R.C.C., Kentish Town), J. W. West (Camberwell), "Bunnie" (Shipton-under-Wychwood), Jim (Monmouth), clubbed, A. S. Colman, change of address noted; Frank Jepson (Rochester), clubbed; Stanley Eames (Leicester), clubbed; W. H. Turner (Exeter), clubbed.

Official Representative Appointed: W. Alfred S. Statter (Eastleigh).

THE OLD FAG.

Results of April Competitions.

No. I. "British Battles."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF MESSRS. GRADIDGE'S "IMPERIAL DRIVER" CRICKET BAR: Fred Inkster, 14 Viewforth-square, Edinburgh.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: C. Crossley, 62 Moorcliffe, Savile-park, Halifax; Stanley Matthew, 6 Mamhead View, Exmouth, Devon; and Noel Edward Lean, 6 Elmore-road, Sheffield.

HONOURABLE MENTION: John Ashby, Constance H. Greaves, Arthur Wheeler, James Bell, Morton Jewell, Geoffrey L. Austin, George A. Bell, Harold Scholfield, A. Clive Hay, James H. Forrester, T. R. Davis, J. B. Evans, H. C. Cochran, F. Everson, S. Wilson, Fred. Ford, Hanson Tetley.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF CRICKET-BAR (as above): John H. Bryson, 7 Salisbury-place, Edinburgh.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: H. G. Atkinson, Poplar House, Newland, Hull; H. Baker-Munton, 9 Crohan Park-avenue, South Croaydon; Fanny King, Munslow, Craven Arms, Salop; Frank A. Mackay, 8 Cardean-street, Dundee, N.B.

HONOURABLE MENTION: C. G. Bunting, A. Hughes, W. E. Walron, F. Jones, Margery W. Lean, J. S. Tombs, Stanley Mather, Hugh McEwan, H. Luck, Reginald F. Long, C. H. Hughes, Fred. A. Heys, Harry Freeman.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF CRICKET-BAR (as above): Hon. W. A. M. Eden, Kitley, Plymouth.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Frank Whittle, 11 Hamilton-road, Ealing; Jack Beat, Ivy Cottage, Petersfield, Hants.

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. E. Miller, O. C. Burrows, Muriel E. Wood, C. Gurrell, Fabian Prideaux, J. H. Psyche.

No. II.—"Photographic Competition."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-three.)

WINNER OF £2 2s. KODAK: O. Lupton, Rockland, Newton park, Leeds.

HONOURABLE MENTION (in order of merit): J. B. Welford, C. Crossley, A. V. Arrowsmith, R. M. Donald, Cyril W. U. Witney, Frank Overton, C. M. Cardale, Oscar C. Adamson, H. Ward Saville, J. H. Franklin, J. B. Walker, T. B. Franklin, Frank A. Garratt.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF 30s. HOBBIES CAMERA: C. Tavener, Holmbury, Upper-avenue, Eastbourne.

HONOURABLE MENTION (in order of merit): Winnie Hughes, T. Hughes, W. J. Riley, C. E. Vivian Sykes, J. Richardson, Fred. Caddy, W. J. Jones, Nelson Garne, P. E. Petter, T. H. Jennings, Vaughan Angus.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fourteen.)

WINNERS OF Houghton's 5s. "SCOUT" HAND-CAMERAS: Dorothy Whitfield, The Gables, Watford; Cedric Stokes, 60 Parkhill-road, Haverstock Hill, N.W.; Charles Stiebel, Sand way, Whalley-road, Whalley Range, Manchester; C. E. Morier, 1 Hamilton-terrace, St. John's Wood, N.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION (in order of merit): Frank Spite, Archie Oetzmann, E. Lazarus, E. Guthrie Bowers, F. Raven, J. B. Meldrum, A. B. Peck, David Hall, Violet Crewdson, Oswald Fordham, D. H. Fish, G. Berry, Harold N. Smith, F. A. Wallis, R. E. Dickinson, H. E. A. Horn.

No. III. "Missing Features."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNERS OF MESSRS. BENEFINK'S "SELECTED" CRICKET BATS: F. Gratrix, 23 Grosvenor-place, Liverpool-street West, Salford; James H. Dowd, 11 Travis-place, Broomhall, Sheffield.

Results continued on next page.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Helen Blackwood, William Logan, Grace Maclean, Leonard J. Smith, H. A. Atwell, George A. Bell.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNERS OF CRICKET-BATS (as above): Wilfrid Nathan, 77 Kingsley-road, Prince's-park, Liverpool; Joseph Taylor, 40 Northgate, Baildon, Shipley, Yorks.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. C. Osborne, Frida Phillips, J. W. Owen.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNERS OF CRICKET-BATS (as above): B. Croom Johnson, The Elms, Wrexham, North Wales; Arthur F. Keatinge, 3 Elmvile, Harold's-cross, Dublin, Ireland.

HONOURABLE MENTION: G. H. Atkinson, Harold Wheatley, M. Alexander.

No. IV. "Essay on a British Battle."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF 10s.: S. Gordon Wilson, Hatfield Hall, Durham University.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: W. M. McWalters, Balcarres, Eastern Villas-road, Southsea; Enid Cuthbert, 59 Gordon-road, West Ealing.

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. B. Newcomen, Constance Stafford, Alan F. Newton, Jean S. Baird, R. J. Hawker, James H. Forrester, V. L. Manning, Ethel Miles, L. J. Baker.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF 10s.: Alexander Walker, Lebanon Villa, Dunkeld-road, Peterhead, N.B.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Esmé M. Parkinson, 12 Bathwick Hill, Bath; E. R. Lovett, 41 Outram-road, Croydon.

HONOURABLE MENTION: F. B. Sadler, James H. Skuse, Joseph Taylor, N. Miles Kemp, Muriel Lupton, Percy Shelton, P. Dacre, R. C. Andrade, Marguerite Schindhelm, Thomas J. Patterson.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF 10s.: L. King, 1 Greville-road, Southville, Bristol.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: P. Rigby, St. Aloysius' College, Hornsey-lane, N.; Vernon Bartlett, Wilts, and Dorset Bank, Westbourne, Bournemouth.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Walter H. Senneck, S. Buxton, C. C. Chance, Donald Wood, F. G. Priestly, S. G. Martin, John B. Hewlett, H. M. Georgeson.

No. V. "Jumble Sentence."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: B. Hawkins, Warmley House, near Bristol.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Hope Portrey, 29 St. Nicholas-road, Barry, Glam.; Tibbie Kirkpatrick, Lindcluden, Liscard, Cheshire; L. J. Baker, 60 Elliscombe-road, Old Charlton, Kent.

HONOURABLE MENTION: John Ashby, Victor Towers, W. W. Duck, J. Basil Hall, Edwin H. Rhodes, Mabel G. Booker, John W. Taylor, Hubert J. W. Adamson.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: R. Newsome, 10 Landrock road, Stroud Green, N.

A packet of "The Captain" pictorial post-cards has been sent to all competitors who have received honourable mention as announced above.

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 following books—"J. O. Jones," "Tales of Grayhouse," "Acton's Feud," "The Heart of the Prairie."

COMMENTS ON THE APRIL COMPETITIONS.

I.—Of a large number of entries so many were correct that neatness counted considerably. Some of the pictures were beautifully illuminated and mounted. A correct list of battles will be found on an advertisement page.

II.—We were very pleased to notice the marked improvement shown in all classes in the standard of the work submitted for this Photographic Competition, as compared with the last, and the winner in Class II. is to be congratulated on his series depicting evening scenes in Eastbourne streets. A number of the photographs will be criticised in our July issue.

III.—"Missing Features" attracted the usual large number of entries.

IV.—A very popular competition. The majority of the essays reached a high standard of excellence, and made me regret that I had only a limited number of prizes at my disposal. The winner in Class I. is especially to be congratulated on a most artistic production. The favourite battles were Agincourt and Hastings, but Minden, Salamanca, and Pinkie also received fair attention.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: H. C. C. Stanley, 18 Thurlough-road, Wandsworth Common, S.W.; Selina Bridgeman, 59 Ennismore-gardens, S.W.; W. Hartill, Manor House, Willenhall, Staffs.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Gerald W. Springthorpe, Joseph Taylor, Jack W. Simpson, Elsie Drew, James Ball, R. Bruce-Adamson, Ian S. Muir, James Beahan, Frida Phillips, R. W. Jones.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: Stanley Hoatson, The Manor, King-street, Leek, Staffs.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Arthur Hall, Kilmersdon, near Bath; F. G. Priestly, The Villa, Victoria crescent, St. Helier's, Jersey.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Noëlle E. Willis, W. Seymour-Ure, David Rankin, L. A. Carey, Humphrey C. Iverson, S. B. Buxton, Alec Woods, A. F. Clay, Annie Haslam, A. R. Buxton, Charlie J. Martin.

No. VI. "Pictorial Post-card."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF SET OF DRAWING MATERIALS: Osmond P. Abery, 17 St. Barnabas-road, Sheffield.

HONOURABLE MENTION (in order of merit): Arthur S. Atkinson, Constance H. Greaves, Sibil O'Neill, W. J. White, S. Gordon Wilson, Nora Simmonds, Charles H. Harris, J. S. Capps, C. O'Neill, George W. Yates, E. Muriel Bennett.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF SET OF DRAWING MATERIALS: Janie R. Thomas, The Oaklands, Oswestry, Shropshire.

HONOURABLE MENTION (in order of merit): N. B. Ashford, G. L. Clue, Stavert Johnstone Cash, H. H. D. Simmonds, G. Ledward, James Coupar, Joseph Taylor, D. E. Chienhale Marsh, R. M. Thomas, Harry Hall, Sydney J. Bond, J. H. Bilborough, Alex. M. Johnston, O. H. Mavor, Albert Albow, T. Walker Clarke, Harry G. Spooner.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fourteen.)

WINNER OF SET OF DRAWING MATERIALS: A. Clay, 41 Albe marle-road, Beckenham.

HONOURABLE MENTION (in order of merit): S. C. Clay, Humphrey C. Iverson, G. S. Alfree, M. S. Clay, G. H. Atkinson, Herbert Pizer, A. Colley, R. A. Lonelock, William Newborough, Edgar Hamilton Muir-Smith, Willie McAdam, E. L. Armitage, Lionel Carte, C. M. Rowson, John R. Hill, C. B. D. Powgh, Y. Clay, Harry Rowlands, Gregor M. Ogilvie, Maurice Biahop, A. H. Johnson, J. K. Cousins, M. Webb, A. R. Chapman, Dolly Riley.

"Foreign and Colonial Readers." (DECEMBER, 1902)

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF 5s.: C. V. Hamilton, Cottesloe, Battery Point, Hobart, Tasmania.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF 5s.: H. Goodbrand, 6 North-street, Durban, Natal, South Africa.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Sydney L. Langlois (Valparaiso), Edward Pavn Le Sueur (Canada).

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF 5s.: Kenneth W. Dowie, 488 Argyle-avenue, Westmount, Montreal, Canada.

V.—The best sentence was made up by the winner in Class I., as follows:—

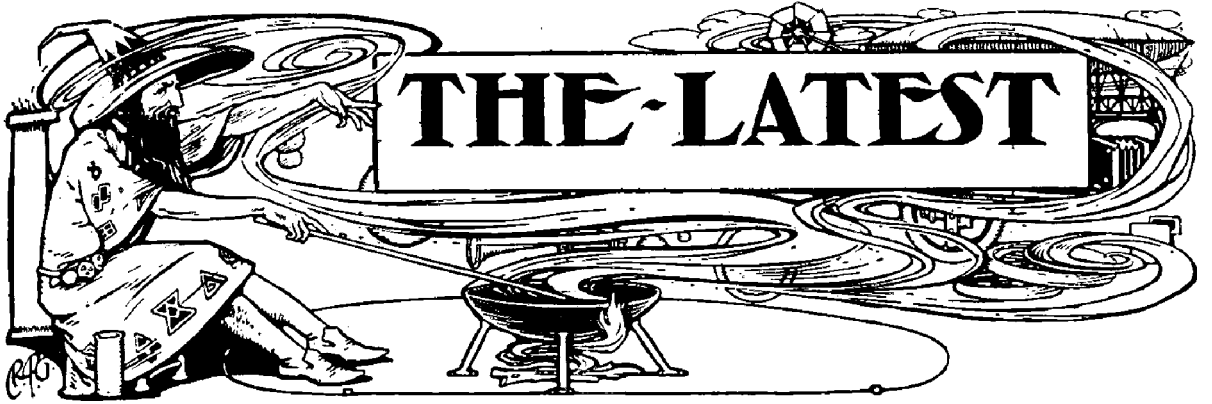
"The Long 'Un and The Cab Hunter went to rescue The Old Fag, fearful lest The Giant Cat should kill him before he could finish The Latest Answers to Correspondents."

VI.—In this keenly contested competition most competitors were of the opinion that the Old Fag would be the most popular subject for a CAPTAIN pictorial post card, and the majority of the drawings sent in displayed good ideas, although somewhat lacking in technique.

N.B.—Competitors are requested to carefully read over the rules before sending in their work. Several have been disqualified this month for (a) writing on both sides of the paper; (b) not fastening sheets together; (c) sending letters when post-cards were specified.

MARCH "HANDWRITING" COMPETITION—R. J. F. Peacy having returned the "CAPTAIN" pocket-knife awarded to him in Class II., explaining that his competition was intended for Class I., the prize has been sent to John Hunt, The Academy, Wakefield whose competition came next in order of merit.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.



The Latest in Dusting.

Some time ago a few clever engineers put their heads together for the purpose of inventing a better method of ridding carpets and upholstery of dust than is possible by the old-fashioned way of beating them by hand in the open air. After some years of weary and costly experimenting, they at last succeeded in devising an apparatus which, at the present moment, bids fair to effect a revolution in cleaning operations, both in private houses and large public buildings. The apparatus is simplicity itself. It consists merely of a



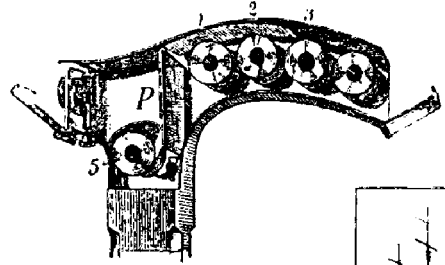
large air pump, worked on a portable vehicle, and a varying length of flexible india-rubber hose, with a nozzle at one end. This nozzle is in the form of a flattened piece of metal tubing, having a long slit at the end. The nozzle, or "renovator," as it is called, is passed over the article, and any dust the latter may contain is sucked up through the slit, passed along down the india-rubber tube, and finally collected in a bin fitted to the vehicle on which the pump is carried.



It is known as the "Booth" system, and is in the hands of the Vacuum Cleaner Company of 25 Victoria-street, Westminster, S.W.

A Camera in a Walking Stick.

The very latest photographic invention is a walking stick camera, made to carry sufficient rollable film—in daylight cartridges—to take 350 pictures. The stick, as will be seen by the illustration, is of the crutch form; the lens



and shutter are fixed in the short end of the crutch, and spools of film are made to revolve upon a series of pins by means of a small wheel which brings the film into position before the lens for exposure. Each



spool will take 25 pictures, and when the first spool has been exhausted, the usual black paper is wound round it, one side of the crutch (5) is removed, the spool taken out and a fresh one put upon the pin, the exposed spool taking its place. The stick itself is hollow, and contains a further supply of spools. The resulting photographs are about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch by $\frac{3}{4}$ inch, and those we have seen are really wonderful. The stick is sold for 27s. 6d. Spools for 25 pictures cost 1s. 6d. each. The stick may be

HONOURABLE MENTION: Helen Blackwood, William Logan, Grace Maclean, Leonard J. Smith, H. A. Atwell, George A. Bell.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNERS OF CRICKET-BATS (as above): Wilfrid Nathan, 77 Kingsley-road, Prince's park, Liverpool; Joseph Taylor, 40 Northgate, Baildon, Shipley, Yorks.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. C. Osborne, Frida Phillips, J. W. Owen.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNERS OF CRICKET-BATS (as above): B. Croom Johnson, The Elms, Wrexham, North Wales; Arthur F. Keatinge, 3 Elmville, Harold's-cross, Dublin, Ireland.

HONOURABLE MENTION: G. H. Atkinson, Harold Wheatley, M. Alexander.

No. IV. "Essay on a British Battle."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF 10s.: S. Gordon Wilson, Hatfield Hall, Durham University.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: W. M. McWalters, Balcarres, Eastern Villas-road, Southsea; Enid Cuthbert, 99 Gordon-road, West Ealing.

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. B. Newcomen, Constance Stafford, Alan F. Newton, Jean S. Baird, R. J. Hawker, James H. Forrester, V. L. Manning, Ethel Miles, L. J. Baker.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF 10s.: Alexander Walker, Lebanon Villa, Dunkeld-road, Peterhead, N.B.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Esmé M. Parkinson, 12 Bathwick Hill, Bath; E. R. Lovett, 41 Outram-road, Croydon.

HONOURABLE MENTION: F. B. Sadler, James H. Skuse, Joseph Taylor, N. Miles Kemp, Muriel Lupton, Percy Shelton, P. Dacre, R. C. Andrade, Marguerite Schindhelm, Thomas J. Patterson.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF 10s.: L. King, 1 Groville-road, Southville, Bristol.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: P. Rigby, St. Aloysius' College, Hornsey-lane, N.; Vernon Bartlett, Wilts, and Dorset Bank, Westbourne, Bournemouth.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Walter H. Senneck, S. Buxton, C. C. Chance, Donald Wood, F. G. Priestly, S. G. Martin, John B. Hewlett, H. M. Georgeson.

No. V. "Jumble Sentence."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: B. Hawkins, Warmley House, near Bristol.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Hope Portrey, 29 St. Nicholas-road, Barry, Glam.; Tibbie Kirkpatrick, Lincudon, Liscard, Cheshire; L. J. Baker, 60 Elliscombe-road, Old Charlton, Kent.

HONOURABLE MENTION: John Ashby, Victor Towers, W. W. Duck, J. Basil Hall, Edwin H. Rhodes, Mabel G. Booker, John W. Taylor, Hubert J. W. Adamson.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: R. Newsome, 10 Landrock-road, Stroud Green, N.

A packet of "The Captain" pictorial post-cards has been sent to all competitors who have received honourable mention as announced above.

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 following books—"J. O. Jones," "Tales of Greyhound," "Acton's Feud," "The Heart of the Prairie."

COMMENTS ON THE APRIL COMPETITIONS.

I.—Of a large number of entries so many were correct that neatness counted considerably. Some of the pictures were beautifully illuminated and mounted. A correct list of battles will be found on an advertisement page.

II.—We were very pleased to notice the marked improvement shown in all classes in the standard of the work submitted for this Photographic Competition, as compared with the last, and the winner in Class II. is to be congratulated on his series depicting evening scenes in Eastbourne streets. A number of the photographs will be criticised in our July issue.

III.—"Missing Features" attracted the usual large number of entries.

IV.—A very popular competition. The majority of the essays reached a high standard of excellence, and made me regret that I had only a limited number of prizes at my disposal. The winner in Class I. is especially to be congratulated on a most artistic production. The favourite battles were Agincourt and Hastings, but Minden, Salamanca, and Pinkie also received fair attention.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: H. C. C. Stanley, 18 Thurleigh-road, Wandsworth Common, S.W.; Selma Bridgeman, 59 Ennismore-gardens, S.W.; W. Hartill, Manor House, Willenhall, Staffs.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Gerald W. Springthorpe, Joseph Taylor, Jack W. Simpson, Elsie Drew, James Bull, R. Bruce Adamson, Ian S. Munro, James Beahan, Frida Phillips, R. W. Jones.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: Stanley Hoatson, The Mansie, King-street, Leek, Staffs.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Arthur Hall, Kilmersdon, near Bath; F. G. Priestly, The Villa, Victoria crescent, St. Helier's, Jersey.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Noëlle E. Willis, W. Seymour-Lee, David Rankin, L. A. Carey, Humphrey C. Iverson, S. B. Buxton, Alec Woods, A. F. Clay, Annie Haslam, A. R. Buxton, Charlie J. Martin.

No. VI. "Pictorial Post-card."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF SET OF DRAWING MATERIALS: Osmund P. Aber, 17 St. Barnabas-road, Sheffield.

HONOURABLE MENTION (in order of merit): Arthur S. Atkinson, Constance H. Greaves, Sibil O'Neill, W. J. White, S. Gordon Wilson, Nora Simmonds, Charles H. Harris, J. S. Cappus, C. O'Neill, George W. Yates, E. Muriel Bennett.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF SET OF DRAWING MATERIALS: Janie R. Thomas, The Oaklands, Oatwestry, Shropshire.

HONOURABLE MENTION (in order of merit): N. B. Ashford, G. L. Clue, Stavert Johnstone Cash, H. H. D. Simmonds, G. Ledward, James Coupar, Joseph Taylor, D. E. Chisenhall-Marsh, R. M. Thomas, Harry Hall, Sydney J. Bond, J. B. Bilsborough, Alex. M. Johnston, O. H. Mavor, Albert Albrow, T. Walker Clarke, Harry G. Spooner.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fourteen.)

WINNER OF SET OF DRAWING MATERIALS: A. Clay, 44 Albe-marle-road, Beckenham.

HONOURABLE MENTION (in order of merit): S. C. Clay, Humphrey C. Iverson, G. S. Alfree, M. S. Clay, G. H. Atkinson, Herbert Pizer, A. Colley, R. A. Lonelock, William Newborough, Edgar Hamilton Muir-Smith, Willie McAdam, E. L. Armitage, Lionel Carte, C. M. Rowson, John R. Hill, C. B. D. Powgh, V. Clay, Harry Rowlands, Gregor M. Ogilvie, E. Maurice Bishop, A. H. Johnson, J. K. Cousins, M. Webb, A. R. Chapman, Dolly Riley.

"Foreign and Colonial Readers." (DECEMBER, 1902)

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF 5s.: C. V. Hamilton, Cottesloe, Battery Point, Hobart, Tasmania.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF 5s.: H. Goodbrand, 6 North-street, Durban, Natal, South Africa.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Sydney L. Langlois (Valparaiso), Edward Pavn Le Sueur (Canada).

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF 5s.: Kenneth W. Dowie, 488 Argyle-avenue, Westmount, Montreal, Canada.

WINNER OF 5s.: Kenneth W. Dowie, 488 Argyle-avenue, Westmount, Montreal, Canada.

WINNER OF 5s.: Kenneth W. Dowie, 488 Argyle-avenue, Westmount, Montreal, Canada.

WINNER OF 5s.: Kenneth W. Dowie, 488 Argyle-avenue, Westmount, Montreal, Canada.

WINNER OF 5s.: Kenneth W. Dowie, 488 Argyle-avenue, Westmount, Montreal, Canada.

WINNER OF 5s.: Kenneth W. Dowie, 488 Argyle-avenue, Westmount, Montreal, Canada.

WINNER OF 5s.: Kenneth W. Dowie, 488 Argyle-avenue, Westmount, Montreal, Canada.

WINNER OF 5s.: Kenneth W. Dowie, 488 Argyle-avenue, Westmount, Montreal, Canada.

WINNER OF 5s.: Kenneth W. Dowie, 488 Argyle-avenue, Westmount, Montreal, Canada.

WINNER OF 5s.: Kenneth W. Dowie, 488 Argyle-avenue, Westmount, Montreal, Canada.

WINNER OF 5s.: Kenneth W. Dowie, 488 Argyle-avenue, Westmount, Montreal, Canada.

WINNER OF 5s.: Kenneth W. Dowie, 488 Argyle-avenue, Westmount, Montreal, Canada.

WINNER OF 5s.: Kenneth W. Dowie, 488 Argyle-avenue, Westmount, Montreal, Canada.

WINNER OF 5s.: Kenneth W. Dowie, 488 Argyle-avenue, Westmount, Montreal, Canada.

WINNER OF 5s.: Kenneth W. Dowie, 488 Argyle-avenue, Westmount, Montreal, Canada.

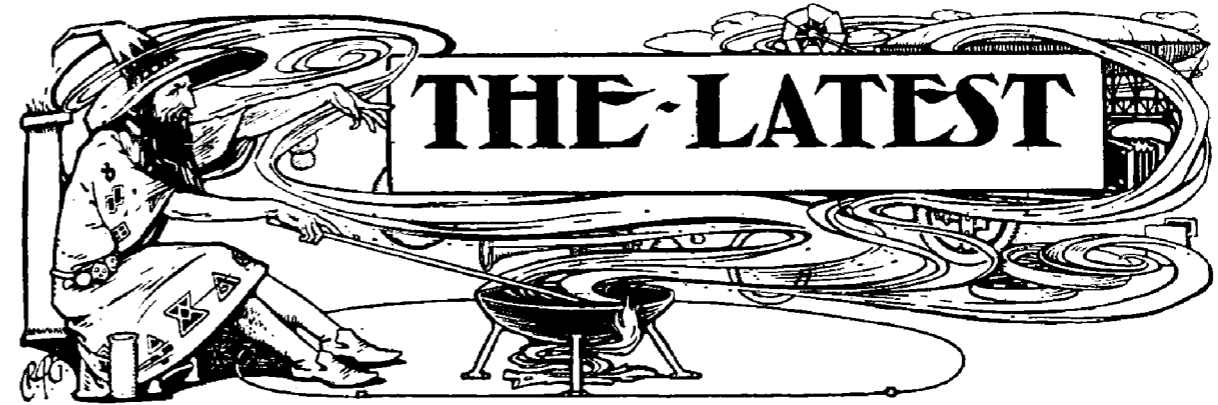
WINNER OF 5s.: Kenneth W. Dowie, 488 Argyle-avenue, Westmount, Montreal, Canada.

WINNER OF 5s.: Kenneth W. Dowie, 488 Argyle-avenue, Westmount, Montreal, Canada.

WINNER OF 5s.: Kenneth W. Dowie, 488 Argyle-avenue, Westmount, Montreal, Canada.

WINNER OF 5s.: Kenneth W. Dowie, 488 Argyle-avenue, Westmount, Montreal, Canada.

WINNER OF 5s.: Kenneth W. Dowie, 488 Argyle-avenue, Westmount, Montreal, Canada.



The Latest in Dusting.

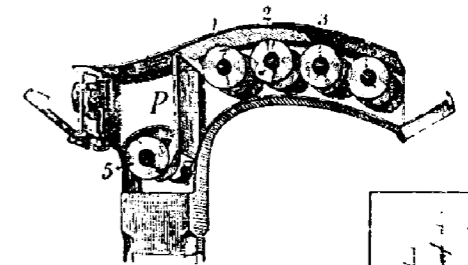
Some time ago a few clever engineers put their heads together for the purpose of inventing a better method of ridding carpets and upholstery of dust than is possible by the old-fashioned way of beating them by hand in the open air. After some years of weary and costly experimenting, they at last succeeded in devising an apparatus which, at the present moment, bids fair to effect a revolution in cleaning operations, both in private houses and large public buildings. The apparatus is simplicity itself. It consists merely of a large air pump, worked on a portable vehicle, and a varying length of flexible india-rubber hose, with a nozzle at one end. This nozzle is in the form of a flattened piece of metal tubing, having a long slit at the end. The nozzle, or "renovator," as it is called, is passed over the article, and any dust the latter may contain is sucked up through the slit, passed along down the india-rubber tube, and finally collected in a bin fitted to the vehicle on which the pump is carried.



It is known as the "Booth" system, and is in the hands of the Vacuum Cleaner Company of 25 Victoria-street, Westminster, S.W.

A Camera in a Walking Stick.

The very latest photographic invention is a walking stick camera, made to carry sufficient rollable film—in daylight cartridges—to take 350 pictures. The stick, as will be seen by the illustration, is of the crutch form; the lens

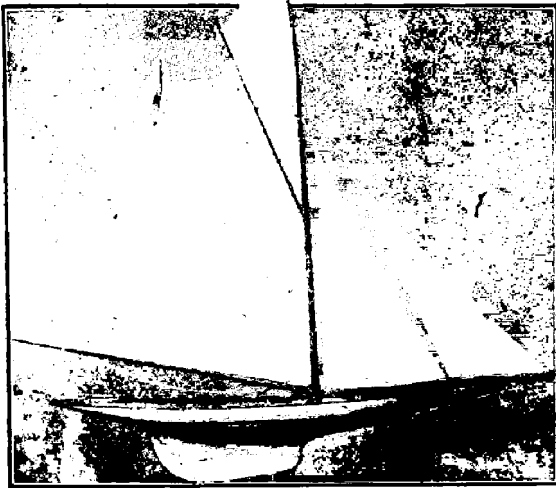


and shutter are fixed in the short end of the crutch, and spools of film are made to revolve upon a series of pins by means of a small wheel which brings the film into position before the lens for exposure. Each

spool will take 25 pictures, and when the first spool has been exhausted, the usual black paper is wound round it, one side of the crutch (5) is removed, the spool taken out and a fresh one put upon the pin, the exposed spool taking its place. The stick itself is hollow, and contains a further supply of spools. The resulting photographs are about 1½ inch by ¾ inch, and those we have seen are really wonderful. The stick is sold for 27s. 6d. Spools for 25 pictures cost 1s. 6d. each. The stick may be



obtained at present from the sole agents, Messrs. Seabrook Bros. and Co., 21 Edmund-place, London, E.C.



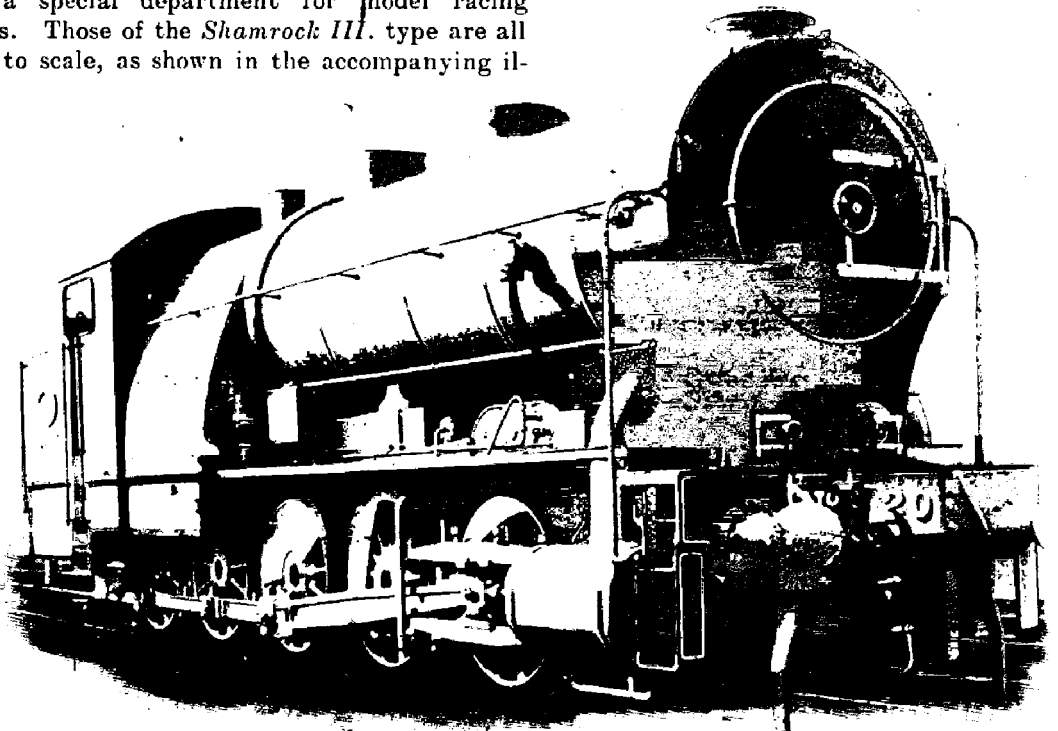
A Model "Shamrock III."

Messrs. W. Macmillan and Co., the well-known model makers of Alloa, N.B., have been kept very busy of late supplying the orders which have been flowing in from all parts of the world for their models of Sir Thomas Lipton's famous yacht *Shamrock III.*, which all Britishers hope will lift the cup next September. Messrs. Macmillan are old hands at model-shipbuilding, and have a special department for model racing yachts. Those of the *Shamrock III.* type are all built to scale, as shown in the accompanying il-

lustration, and Messrs. Macmillan are now supplying a smaller size at thirty shillings, correct in every detail.

The Latest in Locomotives.—To Solve the Suburban Traffic Problem.

Under existing conditions on the Great Eastern Railway, as many suburban trains are provided at the busy hours of the day as can safely be dealt with, but still the cry goes up for more, and large numbers of travellers have to stand or wait for later trains—even though the carriages have been widened so as to accommodate six persons aside instead of five, as is generally the rule. Mr. James Holden, the company's locomotive superintendent, has designed and built at Stratford Works an entirely new type of locomotive, specially for working suburban trains. The older types of engines could run fast enough once speed had been "got up," but on a line like the Great Eastern, where the stations are situated on an average considerably less than a mile from each other, no sooner had a fair rate of speed been gained than it was time to shut off steam for the next stop. An extensive series of trials has proved, however, that the engines of the "Decapod" type will overcome this difficulty, and within thirty seconds of leaving a station gain a speed of no less than thirty miles an hour, which can be reduced equally quickly.



THE NEW "DECAPOD" LOCOMOTIVE, DESIGNED BY MR. J. HOLDEN, THE LOCOMOTIVE SUPERINTENDENT OF THE G.E. RAILWAY. WITHIN 30 SECONDS OF LEAVING THE STATION THIS ENGINE CAN GET UP A SPEED OF 30 MILES AN HOUR.

(Photo by F. Moore, Charing Cross-road.)



WHAT CHEEK!



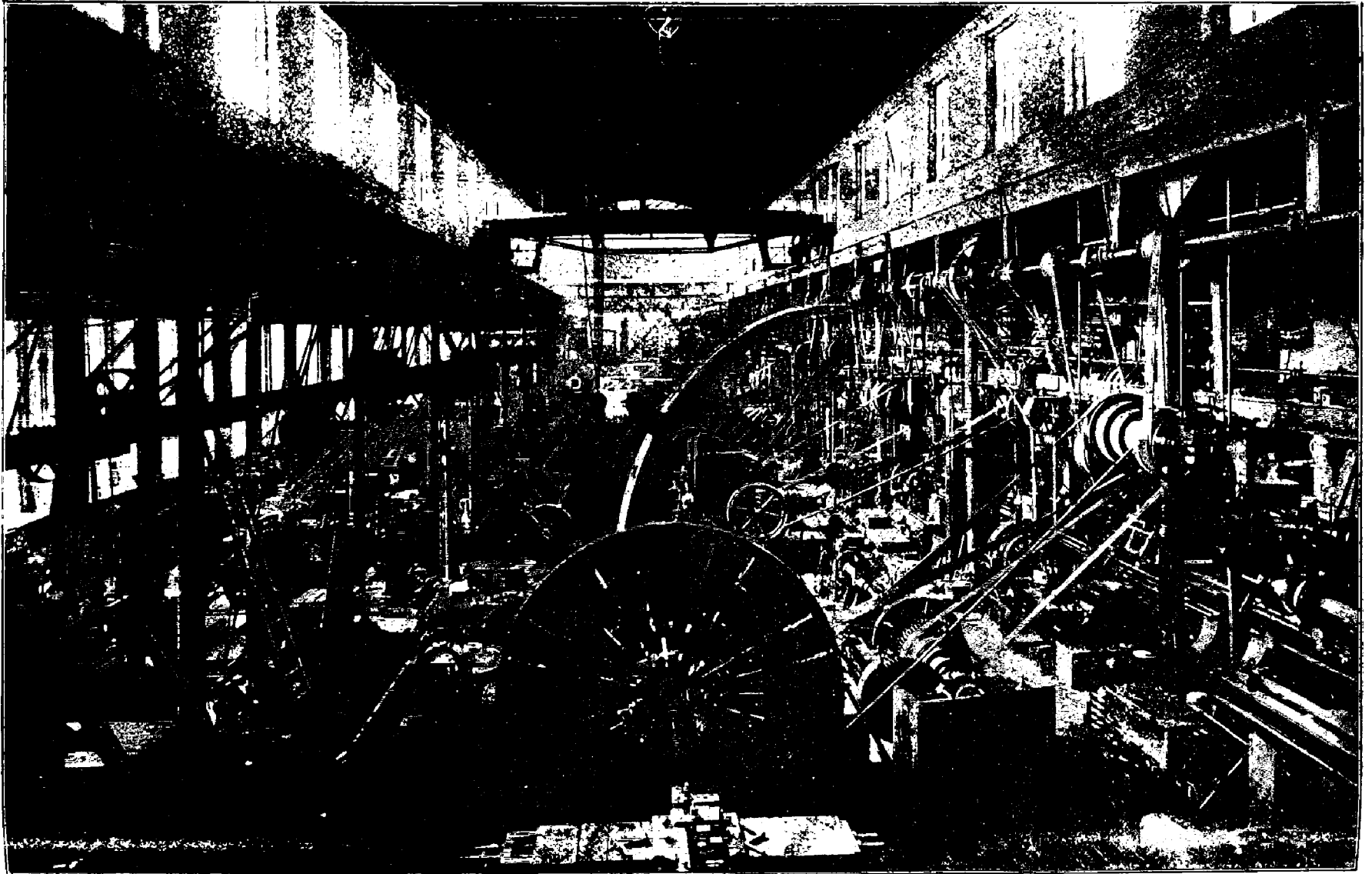
PLEASE!!

WHAT HAPPENS
ON
THE 22nd.

By a "Captain" Reader.



THANKS!!!



ONE OF THE FITTING SHOPS IN THE GREAT ELSWICK ARSENAL AT NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

BIG GUNS.

By EDWARD TEBBUTT.



A 100-TON GUN READY TO BE SWUNG ABOARD SHIP.

Illustrated from photos by special permission of Messrs. Armstrong, Whitworth & Co.

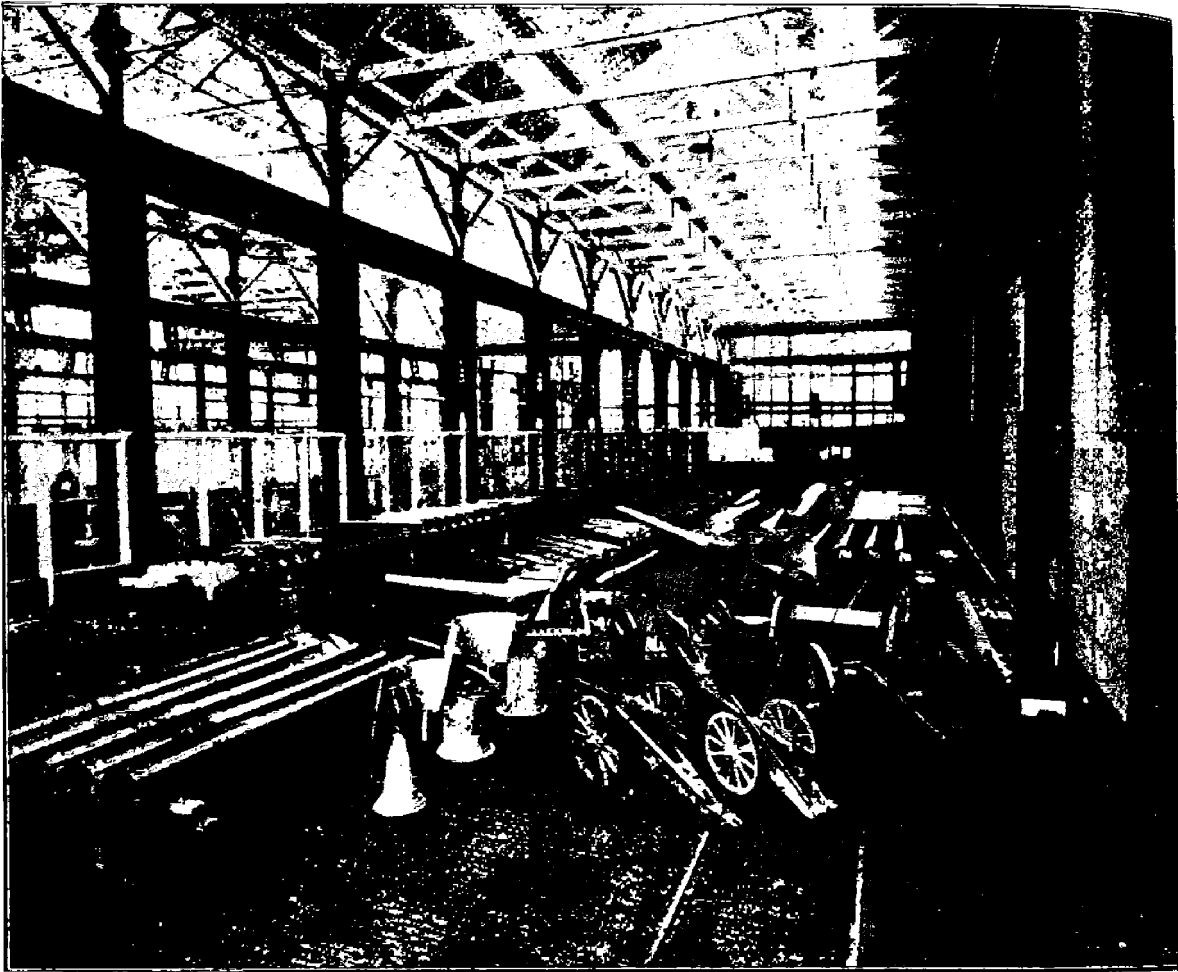
THIS article is not a technical paper instructing ingenious readers of *THE CAPTAIN* how to make 4.7 guns or booming twenty tonners out of a yard and a half of sheet zinc, and a box of German tintacks. Nor does it aspire to instil the primary tenets of ordnance engineering into the callow mind of youth.

It came to be written in this fashion. The Editor was under the impression that *THE CAPTAIN* readers would like to know something of the great Elswick Arsenal at Newcastle-on-Tyne, where Armstrong's build battleships for the King's fleet, and where field and naval artillery is manufactured upon a practically unequalled scale. So, on the understanding that I should not wax too learned on the subject, it was arranged that I should visit the place and discourse upon the impressions I gleaned. Messrs. Armstrong, Whitworth, and Co. were good enough to place every facility in my way, and to provide me with the unique photographs which illustrate these pages.

First of all, then, what appearance does this colossal establishment present to the observer who sees it for the first time? Well, I myself viewed it from the deck of a Chilian cruiser, which lay in the centre of the coaly river, on whose banks the great works are piled. And this is what I saw.

A long irregular line of squat flat buildings extending a mile and a half in length, dotted here and there with black yards, and lying beneath half a hundred belching chimneys, which waved their grimy banner over the tremendous expanse of tarred roofs, and the towering skeleton cradles of the shipyard, wherein the shells of half-completed vessels were lying.

The air was filled with the noises of tremendous industry; with the clang, clang, clang of the platelayer's mallet; with the dull thud of gigantic steam hammers at work; with the whirr of thousands of marvellous machines and the sharp ping of spitting gas engines. On the building vessels in the river-front yards, I could see gangs of blue-coated



THE GUN FINISHING SHOP.

men swung on perilous scaffolds, driving home the bolts and rivets which secured the plates of rust-red iron. Between the countless shops

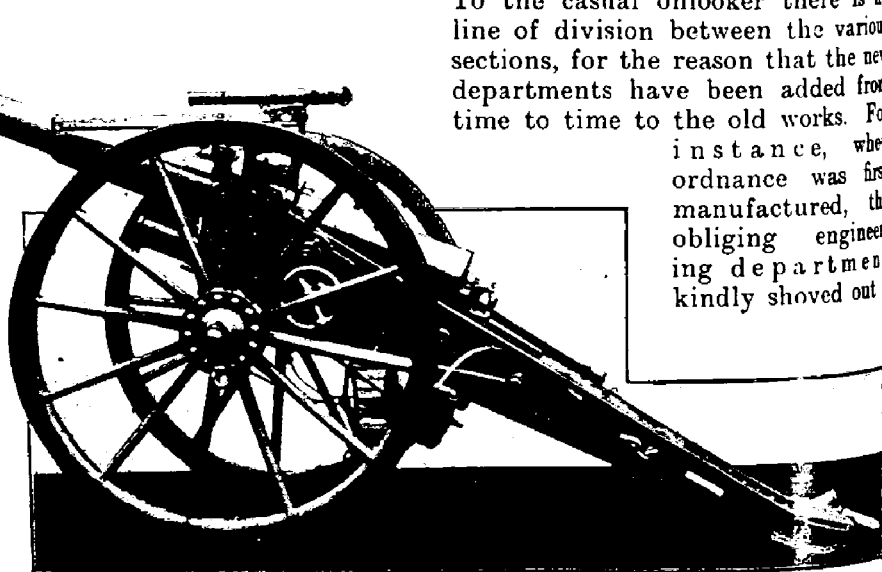
are divided into five sections—the ordnance department, the engineering works, the shipyards, the steel mills, and the shell factory.

To the casual onlooker there is no line of division between the various sections, for the reason that the new departments have been added from time to time to the old works. For

instance, when ordnance was first manufactured, the obliging engineering department kindly shoved out a

heavy stunted engines were lugging trucks of coal, and puffing their white smoke to the great black cloud above. This is Elswick, where 25,000 mechanics find employment, and where £40,000 is paid weekly in wages.

Armstrong's works at Elswick

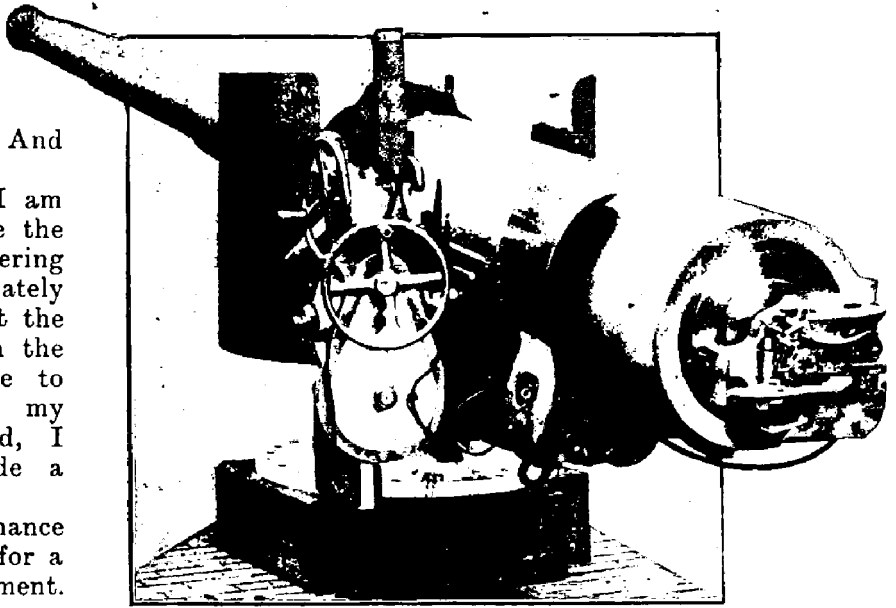


12-POUNDER GUN AND MOUNTING, MANUFACTURED 1900.

long arm by the river bank, and this in turn extended another arm to afford facilities for a preparation of steel. And so forth.

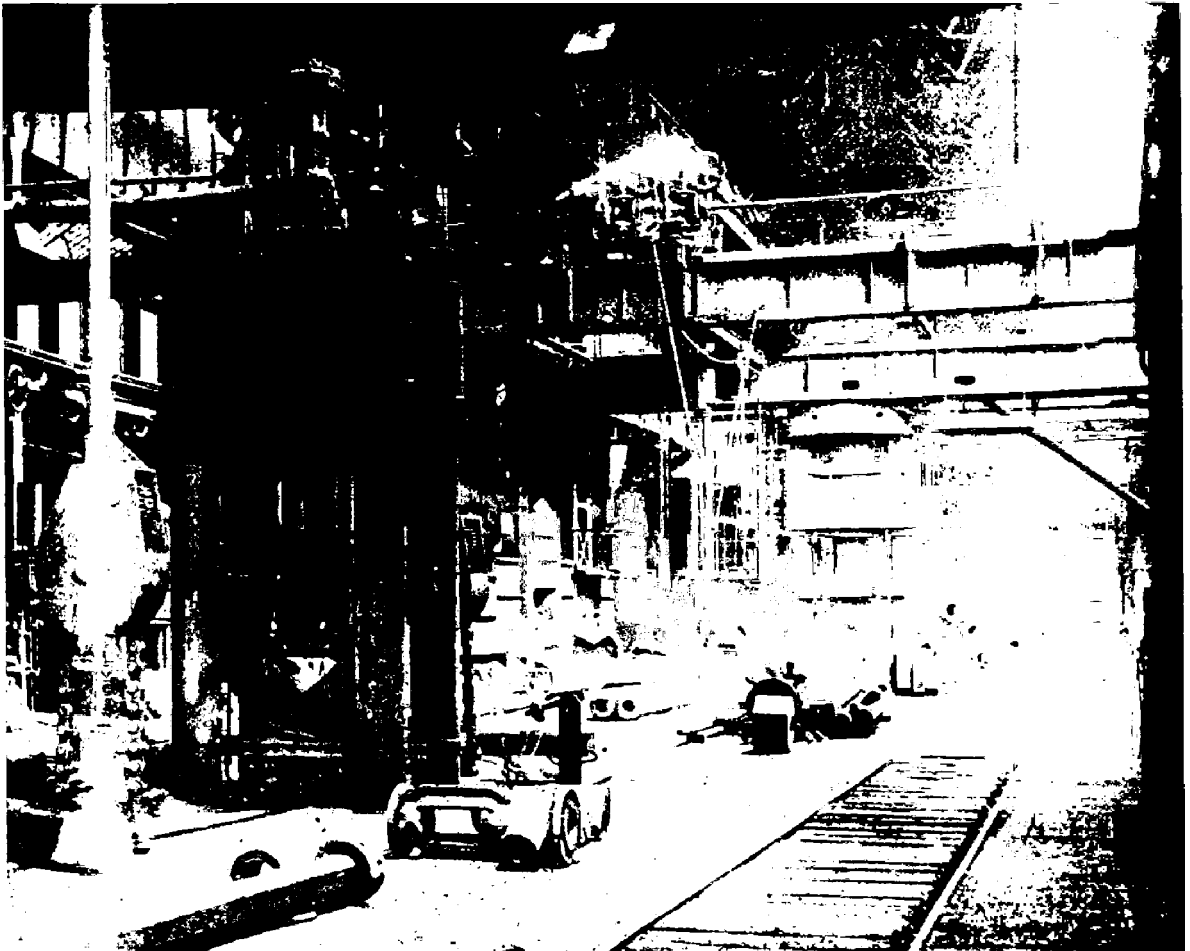
Writing of big guns, I am fortunately able to leave the shipyards and the engineering section alone. I say fortunately because, although I spent the greater part of a day in the place, I didn't penetrate to these departments. As my guide feelingly remarked, I should really have made a week of it.

Get inside the ordnance shops, and you are in for a period of sheer amazement. You pass in bewildering surprise through about thirty departments, mostly of tremendous size, the floors literally stacked with flying machinery, and the galleries above seething with expert



6 IN. GUN AND MOUNTING, MANUFACTURED IN 1900.

mechanics, all performing wonderful operations with tools almost as human as they themselves. Look at the photos and imagine the



VIEW OF HYDRAULIC PRESSES IN THE STEEL WORKS.



A 12IN. GUN, MANUFACTURED 1897.

machinery all stamping and revolving and biting, and attended to by men in blue jackets and peaked caps. Call to memory (if you have a smell memory) the hot scent of oil, and picture the colour effect of occasional furnaces, throwing a ruddy glow over the burnished steel work. Then you will have a vague and visionary idea as to what the shops are like in their live condition.

One of the most interesting features is the presence of big guns in all stages of completion. They lie about the place as thick as the leaves in autumn. Overhead, cranes swing them above the machine tops, and carry them like feathers to sturdy railway trucks outside. If you shut your eyes and walk along the floor, you are quite certain to fall over a naked twenty tonner or an embryo six-inch quick-firing gun. You get so used to the Goliaths of ordnance that you feel inclined to despise the little Maxim, and the ordinary type of field artillery.

The principle of Armstrong gun manufacture is to construct the barrel by boring a longitudinal chamber through a solid ingot of steel, and to build up the cannon by shrinking steel jackets over the central tube. Probably the most delicate operation is the rifling of the bore, a process which occupies any length of time, from a day in the case of small guns to nearly a fortnight for a twelve-inch gun.

The rifling machinery is mathematically true, for any deviation of the cutter from its course would result in the damage

of thousands of pounds' worth of material, and the waste of skilled and highly paid labour. The object of rifling the gun barrel is to afford the necessary twist to a projectile.

In another shop, the breech is being constructed, while yet further on the mountings are in course of manufacture, and, in the case of naval ordnance, the turrets and hooded barbetstes. Then, all the parts are brought together in the fitting shops, and the gun is built up to completion. So it is trained away to Armstrong's testing range in the heart of Northumberland county, and its first great roar echoes over the hills which, many a time before, have listened to the thunder of vast pieces of ordnance.

clouds above, it was planted in a field outside Newcastle, and was fired for the edification of a large crowd of onlookers. It behaved in splendid fashion, and the entertainment was vastly enjoyed.

Mr. Armstrong, however, stuck dauntlessly to his task of improving upon the then existing type of artillery, which was of the same obsolete design as that employed in the Peninsula War and at Waterloo. And he so far succeeded, that in 1855, following close upon the triumph of the Allied armies at Inkerman, he had constructed his first three-pounder gun, which differed from all its forerunners in the important fact that it was loaded at the breech instead of the muzzle.



A 6IN. NAVAL GUN AND MOUNTING, MANUFACTURED 1890.

The Elswick ordnance works turn out about 6,500 tons of guns and mountings per annum. A twelve-inch gun takes a year to complete, and a hundred and ten tonner close upon eighteen months. The photograph, by the way, of the 1855 gun is specially noteworthy, for it is the first type of the species of ordnance which is now universally used, and is the ancestor, so to speak, of the 4.7 of Ladysmith fame, and the quick-firing 12-pounder, both illustrated herewith. The ordnance department covers over 40 acres of ground, and employs 14,000 men working day and night shifts all the year round.

It was in 1854 that the late Lord Armstrong, then Mr. W. G. Armstrong, some time solicitor, turned his attention to ordnance manufacture.

The Crimean War was well in swing at the time, and the War Office invited the Elswick genius to submit a design for submarine mines, whose pleasant object it was to explode the Russian ships then lying in Sebastopol Harbour.

But an ignominious fate befell the infernal machine that Mr. Armstrong turned out. Far from meeting with the distinction of blowing Russian masts and splintered keels to the

The three-pounder was submitted to the notice of the War Office, but scarcely seemed to awaken that body to any great degree of enthusiasm. In 1858, however, a committee of inspection, appointed by General Peel to consider the question of rifled ordnance, reported so favourably upon Mr. Armstrong's gun that it was adopted for practically the entire use of the British Army. Works were laid down at Elswick for its manufacture, which since have grown to their present tremendous dimensions.

One of the most interesting departments of the ordnance works is the shell factory, a mysterious establishment rigidly closed against promiscuous visitors. I was permitted there-

in on account of a misunderstanding, which was cleared up when I was about half-way through, and resulted in my being requested to step outside again.

Persons who only merely come into contact with shells when they are performing the grim duties for which they are designed have no idea, probably, of the extremely ingenious nature of their construction. It is doubtful even whether they pause to consider such matters when they see one hurtling through the air.

The fuse, a complicated piece of mechanism composed of over sixty tiny parts, some as delicate as the works of a watch, is made to a great extent by girls—almost the only instance in which women are employed at Elswick. The fuses are also filled by girls, who all have one allotted duty to perform, and who conduct their work in separate small rooms, shut off from the remainder of the factory.

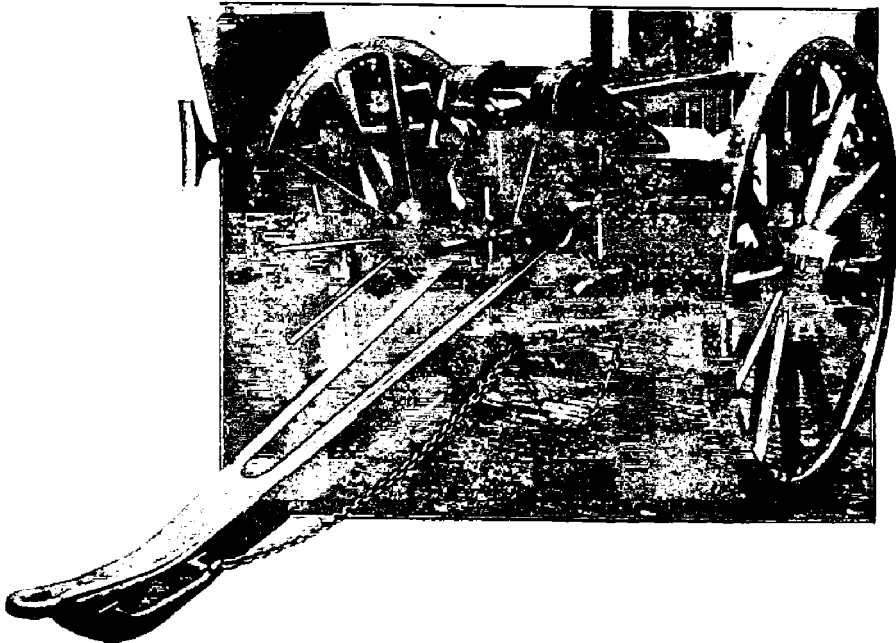
When you enter the danger area, you enclose your boots in rubber goloshes, and slip overalls on your clothes. And the peculiar part is that you don't see a great deal when you have taken these elaborate precautions. The one object of the manager is to send you away again,

a shade more ignorant than when you entered.

It was while I was making a strenuous effort to acquire information that my right to be present at all was severely questioned, and without giving me the benefit of the doubt the inspector insisted on seeing me clear of the premises. I retired with the gratifying knowledge, however, that even the Elswick directors have been treated in the same arbitrary fashion.

At Armstrong's works you find representatives of most of the nationalities of the world. Small, but highly intelligent, Japs come over to Newcastle as shipbuilding and ordnance apprentices in considerable numbers, and take back the knowledge they acquire to found similar industries in their own country. Chilians, Frenchmen, Germans, Yankees and Italians are often seen working side by side in the same shop, with, perhaps, sons of British generals and admirals, and scions of our aristocracy.

Elswick is regarded as the most ideal training ground for the young mechanic and naval architect. The boast of having served an apprenticeship at Armstrong's is one of the best qualifications that an ambitious engineer can possess.

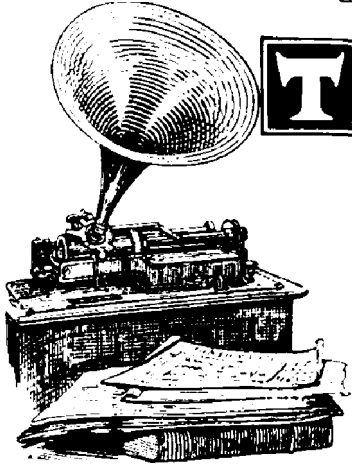


THE FIRST ARMSTRONG GUN, MANUFACTURED IN 1855.

FORGERY BY PHONOGRAPH

AN AMERICAN NEWSPAPER STORY.

By Harold Bolce.



TOM WATSON, the Wall Street Editor of the *Globe*, sat in the private office of President Matthews of the United States Railway Corporation, waiting for the head of the greatest

railway system in the world to return from the directors' meeting in a near-by room. Watson was chagrined and desperate. But a short time before he had asked President Matthews for the detailed statement of the plans of the big corporation—plans that changed the whole railway map of the United States and meant the swallowing up of a score of smaller railroads. To secure that in advance of the other dailies of the metropolis meant the biggest beat of years, and Watson had instructions from his chief to get that beat. President Matthews had refused Watson. The newspaper man had tried everything in his power to coax the statement from his friend, but President Matthews was unmoved. "No, Watson," he said, "I can't do it—even for you, friendly as I am toward you personally and to the paper which you represent."

As Watson, crestfallen, left the magnate's office, that captain of industry pressed a button which summoned one of his managers.

"Van Remsen," said he, "you know young Watson of the *Globe*, the son of the old friend of my boyhood days?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm interested in him; I've been studying him lately and I've concluded that he's A No. 1. He's a resourceful chap, too. Do you know his history?"

"Can't say that I do," was the reply.

"He wanted to be an actor," resumed the railway president. "He is, his father used to tell me, a phenomenal mimic—can reproduce anything he hears. Imitates a man's voice so that the owner himself is amazed. At college, I understand, he frequently startled fellow students engaged in some contraband delight by suddenly uttering admonitions in the well-known tones of the grave and somewhat dreaded Dean of the Faculty."

"Why isn't he on the stage, then, drawing crowded houses instead of rooting as a lone reporter for a living?" asked the hard-headed, practical manager.

"That's just the story," the railway magnate went on to explain; "the young fellow's ambition was along that line. Knew he was cut out for it, but he comes from unyielding Puritan stock, and his parents, although convinced that fame awaited him behind the footlights, violently opposed such a career for him."

"He hardly escaped theatrical life when he went into yellow journalism," was the manager's comment.

The railway president smiled. "I can't say that I am altogether opposed to strenuous newspaper methods," he continued. "The young fellow was mightily discouraged at first, but instead of sulking, he took up reporting, and is making a go of it. I like his spirit. His energy, determination, and ingenuity would make him a valuable man in our business, and I have about decided to appoint him my confidential secretary."

"Are you certain you can trust him?" asked the manager.

"Several times he has had valuable inside tips on our affairs and has been honourable about holding the matter until I gave him permission to print it," replied President Matthews. "I guess we can train him into our high standard of probity and give him a chance to use to substantial advantage the energy he is expending in newspaper work."

The manager bowed and smiled, and the head of the greatest railway corporation in

the world made a memorandum intended to transfer an obscure reporter from the street to the coveted and confidential circles of millionaires. It was a billet that meant \$5,000 a year with a certainty of promotion to financial independence and possible leadership.

Meanwhile Watson was on his way to his chief to report failure to secure the much-coveted statement. Dennis Markham, editor of the *Globe* in those days, turned to Watson. "Get that report," he blurted, "and don't come back till you do."

Mechanically Watson walked from Park Row down Nassau Street to Wall, pondering all the while what he should do to secure the railroad beat and the commendation of Markham. Almost before he knew it he was again in the outer office of President Matthews, and with a nod to the clerks at the gateway leading into Mr. Matthews' private room, he passed in unchallenged. Watson, they knew, held the friendship of President Matthews. They knew, too, that Tom's father had been one of Mr. Matthews' dearest boyhood friends, and thus his second visit caused no surprise.

The President's private room was temporarily deserted. Watson dropped into a chair and began to piece together a plausible excuse for his second call on the same mission, but none that he quickly framed seemed to justify his remaining, for he was certain President Matthews would repeat his refusal.

Set against that polite but ultimate refusal to disclose the asked-for information, was the City Editor's laconic and mandatory order to stay out until he got it. Watson had been singularly successful in landing elusive sensations, and although he had gone into journalism as a makeshift, in deference to implacable parental objections to the stage, he had, when once fairly plunged into the Park Row maelstrom, struck out valiantly. In fact, he had forced his way with such determination and thoroughness that it had become a saying at the *Globe* office that if Watson couldn't get a thing, the thing sought didn't exist.

As he sat ruminating in the railway president's office and conjuring schemes for obtaining some clue to the great projects at hand, he looked around at the luxurious furnishings and realised what a far cry it was from capering about after items of news to manipulating the huge agencies of trans-continental railway systems. It was better, he reflected, to have an office of one's own and be the man interviewed than to be a driven and fugitive interviewer with no name and

hardly a habitation. To be a Wall Street reporter was something, it was true, he thought, and to be the Wall Street reporter of the *Globe* was a position that excited the envy of lowlier representatives of the press.

"Yet if I had gone on the stage and employed my native gifts of imitation," he mused, "I might now be drawing big money out of Wall Street instead of working it for a mere boy's salary. Perhaps I would have had my private car by this time instead of rushing about the streets like a vendor. And instead of camping in sufferance in the office of a magnate, that dignitary and others like him might be buying boxes to hear the 'justly celebrated.'"

Watson laughed and rose to look out of the window at the East River panorama of passing tugs and ferry craft. As he did so, he saw beside him—at his very elbow—a commercial phonograph. In that glimpse, Watson's quick mind read success. Opportunity to use his powers of imitation—powers that had been denied legitimate expression along remunerative lines—now opened dazzlingly before him. In newspaper work the genius of mimicry, which throughout his life had been the marvel of his family and intimates, had not been called upon, but now this ability seemed to make instant and insistent demand to display itself. He felt, he thought, as a poet might in the first flush of an imagination that was to give being to an epic.

If conscience made fleeting protest, its restraint was swept away by the promises of rich reward in the unique opportunity, and Watson almost instantly determined upon an act of daring that he believed would bring success quickly and make for him a name on Newspaper Row.

Often had he heard President Matthews dictate into that phonograph letters of great importance and of a confidential nature. Almost as often had he seen the letters type-written from the phonograph, signed by the railroad president without a glance at the text, so implicit was his faith in his confidential stenographer's accuracy and fidelity. Watson knew equally well that the stenographer never questioned his chief and accepted the message that he received from the phonographic cylinder as final. Of these things he scarcely stopped to think. President Matthews' voice he could simulate to perfection, and oblivious to right or wrong—oblivious to everything save the beat, he pressed an electric button, and, turning to the phonograph, began in the cold, even

tones which belonged to President Matthews:—

Thomas Watson, Esq., "Daily Globe," City.

My Dear Mr. Watson,—Since your visit this afternoon, I have reconsidered the matter and have decided for several reasons to give you the official statement regarding the future plans of the United States Railway Corporation. You, of course, recognise the absolute necessity of protecting me in the matter under all circumstances, and I am sending this letter and the enclosed report to you by my trusted messenger to be given to you personally at your office. I am trusting you implicitly, but feel sure that you will respect my confidence to the utmost. In the belief that the exclusive possession of the report will assist you in your journalistic career, I remain,

Very sincerely,
(Enclosure)

Pausing a moment, he added this message to the stenographer: "Hobson, as you go home to-night I wish you would deliver this letter personally. You understand about the enclosure and the confidential nature of the matter."

Watson, flushed with assured success, turned to the electric current and the cylinder stopped. He picked up his hat, and, nodding to Hobson in the outer office, went out into the street and strode off toward the office. He did not seek Markham, but stopped at the reception room door long enough to give the boy on guard a handsome tip as he said: "If a gentleman calls here for me about five o'clock, show him right to my room; don't forget now."

Watson had at least an hour and a half to wait. Reaching his room he threw off his coat, and, lighting a cigarette, settled down before a map of the United States Railway Corporation system. Carefully he studied

the route, making occasional notes and now and then consulting the latest official railroad guide. For an hour he was completely absorbed in his task and then, quickly noting the reference books he needed, in addition to those already on his shelves, he started for the library. When he returned, his arms were filled with railroad manuals, directories of directors, annual reports, and other



HE PRESSED THE ELECTRIC BUTTON AND BEGAN IN THE COLD, EVEN TONES WHICH BELONGED TO PRESIDENT MATTHEWS.

standard railroad literature. He had scarcely placed the dusty volumes on his table when the door opened and the subsidised "Buttons" of the reception room ushered in the expected visitor and fled. Watson, apparently greatly surprised, greeted Hobson cordially but inquiringly. Before he had time to put a needless question, Hobson pulled from his pocket a fat envelope and handing it to Watson said: "Mr. Matthews asked me to hand you this personally. The letter explains itself." Without waiting for

an answer, Mr. Matthews' messenger left the office, and hurrying out of the building, went on up town to his home in Harlem.

Cool up to this point, Watson became suddenly nervous, and his fingers trembled as he tore open the envelope and drew out its contents. There was the letter he had dictated to the phonograph, and enclosed in it was the statement—the official plans of the greatest railroad corporation in the world—the publication of which would give Wall Street a spasm and convulse all railroad securities. Realising fully as he scanned the pages of the statement the tremendous significance of it all, Watson lost his nervousness and, intoxicated with the thrill of great news, he went triumphantly before his superior.

"Mr. Markham, I've got it exclusive, and I want two pages and a half page map." Watson almost shouted in his eagerness to impress gruff Markham with the tremendous value of his story.

"Um," snapped Markham, "that's enough space to tell of the assassination of the President. What are the features of your yarn, young man?"

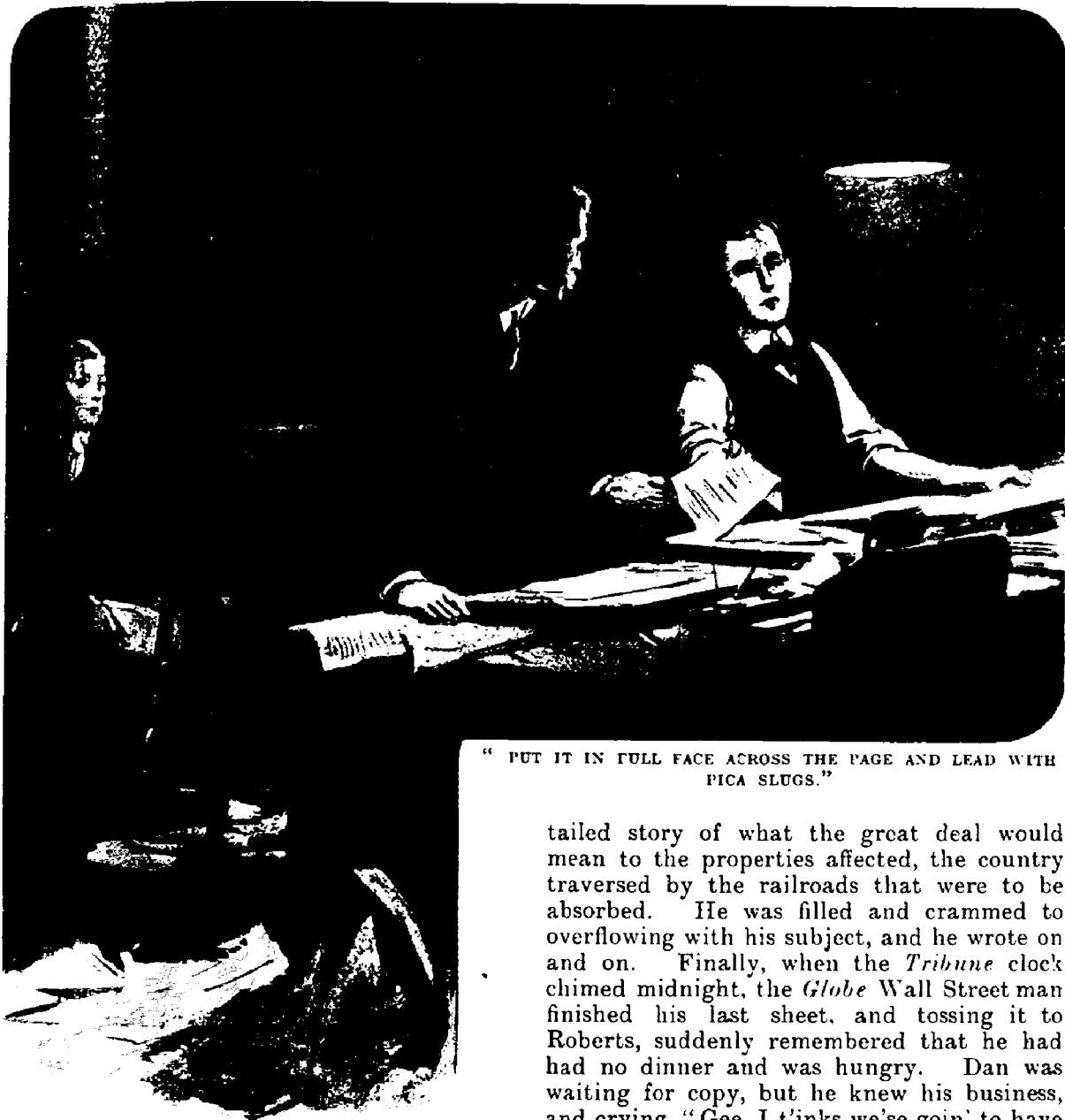
Rapidly Watson ran over the salient points of his great story, tersely outlining the beat and boldly fighting for space. "This story will cause a bigger riot in the street than any beat printed in a New York paper in twenty-five years. I want the front page for the map and the lead of the story, the second page and a break-over on the third." That was Watson's final plea for space and position. He waited an instant only for his answer.

"You can swear this is official and exclusive? All right, you can have the space, but I will hold you personally responsible for the prevention of leaks. That story must not get out of this office and must not appear in anything but the third and last edition of the paper. You will take Mr. Roberts of the copy desk into your room and the copy will be sent from there in sealed envelopes to the composing room. One set of proofs will be pulled and that will come to you. After you have approved them I want to see them. You will take my office boy and keep the door locked. I will see that lunch is sent in to you. I do not want the story sent out to the composing room till midnight and, of course, you will not need Mr. Roberts till very late." Thus, with scarcely a pause, Markham jerked out his instructions. Watson, delighted, turned to leave, but suddenly remembering the map, said: "Oh, about the artists?"

"I'll attend to that," snorted Markham; "Mr. Bacon will report to you within half an hour. Tell him what you want done and he will see that the work is done secretly. I guess that everybody connected with the story in any way will have to stay here till the third is on the street. It is the only safe way. I will hold the printers till four o'clock. Understand, young man, there must be no leaks to-night, not if you have to strangle some one."

Watson rushed to his room and feverishly began for a night of terrific work under great pressure. First he took the map and, dashing it with ink spots, indicated the twenty or more new lines to be absorbed by the already great United States Railway. Bacon, the artist, came in before he had finished, and, turning to him, Watson indicated what he wanted. "Draw this map of the United States," he said; "put the present United States line in very heavy black, and the lines I have marked in black one-half as wide. Make it all black and strong, however, and be sure the cut prints black." Bacon tucked the map under his arm and walked out. The door closed with a bang and the lock snapped into place, but Watson was already delving into his railroad reports and manuals for information of the organisation, mileage, equipment, and financial condition, earning power, and physical state of the various railroads that were to be taken. He hunted out the list of directors, the officers of the board, the operating and traffic officials' names, and figured out the combinations, and the number of men who would probably be forced out by the consolidation. He speculated upon the changes in traffic arrangements that the great deal would necessitate, the effect of the merging of the roads upon rates, and the consequent benefit or blight upon the tributary country. This took hours, and he had scarcely gotten under way on his introduction, when there was a rapping at the door and he opened it to find Roberts, his copy reader, and Markham's copy boy, ready for duty.

Small Dan had a fist full of big envelopes addressed, "Foreman, Composing Room, Personal," and in his other hand he gripped an extra key to the door of Watson's room. "De ole man said for youse to keep de door locked and for me to keep mum and carry de key, see." Dan tumbled into a chair and waited for copy. Roberts got ready for business, and the *Globe* Wall Street man dashed at his introduction. Page after page he tossed over to the waiting Roberts with



"PUT IT IN FULL FACE ACROSS THE PAGE AND LEAD WITH PICA SLUGS."

tailed story of what the great deal would mean to the properties affected, the country traversed by the railroads that were to be absorbed. He was filled and crammed to overflowing with his subject, and he wrote on and on. Finally, when the *Tribune* clock chimed midnight, the *Globe* Wall Street man finished his last sheet, and tossing it to Roberts, suddenly remembered that he had had no dinner and was hungry. Dan was waiting for copy, but he knew his business, and crying, "Gee, I t'inks we'se goin' to have a feast," he opened the door and dragged into the room two baskets of lunch and a steaming pot of coffee. Watson made a dive for edibles and Roberts, thrusting the last envelope into Dan's fist, went to his assistance. Dan uttered a protest about being handicapped and raced off for the composing-room, eager to get back in time to participate in the refreshments.

Watson was drawn and tired. The food revived him, and when the proofs came down a little after one o'clock, he read the story from end to end with infinite care. Roberts was writing great "scare" heads for each of the three pages on which the story was to

the brief, pointed remark, "set in long primer, triple-lead across the page." On and on went the untiring pencil till Watson got to the place where he wanted to use the official statement. He stopped his introduction with a colon, and, throwing the official statement to Roberts just as it came from President Matthews, he yelled in a strained voice, "put it in full face across the page and lead with pica slugs."

Small Dan by this time was making regular trips to the composing-room, and while Roberts was getting the official statement into shape, Watson began on the de-

appear. Finally, the heads were in type and proofs of them taken also. These were all approved by Watson and sent in a sealed envelope to Markham by Dan.

Now that the pressure was off, a reaction came over Watson. The minutes he waited for an answer from Markham seemed like hours to him, and, after waiting, this was all he got: "Great! I'll make it up myself: map, introduction, and full face statement on front page, story following on second and third."

Two hours followed, and they seemed interminable to Watson. Roberts demurred at having to stay cooped up in the room till four o'clock, but finally went to sleep after a desultory conversation with Watson about the story. Dan, surfeited with sandwiches, pie, and coffee, was fast asleep in a big chair. Watson, wide-eyed and staring, the tension all gone, now began to meditate upon the ethics which surrounded his act. He argued that he had done no wrong; that he had simply done, himself, something that President Matthews should have done. It was legitimate; it was business, he told himself, and the answer to all his contention was the prick of conscience and the still small voice whispering, "But it was a gross deception."

The whirr of many presses, the rattle of racing news wagons in Park Row, the shrill cries of the newsvendors and the arabs of the street, brought to an end his unhappy soliloquy. Rousing the boy and Roberts, he put on his coat and the trio left the littered editorial rooms uninhabited save for the man on the "dog" or early morning watch. Eagerly Watson caught up his paper damp from the press, and scanned the great story, his pride rising as he saw the make-up, the map, and the story all as he had planned them. Much more eagerly, though, he bought the last editions of the other morning papers and raced through their pages with a searching eye underneath a sputtering arc lamp. Not a suggestion, not a hint of the story was to be found in any one of the half dozen. "It is a beat," he shouted hysterically, and cramming the papers into a bundle, he strode up Park Row to the bridge and across the footpath to his Brooklyn home, absent-mindedly bidding Roberts and sleepy Dan good-night. He walked on air, built air castles, dreamed day dreams, mechanically let himself into his home, disrobed, and went to bed. Sleep came not, and he counted backwards and forwards till slumber overcame him, and then he dreamed of beats and phonographs.

While Watson dreamed, Wall Street had convulsions and railroad securities became hysterical. The market went wild. The *Globe* story was so circumstantial, so absolute, so detailed, that none could doubt it. It was accepted as official. No denials could stave off its widespread effect. The stock of the United States Railway jumped with kangaroo leaps when the Stock Exchange opened. So did the shares of the roads absorbed. But ruin overtook the men who controlled competing lines in the territory affected. Nothing could stop the slump in values. Their securities sank as the stocks of the other roads soared. Fortunes were made and lost that day and for days after. The railroad map was unmade and made again; Watson's beat caused a revolution in Wall Street and an earthquake in the office of the United States Railway Corporation.

President Matthews was aghast when he saw the *Globe's* story. Breakfast was a superfluity that morning. He rushed to the home of one of the most powerful directors. He, too, had the *Globe's* story and was silent and mottled with anger. Together they went down town and, as they neared Rector Street, President Matthews' ire was almost beyond control. Everywhere they looked, the story of their plans stared at them from the pages of the *Globe*. All their secrets now belonged to the public. What they had planned to do gradually was now all done at once, and they knew what to expect in the seething mart of stocks that day. Every director in town was at the office of the United States Railway system a half hour before the opening of the market. All were unanimous that there must be a rigid investigation. The leak must be found at any cost, they agreed, and they delegated President Matthews to conduct the inquiry.

Hobson was sent for, and his great chief demanded if he, Hobson, his trusted clerk, could suggest a way to find how the *Globe* got the official report of the plans of the Company. Mr. Matthews' confidential man was not used to jests from his superior. He looked at him sharply for some explanation of the quixotic question and then, seeing that the president was in deadly earnest, said, in a frightened voice: "Why, you ordered it, Mr. Matthews. You told me to take care of it personally as it was confidential."

"Me? Me? Me order that report delivered to the *Globe*?" Matthews screamed till the clerks in the outermost office could hear. He rose, and walking to Hobson, added—"Why, Hobson, this thing has crazed you."

I refused that report personally to Mr. Watson once yesterday."

"I know that, sir," answered the now thoroughly frightened Hobson.

"How in thunder did you know? I never told you."

"Beg pardon, Mr. Matthews, but you did in the letter."

"What do you mean, Hobson? What letter? Why don't you explain?"

"Why, it's right here, Mr. Matthews, in the phonograph. You can't doubt your own voice. I'll start it, and you listen and so will I."

Hobson started the phonograph. The cylinder revolving repeated the dictation for a letter to a confidential agent, another to a government official of high rank, and another to a foreign agency, all of which Mr. Matthews acknowledged with a silent but impressive nod of the head.

"It's the next one," said Hobson, and then

the phonograph began to repeat the words told to it the day before by Tom Watson. President Matthews could not conceal his surprise. It was his voice; his very intonation. He was thinking hard, and listening. He listened on to the end and to the instructions to Hobson about delivering the note to Watson personally. Then he stopped the instrument and said quietly: "Very well, Hobson, I had forgotten." Then turning to his desk, he tore into bits and threw into the waste basket a letter awaiting his signature, which read as follows:—

Thomas Watson, Esq., "Daily Globe," City.

My Dear Mr. Watson,—I have concluded to offer you the post of confidential secretary in my office at a salary of \$5,000 a year. If you are free to accept it, kindly let me know at once when you can begin.

Very truly yours,



Notable New Issues.

THERE is very little to say about forthcoming new issues this month beyond what we have already said with what we chronicle this month. The Australian issues continue to increase the number of varieties dear to the specialist, but outside the needs of the general collector. The King's heads come out regularly every month, the colonies being supplied one after another, till the list of those waiting to change is being considerably narrowed. We have heard nothing further of the picture series promised by certain West Indian Colonies. France, however, has started its "Sower" type, and we may expect fresh values

in regular succession as the current stocks are exhausted, till the series is complete. It is expected that the "Sower" type will run through all the values, but we have seen no definite statement to that effect.

Cape of Good Hope.—The 5s. King's head has now to be added to the new series. The list therefore now stands:—



Wmk. Anchor. Perf. 14.

- 3d. green.
- 1d. carmine.
- 4d. olive green.
- 6d. mauve.
- 1s. bistre.
- 5s. orange.

Cyprus.—The 12 piastres is the first to arrive of the King's head series for this island. As will be seen, the design of the Queen's head stamps is retained, the King's head being substituted for that of the late Queen.



Wmk. CA. Perf. 14.

12 piastres, orange brown, name and value in black.

Eritrea.—The current values of Italian stamps have been overprinted "Colonia Eritrea."

Fiji.—A full set of stamps with the King's head has been received from this colony. The



design is of the ordinary colonial type. The values and colours are :—

Wmk. CA. Perf. 14.

- 1/4d. green.
- 1d. purple, name and value black, red paper.
- 2 1/4d. purple, name and value blue, blue paper.
- 3d. purple, name and value mauve.
- 4d. purple, name and value black.
- 5d. purple, name and value green.
- 6d. purple, name and value red.
- 1s. green, name and value red.
- 5s. green, name and value black.

France.—The first of the promised new series of what is termed the "Sower" design has been issued. It bears the effigy of the female sower scattering seeds, the design of Roty, so familiar on the current coins of France. Whether our critical friends across the Channel will be satisfied with the design remains to be seen. It certainly does not look so pleasing on the stamp as on the coin.



Perf. 14.

15 centimes, sage green.

Liberia.—A set of a very beautiful design by Messrs. Perkins, Bacon and Co., the designers and printers of the first English penny stamp, has been issued for registration purposes in the towns of this negro republic. Under the portrait in each of five stamps is the name of the town for the use of which the stamp is intended. This method of providing each



town with a registration stamp of its own is a novel departure, and the sale of sets of five stamps to collectors will yield more to the revenue of the State than a single stamp.

Perf. 14.

- 10c. green and black, *Harper*.
- 10c. lilac and black, *Robertsport*.
- 10c. violet and black, *Monrovia*.
- 10c. red and black, *Grenville*.
- 10c. blue and black, *Buchanan*.

Malta.—The 3d. and 1s. values have been issued in the new King's head series, making the set up to date as follows :—

Wmk. CA. Perf. 14.

- 1/4d. green.
- 2d. grey, head magenta.
- 3d. magenta, head grey.
- 1s. dark violet, head grey.



Paraguay.—A new set of new design and larger size has been issued. The central portion



of the design is made up of the familiar lion and cap of liberty, and the series is dated 1903. The initials at the top, "U. P. U.", stand for Union Postal Universal. The following are the values and colours already issued :—

Series of 1903. Perf. 11 1/2.

- 1 centavo, grey.
- 2 centavos, dark green.
- 5 centavos, light blue.
- 10 centavos, brown.
- 20 centavos, carmine.
- 30 centavos, dark blue.
- 60 centavos, violet.

San Marino is the tiniest of tiny republics, but, all the same, it imagines it needs a long series of stamps all to itself; a few more would almost run to one per head of the population. It is a very ancient republic, dating away back to the middle ages, and it must get a revenue from stamp collectors or somebody to keep up its



32 square miles of territory, all told. So we have to chronicle a full set of a dozen different values just as if they were intended for a full-sized European power. We illustrate the 2c.

and the 5c. The remaining values are all of the design of the 5c.

Perf. 14.

- 2c. lilac.
- 5c. green.
- 10c. rose.
- 20c. orange.
- 25c. blue.
- 30c. rose lake.
- 40c. salmon pink.
- 45c. yellow.
- 65c. dark brown.
- 11. olive green.
- 21. mauve.
- 51. dark blue.

Southern Nigeria has been in no particular hurry to issue the stamps of the King's head series, which were sent out some time ago. Northern Nigeria made a bonfire of its old stock of Queen's heads, but Southern Nigeria has waited patiently until its old stock was exhausted, and now we have its King's heads. They are very pretty, just the same general design as before, with the King's head in place of the Queen's, and the crown neatly worked into the upper part of the oval. To the former list of values, a £1 stamp has been added.



Wmk. CA. Perf. 14.

- 3d. green, head black.
- 1d. carmine, head black.
- 2d. red-brown, head black.
- 4d. sage green, head black.
- 6d. mauve, head black.
- 1s. black, head green.
- 2s. 6d. brown, head black.
- 5s. yellow, head black.
- 10s. purple on yellow, head black.
- £1 violet on yellow, head green.

United States.—The issue of the 6 cents completes the low values up to 13 cents, the list now being as follows:—



Perf. 12.

- 1 cent, green, *Franklin*.
- 2 cents, carmine, *Washington*.
- 3 cents, violet, *Jackson*.
- 4 cents, brown, *Grant*.
- 5 cents, dark blue, *Lincoln*.
- 6 cents, red-brown, *Garfield*.
- 8 cents, black, *Martha Washington*.
- 10 cents, brown, *Webster*.
- 13 cents, sepia, *Harrison*.

your blank pages without a solitary stamp will be most discouraging. You will have little or no difficulty in recognising stamps with the aid of King's catalogue, for the illustrations will be a guide to identification. Whitfield King's mounts are as good as you can get. Wet about the 1-16th of an inch and affix the hinge to the left side of the stamp—not to the top. When hinged at the side the stamp closes down the same way as the leaves of your album, and reduces the risk of any accident.

J. M. (Stirling).—Cannot say anything about prospect of change in English at present. The current set of Japan catalogue up to between 8s. and 9s. unused.

J. H. Y. (Dorking).—The position of the surcharge, V.R.I., on Transvaals, a little up or down, is not regarded as constituting a variety.

O. F. S. (London).—The ordinary V.R.I. Orange River Colony are worth very little over face value.

M. A. H. (Leicester).—Cannot recognise Cape stamp from your description, but I presume it is the issue of 1864-77, which is catalogued at 12s. 6d.

Jack L. (Dundee).—The value we put on stamps is the catalogue quotation. You must not expect dealers to buy stamps of you for the price they sell them at. They have, some of them, families to keep. I really cannot give advice in speculation. Best course is to collect straightforwardly, and take your chances of your stamps improving in value.

R. A. R. T. (Abingdon).—Used English ½d. and 1d. are not worth anything to sell.

Regular Reader (New Malden).—The 4d. Cape of 1855-6 is catalogued at 2s., used.

R. E. W. (Lancaster).—Great Barrier stamps are not regarded as other than local carrier stamps.

C. B. (Putney).—The English 1d. black, unused, is catalogued at 25s. to 40s., according to condition.

R. W. J. (Llandudno).—The Orange River Colony V.R.I. 5s. raised dots, is catalogued at 6s. 6d. The ordinary English 2d., uncharged, used in Mafeking, is of no value other than as a souvenir. The recognised special Mafeking issues are all overprinted with the word "Mafeking."

S. L. (Valparaiso).—I assume you want the catalogue prices of the 1881-6, Chili. They are as follows:—

1c. green	...	0.2	0.1
2c. carmine	...	0.3	0.1
3c. rose	...	1.6	0.1
5c. ultram.	...	0.4	0.1
10c. orange	...	0.4	0.1
20c. slate grey	...	0.6	0.1

and of 1892-1900:—

15c. deep green	...	0.5	0.3
25c. red brown	...	0.7	0.3
30c. carmine	...	2.0	0.6
1 peso. black and brown	...	2.0	1.0

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

We are indebted to the following firms for specimens of new series:—

Bright and Son.—Cyprus, France, United States.

Ewen.—Southern Nigeria.

Peckitt.—San Marino.

Stanley Gibbons, Ltd.—Cape of Good Hope.

Whitfield King and Co.—Cyprus, Fiji, Malta, France, United States.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Ignorant.—I don't know any better or cheaper album for your purpose than the Stanley Gibbons Imperial. That, however, will cost more than you mention, Vol. I., Foreign Countries, being 15s., and Vol. II. British Empire, 10s. But why not get a Whitfield King Catalogue, at 1s. 3d., and go in for movable leaf albums, as recommended in THE CAPTAIN, Vol. 5, page 138. The covers and leaves can be had from Bright and Son, 164 Strand, London, for a few pence. The advantage of such simple albums is that you can arrange the space for those stamps you have, whereas in a printed album, with a small collection,

LOWER SCHOOL YARNS



Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.

No. IV.—“FISHERMEN ALL.”

I.

SCHOOLS, in common with most other communities, are subject from time to time to momentary whims or caprices of fashion which sweep over the whole body like some fast-spreading epidemic, and whether of an innocent or a mischievous character, involve all but the most strong-minded in the craze. And well do I recollect one summer term when the fishing fever seized the school with such virulence as to leave scarcely a single individual unscathed. Of course, there had always been some who took a delight in the contemplative art, but as a rule these were regarded somewhat contemptuously by the devotees of more vigorous exercise as a soft and spooney lot. It used to be a constant source of marvel to me how any sane fellow could spend all his leisure time sitting solemnly by the bank, or astride the parapet of the bridge, dangling rod and line by the hour together without any appreciable result. How we more athletic youngsters used to chaff them as we plugged by in some cumbrous old tub and indulged in ironical inquiries as to their luck or simulated much alarm lest we should spoil their sport! Occasionally, but very occasionally, one of the band would capture something, and then the excitement was great, even if the spoil was only a tiny customer three inches long. It was speedily magnified into as many feet, and for a few

days the ranks of those squatting at the river's edge would be increased. But these were mere spasmodic efforts, and so far as I am aware no great craze for fishing ever swept over the school as a whole until—

Until what?

Until Walters caught a gudgeon!

Walters caught a gudgeon, and great was the excitement that ensued. It might not have been a very remarkable prey in itself, but to the best of my recollection it was the only genuine capture which could really be called a fish that the patient devotees of the craft ever landed during my sojourn at the school. The triumph of the successful angler was immense. It was in vain that Bannister tried to depreciate the result by declaring that a gudgeon was just the very thing a fellow like Walters would catch. His scoffing criticism was attributed, and rightly, to mere jealousy, and soon the critic himself was to be swept away by the rising tide. For the tide rose with a vengeance.

It was soon clear that the school was badly smitten. Morning, noon, and night they talked of nothing else but fishing, fishing, fishing, and it was useless to attempt to avoid the plague. We four took a boat and plugged away up river, only very narrowly to escape running down the great Burton himself, who, seated in a punt, was too busily engaged in deploying his lines to pay regard to our approach. When he became aware of our presence the captain acknowledged our respectful salutations rather shamefacedly, and did not seem particularly anxious that we should stay to observe his prowess. But the fact remained that Burton himself was now enrolled in the ranks of the fishermen, and should we hesitate any longer to follow the example of our captain? There could only be one answer to such a question. Our pocket-money was reduced almost to vanishing point by our lavish expenditure on what we deemed the necessary tackle, and the fol-

lowing Saturday afternoon found us seated side by side on the parapet of the bridge determined to outvie the success of the cock-a-hoop Walters or perish in the attempt.

I am constrained to confess that I found that afternoon abominably slow. A wider experience of the ways of anglers has since led me to surmise that cigars and whiskey form alike the chief allurements and also the main consolations of the sport. But both flask and case are forbidden to small boys, and deprived of these indispensable adjuncts the proceedings grew unquestionably monotonous. At last Bannister, who had been whipping the stream with angry impatience whilst the rest of us drowsed and dozed, gave vent to a sudden exclamation, and almost precipitated himself into the river in his excitement.

"Here!" he cried—"Quick, you fellows, quick! I've got a bite at last, and I can tell it's a regular whopper by the weight."

We less lucky anglers hastened to his assistance, and by the weight at the end of the line it seemed that Bannister had hooked a prize indeed.

"Play him gently," cried Carter, excitedly, "play him gently, or you will lose him, after all."

"Play him gently, indeed!" retorted Bannister angrily. "Why, the beastly thing won't budge an inch."

Regardless of consequences I added my assistance to the straining energies of the speaker, and by a sudden jerk we succeeded in landing our capture in the centre of the bridge.

It was an old, dilapidated, sodden, and disreputable hob-nail boot!

We stood looking at each other in a dismay that was increased by the sound of a scoffing laugh behind us. Could it be Walters? No! To our comparative relief it was only Joey. But Joey was in a derisive mood.

"Ho! ho!" he chuckled grimly. "Pretty nice fishermen, you be! And what sort of a catch do you call that? The school will like to hear of this, I'm thinking."

"Don't you believe it, Joey," cried Carter, flushing hotly. "If you say a single word about this to the fellows I will never give you a tip again."

"I shall tell them we saw you coming and fished it up for you," said the more adroit Bannister. "It will be known all over the school as Joey's boot."

Joey wavered beneath this double assault, and I put my spoke in.

"Now, Joey, be a good fellow, and give us

a little help. Tell us where we can go and make sure of finding some fish."

Joey looked up the river, and then down the river, and lastly at us.

"Find some fish?" said he. "Why, I know a place as where you can almost dip your hands in and ladle 'em out. You catches 'em faster than you can take 'em."

"Tell us, Joey," we cried.

Joey pursed up his lips shrewdly. "Young gents may be sent to school to get information," he observed oracularly, "but them as gives 'em information gets paid for so a doin' of, don't they?"

We looked at each other rather doubtfully. Our pocket-money was reduced to a very low ebb, and we were not anxious to deplete it further. But fish so close together that they could be ladled out! What a triumph it would be for us! What a score over that ass Walters! Reluctantly we mustered a threepenny-piece, six pennies, and as many halfpence. The coins disappeared into the butler's capacious pocket, and Joey waxed confidential.

"Now, if you go straight in at the gates into the squire's park, and turn to the right and go along the shaded walk, and keeps straight past the first and second dell, you will come to as pretty a little lake as I ever claps eyes on. And they do tell me it is simply crammed with fish."

"Why, Joey!" cried Carter, in dismay. "We cannot go there. We have no permit. I thought you meant the river."

"I never said nothing about no river," responded the treacherous butler, "nor did I say nothing about your going there neither. You might have a permit so far as I knows. Likewise you might not. It ain't nothing to do with me. You axes me where there is fish, and I tells you where there is fish. It's a bit of information, and I makes no suggestions. There ain't no harm in giving a bit of information, I 'ope?"

And thereat the butler, still moralising, proceeded on his way.

II.

HE went, and left us standing there a prey to very lively feelings of wrath and indignation. That we should have concluded our wasted afternoon by falling into such an easy trap and flinging away our remaining pocket-money was a circumstance not easily to be borne. Bannister picked up the offending boot and hurled it with a mighty splash into the middle of the river.

"There," said he viciously, "you just stop

there, you brute, until Walters comes and fishes you up again."

"I suppose," said Lewis, slowly, "it is no use thinking of making an excursion to the lake?"



"I KNOW A PLACE AS WHERE YOU
CAN ALMOST DIP YOUR HANDS IN AND
LADLE 'EM OUT."

"No, no," said Carter, hastily, "that wouldn't do at all. I'm game for most things, but I draw the line there. It's a jolly sight too risky."

And there for the moment we left it, and it might have been wiser if we had left it there altogether. But the exultation of Walters when we had to confess our lack of success was insupportable, and by degrees the story of our capture began to leak out in the school. Innocent inquiries as to the state of our shoe-gear drove us wild with fury. It was bad enough to be tricked into parting with our last shilling without the addition of this crowning piece of treachery. Angrily did we comment amongst ourselves on the butler's conduct, until at last we began to coquette with the idea of getting our money's worth after all, and putting to proof, for one occasion only, the information Joey had given us. If only one mighty haul were ours we should feel we had got even with the butler, and would triumph for ever over Walters' solitary catch.

Events move quickly in school life—or rather, time seems to move more slowly than in after days—and so, despite the fact that an epoch appeared to us to have intervened, by the following Saturday afternoon we were slinking down the high road intent on finding a convenient gap through which to creep into the squire's park. Go in at the lodge gates had been the butler's directions; but we rather thought not. There would have been no particular objection to our doing so, inasmuch as when the gates were open the way straight across the park was frequently used as the nearest communication between two main roads. But our way on this occasion did not lie straight across the park, and though it might have been easy to debouch when once inside the gates, yet conscience makes cowards of us all, and we were afraid of encountering some suspicious keeper whilst loaded with our hidden tackle. And so we went warily down the road until we came to a gap in the hedge just sufficiently large to allow young Lewis to crawl through, but, otherwise, scarcely noticeable to the casual observer. Young Lewis, as the smallest of the party, went first, and the rest of us followed in due order of size. By the time Carter, who was the biggest of the quartette, had passed through, he must, indeed, have been a very casual observer who did not notice that gap. Now we were within the country of the enemy, and if we walked

warily before, it behoved us now to exercise double care as we crept along the shaded walk and, skirting the first and second dell, at last arrived in full view of the lake.

And then, like hounds who sight their quarry, we forgot aught else, and, flinging caution to the winds, gave vent to a series of vehement whoops and rushed at full speed to the goal. There by the side of the lake we seated ourselves, and whilst Lewis, as the youngest member, took the first turn at keeping *cave*, the remaining trio prepared the tackle and commenced to ply rod and line as coolly and unconcernedly as if they not only held a permit but were also the squire's especially invited and honoured guests.

III.

Now the Senior Classic, as the intelligent reader has doubtless already discovered, was not the stamp of master who took an active part in the school games. When not shut up in his study he was wont to pass most of his spare time in long, solitary walks by road and field, frequently taking with him, by way of a companion, some well-thumbed edition of one of those authors of antiquity whose writings he loved so well. On these occasions, whether striding along with his gaze fixed on space and his mind in the long-buried past, or whether pursuing a slow and zigzag route, as he perused his selected tome, he was generally oblivious to his surroundings. Many were the stories told by boys who passed when out of bounds within an inch of his nose, and yet escaped recognition. It was even reported that some greatly daring spirits had on one occasion saluted the master in such circumstances, and received in return a mechanical and absent-minded word of greeting. But the unexpected ever happens, and at times old Slowcoach would prove, to our undoing, to be unexpectedly wideawake. And so it happened on the Saturday afternoon which we had selected for our excursion. The Senior Classic was wending his way along the road that ran through the park, and had just halted to take an elaborately edited *Antigone* from his pocket, when a wild whoop to his right fell upon his startled ears. The master paused, thinking his senses might have deceived him, but when we sighted the lake not one yell, but three or four in succession had been necessary to express our exultation. Following fast on one another they were far too piercing to admit of any doubt as to their

actuality. The master paused irresolute for the moment. But there was nothing to suggest that the yells came from boys for whom he was responsible. The village lads were constantly in trouble with the keepers, and, moreover, the squire might be entertaining some juvenile guests. The Senior Classic was about half-way across the park, and equidistant from either lodge. He decided to pursue his way, and to mention the matter as he went out of the further gate.

The lodge-keeper received the master's report with virtuous indignation, and dispelled any idea of the shouts having emanated from visitors to the squire.

"No, sir; it's trespassers as you 'eard, and no error. Boys, as likely as not, the young varmin'ts! I'll just call my mate and go in search of 'em; and it's lucky they'll be if they escape with the hiding we'll give 'em."

"Stay," said the Senior Classic, as an uneasy suspicion crossed his mind as to the identity of the trespassers. "It may be, it is just possible, it is, no doubt, an extravagant hypothesis, and yet, perchance, conceivable, that some misguided boys from the school may have ventured to penetrate into the more private portions of the park. In that eventuality it may be well that I should accompany you in lieu of your colleague to the scene of action."

"Lor', sir," said the man, "you can come with me if you like. But you had much better leave it to us. I reckon we will save you the trouble of walloping them, and frighten 'em so with the Squire having the law on 'em, that they won't give you no more trouble for a long spell, nor me neither."

But the concern of the master for the dignity of the school was aroused.

"No," said the Senior Classic. "If, indeed, they should prove to be lads under my jurisdiction, they must be left to me to deal with. I will undertake that the Squire will be satisfied with your conduct in acting according to my suggestions."

The keeper gave a grunt of surly acquiescence, and mentally reserved the right to give one of the young varmin'ts a drubbing if he got the chance. Then the twain set off in the direction of the lake.

IV.

JOEY, who had been taking a quiet constitutional that afternoon, came sauntering along the high road and paused in some astonishment to observe the gap through which we had passed, and the destruction which had been wrought in the hedge by

reason of our efforts. The hole was now big enough to enable the butler to wriggle through without much difficulty, and, ever of a curious and inquiring disposition, Joey essayed the feat, and soon found himself on the other side of the hedge. It did not need the eye of a backwoodsman to discover the track our hurrying feet had made, and ere he had followed it for a few yards Joey's foot kicked against something which the inquisitive butler paused to examine. It proved to be a packet of artificial flies, the loss of which Carter was even now lamenting, and the discovery caused Joey's face to light up suddenly with a gleam of joyful intelligence. He now felt no doubt as to whose track he was following. That bait disclosed to him that we had swallowed the bait he had so skilfully dangled before us on the previous Saturday afternoon. Now was the hour of long-deferred revenge. He would follow the track to the lake so as to make doubly sure of our identity and to locate our whereabouts; and then, having spied out our ways, would be off to the keepers to inform them of our depredations. The butler slapped his thigh in exultation as he thought how nicely we had fallen into his trap. There would be no master to rescue us this time. And if Joey could do anything to stir up the keepers' wrath it would be a dire penalty we should pay for our trespass.

Full of these thoughts, and already tasing in anticipation the sweets of full revenge, the butler crept cautiously to the spot. But Lewis bore an uncommon resemblance to a weasel in his skill in avoiding capture, and pricked up his ears at the snapping of a twig before ever the butler came in sight. For a moment or two the youngster stood listening intently, but any doubt he might have felt in the matter was speedily dissolved. The foe could not be seen, but those stealthy footsteps assuredly did not denote the accidental approach of some mere passer-by.

"Cave!" cried Lewis; and we others leapt to our feet and followed him in instant flight. So precipitate was our action that we left behind us the basket which contained the spoils that we had taken, whilst Carter also abandoned his rod. Joey came crashing out of cover and made for the spot we had just vacated, but the water was surrounded by trees and bushes, and we had swarmed out of sight up a friendly neighbouring oak. Peering down through the luxuriant foliage, we noted with mixed feelings the identity of the intruder, and were almost minded to descend again.

Bannister. "I wouldn't mind going down if I had a sixpence to offer him, but the beggar has had my last penny. So, under the circs., I'm not taking any."

"But what is Joey doing?" said I.

What, indeed! After a fruitless search through an adjoining thicket, the butler had returned to the spot we had so abruptly deserted, and stood for a moment examining the fish we had caught. Then he took up Carter's abandoned rod, and made one or two meditative casts in the air. The temptation was too great. Producing the



"YOU BUTLER!" HE CRIED.

"Why, it is only old Joey," ejaculated Carter. "I have a good mind to go down and face it out; I don't believe he would sneak."

"Not so sure of that," said

packet of artificial flies from his pocket, the butler carefully selected one, and next proceeded to fling the line with all the expert enjoyment of an old hand.

"Here!" said Carter, as he prepared to descend. "I'm not going to stand this. I don't see how he can say anything to us now."

"Just wait a bit," exclaimed Bannister, excitedly, with all his sporting instincts aroused. "I believe he's got a bite."

Joey *had* got a bite; and in a few moments the fruit of his prowess was duly landed at his feet. With a glow of self-satisfaction the successful angler stooped down to grasp his prize. At that very moment the Senior Classic and the lodge-keeper, both breathless with their hurried journey to the spot, rushed from the thicket, and, approaching the butler from either side, grasped him by the shoulders.

"You poaching scoundrel," cried the keeper, in virtuous indignation. "I arrest you in the name of the law!"

V.

THE astonished butler looked first to his right hand at the lodge-keeper, and then to his left at the Senior Classic.

"Lor!" gasped he.

The Senior Classic relinquished his hold in amazement.

"You, butler!" he cried.

The lodge-keeper tightened his grip in indignation. "I should never have expected it of you, Mr. Wilkins, never," he cried. "Just you come along o' me."

"Why," gasped Joey, in mingled astonishment and alarm, "you don't mean to say as you supposes I've been fishin'?"

"Supposes!" echoed the lodge-keeper. "And what do you call this 'ere as you've got in your 'and? And what's them in that there basket? Supposes, indeed!"

"I am, indeed, grieved and astonished, butler——" commenced the Senior Classic.

"But, look here, sir," expostulated Joey, excitedly, "it wasn't me, it wasn't really. It is them there boys as be at the bottom of it."

"Boys!" snorted the keeper, scornfully. But the Senior Classic called to mind the shrill treble note in the voices he had heard, and stirred uneasily.

"Explain yourself, butler."

But, fortunately for us, Joey was far too flustered and overcome at the unexpected turn events had taken to be able to offer any very coherent explanation.

"It's them boys, I says," he reiterated; "I comes on 'em on a sudden like, and they scampers off like knife—the young var mints."

"And I suppose," said the keeper, sarcastically, "it was the boys as landed that 'ere fish at your feet? Why, I saw you take it out of the water with my very own eyes."

"It was only that one," protested Joey.

The lodge-keeper looked significantly at the basketful of fish, and snorted again. Then he suddenly loosened his grip on the butler's shoulder and, with the expedition of one well accustomed to deal with poachers and wrongdoers, ran his hand quickly over Joey's clothes.

"And what do you call this 'ere?" he cried in mingled scorn and triumph, as he deftly extracted the packet of artificial flies. "The boys put these little trifles in your pocket, I suppose?"

"I—I—I—I picked them up," stammered Joey.

The keeper shook his head and gave vent to a guffaw of ironical laughter. Even the Senior Classic was by this time convinced of the butler's guilt, and indulged in a thin, austere smile.

"I think you are only making matters worse, butler," he observed in tones of reproof and severity. "Hand over all your unlawful possessions to the keeper, and quit the park immediately."

"Quit the park!" cried the keeper in feigned indignation. "He didn't ought to get off so easily. Look at the mischief he's done, and the example he's set. Not to mention a-bringing me out of my comfortable chair right across the park on a 'ot afternoon like this."

The Senior Classic, not unwilling to punish Joey for his supposed flagitious conduct, assumed his best judicial air.

"At what do you estimate the amount of damage done, my man?"

"Well, sir, I should think as 'ow five shillin'——"

"Butler," interrupted the master peremptorily, "have you half-a-crown?"

Joey, who had been gazing at first one and then the other of his captors in a state of stupefaction pitiable to witness, made a desperate effort to speak, but only succeeded in gasping as inarticulately as if he were himself a victim of the finny tribe. At a stern gesture from the master he fumbled in his pocket, and, producing at last the coin demanded, handed it over to the expectant keeper.

"And now," said the Senior Classic, "this painful scene may terminate. You can go."

With a broad grin of satisfaction the keeper picked up the fish and the rod and prepared to depart.

"Seven pretty little innocent things with their life cut short in this manner," he moralised. "And they a-swimmin' about so nice and 'appy, too. Oh, Mr. Wilkins, I wonder as 'ow you liked to do it! I suppose me and my missus will have to eat 'em for supper now. But I would never have believed it of you, Mr. Wilkins, I wouldn't really."

The keeper walked off with his booty in one direction. The master, waving aside the stupefied butler, departed in another. Joey stood for a moment gazing after first one and

then the other, and mopping the sweat from his face the while with his bright blue handkerchief.

Then, with a heavy groan of mingled wrath and despair, he turned and went his way, a hopelessly crushed and dejected mortal—a sorry spectacle indeed!

And when we were quite sure the coast was clear, we four slid neatly to the ground and stood for a moment gazing at one another in silence.

"The beggar has walked off with all our fish," said Lewis, at last, in plaintive accents. "Don't you think we might try for a few more?"

"I *think* not," said Bannister, drily. "I fancy we had better slope."

We sloped.



Scene at a Ceylon Elephant Depot. These two animals, mother and child, were recently caught in one of the big "Keddahs" and sold to a popular menagerie for £180.

From a Photograph.

PUBLIC SCHOOLBOYS AT BISLEY.

SHOOTING FOR THE ASHBURTON.



GLANCE at the accompanying diagram, where the discs are drawn in size in proportion to the number of times each of the eleven schools there mentioned has won the blue ribbon

petition seven shots are fired at 200 and 500 yards respectively by teams each comprising eight boys, panoplied in their respective uniforms. To the eight securing the highest aggregate the custody of the shield for

the ensuing year is given, whilst to each member of the successful team a silver medal is presented by the N.R.A. It should be mentioned that only those schools boasting a volunteer corps are eligible to compete (on payment of an entrance fee of £2 10s.) in this event.

That the shooting is anything but amateurish can be gathered from the fact that when Eton won the year before last, her representatives scored 81 per cent. of the highest possible score, while when Dulwich won in 1900, her eight scored 82 per cent. of the highest possible. That these scores, high as they were, were not the results of Fortune's favours, was proved by the fact that Rossall won in 1899 with the highest percentage yet recorded (84), and that Charterhouse in 1898 and Bradfield in 1897 achieved their victories with 83 per cent. of the h.p.s.

Photo by A. H. Fry.
Brighton.



THE ASHBURTON SHIELD.

of scholastic rifle shooting—the Ashburton Shield—will show that Harrow and Charterhouse are easily first with nine victories, Eton second with six, Winchester third with four, Clifton and Cheltenham fourth with three, Rugby, Dulwich, and Bradfield bracketed fifth with two, and Marlborough and Rossall sixth with one victory apiece. The approximate situations of these schools can be gathered from the positions of the circles.

Instituted by the third Baron Ashburton in 1861 and valued at £140, the Ashburton Shield is the most keenly competed for trophy of Public Schooldom. In this com-

petition seven shots are fired at 200 and 500 yards respectively by teams each comprising eight boys, panoplied in their respective uniforms. To the eight securing the highest aggregate the custody of the shield for the ensuing year is given, whilst to each member of the successful team a silver medal is presented by the N.R.A. It should be mentioned that only those schools boasting a volunteer corps are eligible to compete (on payment of an entrance fee of £2 10s.) in this event.

When, in 1901, Eton won by eleven points from Charterhouse and Uppingham, their respective figures being 456 and 445, her chances did not at the finish of the first stage appear particularly rosy, for out of the maximum of 280 she only put together 223, whereas Marlborough, who ended up sixth, headed the list with 236, with Glenalmond (eventually fifth) second with 235.

and Uppingham third—(she was bracketed second at the close of the competition)—with 233. At the 500 yards range, however, the Etonians actually scored more points (233) than they did at the 200, and won as aforementioned by eleven points from Charterhouse and Uppingham, one of whose representatives in the second stage had the misfortune to place a bull's-eye on the wrong target (for which he was fined five shillings), a misfortune that placed the school on an equality with Charterhouse instead of above her. Last year Cheltenham, at the close of the first round, had a clear lead of nine points ahead of Charterhouse, 12 points ahead of Wellington, 14 ahead of Eton, 16 ahead of Harrow, and 19 ahead of Marlborough and Clifton. This lead had the effect of rendering the appearance of the Cheltonians' chances of success decidedly rosy when the second stage was entered upon, but as it so happened Harrow and Marlborough made a bold bid for victory, and it was only through the magnificent shooting of Sapper



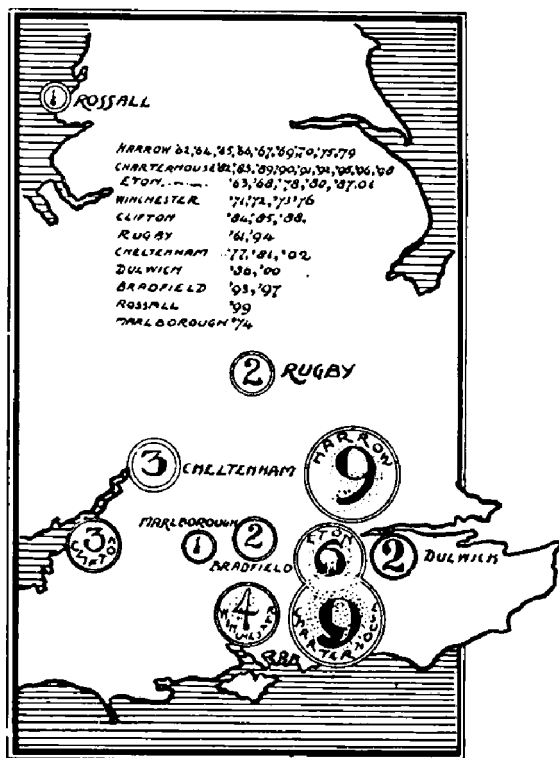
A COMPETITOR FOR THE SHIELD.

F. E. Fryer, who scored all bull's-eyes, saving one inner, that Cheltenham retained her lead, but with the reduced margin of three points in the case of the Harrow total and four in that of Marlborough. So far as individual prowess is concerned, to Lance-Corporal Oxley, of Glenalmond, and Lance-Corporal Dewhurst, of Marlborough, both of whom scored nothing but bull's-eyes, the honours of the respective ranges should be ascribed, for both feats were in accord with the highest traditions of schoolboy marksmanship. One of the Cheltenham eight, it must be mentioned, had already been under fire several times, when at the age of 11½ he served as a cadet member of the Port Elizabeth Town Guard.

So far as the shooting of the last nine years is concerned, the most remarkable feature has been the wonderful success attained

by Charterhouse, who has, by the way, held the shield nine times during the past twenty years. Fourth last year and second the year before, the Carthusians held the latter position in 1900 also; they were third in 1899, first in 1898, third in 1897, first in 1896, first in 1895, and eleventh in 1894, a record, in view of the fact that there are generally twenty-five competitors, or thereabouts—last year there were thirty-five—that is simply phenomenal.

Last year saw Bradfield filling the twenty-first place in the final order, but, notwithstanding this temporary falling-off, her record for the past nine years, however, is second to that of Charterhouse alone. In



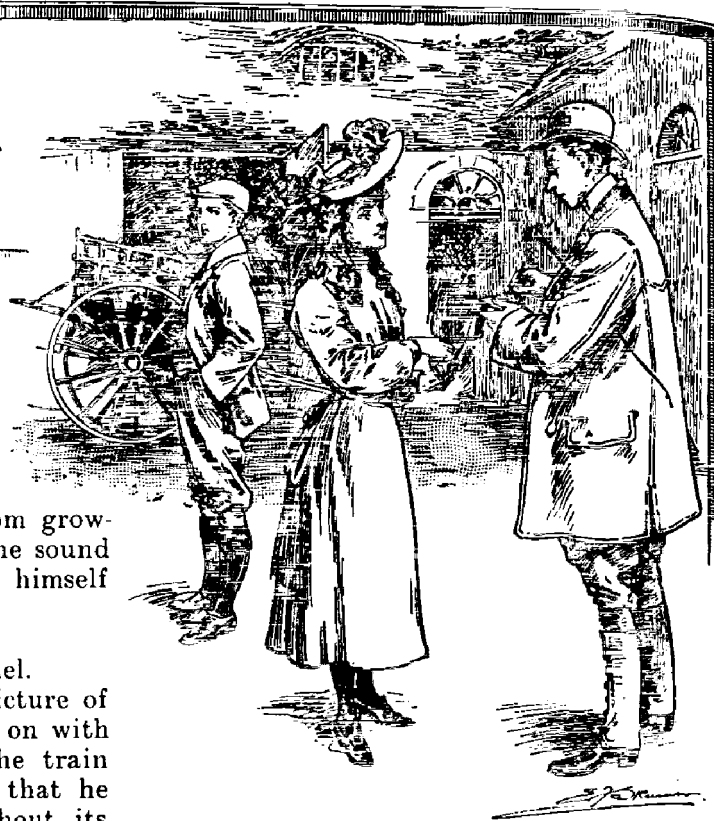
THIS DIAGRAM SHOWS AT A GLANCE THE NUMBER OF TIMES THE ABOVE-MENTIONED SCHOOLS HAVE WON THE ASHBURTON SHIELD.

1901, for instance, Bradfield was twelfth, in 1900 eighth, in 1899 fourth, third in 1898, first in 1897, third in 1896, tenth in 1895, and second in 1894. Apart from Charterhouse and Bradfield, who are in a class apart, Glenalmond, Uppingham, Bedford, Marlborough, Clifton, Eton, Blair Lodge, Rossall, Rugby, Dulwich, Cheltenham, and Harrow have all shot with as great consistency and coolness as ever did that master of self-possession, Major-General Baden Powell, who was a member of the Charterhouse eight in this very event in 1874.

PAT AND THE GAMBLER.

By MAY CROSS.

Illustrated by E. F. SKINNER.



"PAT," said the Colonel. Pat was hanging far out of the window in an impracticable attempt to reach a magnolia blossom growing on the house wall below. At the sound of his stepfather's voice he righted himself and said,

"Yes, father?"

"Don't make bets," said the Colonel.

"Oh, father!"—Pat looked the picture of dismay—"and I've such a jolly bet on with Parsons minor. We made it in the train coming down. I bet him sixpence that he couldn't eat a jelly slab, raw, without its swelling inside him, and he says he can and he was going to try directly we got back."

The Colonel laughed.

"My only objection to that bet is in the interests of Parsons minor. Come here and read this."

Pat perched himself on the arm of the Colonel's chair and perused the newspaper paragraph indicated. It was a story of embezzlement, detection, and suicide, brought about through gambling. Pat was immensely disgusted.

"Oh, father! As if I should ever be like that Johnny!"

"I admit the improbability," said the Colonel in his dry way, "but I don't suppose the 'Johnny' thought he'd be like it himself when he began. Have small wagers for fun, if you like, Pat, but don't back horses or play cards for money."

"Oh, all right, father," said Pat, easily, and he went back whistling to his magnolia blossom.

At this moment Mrs. Murray entered the room. At the sight of her son's legs describing an obtuse angle with the window-sill, she gave an exclamation of horror.

"Good gracious, Pat, you'll be falling out! Come in directly."

"I'M GIVING YOU A TIP I WOULDN'T GIVE EVERYBODY—
—RATHER NOT!"

"It's all right, mother," said Pat, without moving.

"Come in, Pat," said the Colonel.

Pat obeyed immediately, and going up to his stepfather, put an arm round his neck.

"Oh, father! I'd nearly got it, and I've been trying for that magnolia such a jolly time!"

"Sorry, old chap," said the Colonel.

Mrs. Murray raised her eyebrows. Pat's relations with the Colonel were a perpetual enigma to her; his prompt, soldierlike obedience was combined with such an absolutely inconsistent fearlessness of speech and demeanour.

"You'll spoil that boy," she allowed herself to say as Pat quitted the room in search of fresh occupation. "I don't know what James will say when he comes. He will be horrified at your allowing him to go badger-hunting at night, and shooting rabbits—with a gun, and bathing in the front pond. And as to the way Pat talks to you!"

"Excuse me, my dear," said the Colonel, smiling, "but according to the letters you had from James before we left India, he

didn't seem to be managing Pat with huge success when he had charge of him. Why, the boy ran away from his uncle's every holidays!"

"James is such a disciplinarian," said Mrs. Murray.

"Would you like Pat to run away from me every holidays?"

"Don't be ridiculous, Tom, just when I want to talk to you. Here's a letter from James, saying the Rectory is already in the hands of the painters, and fixing next Monday for Hilda and himself to come. That's just like James, so inconsiderate. Here are we engaged for the Reynolds' house-party——"

"Cancel the engagement," suggested the Colonel.

"Impossible, Tom. They would never forgive us if we didn't go to dear Muriel's wedding."

"Put James off?"

"Of course we can't after promising to have them here while the Rectory was being done up. No, it can't be helped. Pat must be left to entertain them for a few days, while we go North. I only *hope* he'll behave himself."

"Pat," said the Colonel, in private, just before he started with his wife on their journey, "we are leaving you to play the *host*, remember. You know a host's duties, Pat? Politeness, consideration——" He laid a hand on the boy's shoulder and regarded him significantly.

"I wish you weren't going, father," said Pat, rubbing his cheek affectionately against the Colonel's coat-sleeve. "I always get into rows with Uncle James. He puts my back up. But I'll try to stick it."

The Colonel accepted this dubious guarantee for conduct befitting a host. Truth to tell, Uncle James had a similar dorsal effect upon himself. Uncle James was a man of strong convictions: these convictions were on all sorts of subjects, from the correct government of the country to the way a lady should manage a teapot. The worst of it was, his convictions were so strong that he couldn't credit you with any intelligence if you didn't happen to think as he did, and being conscientious, he was, moreover, bound to put you right. One of his firmest beliefs was that boys, as a class, were idiots and entirely lacking in the moral sense.

After the Colonel's firm but liberal rule, Pat found this old assumption of his uncle's sufficiently galling, but he set his teeth and

endured in silence sundry scathing criticisms on his mind and manners.

"Here's a boy," said Uncle James, on the occasion when Pat, surprised by visitors after bathing in the pond, had been seen to fly incontinently across the lawn attired in a bath towel, "here's a boy, belonging to a respectable family and respectably brought up, yet lacking any sense of common decency. I—I cannot understand it."

This was always Uncle James's climax of stupefaction at Pat's enormities.

"Father lets me bathe there," said Pat, turning red.

"Your *stepfather*," amended Uncle James, "seems to allow you a most reprehensible amount of liberty. He is not used to governing boys, but men, who don't behave like idiots, and who possess some little moral capacity. Kindly understand, Patrick, that so long as I remain under this roof, we are not to have any more shocking exhibitions of that kind."

Uncle James always called Pat, Patrick. It was one of his convictions that the clipping of names was the practice of fools.

Pat, having nearly choked himself in his efforts to "stick it" this time, vented his feelings by confiding to his cousin Hilda that it was jolly rotten playing host to a man who did nothing but jaw at you—"especially when he has such a raspy voice," added Pat, aggrievedly.

Hilda, a slight, pale girl of fifteen, looked round apprehensively.

"Oh, hush, Pat; papa might hear you."

"I shouldn't care if he did," said the reckless Pat, "except that the governor might not like it. You see, he's left me to play the host, and if you are a man's host you can't very well tell him he's a voice like a file, can you?"

Pat was fond of his cousin Hilda, chiefly because she was a helpless, clinging little thing, who leant upon his bolder, stronger nature. She was a highly-strung, imaginative, nervous child. She lived in chronic, mortal terror of her father, a terror that often drove her into deceit. Her admiration for Pat, who had never told his uncle a lie in his life, was unbounded.

For two days Pat fulfilled his duties as host with exemplary perseverance. His personal attentions to his uncle were, indeed, so marked and unusual that that gentleman waxed sarcastic.

"Here's a boy," said he, as Pat resigned the easy chair at his entrance, "here's a boy

who generally has the manners of a bear actually conceiving a civility, let alone carrying it out. I—I cannot understand it."

Indeed, Pat might have acquitted himself very creditably as a host if—*cherchez la femme*—it hadn't been for Hilda.

Hilda got into difficulties with her accounts, which she had to submit every month to her father. He was very particular about them. When Hilda found that they wouldn't balance by seven-and-sixpence, and that the day for presenting them was approaching, she was in despair. Having, on previous occasions, made most fatally unsuccessful attempts at "cooking" and learning from Pat that he couldn't help her, for he was stony-broke, Hilda yielded to a temptation presented by a youthful neighbour. This was to put a few shillings on a horse running the next day.

"You'll get your five shillings back and three times as much," said the young man, persuasively. "I'm giving you a tip I wouldn't give everybody—*rather* not!—and I'll manage it for you with a bookie."

He voted Pat a "soft" for not following Hilda's example, and departed, leaving, unconsciously, some betting slips behind him. These Hilda popped into a book as she saw her father approaching. The book was a volume of Henty's, which the Colonel had given Pat a few days before.

Hilda's horse failed her, and she came to Pat in great distress.

"Oh, Pat, it's worse than it was before. What *shall* I do?"

Pat became plunged in thought.

"Look here, Hilda," he said at last, "we'll pawn something. The governor always gives me a good tip before I go back to school, so when I have my money I can get the thing out again."

"Oh, Pat!" cried Hilda, and she went red and white by turns.

"What can we pawn?" said Pat, who was never one to let the grass grow under his feet when once he had decided upon his course of action. "My bicycle" (reflecting upon his most valuable asset) "is too big—it would be missed—and I'm afraid they wouldn't give much on my watch, which is a bit cranky; I think I've raced it too often against the other fellows' watches—it gains more quickly than any of them. I know—your ring."

"Oh, Pat!" said Hilda again.

"Hand it over," cried the practical Pat.

"I'll run into Dorchester on my bike in no time. Nobody knows me there."

"Suppose papa misses it?" said the hesitating Hilda, slowly drawing a handsome emerald ring from her finger. "But I could say I'd put it away in a safe place, couldn't I? I suppose a pawnbroker's is a safe place, Pat? And do you know how to pawn?"

"Not a bit," said Pat, cheerfully.

Dorchester, the nearest town of any size, was some fifteen miles from the Colonel's house. Pat had gone a quarter of the distance when his tyre punctured, and he trudged several miles over the lonely downs before he met a cyclist with a mending outfit. He arrived in Dorchester some two hours later than he had intended, and at once looked about for the sign of the golden balls. Having found it, he entered the shop beneath with as assured an air as he could command. A man came forward to serve him; he produced his ring, and requested a loan on it.

"What do you want on it?" asked the man, peering at him curiously from beneath shaggy eyebrows.

"As much as you'll give me," said Pat, who hadn't an idea what sum he was expected to state.

"I must go and ask the boss its value," said the man, and disappeared.

Pat waited, and presently the man came back, accompanied by a policeman.

"You're coming with me to the police station, young gentleman," said the latter, laying a heavy hand on Pat's shoulder.

* * * * *

It was upon the second morning after Pat's arrest that the Colonel received the following letter from his brother-in-law:—

"MY DEAR THOMAS,—I am sorry to interfere with your present enjoyment, but I feel it my duty to inform you that Patrick was arrested yesterday at a pawnbroker's in Dorchester, in possession of a ring not belonging to him. He was removed to the police station, whence I bailed him out—not, unfortunately, without his having been seen in the custody of the policeman by Lady MacDougal and General Butt. He refuses any explanation, and I have locked him in his bedroom, and am only giving him bread and water in small quantities till his obstinacy is broken. As I find some betting slips in the book you gave him lately, I fear he has got into pecuniary difficulties through gambling. The ring belonged to my daughter, Hilda, who is much upset by the affair. (She inherits her

mother's hysterical temperament.) She denies having requested Pat to pawn the ring. I asked her as a mere form. I missed it from her finger early in the afternoon, and on my insisting on its production it could be found nowhere. I sent telegrams to the police authorities, leaving the local constables to search the house (the cook and footman desire to give notice). Then I set out to Dorchester, where I forestalled the police in warning the pawnbrokers. They were consequently on the look-out for the ring when Patrick appeared with it.

"Awaiting your opinion as to what must be done under these deplorable circumstances,

"I remain,

"Your affectionate
"brother-in-law,

"JAMES PARTRIDGE.

"P.S.—Patrick has been grossly impertinent."

The Colonel read this letter through twice very deliberately. Then he put it in his breast pocket and finished his breakfast. The meal over, he looked out the next train south, made his excuses to his host, and prepared for the journey. Then he apprised his wife of his immediate departure.

"Going home, Tom!

When it's the Fancy Dress Ball to-night, and you've gone to such an expense over your costume as Bassanio. What in the world have you got to go home for?"

"Pat has got into a mess," said the Colonel, "and he and James between them seem to be making the gossip for the neighbourhood."

"That tiresome boy! Why ever he wasn't born a girl I never can imagine. What's he been doing now?"

"I don't know," said the Colonel, incisively, "that's what I'm going to find out."

The Colonel arrived at his home in the summer dusk. He was expected, for he had sent a wire from the northern terminus.

"Dinner is ready, sir," said the butler, as he took his master's coat.

"I am going up to speak to Master Pat first," said the Colonel.

"Master Pat, sir? He's run away and Mr. James has gone after him."



"YOU'RE COMING WITH ME TO THE POLICE STATION, YOUNG GENTLEMAN."

E. J. Bennett

The Colonel's heart sank. He had been picturing the moment when a pair of frank hazel eyes raised to his would dispel every shadow of doubt.

"Did he leave me no message, Hodson?"

"There's a letter for you from Mr. James in the library, sir."

"I meant Master Pat," said the Colonel.

"Not that I know of, sir. He was locked up in his bedroom, you know, sir, and got away out of the window."

"Tell Miss Hilda I will be down directly."

"Miss Hilda is in her room with a bad headache, sir."

"Send up dinner then, Hodson."

The Colonel went upstairs and along the corridor to Pat's room. The window stood wide open, the curtains fluttering in the evening breeze. On a little table a plate, sprinkled with a few bread-crumbs, and an empty glass, testified to the scantiness of Pat's recent repasts. The bookshelf had been stripped of its usual volumes, the little bee-clock had stopped, and the china Corydons, either side of it, stared into space, mute and insensate. The room had a dreary, deserted air that struck coldly on the Colonel's heart. Pat had left no note, no message. The Colonel walked slowly downstairs to his solitary meal, and the perusal of James's letter. It appeared that James had gone to the London Docks, as upon previous occasions Pat had been found there, trying to embark. He had been missing since midday, shortly after the receipt of the Colonel's telegram. James apologised for his absence, but dispatch was necessary. Pat had once succeeded in getting away (in abominable company) on a coaling barge. He would wire tidings.

"There is nothing to be done to-night," reflected the Colonel, looking at his watch. "I couldn't catch the 10.14 from Dorchester now, and there is no late train at any place nearer."

"Tell Sykes to have the dogcart ready to catch the 10.5 from Bridport to-morrow morning, Hodson, and bring the coffee to the library," he said aloud, as he rose from the table.

"What has the boy done that he can't face me?" he asked himself again and again, as he sat absently stirring and sipping his coffee.

A low knock came at the door.

"Come in," called the Colonel.

The door opened noiselessly, and in slid Pat.

"I hope you're not in a great wax with me, father," said Pat, "but you know you can't go on playing the host to a man who locks——"

"Come here, Pat," said the Colonel, sternly.

He seized the boy by the shoulders, and turned him towards the light. The hazel eyes met his gaze unflinchingly.

"What is the explanation of your being at that pawnbroker's?"

"I shan't tell you, father."

"You mean 'can't,' perhaps?"

"Of course I do, father. I beg your pardon for saying 'shan't.'"

"Did you steal your cousin's ring?"

"No, father."

"Or borrow it?"

"No, father."

"Were those betting slips yours?"

"No, father."

"Have you been betting?"

"No, father."

"Thanks, Pat."

The Colonel released him, and stood thinking, his hands thrust deep in his trousers pockets. Then he said:

"You have not behaved fairly to your uncle. You had no right to refuse him the denials you've given me."

"He never asked for them, father. When I couldn't explain he made up his mind I was a thief, and that put my back up. I wasn't going to tell him anything different. Besides, I didn't *want* him to think anything different," added Pat.

"You know what I think about sneaking, Pat, but there are occasions when to speak is one's duty—and to conceal a crime is to participate——"

"But there isn't any crime, father. Uncle James gets such a lot of silly ideas——"

"We won't discuss your uncle, Pat. Whose were those betting slips?"

"Young Rorke's, father. He left them here the other day."

"Did he ask you to bet?"

"Yes, father."

"And your cousin, too?—I beg your pardon, that is not a fair question. Why did you run away?"

"I couldn't stick it any longer, father. He took all my books, and I'd nothing to read and nothing to do, and I was awfully hungry. He only let me have bread and water, which he brought himself. I tried pretending he was a jailer, but he jawed too much for a jailer, so I turned him into a pirate chief; but he didn't talk a bit like a pirate chief, you had to imagine such a jolly lot; so I thought I'd camp out in the stable loft and be a cavalier in hiding till you came back. I didn't think you'd come for days yet, father, or I'd have 'stuck it.' Sykes got me some grub, and it was he who told me you'd come home—and I hope you're not in a great wax with me, father? I did *try* to play the host at first."

The Colonel knew that the anxiety in the hazel eyes was not due to fear of punishment (Pat was always ready to stand the racket), but to fear of his displeasure. He was unprepared with an answer.

"We will talk about that, Pat. Go up

stairs now and fetch my tobacco pouch—it's on the dressing-table."

"It's not much of a brick wall to see through," added the Colonel, when Pat had departed. "Hilda is the gambler——"

As if in answer to his thoughts, a low tap came at the door, and Hilda appeared. The Colonel rose to receive her.

"Oh, Uncle Murray, don't think Pat's a thief; it's all my fault," said Hilda, lifting a pale, woe-begone face to the Colonel's.

"That's just like a girl," said a disgusted voice from the doorway, "to want you to

I kept saying I can't—I *can't*—and I went up and told Pat, through the keyhole, that I couldn't, and Pat said it was jolly good fun playing at prisons. I suppose *you'll* tell him now?" She addressed the Colonel, lifting large, frightened eyes.

"I shan't tell," said the Colonel. "I consider you've confided in me as a friend, not as one of the authorities. It's Pat's affair."

"Of course I shan't tell," said Pat.

"But there's the account book," said Hilda, "it doesn't balance yet."

"The account book?" queried the Colonel.



"THAT'S JUST LIKE A GIRL," SAID A DISGUSTED VOICE FROM THE DOORWAY.

keep mum and then go and give the show away herself!"

"Oh, Pat!" said Hilda, "they told me you'd run away because the Colonel thought you were a thief."

"What rot!" said Pat.

"Papa thinks you a thief," said Hilda, dejectedly; "but oh, Uncle Murray, I did try to tell him. I lay awake all that first night struggling to make up my mind, and I did at last; but in the morning when I saw papa,

Hilda related her troubles.

"It's always better to face a difficulty," said the Colonel. "Attacked, the path clears, while easy ways prove hard in the end."

"Yes, but women can't stand things like us men," said Pat. "Will you lend me the balance, father, and dock it out of my next term's money, and then I can help Hilda as I meant to?"

"It's your affair, Pat. Yes, I will."

"Thanks, awfully, father."

Hilda received the few shillings passively, and sat looking at them in silence.

"James will think Pat a rascal and me a fool," thought the Colonel. "But I suppose I can put up with it if the boy can."

"It's *too* mean," said Hilda, "I can't do it."

"Don't be silly, Hilda," remonstrated Pat.

"To let you be thought a thief—and take your money——"

"I *like* doing it for you, Hilda, and I don't care what Uncle James thinks."

But Hilda went to the Colonel's desk and wrote:—

"DEAR PAPA,—I didn't *ask* Pat to pawn my ring, but he offered to because I wanted some money to balance my accounts. I hadn't the courage to tell you before, but I can't go on letting you think things about Pat, when he's been so good to me.

"Your unhappy

"HILDA."

She brought this note to the Colonel and asked him to present it.

"And you will plead for me?" said poor little Hilda.

The Colonel promised, saying many kind and encouraging things (with mental reservations as to how he should tackle James).

When he had opened the door for Hilda and seen her out, he came back to Pat.

"I will not blame you much for your desertion of your post, Pat; it *had* become rather untenable; but I understand you were grossly impertinent to your uncle. What did you say to him?"

"I said he had a lot of maggots in his head, father."

"That *was* grossly impertinent," said the Colonel, without moving a muscle. "You will apologise to your uncle upon his return."

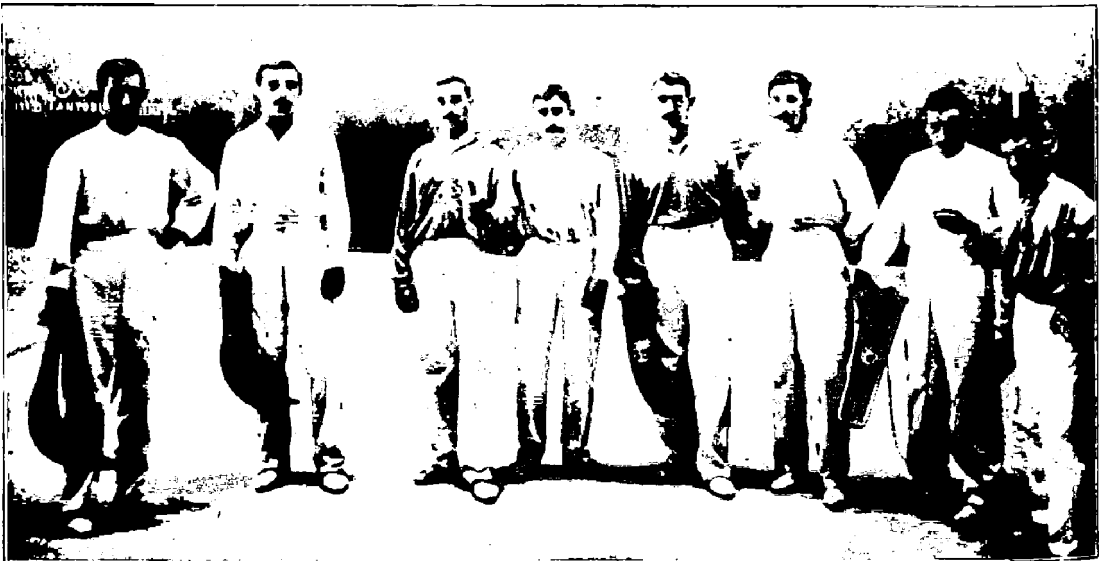
Pat made a grimace worthy of a facial contortionist, but, meeting the Colonel's eye, pulled his features straight again.

"Very well, father," he said resignedly.

"And, Pat——"

"Yes, father?"

"I'm not in a great wax with you. Good night."



A GROUP OF PELOTA PLAYERS. PELOTA IS THE NATIONAL GAME OF SPAIN. IT MAY BE SAID TO RESEMBLE IN SOME RESPECTS LAWN TENNIS. IT IS PLAYED IN A LONG COURT, THE BALL BEING STRUCK BY A WICKER-WORK BASKET HANDLE, 3FT. 6IN. IN LENGTH, WHICH IS STRAPPED TO THE RIGHT HAND.



ON MAKING CATCHES.

Photos by permission of "The Book of Cricket."

THERE has recently been what may be called a crusade in favour of catching. A lot of people, including Ranjitsinhji, are quite sure that if only the art of catching was studied with the same attention, and brought to the same pitch of excellence as batting, there would be no further trouble about the number of drawn games in first-class cricket, and no necessity for adventurous legislation in favour of the bowler. "Catch your catches," says the Sussex captain, "and there is no need of wider wickets." What Ranjitsinhji means is that a greater number of catches, especially of the easier kind, ought to be held; he does not mean, as many people suppose him to mean, that every dropped catch is an avoidable accident which redounds terribly to the discredit of the erring fieldsman. Perfect fielding is really almost as difficult as perfect batting and bowling; and fieldsmen will drop catches just as batsmen will make bad strokes and bowlers will bowl bad balls as long as cricket is played. It is all very well to say that were every fieldsman a Jessop, all county matches would be finished; for with equal reason one might answer, that were all batsmen Trumpers, no side would ever be got out in three days.

There is no doubt, however, that throughout the game, from County cricket down or up to the Saturday afternoon match, fielding is not thought as much of by the average player, nor given the same amount of study and practice, as batting and bowling. It is quite certain that the standard of catching in cricket might be considerably raised, because the American base-ball players, simply by dint of painstaking practice, have proved

that every man in a team can be made at least a safe and trustworthy catcher.

Practice, of course, is the secret of good catching. It is a peculiar fact that, whereas no cricketer imagines he can bat or bowl well in a match without practice, many cricketers take the field without having had any practice at all in catching, and are surprised when they make mistakes. Catching in a way needs more practice than either batting or bowling, because, while a batsman or a bowler is bound to get plenty of practice in the actual match-play, it is quite possible for a fieldsman to play game after



A. O. JONES—A CATCH AT SLIP.

game without ever having the ball hit to him in the air.

I do not think it is possible to give any precise directions about how the hands should be held in catching; nearly every one has



G. HIRST—NO ESCAPE.

his own particular way of setting his hands for a two-handed catch.

For instance, in taking a high catch in the country, no one is safer than Denton of Yorkshire, but he holds his hands quite differently from Clem Hill, the Australian, who is almost equally safe. Braund and Tunnicliffe, two first-rate slips, shape quite differently at the ball. S. M. J. Woods and Hirst at mid-off make remarkable catches off hard drives straight at them, but each puts his hands to the ball in a way that the other does not. Some men seem to catch the ball almost entirely with their fingers, and catch it well. Those that receive the ball plumb on the palms of their hands are generally unsafe; the ball bounces out sometimes. The best way is to take the ball partly with the fingers and partly with the palms, but more with the fingers than the palms.

In any case, it is most important that neither the hands nor the arms nor the body should be stiff and rigid; hands, arms and body should all yield sympathetically with the direction in which the ball is flying. The reason why more catches are missed in cold than in warm weather is that cold makes

the muscles stiff and the hands board-like. But there are some fielders whose hands are like boards on the sultriest August afternoon; they seem to hit the ball with their palms instead of receiving it with yielding retentive fingers. As a rule, this stiffness is not so much in the hands as in the arms, and comes from a habit of contracting the muscles of the arms in response to the effort of catching. The only way to cure it is to practise assiduously with special care that the arms, however quickly they are moved to reach the ball, may be always loose and free.

Another important point is to let the ball come into the hands and not to snap at it. If you watch a bad and a good wicket-keeper you will notice that the former seems to make a jerky sideways shot at the ball at the last moment as though he were snatching at a fly, whereas the latter seems simply to arrange his hands in the way of the ball in good time, and the ball comes naturally into the nest prepared for it. Similarly, in catching any sort of hit, high or low, fast



G. AYRES—A CERTAINTY.

or slow, the hands should be well behind the line of the ball in good time, and not jerked out suddenly in a snatchy manner. Snapping at the ball is commonest in one-handed catches in the slips or at point, but it is possible to snap even at a steeple-high slow-dropping catch in the country. Whenever you feel you have made a grab at the ball, you may be sure you have been guilty of

snatchiness. When you catch correctly, you feel that the ball has buried itself in your hands of its own accord, and has itself closed your fingers by its own momentum.

It is as well to note here that in a match, when a catch is coming to you, and you have time to think, the last thing you should think about is your hands. You should glue your attention on the ball, and let your hands take care of themselves. The time to correct any fault in your method of catching is when you are practising. In a match your whole mind should be concentrated on the ball. Watch it with all your might from the very bat till it is safe and solid in your hands.

A catch in the long-field is never quite easy, if only for the reason that you have so much time while the ball is in the air to wonder whether you are going to miss it. If you are at all lacking in confidence, it is ten to one on the ball. Hence it is very important for fielders who have to scout on the boundary to fortify their nerves by regular practice. A man who has caught half-a-dozen long hits consecutively in practice, naturally expects to hold the seventh; and if that seventh is in a match, it is still the seventh. A fielder who has not seen a high catch coming his way for a fortnight is very liable to miss it from sheer nervousness. This is quite apart from the matter of mere skill and ability to judge the flight of the ball, both of which are also results of practice.

It is quite simple to get practice in long catches. You have only to persuade a friend to hit the ball up. For some reason or other, a ball hit from a bat comes quite differently from one thrown; therefore, it pays to have some one to hit to you instead of the usual inter-change of jerks or throws.

Half the art of catching "in the country" consists in judging the flight of the ball so as to be able to make the catch as easy as possible. The best catchers, as a rule, try to take the ball with the arms bent, and the hands about the height of the lower ribs, and rather close to the body. Often, of course, when you have to make ground to reach the ball you find you have to take it as best you can. But unless driven to do so, you should avoid taking the ball with the hands held at all high. If you poke your hands up to meet a high catch, you are likely to take the ball awkwardly and also too rigidly.

W. Gunn, when he used to field in the country, was the best catcher there I have seen. Provided he got to the ball with his

long strides, he made the catch look absurdly simple. At the present time no deep-fielder catches better than Denton. Tyldesley, too, is very safe.

Near the wicket the great secret of good catching is to watch the batsmen very closely, and to be expecting a catch every ball. More catches are missed from half-hearted attention than from any other cause. If a catch startles a fielder, it is rarely held.

Mid-off, extra cover, and mid-on have some very easy catches sent them; usually from batsmen who have played forward too soon at the ball. But they also get some very nasty ones. The difficulty of "boxing" a ball driven at you straight and hard is often much greater than it appears; because often



W. ATTEWELL—BOXED.

it is very awkward to get your hands correctly to the ball. This is particularly noticeable at mid-off. If, for instance, the ball comes straight at your chin, rising all the way, you will find you cannot arrange your hands comfortably to receive it. The way to negotiate these difficult catches is to move a foot to one side or turn the body a little so that you can use your hands better. In fact, to field well at mid-off, extra-cover or mid-on, you must be very quick on your feet and not rooted at all. George Hirst is particularly clever at hard catches at mid-off and extra-cover; he is so very nippy in jumping into the easiest position in which to take the ball.

Cover-point is a very difficult place for

catches. Nearly every ball that goes there is "sliced," and has a lot of spin on it. It is a fact that in the case of slow miss-hits to cover, the ball sometimes has so much spin on that it spins off your hand before you have time to shut your fingers round it. A skied miss-hit to cover, however simple it appears to the pavilion-critic, is one of the most difficult of all catches. The ball spins like a top and often veers and swerves in the air as it is dropping. Such catches should be taken a little above the height of the waist. If you lift your hands chinwards or higher, the odds are the ball will spin out. One often sees quite good fielders twisted into knots over these "skiers to cover," with their hands behind their necks or their wrists crossed.



G. R. BARDSWELL—GOT HIM.

Many of the hits to cover can be secured only with one hand. S. E. Gregory, the Australian, is a nailer at these one-handers, and so is G. L. Jessop. Both of them watch the batsman very keenly and seem able to anticipate the direction of his stroke.

The catches which go to third-man are often very nasty, and resemble those which go to cover in being often terrible spinners. It is very difficult to obtain practice for these catches, because the hits from which they come are, in various degrees, miss-hits. But you may, perhaps, find a friend who is an adept at hitting with a "slice" of the bat, similar to the "cut" used in tennis.

In the slips, catching is notoriously difficult, especially off very fast bowlers. You never know where the ball will come, nor at what angle, and it comes very quick. And often the wicket-keeper will baulk you by shooting out his hand or jumping across.

At slip, you must stand leaning well forward, with your hands hanging loose in front of you, and you must be on the "qui-vive" all the time. And you must stand light and ready on your feet. A great number of low catches at slip are missed owing to the fieldman standing bolt upright, and being, therefore, unable to get his hands down in time. And many low catches are missed because the fielder, having dived down for the ball, tries to bob up again before the ball is thoroughly held. More still of all sorts are missed through momentary inattention.

But skilful slip-fielding demands not only great natural quickness and a certain quality of hand, but also infinite practice. The only really good practice comes in actual games. The best artificial device for manufacturing slip-catches is as follows:—Turn an ordinary wooden bench on its side and get some one to throw hard in such a way that the ball pitches about a foot from the bench and glances off the face of the wood. The catcher must stand some yards away at one end and the thrower some yards away at the other. It is marvellous how the ball will "flick up" from the bench with a tremendous spin, just as it does from the edge of the bat when the batsman has "miss-cut" or "edged."

Some first-rate slips watch the ball every time right from the bowler's hand; others glue their eyes to the bat and look nowhere else. But all of them agree that nothing short of extreme watchfulness enables them to follow the ball after it is hit. It is impossible for a slip to anticipate the direction of a stroke; if he moves before he sees the line of the ball, ten to one he moves away from it. Some slips consider it a good thing to advance a step when they see the batsman is playing forward. But, on the whole, it seems better to stand quite still and rely on your quickness in getting to the ball after you see how it is coming.

It will take the tyro much patient practice before he can emulate the neat, quick, adhesive precision of such slips as Tunnicliffe, Braund or Hayes. But it is worth the trouble, for a good slip is worth his place in almost any team for the sake of his fielding. Many matches are lost by bad catching at slip.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. C. B.—You can only improve your bowling by assiduous and patient practice. Most young bowlers fall into the error of trying to put on an enormous amount of break before they have learnt to bowl accurately. It is not a bad plan to put down some mark, such as an envelope, at the spot where the ball ought to pitch. But you ought to be looking at the wicket rather than at the mark when you deliver the ball. If you find you are inclined to bowl short you should bowl a little slower and give the ball more height in the air. When you have got a certain amount of command over the ball, you should practise changing your pace without altering your action or run up. But as good bowling depends principally upon good length, you must learn to be accurate before you attempt any finer points. You should get Ranjitsinhji's book on *Cricket*, and read the chapter on "Bowling."

R. H. P. and H. W. P.—You say you are beginners and wish to know how to bowl. Well, read the answer above. Find out, to begin with, the length of run up to the wicket that suits you best and then stick to that length of run; do not keep chopping and changing. Deliver the ball with your hand as high above your shoulder as possible, and with a loose, easy swing. Do not keep trying to alter your action. Do not try to bowl too fast. Do not bowl full pitches nor half volleys nor long hops. Pitch the ball about five feet from the batsman's block. I do not know whether Leicestershire will be higher in the Championship this year than last; but the team is certainly stronger.

Tortoise.—It would be a wonderful thing if a fellow who is over six feet at the age of eighteen, and has grown five inches in two years, were anything but slow. The chances are your lack of pace will pass off in the next year or two. The best training for pace is to run short dashes of about forty yards. You need not take the sprinting exercise more than three times a week. For general condition there is nothing to beat regular walking exercise. With that and cycling and tennis you should keep in splendid trim. It is a great mistake to train rigorously for football all the summer; if you do, you are very liable to get stale. Smoking, except in the strictest moderation, is certainly bad for the wind.

Daghol.—It might be good for you to walk five miles to your office every day, or it might not. It all depends on how strong you are. At any rate, you had better try half the distance to begin with, and gradually increase it till you get into training. You see, seven hours' work in an office with study at home in the evening takes it out of you a bit. It will be good for you to take regular exercise; but you must be careful to avoid systematically tiring yourself out. There is no reason why you should not do dumb-bells for a quarter of an hour morning and evening. Three meals a day is enough for anybody. You will probably go on growing for three years to come.

Mastiff. Inability to vault and jump is usually due to want of natural spring. Some people simply have no spring, and there is an end of it. But some people cannot jump merely from want of confidence. Jumping is, to a certain extent, an effort of will. Perhaps your gymnast does not sufficiently make up her mind to get over the obstacle at all costs. Of course, she should begin at quite a low height and gradually increase it. There should be a minute or two's rest between each

attempt, so as to allow the muscles to recover their elasticity. I am afraid I am not much of an authority on the weight of ladies, but I should think 10½ stone would be about right.

Anglo-Français.—You can obtain the detailed results of the 'Varsity Sports, I think, by writing to Mr. G. Beasley, Hertford College, Oxford. I do not know where you can obtain the results of the Championships except in newspaper files. But perhaps the Secretary of the A.A.A. would tell you. With reference to an enquiry by "Bass Bridge" in a back number, this correspondent writes that it is unlikely that Ewry used weights in making his standing jump at Paris, because there is no mention of weights in the official



J. BRIGGS—A CLEVER COVER.

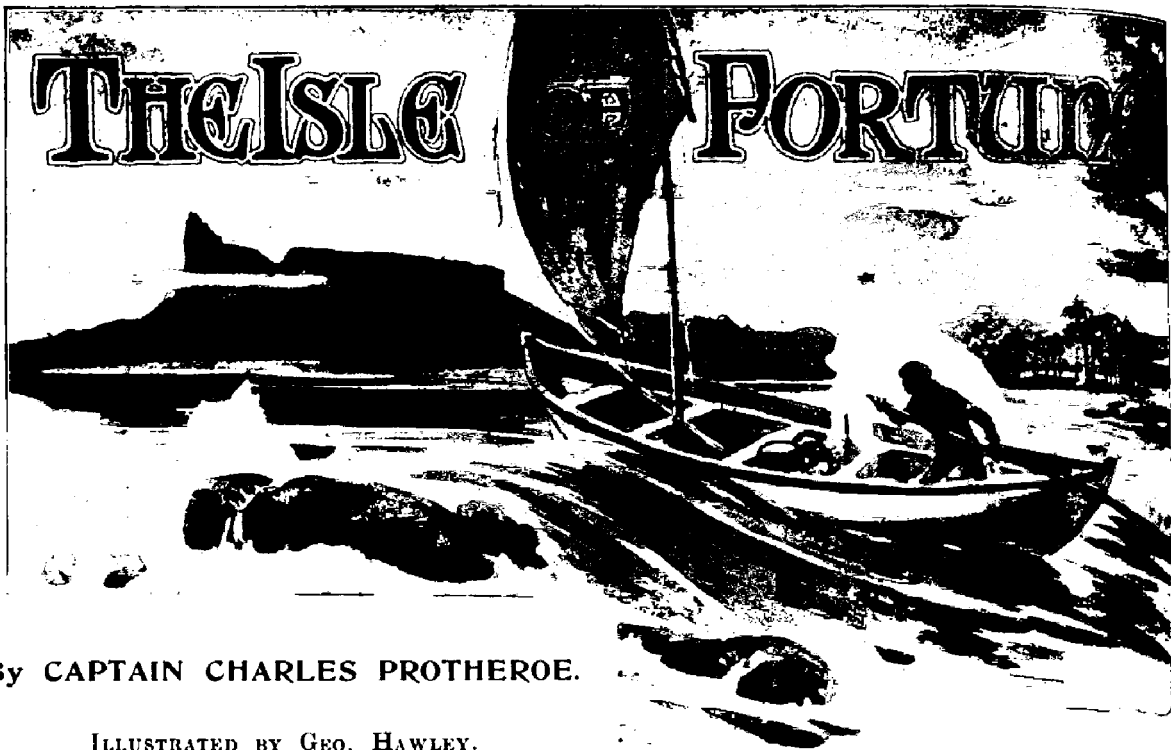
account of the sports, and because this jumper exceeded the distance made at Paris, at Buffalo in 1901, without using weights.

N. B. (Lyon).—If you are thoroughly out of condition you should begin by taking regular walking exercise every day, increasing the amount as you get fitter. After about three weeks you should do some running. If you use an exerciser you should follow the system laid down in the book given with it. It is no good starting on an exerciser with frantic energy and then knocking off at the end of a fortnight. You should work at it regularly for about a quarter of an hour every day, and keep it up. When you are once in fairly decent condition the best training for a game like hockey is to play easy practice matches.

Swimmer.—There is a good little book on swimming in the "All England Series." Then there is "Swimming," by Montague Holbein.

(Answers to "C. H." and others will be found in the "Editorial" department.)

C. H. Fry



By CAPTAIN CHARLES PROTHEROE.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEO. HAWLEY.

JIM HARVEY ships as mate of the *Aurora*, of which the notorious "Bully" Harker is skipper. A word and a blow is Jim's character. He is no respecter of persons, as "Bully" Harker learns to his great discomfiture soon after setting sail. Thenceforth Harker watches him with a malignant eye. One of the crew, Tom Nichols, relates the story of the strange disappearance in the Solomons of Jim's predecessor, who was given out by Harker as kidnapped by natives. Rather than fall a victim to Harker's hate, Jim leaves the ship one night in an open boat, and drifts in the direction of New Guinea. He reaches an island, and establishes himself in great authority with the natives, because he drove off some of their belligerent neighbours with the aid of his rifle. The island chief makes friends with him, but he incurs the jealousy of Gawana, a native, who is in love with the old chief's daughter. Visiting a neighbouring island with the old chief and his daughter, Jim makes a great find of pearls. By keeping his discovery secret, he sees his way to amassing a big fortune out of these pearls. The chief and his daughter help him. When Jim has got together a good number of pearls, he goes upon an expedition, which causes him to be absent from his camping-ground for a night. On returning, he can see nothing of the chief and Oobona, nor, when he arrives in sight of the huts, is there any response to his cries.

CHAPTER X.

A STRANGE SAIL.

DUMBFOUNDED, I started at a run for the spot, to find that the huts had shared the same, although a later fate than the others, having been burned to the ground, one or two blackened uprights being all that remained of them. The other houses, as you know, had been burned some years before, but these only the previous night, and as I put my hand on the posts left standing, I found they were still quite hot. What it meant I didn't quite know, and where were Oobona and her father? I called, and searched everywhere; but no trace of them could I find.

What had become of them? Had their carelessness with fire, a weakness most natives are

addicted to, been the cause of the calamity, and had they perished also? A little thought caused me to scout this idea, for if that were the case it was improbable that both houses, which were some distance apart, would have suffered, and so I came to the conclusion that some one had done it with intention. My thoughts went back to the story, still fresh in my mind, of how the Ferguson people had raided the place years before, and I wondered if they were responsible for the visit during my absence.

There was no evidence to be seen that any numerous body of men had been on the spot, and the more I thought of it, the more difficult it seemed to me to straighten out the ends of a rather peculiar tangle. As I was trying to puzzle it all out, my eye lighted on a spot where the ground seemed to have been disturbed. It was behind the spot where the houses had once stood, and I walked over to have a look at it. That a struggle had taken place on this spot wasn't long in deciding. The freshly broken-up wood, the crushed vegetation, the ploughed-up ground, everything pointed to it, and what was this dark stain lying here and there on the dead timber scattered about? I picked up a piece, wetted my finger, and rubbed it. It was blood. The plot thickened with a vengeance.

I penetrated cautiously into the scrub where it was trampled down a bit, but I can assure you I was all eyes, and every sense was alert.

Almost at the entrance I came upon the old chief lying prone. With some little difficulty



dragged him out of the thick scrub to the more open space beyond, and set about a hasty examination of his injuries. He had a spear thrust in the side, which had fortunately glanced off a rib, and but for the blood it had caused him to lose, was nothing to be afraid of. He also had a nasty contusion on the head, caused by some blunt instrument, possibly a native club.

As I hastily dressed his wounds, I came to the conclusion that there was still plenty of life in the old man, due to the fact that being a native of a tropical

ALMOST AT THE ENTRANCE I CAME UPON THE OLD CHIEF LYING PRONE.

country, Nature had supplied him with a remarkably thick skull.

"We've had company, for sure," thought I, as I stood looking down at him, waiting for some sign of returning life, "but where on earth can the girl be?"

A thought struck me. I hurried down and sought the beach again, for that would be the most likely place to find evidence of visitors. As I searched I found two indications. The first was where a canoe had been partly drawn upon the beach. The second was a single pair of foot-prints. They were not Oobona's, for these were much too large, and evidently belonged to a man.

My position struck me as being very similar to that of a well-known character whom I had read about with avidity as a boy, but whereas he was mystified at finding the imprint of feet, it had quite the reverse effect upon myself, and soon made everything as clear as daylight.

I paced down the shore parallel with the foot-marks, and then examined both minutely. It appeared to me that the person who had left them behind was either an exceedingly heavy man, or what was more likely, he carried a burden, a simple and easy solution which I arrived at by the deep impression of the feet. I rose from my knees, the mystery solved. Of course, the foot-prints could belong to nobody but Gawana, and the burden he carried was Oobona.

He had visited the island probably with another peace-offering for myself. It was a strange coincidence that he should have paid his visit the one and only night I was forced to be absent. At first, I was inclined to think that fortune had favoured him, but consideration told me that the luck was all on my side, for, in all probability, at the time of his landing, had I remained on the island I should have been fast asleep, and he might have found the object of his visit, as far as it concerned myself, all too easy of accomplishment. Finding me gone, he had secured the girl, for, of course, that was his chief object, and then, in a fit of spleen that I should have again escaped him, had fired the houses before carrying her off: That's how I figured it all out, and don't take much credit to myself for doing so either, for a blind man, knowing the circumstances, might have guessed that much. Being interrupted by the old man, he had assaulted him and left him for dead, and then carried out the remainder of his plans.

I found that all my surmises were correct. The old man had come to himself during my brief absence, and his face brightened at my approach. By-and-by I got from him the particulars of his plight. He had awakened some time through the night, and hearing a slight

noise, thought at once that I had returned. He came out to greet me, but instead found himself confronted by Gawana. Without a word, the latter launched a spear at him, and the old man, knowing, perhaps from experience, that no quarter was to be expected in such a case, charged his assailant.

Gawana was young and strong, and not knowing my whereabouts, or what moment I might appear on the scene, had dragged the old man away from the houses, and, after a struggle, overpowered him. Although, of course, I was angry, I could not help but admire him for his pluck. He must have been terribly in earnest, for it requires a great inducement to make a native stir from his home at night-time.

The most proper and recognised thing to have done in the circumstances, would have been to go at once in search of the girl, punish her abductor, and leave other things to look after themselves.

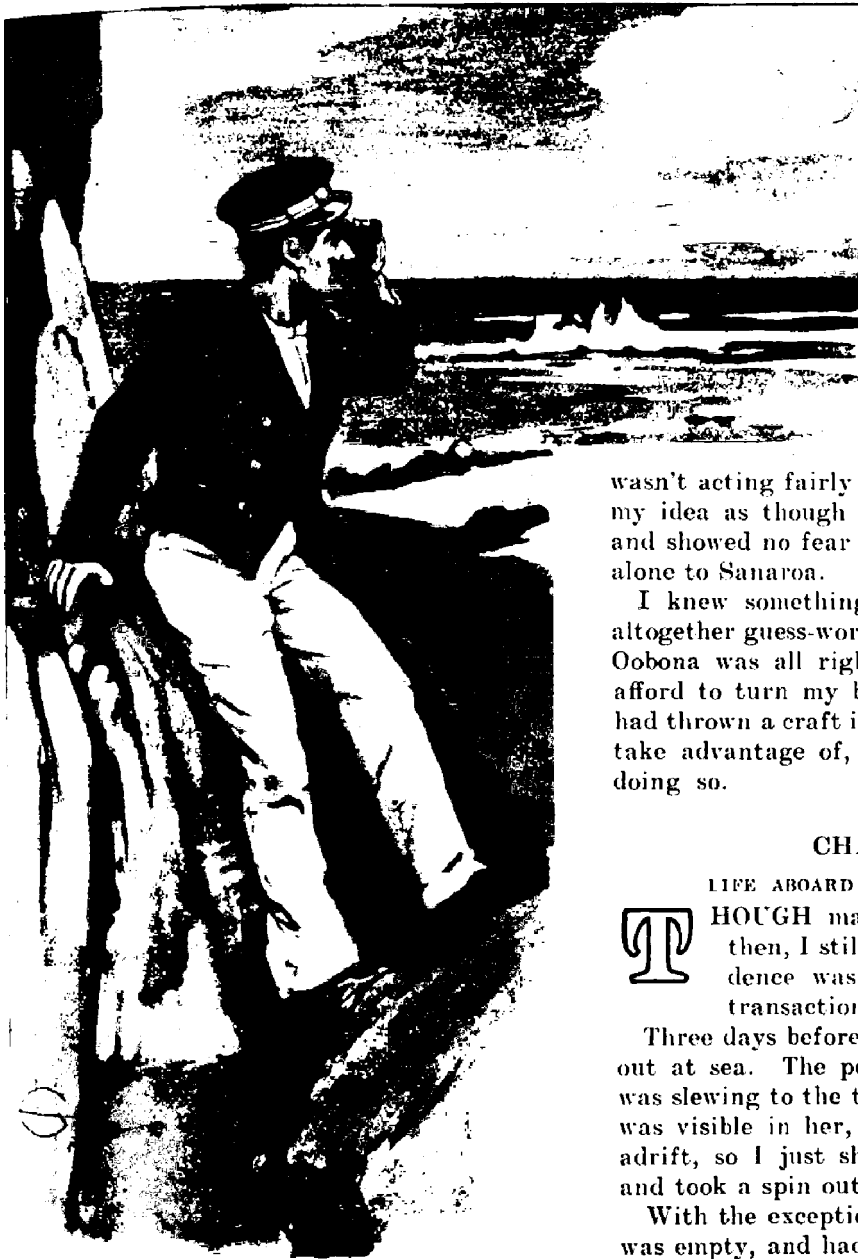
I confess thoughts like these were the first in my mind, for Gawana had stretched my patience a bit too far by attempting to murder a harmless old man. Such conduct merited punishment, and I determined to interview that young gentleman with this end in view. However, man proposes and Providence disposes. I didn't go scrummaging round the islands in search of a lost maiden, neither did the meeting I had promised myself come about, at least, not for a long time, and when it did occur I could afford to forget and forgive, and for this reason.

First of all I had the old chief on my hands, and although he mended rapidly, as I have said before, on account of the thickness of his cranium, a full week had passed ere he was in a fit state to travel. By that time he had quite recovered, and with the exception of a few ugly marks, which even time would be unable to efface, was himself again.

We were all ready for a start, and I had gone to the highest point of the island with the intention of having a good look round. Not that I expected to see anything new, for I had done the same thing almost every day since residing there, and I suppose it had become a natural habit.

On this occasion I didn't at first see much to reward me as I scanned the ocean to the southward in the direction of Sanaroa.

Apparently nothing was in sight, save a flock of sea-birds as they turned and twisted here and there to follow a school of flying-fish, their eager and plaintive little cries, carried down on the wind, reaching me where I stood. As my eyes wandered along the horizon to the east, my heart gave a great jump, for there, unless my eyes deceived me, sure enough was a vessel of



MY HEART GAVE A GREAT JUMP!

some description. She was bearing about east-south-east from my position, and by the hang of her head sails, which I could just make out, I knew she was steering to the north'ard. The craving for the hum of civilisation and the sound of an English voice, awoke within me with renewed force, and I determined to throw all other considerations to the wind, and try to reach her.

I felt that Oobona was safe enough, for Gawana was too much in love to do her any harm, and even her father was under no apprehension regarding her safety. The difficult part of the business was the old man. What was I going to do with him?

I hadn't much time to decide the matter; in the present instance every moment was precious, and if I delayed too long the vessel in the distance might disappear altogether. I shouted to the old man, and as soon as he arrived pointed the craft out to him, and made known my wish to intercept her. Much to my relief, for I admit I felt a bit mean, and it struck me I

wasn't acting fairly towards him, he fell in with my idea as though it were a matter of course, and showed no fear at the prospect of returning alone to Sanaroa.

I knew something of natives, and it wasn't altogether guess-work when I assured myself that Oobona was all right, and being so, I couldn't afford to turn my back on the Providence that had thrown a craft in my way. It was a thing to take advantage of, if there was any chance of doing so.

CHAPTER XI.

LIFE ABOARD THE "GOWRIE LASS."

THOUGH many years have passed since then, I still hold the opinion that Providence was at the back of that little transaction, and I'll tell you why.

Three days before, I had sighted a canoe miles out at sea. The peculiar manner in which she was slewing to the tide, and the fact that no one was visible in her, caused me to think she was adrift, so I just shoved the boat off the beach and took a spin out to her.

With the exception of a couple of paddles, she was empty, and had no doubt drifted away from the big land in the distance. I hitched a line on to her, and, towing her back to the island, hauled her up the beach, where she lay at the present moment.

That's why I think Providence was behind the matter, for not only the craft I could see on the horizon, but a canoe also was thrown in my way, both of which were necessary to carry out the scheme I had in view.

I couldn't have left the old man on the island with no means of leaving it. The canoe I had picked up, and which now lay idly on the shore, was worth anything to me at that period as representing the key of a very awkward problem.

I would make the old man a present of it, and he could paddle his own canoe back to Sanaroa,

whilst I went in chase of the vessel I had seen.

He accepted the gift gleefully, for to him it represented real estate, and I soon had him almost as anxious as myself to be on his way home again.

Ten minutes later I had bundled all my traps into the boat and rolled the parcel of pearls in my old blanket, for I knew where to put my hand upon them. They hadn't been burnt through the houses. Oh! dear no! I had always taken precautions against the highly inflammable material of which these structures were built. Accidents happen, and I wasn't going to risk any in that direction, and be sorry afterwards. I had, therefore, buried them close at hand.

As I sailed through the opening on the reef, and put the boat's stern for the island, I waved my hand to it, and shouted, "So long!" as though I were talking to some living thing that could hear and understand me. I didn't say "Good-bye," because I had made up my mind that if effort on my part had anything to do with it, this was not by any means to be the end of our acquaintance.

The craft I had seen in the distance was invisible from the lower attitude of the boat, but I knew exactly how to steer, having taken her bearing, and shaped a course to fetch a matter of eight or ten miles ahead of her. The wind was light, and I was slipping through the water much quicker than she was, so by steering in this manner I had the best chance of cutting her off. My only fear was, that if the wind freshened, as it mostly does through the afternoon in those latitudes, she might outpace the boat and square away without catching sight of it, and thus leave me in the lurch. Luckily, however, the wind remained scant all day, and before long I had the satisfaction of raising her upper sails above the horizon. Slowly, one by one, they came into view, until I could count every sail she had set. By-and-by, as I drew nearer, I made her out to be a natty, white-painted brigantine, lying almost becalmed.

Before I arrived within hailing distance of her the sun was sinking low in the west. I could see the crew gathered in the waist looking curiously in my direction, and knew they were hazarding all sorts of opinions as to what I was doing here, and where I came from, for it was not an everyday occurrence, in those waters, to see a whale boat come shearing alongside from nowhere in particular.

I caught the rope thrown to me, making it fast to the for'ard thwart, and scrambled up her low side on to the deck. The crew gathered round, firing questions one after another at me,

but I elbowed them to one side and made my way aft to where an elderly man with a cabbage tree hat on his head was standing and gazing at me with enquiring eyes.

"Has anything happened to the *Aurora*?" said he, as I approached him, for her name was written on the bow of the whale boat.

"Not that I know of, captain," I answered, and then I told him the whole story—or rather as much as was necessary.

"Made the ship too hot to hold you, eh?" said he; "well, I'm not surprised, for by all accounts he's red-hot himself, and I never met a man who had a good word to throw at him. I suppose, now, you want me to give you a trip round, and land you at Sydney."

"That's about it," I answered.

"Well," said he, "I suppose you come under the heading of a shipwrecked mariner, and I am quite willing, but if we drop across the *Aurora* anywhere round the islands you'll have to lie low. I don't want Mr. Harker making a scene aboard my ship. There will be time enough for him to meet you when you get to Sydney, and then I expect he will make you sit up. Anyhow, the least he'll do will be to prosecute you for running away with his boat."

"I'll have to take my chance of that," I replied; but it lay easy on my conscience, and I smiled, for I knew that wrapped up in my old blanket I had the means of paying for a hundred such boats.

"Now just pass that dunnage aboard," said the skipper, "and we'll hoist that boat of yours, or rather 'Bully' Harker's, on deck;" and so the conversation ended.

I found the *Gowrie Lass* quite a different sort of craft from the *Aurora*. There was no "hazing" here. She was well found, and the crew treated in a decent manner. The skipper was the direct antithesis of "Bully" Harker, for where one did the best he could to make his crew contented, the other did his utmost to make his craft uncomfortable. On board the *Gowrie Lass* I had only one regret. We were steering the wrong way for my liking, and I should have to make the round trip in her. I tried to content myself with the reflection that, after all, a handful of months were neither here nor there to a young fellow like myself. The fortune lying round the islands was not likely to take wings unto itself and fly away, but would wait until the time came for me to handle it.

The skipper of the *Gowrie Lass* behaved so decently to me that I should dearly have liked to astonish him by offering for his acceptance a handful of the stones I had stowed away. I couldn't afford to do that, and my philanthropist

never stretched so far, for it would have given the whole thing away. I made a note, however, that if ever I gathered them, as I hoped to do, he should profit by it. He had reason to know before he died that I didn't forget it either.

We had many a talk regarding the position I stood in, and thinking I needed it, he was ready and willing to give me any assistance in his power.

How would "Bully" Harker move in the matter?

"Make it as hot as he can," said I, but I might have told him I didn't care twopence how he moved, that I had acquired a little information concerning him which, properly applied, might be trusted to close his mouth effectually. "Well," he answered, "I hope we shan't have the pleasure of meeting him, but if we do you'll save me a lot of bother by keeping out of the way, for if he catches sight of you there'll be a big picnic aboard this hooker, and I don't feel in the humour for entertaining."

"All right, skipper," said I, reluctantly, for it went against the grain to think I might be forced to hide from any man. "At the same time, I don't think we need worry about it—the *Aurora* ought to be close up Sydney by this time. But how about that boat on your main-hatch? isn't he likely to recognise her, if by any chance we dropped across him, and he came on board?"

"Oh! no!" he replied, "there's no trouble about that. Those double-ended surf boats are like Chinamen, one's so much like another there's no identifying them or telling the other from which. Make your mind easy on that matter. I'll get one of the hands to run a brush of paint through the name in case of accident."

Some three weeks after I had managed to intercept the *Gourie Lass* we found ourselves in sight of St. Christoval. We had been working the "Solomons," going into every dog-hole and corner picking up a bit of cargo here and there. This was the spot that had witnessed the consummation of "Bully" Harker's diabolical plot on his mate (as told by old Tom Nichol), and I had no doubt in my mind he had planned for me the same fate. I shook hands with myself, as it were, that I had placed sufficient belief in the story to trust myself to the deep sea sooner than run the risk of being the principal person in another such tragedy. The sight of the land aroused thoughts of my predecessor, and I wondered what had been his end. I had no doubt he was dead, for I knew these savage islanders had no pity in their nature, and for any one in their power, no mercy.

However, any thought I may have had of trying to find out something about him, a most doubtful job at the best, came to naught. When

about eight or ten miles from the spot, it began to blow a snorter dead off the land. Expecting to pick up little or nothing in the way of cargo, the skipper decided it was a waste of time to beat against the wind and try to reach there. He, therefore, shaped a course for the New Hebrides, and a month later I landed once more in Sydney.

CHAPTER XII.

BACK TO THE PEARLS.



DIDN'T start on my usual occupation of painting the town red, and knocking down what money I possessed in the least possible time, for I had something else to occupy my mind. I had business to do, for I was on the look-out for a decent little vessel, and a reliable sort of man to go in with me.

Almost the first person I met who was known to me was old Tom Nichol. I spotted him as I came up Pitt-street, dodging about the Exchange corner. His eyes opened with astonishment when he caught sight of me, and I was soon in possession of all he had to tell.

Naturally I wanted to know about the *Aurora*, and found she had sailed only three days since for another island cruise.

"What did 'Bully' Harker do when he found I was gone?" said I.

"What didn't he do!" gasped old Tom; "he went on like a maniac, and swore he'd jail the lot of us for being in the swim. After a bit he cooled down, and wanted to know in which direction you had gone. Nobody seemed inclined to answer, so I up and told him you'd gone away close-hauled to the east'ard. He had the schooner on a wind in a jiffy, and standing on that tack all day was up and down the rigging like a monkey hoping to catch sight of you, but, of course, he didn't."

"Ah, yes! I can smile now," continued old Tom, who had indulged in a grin, "but it was no laughing matter at the time, I can tell you. He gave us a high old trip of it, and none of us were sorry when we got back to Sydney, and could leave her."

"Out of employment now, I suppose," said I.

"Yes, Mr. Harvey," he replied, "as I told you before, nobody wants old men. It was bad enough as it was, but now I'm straddled with the bad discharge 'Bully' Harker gave me I haven't got a dog's chance."

"Well, don't bother any more looking for a ship," said I; "I've got some work for you to do."

"What's that?" said he.

"Never mind just now," I answered; "all you

have to do at present is to make yourself comfortable, draw on me for any cash you require, and you'll know all the rest by-and-by." So, telling him where I intended to hang out, I left him full of contentment, and went about my business.

For the next few days I didn't make much headway towards the enterprise I had set my mind on. First of all I wished to know how the land lay concerning my *Aurora* escapade. It wouldn't have been pleasant to find myself arrested by a guardian of the law just as I was getting things into working order, so I made a point of going to the water police station to see the matter through.

Although "Bully" Harker had reported it, much to my surprise I found he had laid no information against me, so in the circumstances I felt at liberty to go on with my arrangements.

I was just coming off Circular Quay one day, and bearing round the custom house, when who should I run foul of but the "Parson." "By jove!" said I, "just the man of all others I wished to see. What are you kicking your heels round here for?"

"Waiting to sign on in the old craft again," he answered, "but the skipper seems a bit long-winded this morning."

"You're going to do nothing of the sort," said I, reeving my arm through his, and giving him a twist to the right about; "just come for a walk through the Domain where nobody can overhear us. I can put you on to something better than that."

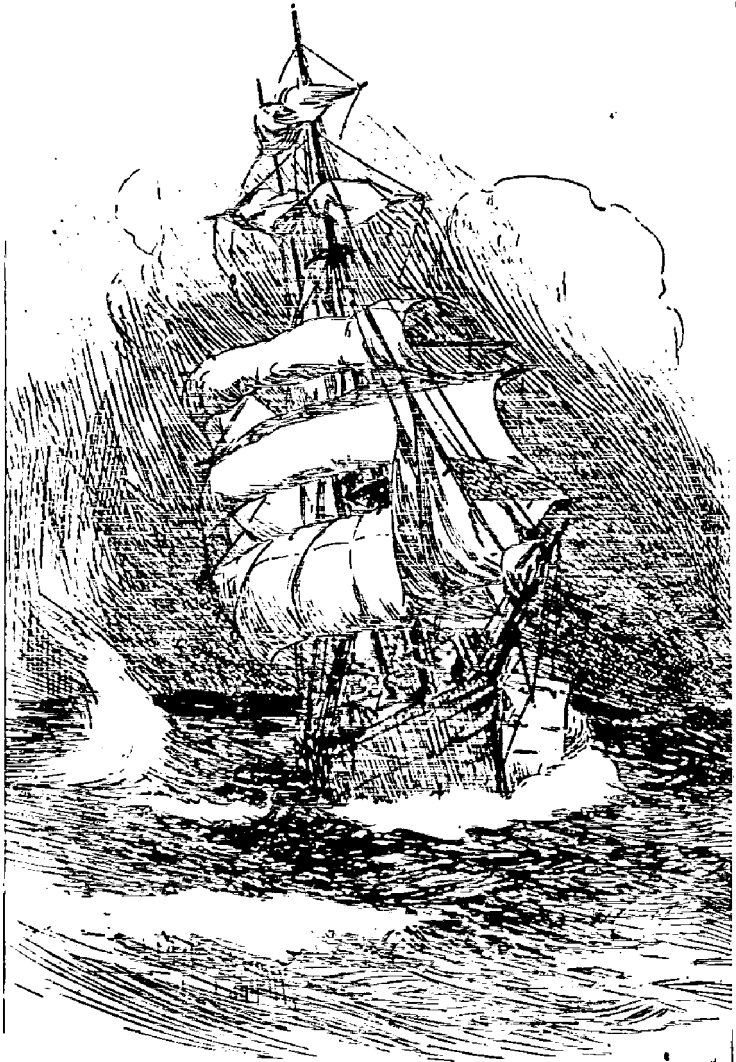
We strolled round the Quay, and into the Domain, where I explained to him how matters stood. "Mind you, 'Parson,'" I continued, "there's a fortune in it, and a quick one at that. If you care about chipping in, you're just the man I should like. What do you say? Will you come?"

"Will a policeman have a drink?" he answered, smilingly, "will I come! just you whistle it—I'm that very man."

"Well, that's settled, and I'm glad, for I'd sooner have you than any man I know. The next thing to do is to buy or charter a vessel, a small one—thirteen or fourteen tons will be big enough. There's you, old Tom Nichol, and myself—quite crowd enough to handle her. But

'munis' the word. I haven't told old Tom yet what's on the board—quite time enough when we get outside. I'm afraid his tongue might wag should he happen to get more liquor on board than he can carry, and you quite see we don't exactly want it advertised in the *Sydney Morning Herald*."

The sort of vessel we wanted wasn't very hard to find; there were plenty of them knocking about



IT BEGAN TO BLOW A SNORTER DEAD OFF THE LAND.

doing nothing in particular. My choice fell on a small cutter, no great shakes, but sound, and good enough for the purpose she was wanted for. She had been engaged running fishing parties up the Hawksbury from Saturday to Monday, and rejoiced in the romantic name of *Mary Ann*. Somebody had started a small steamer for the same purpose, and cut her out of it, so the owner had to lay her up, and take a back seat. When I offered him a hundred and forty pounds cash down for the craft, he took it without haggling.

explaining she'd been laying up for months, and he was about sick of looking at her. Of the pearls I had brought with me, I took a hundred or so and made a flying trip to Melbourne to negotiate them. The remainder I lodged with the Bank, sealed up in a tin until I should want them. I wasn't fool enough to go hawking them around Sydney, and I only disposed of sufficient to put me on my feet, and keep me going. I had a selfish sort of feeling, and didn't want to give any chances of the secret leaking out until I had had the pick of them, and then, anybody was welcome. It took a few days to overhaul our little craft, and make her fit, and at the end of that time she looked so shipshape and business-like that she could hardly have known herself, and one fine morning I cleared at the Customs for an island cruise, which meant anything. Although the "Parson" was unkind enough to pass disparaging remarks about her, and say we ought to alter her name and call her the *Sea-puncher*, *Mary Ann*, I found, wasn't a bad little craft of her sort, and, about the eighteenth day after we had left, I was once again in sight of Sanaroa.

We dropped our anchor in the little bay on the west side of the island, which was a good shelter from the south-east wind and the place where I had put in a few anxious nights on the whale boat. I had to go on to the beach and show myself before I could get into communication with the natives, but when they recognised who it was they were round me like flies. The old chief was one of the foremost, and cut a comical figure, having hastily donned a shirt I had presented him with on my last visit, or rather the remnant of it, in honour of the occasion. Gawana was among them, and the manner of his greeting rather made me smile. Anyone to have seen it would have imagined that during my stay on the island he had been my greatest friend. All his animosity seemed to have evaporated, for he danced attendance upon us, and even insisted on changing names with me, a condescension denoting great friendship on the part of a native. I was at a loss to understand this change of front, for although I forgave him, I did not forget but had a lively recollection that it was not always thus, so kept my weather eye upon him in case of accident. He even allowed me to talk with Oobona without showing the slightest jealousy, and, in fact, seemed glad when I engrossed her attention by conversing with her.

"Ah, young man," thought I, "perhaps like many other people more highly civilised than yourself, you have found that things are not always what they seem. The object which had

so much value in your eyes when it was apparently beyond your reach, is not nearly so desirable now that it is your very own, and you have not to strive with someone else for its possession."

I soon found out the reason for Gawana's change of demeanour. This warlike youth, who had risked so much to obtain the wife he coveted, was henpecked and domineered over by Oobona, until in her presence he had no more spirit to assert himself than a native village dog. "Go! you lazy pig," she would exclaim, "and do your work in the gardens instead of sitting on the beach all day smoking the dim dim's (white man's) tobacco." Then he would slink off, whilst I, struck with the comical side of the situation, laughed long and loudly.

We engaged a few natives for diving purposes, for I wanted to investigate some of the shell lying in three or four fathoms of water. Gawana was very keen on accompanying us, but, resisting my inclination to smile, I pointed out that I couldn't think of separating him from Oobona, and although he protested that such a parting was not nearly so serious a matter as might be imagined, I was adamant and refused. So you see, taking one consideration with another, I had my revenge more effectually than if in the past I had shed his blood.

A few days later we sailed for the small island, which was the object of our voyage, leaving Gawana standing on the beach gazing ruefully after us, and seeming anything but happy in the contemplation of his now undisturbed connubial bliss.

I found the island still in the same place, of course, and so were the shells, for, as I had assured myself time and again, neither were likely to have flown away. As we stepped ashore on the sandy beach, the nodding of the coconut trees and the murmur of the reef seemed like a salutation from old friends doing their best to welcome me, and as each familiar object met my gaze it was hard to imagine that four months had elapsed since I had last been here.

We started work on the reefs without loss of time, and after the first day, when we had finished our evening meal and lit our pipes, I remarked: "Well, 'Parson,' old man, what do you think of it? Isn't this better than punching salt water for eight pounds a month?"

"By jove, Harvey," he replied, emphatically, "you have the luck of a fat priest. Here you go and maroon yourself on an island where the most likely thing to happen is that you'll be scragged in the first five minutes. Instead of that you tumble right on to a fortune, and—!" Here old Tom Nichol, who was beginning to develop a weakness for prophecy, chimed in:—

"Yes, I told Mr. Harvey when he cleared out from the old *Aurora* in the whale boat, that I had a sort o' feeling it was the best thing he could do, and you see I was right, wasn't I?"

For the next three months we worked on steadily, the result of our labour being beyond

even our most hopeful expectations. About this time, it was found necessary to replenish our stores, and in addition to this we wanted a little holiday and change after the toil of the last few months.

I decided that we should return to Sydney for this purpose, as although we might have done what was needful much nearer. I must say I never had any particular liking for those one-horse Queensland towns, where a man may spend his money and get little in return. On our arrival, we hadn't much to



WE DROPPED ANCHOR IN THE LITTLE BAY.

show in the way of cargo, considering the time we had been absent, except a few bags of bêche-de-mer which I had put the natives on to cure in their spare time, and carried up with me for the sake of appearances.

I had to put up with a lot of chaff from the fellows I knew, who, when they were in a funny mood, wanted to be comical at my expense. Some of them, when they had nothing better to do, which appeared to me to be pretty often, used to come down and sit on the wharf, whilst they made merry by firing off little remarks at my expense, such as:—"Do you want to ship any more hands aboard that frigate of yours? I don't mind going with you, if you promise not to stop out all night!" or else:—"By George, Harvey, tell us how you can go yachting on a mate's savings! Did 'Bully' Harker give you a thousand pounds to run away from him?"

This was the good-humoured sort of chaff that I got, but I only laughed back at them, for I

(To be Continued.)

could afford to, and didn't see any points in explaining that the most valuable part of the cargo we brought back with us could have been carried quite comfortably in our hats.

When the secret leaked out, as it did eventually, they changed their tune and looked as silly a lot as one could imagine. I didn't spare their feelings, but paid them back in their own coin with interest, and one or two were so thin-skinned over the matter that, for months after, I had only to allude casually to my craft, and they suddenly found they had business to transact elsewhere.

One day, as I was arranging some stores on the wharf, a shadow fell where I was working.

"Another of the funny gang," thought I, without looking up, "come down to enjoy himself."

Having finished what I was doing, I straightened my back—and found myself face to face with "Bully" Harker!

THE CYCLING CORNER.

Owing to lack of space, we are obliged to hold over the Cycling Article this month.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE FIRST PATH RACE of the season was the open six hours, promoted by the Southern C.C., and held on the Herne Hill track. The event was interesting inasmuch as it was the first long-distance amateur path event in which pacing by motor-bicycles was allowed and in this particular it served as a remarkable object-lesson as to the great advantage which this mechanical assistance gives. The six hours' record, paced by ordinary multi-cycles, stood at 151 miles 70 yards from 1896 down to last year, when that crack rider, G. A. Olley, of the Vegetarian C.C., paced by ordinary tandems, added some 700 yards to the total. On the occasion of the race in question, however, this distance was, by the aid of motor-pacing, easily beaten, Leon Meredith, the holder of the 50 Miles N.C.U. Championship, covering the remarkable distance of 180 miles 1,220 yards, and covering in the last hour 33 miles and 5 yards. The second and third men also beat the old record, covering respectively 157 miles 400 yards and 156 miles 630 yards. A useful comparison, showing the merit of Meredith's ride, is found in the one hour motor-paced race which, on the same day, was held under the auspices of the famous Polytechnic Club on the Crystal Palace track, a path which is, undoubtedly, faster than Herne Hill. In this event the winner, H. J. Harding, covered 33 miles 38 yards.


ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. O. E.—The Raleigh three-speed gear has been tried and commented upon most favourably by a number of expert riders, and the general opinion goes to show that it is a real advance in cycle construction. If you write to the Raleigh Cycling Co., Ltd., Nottingham, they will give you every information. The fitting of a front rim brake should not cost you more than 15s.; there are, of course, rim brakes and rim brakes, but what is generally acknowledged to be the best is the "Bowden." **Rex** (Croydon).—Thank you for your letter. In reply: Yes, you certainly need a long frame, but I should not advise your increasing this beyond the present 28 inches. It does not in the least matter your having the saddle pillar protruding the 4½ inches you name. As a matter of fact, within reason, the smaller the frame the greater the rigidity, and a 28-inch frame with a 4½ saddle pillar protruding would be much more satisfactory in this respect than a 32-inch frame and the saddle pillar practically right down. Another advantage of retaining the present sized frame is, that you need not trouble about the strengthening bar you name, although personally I doubt very much the efficiency of such a bar, even when it is introduced. If you really seek for a stronger frame, why not try the Raleigh Cross-Frame. No doubt you could obtain a special frame to the design you send, but I think you would do much better to act upon either of the above suggestions. If the frame to the design you send had to be specially made the extra cost should be but very small; but, of course, if you go to the firm that make the standard pattern to this design there will be no extra charge at all. **T. F.** (Chorlton-cum-Hardy).—The objection you name to the acetylene lamp is only the result of inattention. An acetylene lamp, properly adjusted, should give out no unpleasant odour at all.

IN THE BABOUGU

A TALE
OF
SEAL-HUNTERS.

By J.
Macdonald
Oxley.



HE SENT THE BUTT OF HIS GUN CRASHING THROUGH
THE SIDE OF THE FRAIL CRAFT.

The Babougu comes after a heavy snowfall, and is caused by the snow remaining undissolved in the icy water, forming a thick slush. It is the dread of all who happen to be in the waters of the St. Lawrence in winter. A single canoe is as helpless as a person in a sliding bog or quicksand.

THERE was little love lost between the Comeaus and the Lebries, although their cottages stood side by side in the tiny fishing village at Pointe des Monts. A rivalry, none the less keen for being confined to so limited a field, had long existed between the families, the question at issue

being whether a Comeau or a Lebrie was the best seal-hunter on the north shore of the St. Lawrence.

This may seem an insignificant matter for them to have been at loggerheads about, but Pointe des Monts was a small, dull place, and a rivalry of this kind lent a spice to life that made it worth cherishing.

Each family, of course, had its sympathisers, who, by their loquacious partisanship, kept the family feud from growing cool, when, perhaps, had the principals been left to themselves, they might have grown weary of it and found their way to a better understanding.

Habitant families are usually notable for their size, and it was, therefore, quite a curious coincidence that, at the time to which this story refers, the Comeaus and the Lebries had only one son apiece, both well on in their teens.

In ordinary circumstances the boys would probably have been excellent friends, for they were, of course, thrown much together.

But so soon as they grew old enough to comprehend the family differences, they naturally took sides with their parents, and even outdid them in the vigour of their animosity.

They were not at all alike. Isaie Comeau was tall and rather slight, but his spare frame had been toughened by an out-door life, and hard work with the oar and paddle had made his muscles as strong as steel. He was not a handsome lad, yet, when a smile lit up his sallow countenance and sparkled in his deep

black eyes, one could hardly fail to form a pleasant impression of him.

François Lebrie, on the other hand, surpassed him in breadth, while he fell short of him in height. He seemed the essence of sturdiness, and displayed a plump, pimpled face in which guile and good nature were inextricably mingled.

The fishing season had proved almost a failure. As the long harsh winter drew near, the dwellers on that bleak, rocky coast said anxiously to one another that, unless the seals were plentiful, hard times must come before spring. Many were the prayers offered to La Sainte Vierge in the little grey chapel that the sleek, soft-eyed, round-headed creatures, whose juicy flesh made such good food, and thick pelt such cold-defying clothing, might swarm as plentifully about the capes and inlets as the snow-flakes that were already beginning to cover the earth with their soft white blanket.

Every day Comeau père, with his boy, Isaie, and Lebrie père, with his François, went out in their cedar canoes to hunt for seals, while the mothers watched eagerly for their return ere darkness came. How proud would Madame Comeau look when her *bon-homme* brought home a fine, fat seal! No less exultant would be Madame Lebrie when the boot was on the other leg.

Many a day both canoes returned no heavier than they set out, but, instead of sympathising over their common ill-fortune, the rivals only scowled the more darkly when they met, and would have liked to hold each other in some way responsible for their lack of success.

There came a time when the luck seemed to be altogether with the Comeaus. Day after day they were as successful as the Lebries were unfortunate, and if the latter were galled to the heart by the other's good fortune, and the boastful way in which they took it, who could blame them?

"*Ces maudits Comeaus!*" Pierre Lebrie would mutter with darkling countenance, as the seal-hunters went by him staggering beneath the weight of their plump prize. "Why should they have all the luck?"

But the days brought no answer to his wrathful question, for, although he often sighted seals, he somehow failed to secure any, and he began to grow desperate.

One evening when he and François, after fruitlessly chasing seals all day long, came back wet, cold, hungry, and downcast, they found the Comeaus' canoe already drawn up

on the beach, its owners having enjoyed their usual good fortune, and returned early in the afternoon with a fine, big seal.

At sight of the canoe a sudden temptation seized François. His fat face flamed with envious rage. Before old Pierre could interpose, he swung his gun high in air, and sent the heavy butt crashing through the side of the frail craft, making a horrid, jagged hole.

"*Cochon!* What have you done?" cried his father in amazement and alarm. "What possessed you? A pretty pickle you've got us into now," and he made as though he would strike him for his dastardly deed.

"I don't care if I have," muttered François, sullenly, receding to evade the blow. "Why should they get all the seals? They'll get no more until their canoe's mended, any way."

"But suppose Isaie Comeau does the same thing to our canoe, how much will that help matters? eh, you imbecile!" responded Pierre, looking very much troubled.

François' wrong-doing did not long remain unknown to the Comeaus. One of the village women, having witnessed the act, at once ran over to apprise them. They hastened to the beach to see the extent of the damage, and then, full of anger, rushed off to the Lebries' cottage, where hard blows would soon have followed upon high words had not the *cure* chanced to pass just as matters were nearing the crisis. By his mild, yet firm, intermediation, he succeeded in effecting a truce, and in bringing the Comeaus away with him.

They went back to their own cottage in an ugly mood, vowing revenge at the first opportunity. Isaie wanted to go straight to the beach and put a hole in the Lebrie canoe twice as large as the one in theirs, but his father would not consent to that. The old man thought too much of a good canoe to destroy it wantonly. So Isaie was fain to content himself with resolving to have revenge some other way.

Napoleon Comeau was very handy with tools, and repaired the damaged canoe so cleverly that by New Year he could renew his seal-hunting as vigorously as before.

Strange to say, however, the good luck the Comeaus had previously enjoyed seemed now to desert them. Time and again they returned from the hunt empty-handed, while, what made matters worse, the Lebries hardly ever failed to secure a prize.

This, of course, only served to intensify the long-standing feud, and yet, although evil passions may play upon the surface of human

nature, what depths of sympathy and heroic helpfulness may exist beneath!

One bright morning in January, Pierre and François Lebrie set out for their daily chase shortly after sunrise. There was a good deal of ice floating about against which their frail canoe went bumping in rather a startling fashion, but it did not alarm them in the least. Presently they sighted a large seal playing about in the water a couple of hundred yards away, and made haste towards it.

The Comeaus had not yet gone out. They intended to remain ashore that day, for old Napoleon, who prided himself on being weather-wise, thought he smelt an approaching storm, fine as the morning seemed.

The father and son were lounging about the house, enjoying a leisurely smoke, when Madame Lebrie, wild-eyed, pallid, and panting, burst in upon them, crying:—

"My husband! My son! The *babougu*! *Le bon Dieu* save them! Oh, come—come!"

And, taking for granted that they would comply at once, she turned about and rushed back in the direction from which she had come.

The Comeaus exchanged looks. Old Napoleon shrugged his shoulders with fine indifference.

"If they've got into the *babougu* let them get out of it again. It's no affair of ours," he growled, throwing himself back into his big chair as if that was the end of the matter.

But Madame Lebrie's agonised face had



"SAVE THEM! WON'T YOU, ISAIE?"

made a deep impression upon Isaie. Although he had a quick temper, he had also a tender heart, and the thought of the Lebries being in deadly peril stirred in him the impulse to rush to their rescue.

"Let us see what's the matter, father, anyhow," he said, bashfully. "Come along, won't you?" and without waiting for the elder to move, he hurried out of the cottage.

The old man hesitated and grumbled a little before laying down his pipe and following his son, whom he soon overtook. Together they reached the highest point of the cape, where Madame Lebrie was already standing, waving her arms and shouting in impotent anxiety. It commanded a

wide stretch of the mighty St. Lawrence, and one quick glance was sufficient to reveal the cause of the poor woman's panic.

The Lebries had wounded a seal, but could not complete its capture. Absorbed in the chase they had failed to notice the peril that was fast encompassing them. This was the *babougu*—the dread of all who have to be in those waters in winter time.

It comes after a heavy snow-fall, and is caused by the snow remaining undissolved in the icy water, forming a thick slush in which a single canoe is as helpless as a person in a quicksand.

No amount of paddling avails. The dense viscous compound offers a sullen resistance which effectually bars progress by that method. With two canoes, however, some

slow headway may be made if all hands get into one canoe, and shove the other ahead. The laden canoe, lying deep in the water, keeps its place, while those in it push the light canoe ahead its full length. Then they all get into the front canoe, draw forward the other, and push it to the front in its turn. Thus, by changing laboriously from canoe to canoe, it is possible for the imperilled ones to extricate themselves at last.

Now, to fully appreciate the situation of the Lebrics one must understand that with the ebb-tide a powerful eddy runs out of the big bay to the north of Pointe des Monts. Where this eddy meets the ebb of the St. Lawrence the two currents unite and strike with tremendous strength for the south shore of the river.

The ebb was now beginning, and the two currents were hastening to their junction, bearing upon their bosom the dreaded *babougu*.

In the open water between the two currents were the Lebrics, so absorbed in the chase as to be unconscious of their peril, and unaware that the space in which they could paddle was quickly narrowing. Very soon they would be hopelessly involved.

"Father!" cried Isaie Comeau, his voice betraying strong emotion, "if we don't get into that open water before the currents meet the Lebrics will be lost for sure!"

Old Napoleon turned, and pointed to the mountain.

"There is danger even if we do," he said, shaking his grizzled head. "See—the snow is drifting on the mountain-top. That means a storm coming on. We may never get back to land if we go to their help."

Madame Lebric, listening eagerly, divined with a woman's sure intuition where her hope lay. She placed her hand pleadingly upon Isaie's arm, and sobbed:—

"Save them! You will, won't you, Isaie?"

Isaie's sallow countenance lit up with a noble resolution:—

"Yes—I will," he exclaimed. "I can't stand here and see them lost. Come, father, we must try our best."

Running to the extreme edge of the Pointe, he shouted at the top of his voice to the Lebrics. They heard his call, and, looking up, saw him give with his paddle the well-known danger signal. Quick glances to right and left made their peril clear. Without another thought of the wounded seal they took to paddling for their lives through the fast narrowing lane of water.

In the meantime Isaie Comeau had stirred

his father to action. Launching their canoe they sent it bounding towards the endangered seal-hunters.

It was a scene to stir the pulses of a multitude of spectators, yet it had but one—a woman who had fallen to her knees in the extremity of her emotion.

The two vast bodies of *babougu* move towards each other relentlessly. The lane of open water narrows rapidly, while through it the two canoes dart toward each other, driven by paddlers who realise that life depends upon the vigour of their strokes. Over all shines a bright unsympathetic sun, though ominous clouds are already gathering about the mountain-top.

The canoes met an instant before the *babougu* closed in around them, and made them both prisoners.

"*Le bon Dieu* bless you!" panted Pierre Lebric, through quivering lips. "We didn't deserve it. We'll never be your enemies again."

But young François hung his head in shame at the recollection of how he had injured the very canoe now come to their rescue.

"Bah! that is no matter," responded old Napoleon, in a gruff tone intended to hide his own feelings. "Come into our canoe, quick."

The Lebrics hastened to change canoes, and all four set to work to fight their way out of the *babougu* in the manner already described. Soon Madame Lebric's heart grew light with hope as she saw them apparently making good progress shoreward.

Had the tide been coming in they would have touched the beach within an hour. But it was now running strongly out, and, although the canoes did at first seem to gain a little, their occupants were dismayed after an hour's incessant toil to find themselves farther from land than when they united. Beyond a doubt the current was too powerful for them, and they were being gradually borne off to sea.

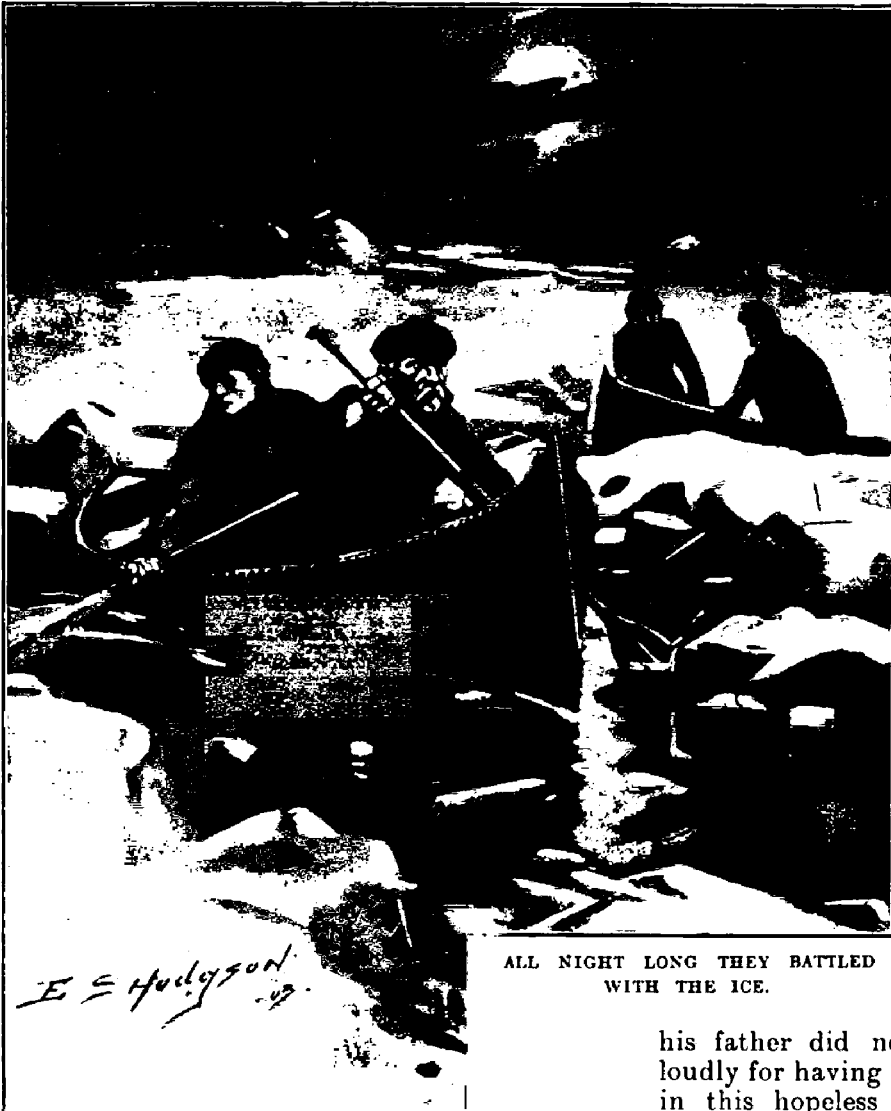
On realising this the elder Lebric gave himself up to noisy lamentations, in which he was joined by his poor wife upon the cliff, whose transient joy changed into cruel despair as she saw the canoes slipping farther and farther away.

Napoleon Comeau grew incensed at his unmanly bewailings, and said to him sternly:—

"It would be better to pray than to blubber like that. Only *le bon Dieu* can save us now."

Whereupon, Pierre ceased his outcries, and took to praying in earnest.

As the resistless tide drew them away with



ALL NIGHT LONG THEY BATTLED
WITH THE ICE.

increasing speed, they gave up further effort, and crouched in the canoe, wearied and despairing, until they dwindled out of sight of the anguished woman straining her eyes to follow them.

An hour later the threatened storm from the north broke upon them. Intense cold accompanied the wind, and the sea rose so high that they were fain to seek protection from its violence by pushing further into the *babougu*.

Shortly after mid-day they had the good fortune to reach an ice-floe some sixty feet square, into whose rough surface they chopped with their hatchets until they had made a bed for one canoe. They then turned the other up on its side, and piled the snow about the ends, thus making a sort of rude

shelter from the piercing, pitiless blast.

But even that imperfect refuge was not permitted to serve them long. As the storm continued the waves waxed in height, causing the ice-floe to roll and pitch as if at any moment it might topple over. The hard-driven refugees were, therefore, compelled to abandon it, and throw themselves again upon the mercy of the *babougu*.

This was about seven o'clock in the evening. During the next four hours they did not cease to exert themselves to make some progress towards the south shore, the burden of the work falling upon the Comeaus, as, between cold and terror, the Lebrics were almost helpless.

Poor Isaie had overmuch to endure since, besides the sufferings he shared with the others,

his father did not scruple to upbraid him loudly for having exposed them both to death in this hopeless attempt to save the Lebrics, yet the brave fellow bore up wonderfully, persisting in his belief that they would reach the land alive.

Not long after midnight they came to a stretch of open water. Paddling hurriedly across it they encountered a belt of field ice, and then another open space nearly a mile in width, where their canoes were in danger of sinking from the water washing over them.

But presently the storm began to subside, the clouds broke away from the face of the sky, the full moon shone out, casting her pale beams upon the river, and inspiring Isaie with a stronger hope.

"We'll make the land yet, father," he exclaimed, with a certainty of tone that was not altogether sincere. "We're clear of the *babougu*, and the storm is over."

"Make the land!" growled the old man. "Maybe, but when? Next spring? Don't you see we're going to be frozen to death!"

In fact, the intense cold already threatened to freeze the hands and feet of the ill-starred quartet, despite their tremendous exertions.

All night long they toiled, now tugging the canoes over the rough field ice, and now paddling them through spaces of open water in their desperate effort to reach the southern shore.

With the return of day a new horror was added to their already terrible situation. The bright sunshine, following upon the fearful cold and exposure, affected their eyes. First, François Lebrie lost his sight. Ere long his father was in the same condition. A little later the elder Comeau found himself in darkness. Isaie alone preserved his power of vision, and, although he kept it to himself, he, too, felt his eyes giving him trouble. Were he to become blind also all hope would be gone.

Gazing eagerly southward, he saw that the field ice stretched away before him mile after mile until it reached a dark line near the horizon that he felt sure must be the shore.

"*Le bon Dieu* be praised!" he cried. "I see the shore! Come! let us be brave. We will save ourselves yet."

His poor blind companions stretched out their hands, gropingly, as though they would feel their way to safety, and murmured:—

"Where, Isaie, where? Show us where."

"To be sure I will," responded Isaie, with a fine assumption of alacrity. "But we must take only one canoe. We can't manage two now, and there's no more of that accursed *babougu* to get through."

So with Isaie as eyes for all four, they concentrated their failing energies upon the one

canoe. Through the long morning they dragged it with desperate determination over the uneven field ice, or paddled it across the lanes of open water. Again and again would the Lebries have given up this terrible tussle with death and thrown themselves down to rise no more. But the Comeaus fairly drove them on. At length, about mid-day, Isaie sent a thrill of new life into all by shouting exultantly:—

"Bravo, we're saved! I see open water, and the shore beyond. Come, now, let us work hard, and we'll soon be on shore!"

They had reached a belt of water about a mile in width, kept clear of ice by the strong current, and, launching their canoe, they paddled across it to find to their great joy that there was nothing between them and the land save some young ice which Isaie could easily break with his paddle.

By two o'clock in the afternoon their feet touched the solid ground. At a distance stood some cottages, towards which they painfully crawled, and half an hour later they were being tenderly cared for by the good people of St. Anne des Monts.

A full week elapsed ere they had recovered sufficiently to start upon their homeward journey. At Pointe des Monts they were welcomed as those that had come back from the grave, and Isaie Comeau found himself the hero of the place. The story of the rescue of the Lebries will long linger in the memory of the dwellers upon that bleak northern coast.

It is not necessary to add that the Comeau-Lebrie family feud was buried in the *babougu* never to be resurrected.



WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

"Das Deus Incrementum." BY H. E. JOHNSON

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY HERBERT RAILTON AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

MOST picturesque of schools is Westminster. Not merely is this due, however, to the striking contrast produced by the existence of modern public-school life amid the venerable surroundings of the Abbey. In few of the older foundations among the public schools, tenaciously as they cling to all that serves to link them with their illustrious past, are there to be found such numerous quaint and curious survivals of the manners, speech, and customs of former days as at Westminster. The ancient Abbey seems to have cast a spell over the school which, for nigh upon three-and-a-half centuries, has thriven within its cloistered precincts; and whereas it is usually in the playing-fields that the interest of school life centres, at Westminster it is rather in the quiet vicinity of the school buildings that we must linger if we would steep ourselves in the atmosphere of the place— that atmosphere which is indeed the very breath which gives a school life.

The entrance to the school from Dean's Yard is characteristic. The massive



ASHBURNHAM HOUSE.—THE ASPECT FROM LITTLE DEAN'S YARD.

masonry, chafed and rounded by the friction of centuries, is stained by time and weather. Overhead, the arched passage-way is vaulted and groined in true ecclesiastical style. The entrance, in truth, dates from the fourteenth century, and doubtless formed part of the old monastic buildings. Emerging from the passage, the stranger finds stretched before him the gravelled area of Little Dean's Yard. Immediately upon his right are the fives' courts, contrasting strangely enough with the grey

walls that rise beside them. Upon the left is Ashburnham House—as beautiful a building of its kind as may be found in London. Opposite are three unpretentious buildings, two of which serve as boarding houses, while the third is given up to the Master of the King's Scholars. In the far left-hand corner, modern class-rooms in modern guise flank Ashburnham House, a yawning, black, and cavernous archway below them showing where the Dark Cloister gives access to the Great Cloisters of the Abbey. The feature of the scene upon which, however, the stranger's gaze will probably rest the longest and most curiously is the massive gateway which directly faces him, upon the other side, as he enters Little Dean's Yard, and which guards the staircase that leads to the big schoolroom—"Up-School" as Westminsters call it, the old home of the school, and still its chief and most important possession. This solid and imposing portal is, perhaps, the most characteristic and memorable feature of the school buildings. It appeals to the sentiment and the imagination of the onlooker, who ponders as he regards its big-hewn stones, scored deep with the names of past alumni, upon the countless generations of Old Westminsters which have passed it through and through again.

To the right of the doorway "Up-School" rises a high, wide, and windowless wall, with smooth plastered face. This forms the back of "College"—the domicile of the King's Scholars—and likewise forms, in conjunction with the flagged portion of



the yard immediately in front of it, the court upon which the peculiar game of Westminster racquets is played with wooden



THE THRESHOLD OF WESTMINSTER.
The massive doorway which gives access "up-School." The small illustration shows a few of the names of Old Westminsters with which the stones are graven.



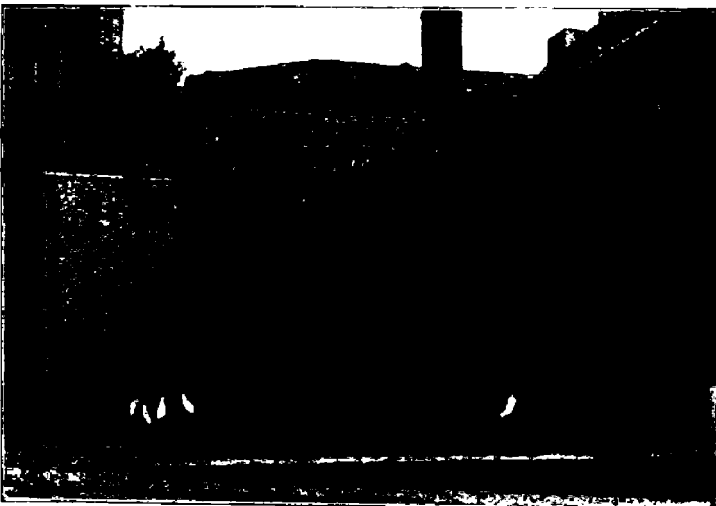


END OF THIRD SCHOOL.—Little Dean's Yard at 12.55 p.m.

battledores and hard balls. From the Westminster racquet court to the Westminster gymnasium is but a step. The one is as singular as the other; for as a gymnasium the school possesses a crypt, entered from the Dark Cloister, through a vaulted entrance of which the piers date from the time of the Confessor, and separated only by a wall from the historic Chapel of the Pyx. Amidst these incongruous surroundings the Westminster gymnast, undismayed, expands his chest and hardens his muscles, or practises "upstarts" and "hand-springs," careless of the Norman wraiths or Tudor spooks who possibly watch his antics from a front seat on the vaulting-horse. Hence, too, he will issue in future to uphold the honour of the school at Aldershot, a Westminster pair having entered



ENTRANCE TO THE JERUSALEM CHAMBER.



WESTMINSTER RACQUETS.—The blank wall, which forms part of the court, is the back of "College."

for the first time this year for the public school gymnastic championship.

At the end of the Dark Cloister are the Great Cloisters of the Abbey. Upon a green sward in the middle the fights of Westminster used to take place. Serene and peaceful, the cloisters—though we doubt if the truculence of the youthful Westminster is at all abated—no longer run red with gore from battered noses, and quarrels that are

put to the arbitrament of *force majeure* have to be settled elsewhere. Such is the fate of our ancient public school battlefields! On the "milling ground" where once Lord Byron encountered seven foes and defeated six, the Harrovian marksman now placidly trains his eye and hand with Morris-tube practice; to-day the Old Fighting Green of Westminster witnesses no fiercer combats than those of twittering sparrows contending over a chance crumb.

To return to our tour of the school buildings. Passing through the school doorway—the design of which is variously attributed to the great Inigo Jones and to the Earl of Burlington—the

flight of steps leads to "Up-School." Upon the right of the entrance to the great room is Busby's Library, a beautiful chamber, built by the great Westminster worthy, and by him bequeathed to the school. One cannot but be impressed by "Up-School." For one thing, the associations of the place are such as to affect the most irreverent of sight-seers. In its main features, it still remains the same as when it served to accommodate the whole school. Considerable alterations have, nevertheless, been made in its appearance. At one time there existed, at the end of the room, an alcove, or apse, which was used for the accommodation of a class, and from which the familiar term "Shell," as used in almost every public school to denote a particular form, was originally derived. Of recent years, the lower part of the walls have been covered with oaken panels, while above are inscribed the names of distinguished Old Westminsters. On the panels at the end of the room are blazoned the arms of pre-eminent O.W.'s; and to "have his arms 'Up-School'" is the highest honour which a Westminster, in after years, can receive from his Alma Mater. At the end of the room, too, in front of the arms upon the panelling, stands a bust of Busby, maker of Westminster School, and greatest, perhaps, of all headmasters, looking down upon the identical chair in which he sat, and the table in which he kept his trusty rod. In Busby's chair sits the headmaster of Westminster on occa-

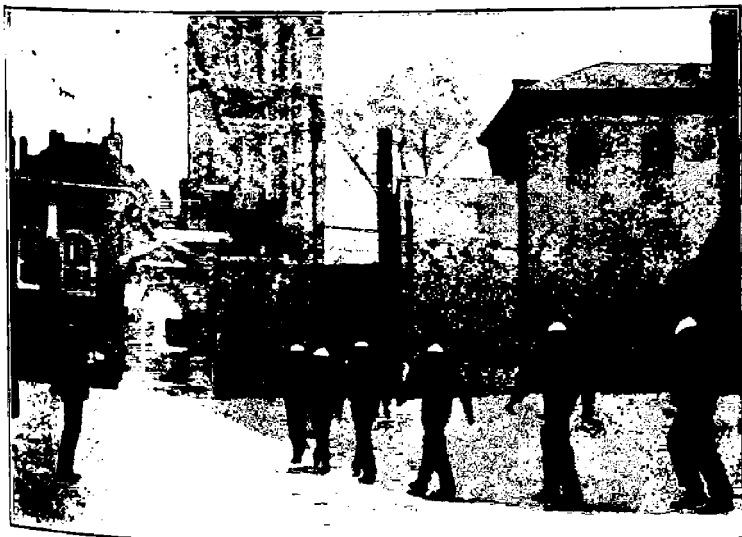


LEAVING COLLEGE HALL.
The scene in Dean's Yard after dinner.

sions when the whole school is assembled together, supported on either side by the members of the monitorial council (drawn from the Seventh and the Heads of Houses), whose seats—with the headmaster's in the middle—form a semicircle behind Busby's table, the drawer of which still contains a couple of birches.

Hither on Shrove Tuesday comes the cook, immaculate in white cap and apron, for the ceremony of the "pancake greeze." Once the whole school used to scramble for the pancake; but at the present time the "greeze" is confined to deputies selected from each form. Carrying the pancake in his pan, and escorted by the Abbey Beadle, the cook advances to the bar. The boys are drawn up in line upon the other side. The cook raises his pan and flings the pancake over the bar. As it falls, the waiting boys rush towards it, and a fierce struggle ensues for fragments of the culinary tit-bit, until the headmaster gives the signal to cease. The competitor with the biggest bit, generally much dishevelled, is then conducted by the Beadle to the Dean, from whom he receives the reward of a guinea.

On either side of the far end of "Up-School" are doorways leading into class-rooms. That on the right-hand side (looking from the entrance), which gives entrance to the modern "Shell" class-room, is worthy of especial note. It is



WESTMINSTER CONVICTS.
Penal drill in Little Dean's Yard.

certainly of 15th century date, and tradition asserts it to have belonged to the original "Star Chamber."

From "Up-School" we descend to Little Dean's Yard in time—let us suppose—to see the majority of the boys going to dinner.

The midday meal at Westminster affords, in particular, one of those striking contrasts which are at once so fascinating to the spectator, and so characteristic of the place. It is served in College Hall, adjoining the Deanery, and close



to the Jerusalem Chamber. The Hall is the oldest part of the school buildings, and indeed the only one that dates from before the year of the College's foundation (1560). To reach it, this modern throng of Westminsters has to pass through a small stone-flagged passage, where an Elizabethan serving-hatch is still to be seen in the corner. In the Hall itself—originally an Abbots' refectory—they sit down to dinner at tables which tradition declares are made of wreckage from the Spanish Armada, overlooked by a latticed singing gallery that dates from the days of the school's royal foundress.

From Little Dean's Yard the athletically-minded Westminster betakes himself "up-fields," in other words, to Vincent Square, about half a mile away, where the school playing-field, a pleasant green oasis in a dreary wilderness of Pimliconian bricks and mortar, is situated. Here the casual visitor on a Wednesday or Saturday may generally count upon seeing good cricket and better football. Westminster football has always been a powerful factor in 'Varsity and amateur "soccer," and the school jealously maintains its reputation. In this connection not a little sentimental interest attaches to "Green," the grass plot which adorns the middle of Dean's Yard. It was on "Green" that formerly the school used to play; and though "pinks" and other mighty men of valour betake themselves nowadays to Vincent Square, it is on "Green" still that the small fry learn to punt the leather, and the embryo forward acquires that art of dribbling which has always been so marked a feature of Westminster football.

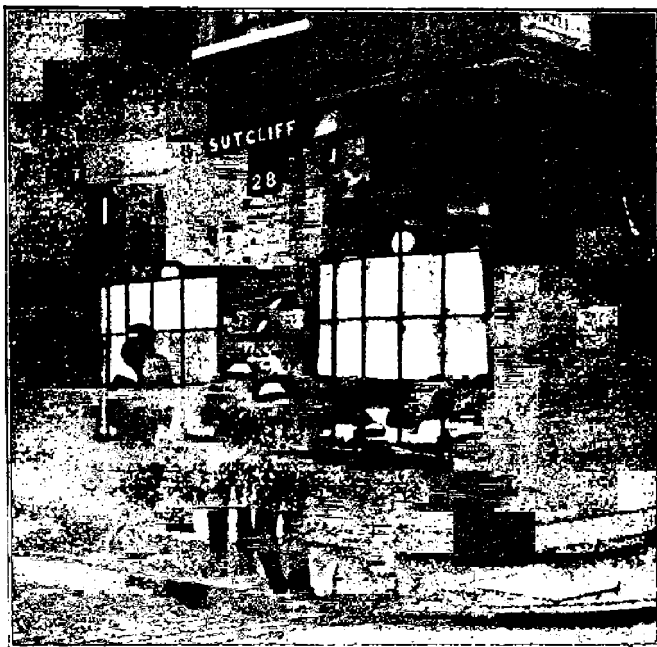
Very little description is needed of the ordinary day in a Westminster's life. At 9.30 a.m. the school attends service in the Abbey, having its own seats in Poets' Corner. At 9.45 morning school—which is divided, with five minutes intervals between each, into first, second, and third school—begins, and lasts till 12.55. At one o'clock comes dinner, after which the boys adjourn to Vincent Square for cricket or football, as the case may be, till 3 o'clock. From 3.30 to 4.50 on ordinary days comes fourth school, the day finishing with prayers "Up-School." On half-holidays, prayers take place at 12.45, and games "up-fields" begin at 2.30. For boarders the rest of the day is mapped out in much the same fashion as at other schools. One feature of their daily life in the Play and Lent Terms is noteworthy. This consists of "Occupations," which means that between 5 o'clock and 6.15 p.m. on all days except Saturdays, they must either read in the Library, attend one of the school societies, or take lessons in carpentry. Of school societies there are not many. The Debating Society is perhaps the most important, and is notable for being controlled entirely by the boys. The Glee and Photographic Societies exist for the benefit of musicians and photographers, while the Literary Society, which—though formerly open to the school—has become the monopoly of the King's Scholars, meets once a week to read Shakespeare. Grant's has also a house literary society.

A feature of Westminster life, until quite recently very familiar, but now gone for ever, was afforded by "Sutcliff's," the school tuck shop at the corner of Great College Street, which was closed a few months ago. Gone are the epic

rean groups that used to cluster round the doors, and a melancholy interest attaches to the picture which we give of this once so familiar scene in the daily life of the school.

Athletics at Westminster call for but little special comment. Reference has already been made to the high standard maintained by the school in Association football. Almost, if not equally, as good, is the cricket, the reason for its lesser fame lying probably in the ambitious nature of the school match card, on which figures a list of somewhat stiffer fixtures than is usually to be found. The principal match in either game is, of course, against Charterhouse, that being the only school match which Westminster plays. Next in interest come the matches between King's Scholars and Town Boys, between whom the rivalry in every department of school life is most keen. The Athletic Sports take place at the end of the Lent Term, and are of the usual type with the addition of numerous inter-house tugs-of-war, finishing up with a great tussle between K.S.S. and T.B.B. An Inter-House Athletic Challenge Cup is also competed for, and awarded on points. It remains only to add that Westminster possesses now a cadet corps, an innovation since Dr. Rutherford's resignation, under the command of one of the masters, and attached to the 14th Middlesex (Inns of Court) R.V.

Before leaving the subject of athletics, however, it behoves us to refer to one pastime in which Westminster was once prominent among public schools. "Water"—as rowing sports used to be termed—is now a thing of the past;



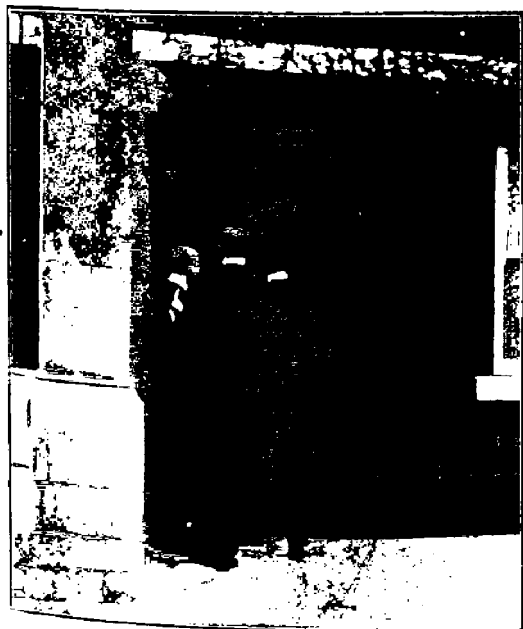
"SUTCLIFF'S," THE SCHOOL TUCK SHOP, WHICH WAS CLOSED A FEW MONTHS AGO.

but it must not be forgotten that in the earlier part of the last century the boat-race between Eton and Westminster was an event, despite the irregularity with which it was held, of no little importance. Many will recall the lines in the famous "Eton Boating Song,"

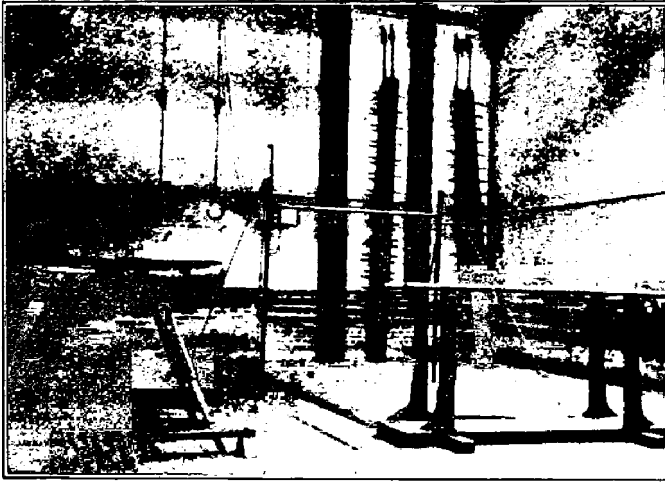
"And the end of our long-boat fleet is
Defiance to Westminster men!"

Many, too, even among Cambridge men, who have come to associate the names of Third Trinity and Eton exclusively together, would probably be surprised to learn that the famous Boat Club was originally founded by a Westminster for Westminsters, and that Etonians were admitted to the membership only after much hesitation. "Water," however, after some vicissitudes, was finally put an end to by Dr. Rutherford, on the petition of the assistant masters; and it is to be doubted if ever the oarsman's strenuous art will be revived at Westminster.

Another celebration of prime importance in addition to the Westminster Play, is that of election-time, at the end of the summer term, when the annual examinations are held. Seven weeks before the end of term, the word "ELECTION" is chalked upon the door of the College dormitory. This signifies "Exite, Liberi, E Collegio Transmigraturi In Oxoniam." Or, if only half the final O be written, and the letter C thus formed, "Cantabrigian" may be substituted for "Oxoniam." Every Sunday until election, one letter is removed by the head second election ("election" being the generic term for a King's Scholar, the epithet "second," "third,"



GOING IN TO FOURTH SCHOOL.



A CONTRAST.

The Westminster gymnasium occupies a building next to the ancient Chapel of the Pyx, where Edward I. is supposed to have kept his treasure.

etc., denoting his year). Election time is attended by many special observances and functions, both grave and gay, the culminating event being election dinner, at which epigrams are recited, and the "cap" sent round—as at the Play—for the purpose of defraying the by no means trivial expenses of the leaving seniors, a custom not a little reminiscent of the similar one practised at the Old Eton "Montem."

Jealously guarded are certain privileges of the school. That of using Latin in its religious services, as at Commemoration, is almost unique and highly prized. King's Scholars have the use of six seats every day in the Strangers' Gallery of the House of Commons, and another Parliamentary privilege of "College" is that which allows scholars to walk upon the Terrace on Sundays. Most notable of all the school's privileges, however, is that of not only being present in the Abbey at the Coronation of the Sovereign, but of being the first with loyal shout to acclaim the monarch as he enters the choir.

Methods of punishment at Westminster are interesting. "Tanning" with a cane is the usual

form adopted, power to inflict it being vested in the heads of houses and monitors. For serious offences there is reserved a public "handing" by the headmaster before the whole school when assembled for prayers, this latter being so hedged about with ceremony as to be of a painfully impressive nature. It is resorted to, indeed, only upon rare occasions, and is the severest form of punishment, short of expulsion, which can be administered. Masters are limited in their powers of punishment, and are restricted to the meting out of penal drill or detention, according to whether the offence be bad conduct or bad work. In cases when a boy, by reason of his high position, age, or other reason, is not a suitable subject for "tanning," a sentence of "desking" is passed, this signifying that the culprit is bound over to voluntary "Coventry" during the period of his punishment.

Sumptuary laws are simple. Eton jackets or tail coats and tall hats are the rule; King's Scholars wearing, in addition, academic cap and gown, and a white tie instead of a black one. In College, various rules obtain as to the wearing of cap and gown. A junior (or boy in his first year) carries his gown, but does not wear it; a second election never leaves his off; a third election wears his gown but not his cap, and a senior wears either, both, or neither, according to his own fancy.

In the present article we have dealt only with the Westminster of to-day. Exigencies of space compel us to refrain from any historical account of a school which is rich in historical associations, beginning with the days of Queen Elizabeth. Even of Westminster to-day, it is impossible to give, in so short a space, more than the barest outline sketch; and if in this brief article we have succeeded in conveying a general impression of life at St. Peter's College, as it appears on the surface, we must be content.



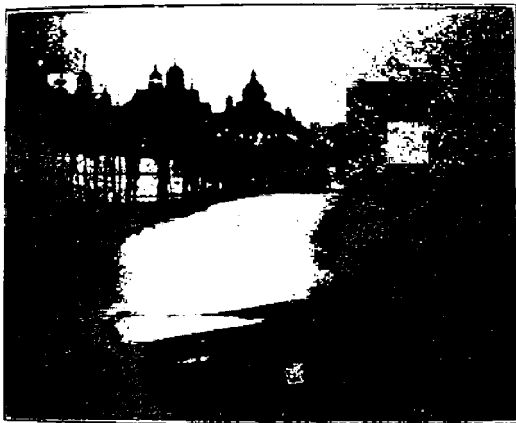
FOOTBALL AT WESTMINSTER.
A familiar scene in Vincent Square.

THE CAPTAIN

CAMERA CORNER

CIRCULAR PRINTS.

It has become quite the fashion to use mounts with circular openings for photographic prints, and in order to supply truly-cut and round paper for the purpose, the Paget Dry Plate Company are now supplying packets of P.O.P. cut into circles of various sizes from 1½



EASTBOURNE PIER BY NIGHT.
By Cecil Taverner.

inches to 4 inches in diameter at 6d. each. A print cutter for circles has also been put upon the market, which can be obtained of most dealers.

MOUNTS.

The lazy principle of using "slip-in-mounts," we are glad to notice, is fast going out. In our latest Photographic Competition there were comparatively few competitors who used them. They are always slovenly, the print never lies flat, and as a rule it is not trimmed or attached to the mount in any way. The slip-in-mount is a make-shift sort of thing. A photographic print may often be much improved by cutting down, especially when printed from a quarter-plate, which is by no means a pictorial size. A very large percentage of prints will stand, say, a quarter of an inch, and sometimes more, cutting off sky or foreground, with the result that the principal subject becomes more pronounced and attractive to the eye.

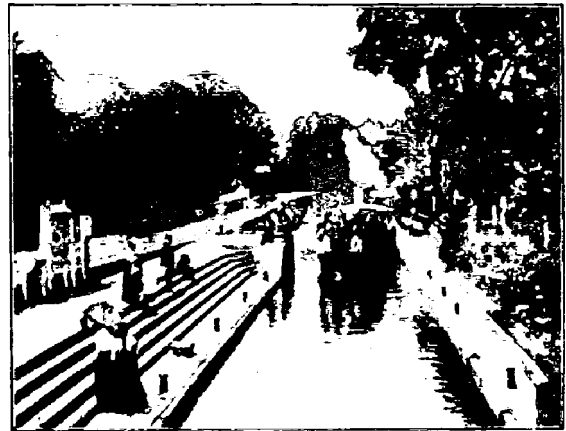
SIMPLICITY IN CAMERAS.

The beginner and the young photographer will do well to choose a camera which has as few

movements as possible. Hand cameras have their mission, and may be used for very good work, but they require to be thoroughly understood. We cannot counsel the use of elaborate shutters giving exposures from a half to 1/100th of a second. Such shutters, to be accurate, must be costly, and the cheap imitations will not do the work; they soon get out of order and disgust the beginner, so that, as often as not, he gives up photography. Let a hand camera have a time and shutter exposure, the shutter working at, say, half a second. This will answer almost all purposes, given a quick plate and a well-lighted subject. Many such cameras are on the market, and may be purchased at prices ranging from 10s. 6d. with six quarter-plates, to 30s. for twelve plates.

PORTRAIT ATTACHMENT.

This is really a supplementary lens. Those supplied by Kodak Limited for their Brownie



BOLTER'S LOCK, MAIDENHEAD.
By Dorothy Whitfield.

cameras give really wonderful results. With them it is possible to take large head-portraits, occupying, practically, the whole field of the film exposed. The sitter being placed at a distance of 3ft. 6ins. from the camera, the exposure is necessarily a little larger, as the light passes through two lenses instead of one. With these attachments, full instructions are sent out; they are sold at 1s. 6d. for the Brownie No. 2, and 2s. 0d. for Folding Pocket Kodaks, Plico, Bullseye cameras, etc.



THE BOS'N'S MATE.
By Fred. Caddy.

PLATES TO USE.

There is no best plate; in these days no manufacturer of dry plates could keep his business unless he sold plates that would yield good negatives. It is well to select a brand of plates and stick to them. We would counsel the use of two speeds—ordinary, for time-exposures, and special rapid for instantaneous or general hand camera work. The Wynne speed number for the first would be, say, 45, and for the second, 90. For stand camera work, as a general rule, use ordinary speed, and give time-exposure, using a roller blind shutter and a pneumatic release. The indiarubber bulb is so much more convenient than the now almost obsolete cap. Do not despise the cap; the lens should always be covered, except when in use, and the cap keeps out dust.

A CHEAP STEREOSCOPIC CAMERA.

Few readers of the "Camera Corner" have, we expect, ever given a thought to the taking of stereoscopic photographs. The taking of the picture is now made very easy; we have before us particulars of a "Stereo Hand Camera," which is made in two forms, "For Roll Films," sold



BOATING ON THE THAMES.
By Frank A. Garratt.

at 21s., the size of pictures being 1 7-8 x 1 3-4 inches, and "For Plates," 42s., size of picture 1 5-8 x 1 5-8 inches. They are both sold by Messrs. Geo. Houghton and Sons, Limited, of High Holborn, London, W.C. The actual taking of stereoscopic pictures is attended with but little difficulty, but the after mounting of the prints in order to obtain stereoscopic effect is not so easy. At some future date we will devote further space to the subject.

PHOTOGRAPHING GROUPS.

Few possessors of cameras can resist the temptation of taking a group—a cricket team—crew of the school four or eight oar—tennis match—prize-giving, &c. The grouping should be natural, but as far as possible all in the group should be in one plane—don't place them so that the sun is glaring upon them, or you will have heavy shadows from straw hats across the faces, and the shadow of the man in front across the man at the back, and so on. Place the group in such a position that there is a good light upon them, but not strong sun-light. Arrange them



A CLEVER BIT OF PHOTOGRAPHIC WORK WITH
A RAY HAND CAMERA.
By J. B. Welford.

in the arc of a circle of large radius. If two rows are necessary, let the front row be sitting and the second row standing, but close up to the sitters. Be careful of knees and obtrusive feet. Do not worry them to look pleasant until you have composed the picture upon the screen. See that all are well within the field of the plate. Don't permit the fellows to fool about, and go in for larking; if they start that sort of thing give it up at once. When the group is arranged to your satisfaction, make sure that your camera is in focus. Cap your lens, or close the shutter, insert the dark slide, first noting the numbers, then carefully take out the slide, under cover of the focussing cloth, and come forward to the camera; take the bulb in your hand and invite your subjects to look at the camera.

squeeze the bulb, and replace the slide; take out the double slide, and place in position for a second exposure (having asked the sitters to remain in position) and so expose a second plate. Don't get flurried. Don't make the exposure until you are quite sure everything is ready. Once having secured the correct focus of the picture generally, don't worry about it.

PHOTOGRAPHING AT THE ZOO.

So many young folks ask us about taking photographs at the Zoo that it will not be out of place to state briefly the conditions as now exacted by the Society:—"The use of small hand cameras (not larger than quarter-plate) without legs will be allowed without special ticket or permit." "A fee of 10s. per annum is charged for a special permit to photographers with large cameras, with legs, or hand cameras larger than quarter-plate." This will set at ease many who, during the coming holidays, will be wishing to take their cameras with them to the Zoo.

SELF-TONING PAPER.

We have already noticed one or more brands of self-toning paper in the "Camera Corner," but many will be pleased to know that the Kodak Company have put a brand of self-toning paper on the market. Hundreds of readers of THE CAPTAIN have used Solio paper. This new paper has the necessary gold as a constituent in the emulsion with which it is coated, and, therefore, there is no need for a gold bath. We all know that toning is the rock upon which most young photographers get shipwrecked. All goes well till the toning. Now that trouble is got over, for with self-toning paper all that has to be done after printing is to treat the print with a simple solution of ammonium sulpho-cyanide, or a solution of common salt before fixing. A whole batch of prints of an absolutely uniform tone can be obtained; the action is quick and the results admirable.

BROMIDES.

A bromide print can be obtained from a negative before it is dry. Fix the negative and give it a slight washing for a few minutes in running water. Soak a piece of bromide paper in water (in the dark room); the wet negative is then slipped under the paper as it lies in the bath flat and limp, they are removed together, and the surplus water is wiped off the glass side of the negative. The negative and paper are now held up before any ordinary illuminant, gas, candle or lamp, and afterwards the paper is taken from the negative and developed in the ordinary way. This method is recommended for quick prints off—cricket match, boat race, etc. When the print is finished, the surplus water

may be blotted off, and if the intention is to send the photograph for reproduction in one of the illustrated or daily papers, it may be placed between two pieces of clean white blotting paper, and it will, of course, be bone dry by the time it reaches its destination. We recommend a trial of this quick-printing to readers of THE CAPTAIN, and shall be pleased to receive prints and particulars of exposure, time taken, from start to finish of the picture.

Users of roll-film will be delighted to know that Kodak, Limited, have, after many years of experiment, perfected a non-curling film. All workers with daylight cameras and cartridges have experienced the difficulty of keeping their films flat. The messy glycerine bath was only a temporary aid, for, do what one would, the film would return to its curling propensities. The N. C. film is coated on both sides with gelatine, one side only with a sensitive emulsion. This



SEA-WEED GATHERERS.
By J. Richardson.

double coating equalises "the pull," and so the film does not curl.

Messrs. J. Lancaster and Son, of Birmingham, have just issued an admirable catalogue of photographic apparatus; this firm were the pioneers of amateur photography, and are still in the forefront, as will be seen on reference to their catalogue. They state that they have sold 120,000 cameras, and about 500,000 lenses. In the list many novelties are described and illustrated, especially in hand cameras. Another useful catalogue comes to hand from Hobbies, Limited, in which are given particulars of hand cameras ranging in price from six shillings to four guineas. For the very modest sum of 6s., a magazine hand camera, "The Rutico," may be bought, which holds six quarter plates in metal sheaths, has two finders, time and instantaneous shutter, single achromatic lens, with rotating diaphragm, permitting the use of the lens at apertures of $f/11$, $f/16$, $f/24$, and $f/32$.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC EDITOR.

THE LONG 'UN.

By R. S. Warren Bell.

Author of "J. O. Jones," "Tales of Greyhound," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON BROWNE.



James Mortimer ("The Long 'Un"), a young doctor, is grandson and heir to Dr. John Mortimer, a man of wealth and position. Owing to Jim's frequent escapades, Dr. Mortimer warns him that, if he indulges in any more riotous conduct, he will disown him. On returning to town after this conversation, Jim makes the acquaintance, by the agency of his friend George Somers ("Koko"), of a young lady named Dora Maybury, with whom he falls violently in love. So excited does he become in consequence of his introduction

to Miss Maybury, that, on the same evening, he falls foul of the police, and after a desperate battle with six of them is arrested and eventually fined forty shillings. His grandfather, hearing of this, carries out his threat, and Jim has thenceforth to depend on his own exertions for a living. By the instrumentality of Sir Savile Smart, a famous specialist, Jim is put in temporary charge of a surgery in Mount Street, Blackfriars, a district infested by gangs of hoodlums. Sir Savile recommends him to some lodgings near the surgery in what turns out to be Dora Maybury's home. Here also are two other boarders named Miss Bird and Mr. Cleave. On Jim's first evening in his new quarters, he meets Mr. Jefferson, a young stockbroker, who is also an admirer of Dora, and appears to be regarded with favour by her. At the end of Jim's first day at the surgery, Dr. Taplow—the proprietor of the place—dispenses with his services, he having appointed another doctor to the post. By disposing of some of the old and valuable books he has collected, Koko raises fifty pounds, and with this sum Jim opens a surgery in Mount Street in opposition to the "bearded man" Dr. Taplow has installed in the Long 'Un's place. Soon after this, Mr. Jefferson proposes to Dora, who is prevailed upon by her step-mother to accept the young stockbroker. The news of the engagement is conveyed to Jim by Koko.

CHAPTER XVI.

JIM'S PATIENTS.

HEREAFTER, watching his friend closely, Koko observed a gradual change over-coming Jim. Often enough Jim's merry smile flashed up, 'tis true, but when it died away the normal expression it left on his face was not quite what it had been of yore. There was a wistfulness in Jim's eyes nowadays that Koko had never seen there before.

This change made clear to Koko the fact that Jim's medical student cubbishness had largely taken wing. Jim was no longer Fortune's spoilt boy. The outline of his face was less round, his features were more distinctive, his chin seemed set in a firmer mould, and the soft lines about the corners of his mouth, though still apparent, were not so soft as they had been but a few months since.

Koko was particularly struck by the alteration in Jim when, after a fortnight's absence in the country, he looked the Long 'Un up at his surgery one evening in the latter part of November.

Jim greeted his friend warmly, offered him a cigar, poked up the fire, and then turned to finish making up some medicine.

"Upon my word, you are a regular wolf for work, Jim," said Koko.

Two months since, he knew, Jim would only too willingly have set aside his medicine-making on the entrance of his chum.

"Why, you see," said Jim, "it must be done. At the hospital, there were other fellows to help; here, I am ail by myself. See?"

"Good man," approved Koko; "you'll make a fortune yet."

"No; out of Mount-street," said Jim, and was suddenly silent. He did not even tell Koko (though 'twas possible the latter guessed it) that some of his poorest patients never paid him at all—for he was too tender-hearted to turn a deaf ear to their tales of want and misery.

Jim had much of interest to relate of his daily rounds, and Koko, listening in the kind of way that is so helpful to a talker—that is to say, with unassumed appreciation—realised that Jim had indeed tackled a hard nut in the Mount-street district. For Jim had to go into such slums as your apple-faced peasant in the wide, wild-blown shires would not live in rent free. In these foul places herded scum from across the seas—dirt-caked foreign Jews, who gloried in their filth, and regarded decent quarters with positive repugnance. Jim had to make his way through crooked alleys into crime-infested courts—into courts where no policeman would go unaccompanied by a fellow. Jim went alone, however, trusting to luck and his two good fists to get out again in the event of his meeting a hostile gang of Hooligans.

Jim told Koko of a single bedroom he had that day been into which contained four separate families—each family occupying a corner. "And the old hag I was attending said," added Jim, with a laugh, "that the landlord was trying to let the middle of the room to a fifth family."

Koko smiled. "I suppose they don't mind it," he said.

"Mind it!" cried Jim, "why, they like it, man! Being a lot in a room keeps them warm. They're company for each other. When Number One family has a scrap with Number Two, Three and Four look on and applaud. Nice friendly arrangement, eh?"

"Don't some of these scraps turn out seriously?"

"Sometimes. The fellow who showed me up to-day is known to have killed a man in a scrap—but he got off by some queer hitch in the evidence. A very civil-spoken chap—burglar by profession."

Koko opened his eyes.

"A bit different from taking fees in Harley-street?" he said.

"Not so remunerative, but more exciting," returned Jim. "The other day," he added, "I was attending a woman when her husband came up with a crowbar and told me to stand aside as he wanted to 'finish' her."

"What did you do?"

"Asked him to wait till I'd done with her. He said he would if I'd have a drink, so we had some gin together, and then he lay down in a corner, saying he'd finish her after he'd had a nap. The lady told me not to worry, as he'd be as gentle as a lamb when he'd slept his drink off. She understood him, you see."

"She'd a fine nerve," commented Koko.

"Another time," continued Jim, "I was called to see an old chap who lived by himself in a garret. He'd got D.T.'s very hot indeed, and was sitting up in bed with the counterpane covered with sovereigns and banknotes. There must have been hundreds of pounds there. Miser, I suppose. When I arrived he was holding conversations with imaginary relatives who were evidently (in his opinion) after his cash. He was threatening one with a revolver and calling him all sorts of purple names. It was the revolver business which made the other people in the house send for me. To oblige him, I threw his imaginary relatives out of the window, and told him they'd fallen on to their heads in the court below. That pleased him, and he said he would like to reward me for my trouble. I thought he was going to press a tenner on me, but instead he asked me if I could change half-a-sovereign. I said I could, and he then gave me half-a-crown."

Koko chuckled joyously.

"And after that?"

"Then a few dozen more imaginary relatives came in, and I threw them all out of the window. After a bit of a struggle with himself he gave me another shilling for doing this, and then I sent him to a hospital, money and all, and there he croaked, and now they can't find a single real relative to take over his property."

Jim discoursed for some time about his experiences, but at length Koko had to hasten away to fulfil an engagement, and so Jim locked up his surgery and bent his steps homewards.

Trudging down Blackfriars-road, he found a barrel organ playing at the point where a bye-street branched off in the direction of Derby-crescent. Jim loved a barrel-organ, and stopped to listen to this one. The organ-grinder had chosen a good pitch in the glare of a great electric lamp-post. There was a small crowd of wayfarers watching a number of little girls dancing in front of the organ. Jim watched them,

too, and was delighted with the performance, for the little maids danced with thorough enjoyment and kept perfect time. One or two couples of grown-up girls were waltzing to the music—although the organ wasn't playing a waltz—but Jim was not interested in these.

Jim had visited many a music-hall in the company of Koko, the red-haired student at Matt's, and others, and had frequently watched the skilful gyrations of trained ballet-dancers, but it seemed to him that this queer little dance with the heavens for a roof and a muddy wood-block road for a floor, was a much better dance than any he had seen in a music-hall. The organ played a merry tune—full of straightforward melody—and Jim was quite infected with it. He began to wonder when he had last danced—when he would dance again. And meanwhile he watched the little maids, and smiled at the earnest way in which they tripped in and out among each other, quite in the proper style and order; and he gave a shilling to the Italian woman who came round to collect, thereby winning a smile from the dusky lady, whose teeth gleamed white as she curtsied an acknowledgment of such unusual generosity.

As Jim listened to the music and watched the dainty steps of the little street-dancers, he felt genuinely happy. The scene pleased him; it chased the wistfulness from his face, and he felt loth to continue his walk homewards. He was interested. These people around him were *his* people now; these people were his patients. Poor they were—starving, some of them—and he was their doctor. Had matters fallen out otherwise, it would have been his destiny to attend a very different class of patient. He would, in all probability, have assisted his grandfather—have ridden a horse, and worn the best of clothes, and eaten and drunk "like a lord." He would have hunted and shot, and lived the life of a country gentleman with just enough work to do to prevent himself from experiencing *ennui*. But instead of that he was fighting for an existence in Mount-street—among the poorest of the poor. No hunting, no shooting, no old port; it was grim fighting in Mount-street—hard work and a hard life—hardly earned money and money hard to get, even when he had earned it.

Still, he reflected, he *lived*. It was life—he lived strenuously. He was working in the heart of the greatest city in the world; he was living a man's life. Wasn't this, after all, better than lolling round a ready-made practice? Of course, that was good work, useful work—but this work in Mount-street was on a different plane. It was sheer fighting, and Jim, being a "scrapper" by nature, was filled with a feeling of fierce joy.

He knew that he had played the fool, and that this was the penalty. But it was a penalty of a mixed kind, for it was a test which he relished. It was a test which would have knocked out a weak man, but Jim felt that he was getting a firmer foot-hold every day he trod the grimy pavement leading to the surgery.

Presently the little girls stopped—panting—and the organ-grinder dropped his handle. It was time he moved on.

So it was over, and Jim found himself feeling sorry. The other onlookers strolled away, and Jim was turning down the bye-street when he felt a touch on his arm, and looked round to find Dora Maybury by his side.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN THE CRESCENT.



HIS was the first time Jim had met Dora all by herself without the strong-hold—Number Nine, to wit. And there he had found few opportunities to say anything to her that was not formal and commonplace; indeed, their intercourse, with watching eyes and listening ears about them, had been (to Jim, at any rate) of a gallingly circumscribed character.

It is poor satisfaction, when the heart is hungry, to look into the eyes one loves, and remark that it is colder than it was yesterday: your lover is kept on conversation's shortest commons when, though burning to say a thousand tender things to the one girl he holds most precious, he has, perforce, to hazard a remark to the effect that there may be rain before morning.

Thus it was with Jim. He often saw Dora, but seldom spoke with her. There was that evening when she drew the course of the Rhine under his tutelage—but that was a memory by itself—a verdant oasis in the desert of verbal starvation!

It may be easily imagined, therefore, how fast beat Jim's heart when he found himself absolutely alone—and unwatched—with Dora Maybury.

"Have you, too, been listening to the organ?" he asked.

"Yes," said Dora, "I was there when you came up. I have been shopping. Frank came out with me, but disappeared."

Jim devoutly hoped that Frank would not reappear. Dora was carrying a heavy marketing-net—the shops keep open late in Blackfriars-road—and Jim promptly possessed himself of this.

"Frank ought to have been carrying it," explained Dora, as they walked down the bye-

street, "but," she added, "you know what brothers are!"

"I have heard accounts of them," said Jim, "but can't speak from experience, as I haven't any."

"Nor sisters?"

"Nor sisters either," said Jim; "nobody, in fact, but a grandfather."

"Dear me!" said Dora, "what a very lonely boy you must have been! I suppose your grandfather is very fond of you?"

"I think he has a sort of mild affection for me," said Jim, "but unfortunately I offended him when I—er—when I was put on the *Total Abstainer's* black list."

Dora seemed interested.

"And what did he do?" she enquired.

"He behaved in a manner that was not even mildly affectionate."

"And you don't see him now?"

"He doesn't call on me," admitted Jim.

"But perhaps he will make it up at Christmas-time," suggested Dora; "he ought to."

Jim shook his head.

"My grandfather is not the sort of man to do anything because he ought to!"

"Oh, I hope he will," said Dora; "it must be so wretched for you—having nobody."

"You are very kind," said Jim, his voice suddenly changing.

"But surely," said Dora, quickly, "anybody would be sorry for a man who had nobody in the world to care for him."

Jim made no rejoinder. So Dora, meaning only to make him feel that she sympathised with his position, said again that she hoped all would be right between him and his grandfather by the time Christmas came.

"But you have friends," she continued, comfortingly; "there is Mr. Somers, and Sir Savile, and I know my father likes you—oh, yes—you have friends. You must not be disheartened. You must look upon us all as your friends, Dr. Mortimer."

"I did not mean to extract all this sympathy from you, Miss Dora," said Jim; "I was only answering your questions."

"But I am glad you have told me," said Dora, "because I did not know all this about you before. And I am so sorry for people who have no home," she added, gently.

So spoke this maid, barely nineteen, in the innocent warmth of her nature. She could not have remembered that a man can bear taunts, abuse, sarcasm, and show a smiling front, but that the least word of sympathy will break down the same man's defences and leave his heart—hardened to all else—without a shield.

"You are too kind," said Jim, again; "it

would be better, perhaps, if you were not kind to me at all."

Then a silence fell upon them, and in silence they passed from the bye-street into the Crescent, whose glory was so faded. They walked by several of the shabby houses still without speaking, but, as they drew near to Number Nine, the question Dora wanted to ask would not stay within her lips.

"Why?" she said, without looking at him

"Because," replied Jim, steadily, "I love you. That is why it will be the kindest thing on your part never to be kind to me again."

As Jim spoke, Dora gazed up at him in a surprised, half-frightened manner. When she said, "Why?" she knew very well that there was no need on her part to ask such a question. Her woman's instinct told her "why"; there was no need for Jim to do so. But, with a wilful disregard of Conscience, which bade her not enquire too closely into Jim's reasons for that little speech, she had allowed her lips to shape the word that had extracted so blunt a confession from her companion.

Even had she not been engaged to Jefferson, Jim's confession, considering the length of their acquaintance, and the very small amount of conversation they had enjoyed together, must have rendered his avowal ill-timed and premature. As matters stood, Jim had no possible right to speak thus. But she had asked "Why?" and he had told her.

Jim himself, as soon as he had spoken, condemned himself for a fool, an ass, and an idiot. This would put an end to any little friendship that might have hitherto existed between them. What could he do to undo the sorry mistake his tongue had made!

He was the first to break the awkward silence. He laughed. Dora, on the other hand, bit her lip nervously.

"Please don't take me too seriously, Miss Dora," said Jim.

"So," said Dora, confronting him with dignity and flaming cheeks, "I am to regard what you said just now as a joke?"

"Well—if you like," replied Jim, rather awkwardly.

"Then I think you are *very* rude!" exclaimed Dora, "and I won't speak to you again."

She turned abruptly toward the steps leading up to the door of Number Nine.

"Oh, I say, come now," expostulated Jim, "I think that is a little too severe. You asked 'Why?' and I told you 'Why!'"

Dora switched round to him and turned a very red little face, illuminated by eyes that flashed with anger, up to his.

"You had no right to say what you did just

now, because you know I am engaged to Mr. Jefferson——"

"Lucky man!" sighed Jim.

"Are you still regarding me as a person just to be joked with?" demanded Dora, with something like a sob in her voice.

"No," said Jim, steadily, "as a girl to be loved for ever and ever!"

Jim's astonishing comprehensiveness struck Dora dumb for a moment. What *could* a girl do with a man like this!

Dora considered what she could say that would make a good rebuke. And meanwhile she looked (as Jim declared to himself) bewilderingly lovely.

"What you said, considering the circumstances," she continued at length, "was dishonourable and ungentlemanly."

"I plead guilty on both counts," said Jim.

"And so," Dora went on, "I shall not speak to you again—ever!"

"I think," replied Jim, "that you are taking far too harsh a view of the case. If you will walk round the Crescent just *once* with me, I will try to put myself right in your eyes."

"That you can never do," said Dora. But, after a moment's hesitation, she lifted her skirt and walked on, and Jim, with an overflowing heart, paced along by her side.

"I know you are engaged, of course," began Jim, "and I know that I ought not to have said what I did, that being the case."

"Then why did you say it!" demanded Dora, with an imperious little stamp of her foot.

"I couldn't help it," said Jim, "you are so pretty. You are the prettiest girl I have ever seen—the prettiest, the daintiest, and the sweetest. If I were a king I would give up my kingdom for you—there is nothing on earth I wouldn't do for you, even to the laying down of my life, if that would serve you. I have loved you from the first moment I ever set eyes on you, and I shall never love another girl as long as I live."

Thus spoke Jim in the fulness of his heart, and his words were as music in Dora's ears, for what woman—worthy of the name—would be displeased by such a confession? That was Jim's speech—those were Jim's sentiments—hackneyed sentiments enough in all conscience, seemingly, and yet not hackneyed at all, because they were quite fresh and sincere. He meant them, he felt them. Never did love speak more honestly.

Yet there was a ring on Dora's finger—a ring—an emblem of her plighted troth. And this ring seemed to burn into her finger and reproach her for even letting this other lover complete his avowal.

"You are making it worse and worse," she said, but not at all crossly.

"Well," said Jim, "you know now. You can tell Jefferson what I've said if you like. I've told you I love you and why. I've got it off my mind, and I shan't be so miserable now."

"Have—have you been miserable?" asked Dora, very gently.

"Yes," said Jim.

"Very?"

"As miserable," said Jim, "as a man can be."

"Oh," said Dora, "I'm so sorry! I suppose I ought to be angry with you, but I don't see how I can be when you—you like me so much."

Jim looked up at the sky with a mist in his eyes. They walked on, and all too soon came round to Number Nine again.

"Oh, if you please, give me my net," said Dora, for all this time her purchases had been dangling from Jim's left hand. She had forgotten all about them, and Jim had been quite unconscious of his burden.

"Then," said Jim, as they stopped in the shadow thrown by the porch, "you forgive me?"

"Yes, yes, entirely—on condition you never say anything like that again. And now give me my net."

"Here is the net," said Jim, "and here," as he kissed her, "is something else."

"Oh, how dare you!" cried Dora, snatching at her net and running up the steps with cheeks of scarlet.

As for Jim, he diplomatically continued his walk round the Crescent.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MASTER HARRIS IS SHOWN OUT.



ONE evening, a week or two later, Koko was sitting with his short legs propped up over the Long 'Un's surgery fire.

During a pause in the conversation he observed Jim fumbling in his inner coat pocket.

"Twenty-five," said Jim, at length, handing his friend that amount in bank-notes; "half what I owe you."

"Don't bother about that yet," said Koko, tossing them back.

"If you don't take them," said Jim, in a ferocious tone, "I'll make you eat them."

"Try it on, you bully!" returned Koko, springing up.

Jim therefore squeezed the notes up into a round, tight ball, and advanced upon the little man.

"Be careful, my son," said Koko; "if I hit you, it'll hurt."

For answer Jim leapt forward like a blood-

hound, seized Koko by his coat-collar, and threw him on to the floor. Koko, however, nimble as a kitten, wriggled through Jim's legs, overturning the Long 'Un in so doing, and with a dexterous movement seated himself astride Jim's chest.

Jim puffed and fumed, and tried every trick he could think of to throw off his assailant. But Koko was a trained wrestler. A rough-and-tumble with the Long 'Un was nothing new to him. For some time he resisted Jim's efforts to dislodge him, and Jim was getting redder in the face every minute.

girth, was immensely strong in the arms and back.

There is also an old saying that you shouldn't laugh till you're out of the wood. Jim proved the truth of both sayings on this occasion, for, just as Koko finished his taunting speech, Jim clutched him round the ribs, and, with a prodigious output of nervous energy, threw the little man clean over his head.

Koko flew crash into one of the rotten old pawnbroking cupboards with which the place was lined, and such was the force with which he



"WHAT MAKES YOU THINK IT ISN'T SMALLPOX?" I SAID.

"Make me eat 'em, will he!" cried Koko, exultingly, addressing Tom, the big cat, who still followed Jim to the surgery, and was now watching the struggle with grave impartiality. "Not a long lamp-post like this, without enough fat on him to grease a cart-wheel!"

Now, it's an old sporting saying that a good big 'un is better than a good little 'un—it holds in boxing, wrestling, and many other forms of athletics. Koko was a good little 'un, but Jim was a good big 'un, and, though not of great

was impelled that his head and shoulders went clean through the door of the cupboard. Before he could extricate himself, the Long 'Un had pinned his hands to his side.

"Will you give in?" demanded Jim.

"I will," murmured Koko from within the cupboard.

"And take what I owe you?"

"Yes—let me out of this old clo' hole, will you?"

"Certainly."

Thereupon, with a neat wrench, Jim liberated his friend, and Koko rose to his feet, looking battered and sorry for himself.

"You ought to know better than to scrap with me, young fellow," said Jim; "you ought to know it's no use."

Koko rubbed his bald head ruefully.

"Give me a bran mash," he said; "that winded me."

"Right you are," said the Long 'Un, taking a glass jar off one of the shelves.

"Steady!" cried Koko, observing the label on the jar, "that's prussic acid."

Jim, however, got two tumblers and proceeded to measure out a couple of drams.

"No—I keep my whisky in this jar," he said, drawing some fresh water out of the tap; "it's safer there. Mrs. Brown, my old lady upstairs, has a liking for whisky, and used to help herself out of my bottle when I was out—so I got a clean jar, put a prussic acid label on it, filled it with whisky, and now she hunts in vain."

"Smart man, Jim," laughed Koko, who then proceeded to roll out the notes and put them carefully away in his pocket-book.

"You see," said Jim, when they had settled themselves down by the fire, "I've been catching on about here lately."

"Cutting out the bearded man?"

"Something like that. I was going down Pine-court soon after you last looked me up, when I saw a group of women talking excitedly round a doorway. I had a case on the top floor of the house. 'Wot I says is,' I heard a very fat woman remark, 'there ain't no symptoms to go by. 'E guessed it!'

"I always talk to these people, so, as I was passing into the house, I said: 'Who guessed it?' They turned to me and began talking all at once, and I gathered from their observations that the fat woman's little girl was down with what our bearded friend at Taplow's had diagnosed as small-pox. It appeared that he had made a report to the Medical Officer of Health for this district, and that the hospital people's ambulance was momentarily expected. The fat woman vehemently declared that our bearded friend was wrong. 'What makes you think it isn't small-pox?' I said. 'Why, doctor,' says she, 'my Annie ain't been sick, eats 'earty, and sleeps sound, and is well in 'erself. 'E only went by the spots.' 'Well,' I said, 'they'll tell you at the hospital whether it's small-pox or not.' But at that she began painting the air blue with her language, and swore no ambulance men should touch the kid. After a time she asked me to look at the child, but I explained that it was Dr. Taplow's case, and nothing to do with me. She then asked whether a lady couldn't take two

doctors' opinions on a case, and I replied that a lady certainly could. 'Well, then,' says she, 'why shouldn't a pore woman like me?' I recognised the justice of this, and, after I'd been to my case, I took a look at the child. I saw at once it wasn't small-pox—"

"The chicken variety?" put in Koko.

"Not even that—simply blood out of order. I told her the child wanted some medicine and more fresh air. As luck had it, the Medical Officer—old Jackson—awfully nice chap—being scared by the report, came with the ambulance himself, and corroborated my verdict. I had cleared off by then, but the next time I went to Pine-court I found myself famous, and ever since then they've been coming to me instead of to the bearded pard."

"Hence your affluence?" said Koko.

"Hence," admitted Jim, "my seeming wealth."

"Good," said Koko; "have you caught him napping again?"

"Curiously enough, I have. He told a woman in Mount-street that her husband—a plumber—was suffering from heart disease. His feet were swollen, and he was pretty bad all over. However, she wasn't satisfied, and came to me, and I found the fellow really had a congested liver. I dosed him with calomel, and he was running up and down ladders again in a few days."

"That was another ad.," said Koko.

"It was," said Jim; "have another two-penn'orth?"

Koko nodded, and Jim was reaching for the mislabeled bottle when a quaint metal Chinaman, that stood in the middle of the mantelpiece, fell with a crash on to his face.

"Hullo!" cried Koko, much mystified, for neither he nor Jim had touched the ornament.

Jim laughed. "That's all right—shows there's somebody at the front door. You see, there's a bell, but my callers don't always use it. Some of them like to walk in, as the door opens when you turn the handle. I've fixed up an arrangement of string, therefore, which causes that old man to fall down when the front door is opened. Quite simple. I'll show you the dodge in a minute."

Whilst he had been speaking, Jim had popped the prussic acid jar on its shelf, and opened the door communicating with the waiting-room.

"Ah, Mr. Harris! Good-evening! Come in!"

The old provision-dealer—for it was he—walked into the surgery. Koko made as if he would withdraw, but Jim motioned to him to stop.

"I'm pretty near done, doctor," said Mr. Harris, sinking wearily into a chair; "my 'ead

feels as if my 'air was bein' brushed more than ever. And that velp—'e's gettin' more a caution every day."

"You don't get enough fresh air, Mr. Harris," said Jim.

"Fresh air!" cried the old man, "no, not a mouthful. Not likely. That boy—that son of mine—Isaac—'e's a 'eartless young 'ound. Keeps 'is old father vorkin' an' vorkin' from seven in the mornin' till ten at night. Fresh air! Vy, I falls asleep in my chair ven I've locked up the shop!"

Koko and Jim looked sympathetic, but made no comment.

"Now 'e's boss," proceeded the old dealer, "now 'e's 'Arris and I'm only the *Father*, there's no end to the airs 'e gives 'isself. Wears a red veskit and a big chain and a norty turn-down collar like vot the swells wear, and a check soot vich 'e got second-hand from a bookmaker. There's no 'oldin' 'im!" declared Mr. Harris, with a groan.

"So vot vith Isaac, and vot vith this 'air brushin' a-always goin' on on the top of me 'ead, I feel pretty near like throwin' myself inter the river and settlin' it all that vay. Not that Isaac would care," continued Mr. Harris, gloomily, "not 'e! 'E'd bury me as cheap as possible, and think it 'ard lines I vosn't voshed out to sea instead of bein' brought 'ome to cause 'im expense!"

"Well, well," said Jim, soothingly, "I'll give you some medicine that'll make you feel very much better, Mr. Harris. You're run down, and that's why you feel so despondent."

"The real reason vy," continued Mr. Harris, as Jim got up to prepare the medicine, "I don't do away vith myself is, I want to stay by Isaac's side and go on varnin' 'im agen Rebecca Nathan. She's a designin' minx—she's just leadin' Isaac on to get vot she can out of 'im."

"What—has your son got a young woman?"

"Young woman! Vy, she's older than Isaac by ten years, and Isaac's twenty-four. 'E's in-fatooated, is Isaac. 'E leans 'er photograrf agen the cofee-pot an' sighs venever 'e looks at it, and 'e puts it just vare 'e'll see it ven 'e wakes in the mornin'. 'E bought 'er a flash diamond brooch, but she noo better than to be took in that vay, so 'e 'ad to buy 'er a real one. She's the sharpest bit of female goods in Mount-street—'e father keeps the fried-fish shop by the 'Lord Nelson."

"I know the place," said Jim.

"Eaps o' money," continued Mr. Harris, "but do you think my son Isaac vill ever get even a sniff at it? Not 'e! Rebecca Nathan vill marry a gentleman, doctor dear—she's only usin' Isaac!"

"Here's the medicine, Mr. Harris. Take a wineglassful after each meal."

"Vell, I don't believe any medicine in the world vill do me any good," said Mr. Harris, "but I'll take it, so it von't be vasted. Yes, I'll be gettin' back now. That velp Isaac, 'e's goin' to take Rebecca to a music-all—yes, in the two-bob seats. 'E never spent more than six-pence on a seat in 'is life before. Larst veek 'e took 'er to 'ave 'er 'ead told by a phrenologist feller, and then 'e 'ad 'is own told, and came 'ome with it all swelled up, because the phrenologist said 'e 'ad a big bump of locality and noo 'is vay about!"

At that moment the surgery bell rang, and directly after the little Chinaman fell bang on to his nose.

Jim opened the door of communication.

"Ah," he said, "here is your son! Come in, Mr. Harris."

The senior partner of the firm of Harris and Father strutted into the surgery. For Mount-street, his attire was resplendent, though, to be sure, the suit he had bought from the book-maker seemed a couple of sizes too large for him.

"Fader," he said, irritably, "'ow much longer am I to vait?"

"I'm comin', Isaac, I'm comin'," replied the old Jew, putting on his hat and seizing his medicine with trembling hands; "I vos only takin' a little advice for my 'ealth, Isaac."

"You vos takin' all the evening to take it," snapped Isaac; "come on—quick!"

The old man nodded hurriedly to Jim and Koko, and left the surgery.

The young Jew turned to Jim.

"See 'ere," he said. "Ven my fader comes 'ere, send 'im 'ome sharp. That's 'is place—'ome."

"Your father is not at all well," said Jim, "so when he comes here I shall allow him to stay as long as he likes, if that is any comfort to him."

"You've a nice sauce," said Master Harris, who felt very brave in his loud toggery.

For reply, Jim inserted one finger inside Master Harris's collar, conducted him (held thuswise) to the front door, and shot him into the street. And when Jim discovered that Miss Rebecca Nathan was waiting outside for Master Harris, and thus witnessed the latter's discomfiture, he laughed a great laugh, and walked back to the surgery little thinking that his short way with Isaac Harris was destined to bring dire ill upon himself.

CHAPTER XIX.

HARD PRESSED.



ON the day preceding the departure of the students from Matt's for the brief Christmas vacation, things were very lively indeed at the hospital.

Soon after breakfast, Tom Deadwood, one of the most dissipated characters connected with the institution, and Teddy Mildmay, his faithful henchman and boon companion—celebrated for his speed of foot, being, in fact, an old Cambridge "blue"—walked into the house-surgeons' room looking bleared and dishevelled. Their story was that they had careered about London in a four wheel cab (and occasionally on the top of it), with frequent stops for refreshment, until the small hours of the morning, and finally found themselves in the vicinity of Covent Garden market. Here Tom, who was a "bruiser" of parts, tackled a gigantic porter, and after (according to his own account) "slaying" this worthy, fought three other men, Mildmay contenting himself with inspiring his friend with bits of ring wisdom and at the conclusion of each combat demanding cheers for the reigning monarch.

Eventually a policeman hove in sight in one direction, and three others in three other directions, and there then ensued a chase of a most varied and engrossing description, the market-porters, who took a sporting interest in the matter, giving the fugitives many tips as to the best way to run in order to avoid capture. Mildmay, had he been by himself, could have escaped easily, so fleet of foot was he, but Tom Deadwood was blown by his series of scraps with the porters, so in the end they were captured and afforded a night's lodging at Bow-street police station. At breakfast-time they were allowed to depart, Mr. Deadwood having told the superintendent that his mother, who had not seen him for five years, was expecting him home early in the afternoon. The superintendent grimly gave it as his opinion that the colour of her boy's eyes and the state of his nose would give the poor lady a bit of a shock. However, they were allowed to go, and, having told their story to the Matt's staff, cleaned themselves and sallied forth in search of breakfast. After this they settled themselves down to a long morning's beer and billiards. Returning to the hospital about one o'clock, they found the red-haired student, who has already figured in this story, marshalling a number of his fellows preparatory to leading them out for a slight mid-day snack.

Having lined them up in single file—Messrs. Deadwood and Mildmay taking their places at the end of the line—the Welshman placed him-

self at the right hand of No. 1, and gave the word to "Quick—March!"

In perfect order and comic solemnity the students tramped out of the hospital precincts, wheeled into the road, and proceeded along the extreme outside of the pavement until they arrived at an A.B.C. shop. Obeying the word of command on the instant, and still preserving splendid order, they wheeled into the establishment—their captain holding the door open for them—and took their seats at a group of tables.

The red-haired one approached a waitress. "Sixteen scones, sixteen butters, and sixteen cups of coffee!"

The giggling girl having provided these refreshments, the students fell to, and very soon the order was repeated. The Welshman then collected elevenpence from each man and paid the score. The extra penny a head was levied as a *doucur* for the waitress. The students having re-formed in line, the red-haired leader then marched them back to Matt's in the same circumspect manner which had characterised their outward journey.

At tea-time came another march out and home, and at seven the Welshman conducted his warriors to a restaurant, where, bearing in mind the fragile nature of the two previous meals, he ordered sixteen steaks, sixteen helps of two "veggs," sixteen hunks of bread, sixteen tankards of bitter ale, sixteen portions of currant pudding, sixteen slices of cheese, sixteen pats of butter, and sixteen cups of coffee.

When they had consumed this homely but satisfying meal, the Welshman again collected the amount necessary to discharge the bill, with twopence extra per man for the waiter. Then he once more marched his men back to Matt's there to deliberate on further proceedings.

"Pity the Long 'Un isn't here," observed Mr. Deadwood, in the midst of the discussion, "he was a man of great resource and suggestion. Where's he got to?"

"Jim," said the red-haired one, "is earning money for a man named Taplow, once of this hospital. That is the latest news of him, received in September last."

"I thank you," said Mr. Deadwood, with as much dignity as his discoloured eyes and swollen nose rendered possible: "your reply, friend of the Orange Locks, is direct and lucid, but conveys little information. Speak further. Red Scalp, and put us on his trail, O chief of the Scarlet Wigwam!"

Mr. Deadwood was addicted to the use of highly ornate language. He insulted everybody in terms that were clothed with plumage of a peculiarly offensive nature.

"Jim's new pitch is in Mount-street, Black-

frriers," observed a student who had been blessed by nature with beetle brows and very irregular features.

"I thank you, Face," said Mr. Deadwood, with simple courtesy.

The red-haired one moved that they should look Jim up. The motion being agreed upon, the party started off in twos and threes, the Welshman previously directing that Jim was not to be apprised of their visit until all had assembled outside Taplow's surgery.

It was not a very far cry to Mount-street. Arrived there, and perceiving a light in the surgery window, the Welshman turned the handle of the street door and walked in.

"Jim's out," he announced, appearing on the threshold a few moments later; "come on in."

They went in and proceeded, while waiting for Jim, to amuse themselves in a naïve manner that was very upsetting to any compartment they chanced to favour with their attentions. In point of fact, they turned the surgery upside down, and were about to proceed with the still more disconcerting operation of putting it straight again, when a bearded gentleman appeared in the doorway and stared aghast at the confusion they had wrought.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded, furiously.

"Waiting for Jim!" said the Welshman.

"What do you mean? Who are you?"

"Go away," said Mr. Deadwood, playfully discharging the contents of a four-ounce syringe at the newcomer; "we don't want you to play with us!"

"Play with you! I'll have the police to you! I'll teach you to play here!" thundered the bearded man, turning on his heel and hastening into the street.

Jim's successor—for the bearded man was no less a personage—soon returned well backed up by several representatives of the Law.

"Now, then, what's all this foolery! Clear out of here at once!" observed one of the latter, a stout sergeant.

The Welshman advanced. "We have come to see Dr. Mortimer. You can't turn us out of here unless he wishes us to be turned out."

"Get out all of you!" was the sergeant's abrupt rejoinder.

"Before we get out," said Mr. Deadwood, "tell us what right this hairy-faced fellow has here, my excellent but somewhat overfed friend!"

"You'll find out what right he has here when you appear before the beak to-morrow!" spluttered the sergeant.

"Corpulent people should avoid excitement," put in Mr. Deadwood.

The sergeant glared at him and went on:

"This here surgery is Dr. Taplow's, and this gentleman is in charge of it. You've come and broke up the wrong place, and so we must take you to the station—that is to say, if this gentleman wishes to charge you."

"Certainly," said the bearded man; "they have damaged the place and must pay for it."

The students looked ruefully at each other.

"We thought this was Dr. Mortimer's surgery," one of them said.

"Dr. Mortimer's is further down the street," said the sergeant, "and you've made a big mistake in playin' the fool here, and giving me cheek. You've got to come to the station, every man Jack of you, and the quieter you come the better it will be for you in the morning."

Now the Welshman—acknowledged leader of the band—spoke up.

"Look here, bobby," he said, "we'll go to the station, but we're not going to be marched off like pick-pockets. If you'll keep to the left-hand pavement, we'll keep to the right, and I'll give you my word of honour for the lot that we won't cut."

The Welshman had a good pair of eyes, and the stout sergeant was an old hand at summing up character at short notice. He conferred briefly with his men.

"Very well," he said, at length, "I'll agree to that. First give me your name and address, though."

The Welshman handed him his card. The sergeant made a sign, and the police withdrew. Then the Welshman formed his men up in single file, gave the word to "March!" and led them in good order out of the surgery and down Mount-street, keeping them to the edge of the right-hand pavement. The sergeant, true to his compact, kept his men on the left hand pavement, the bearded man walking sulkily by his side.

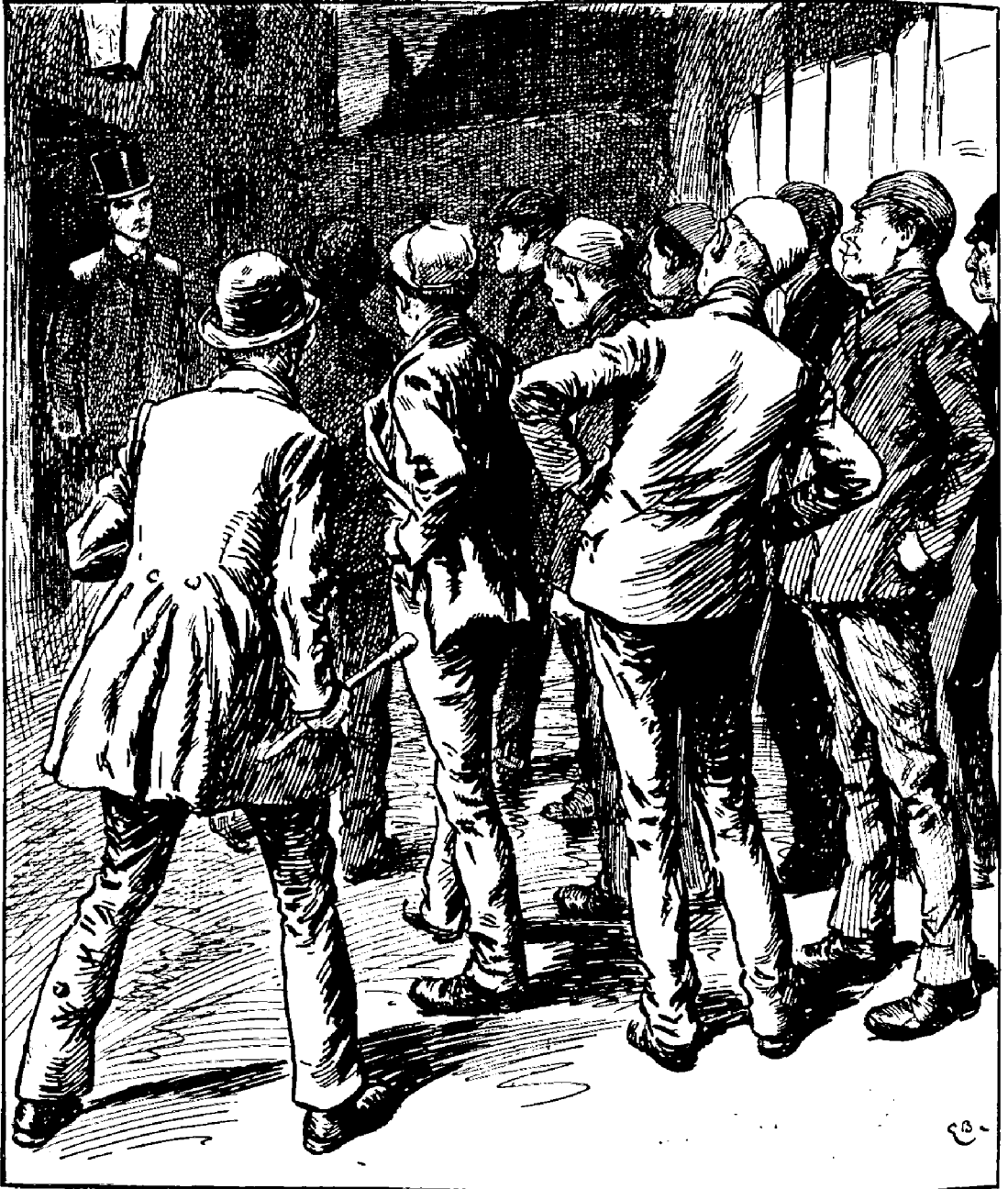
It is now necessary to return to Jim and his movements.

This had been a very hard day with the Long 'Un, who had been out and about constantly, for there was much sickness in the district. Some of Jim's frequent emergings were witnessed by young Isaac Harris, who, as often as his duties in the shop permitted, placed himself on his step and watched the surgery door.

For, ever since Jim, before Rebecca Nathan's very eyes, had expelled Isaac from his surgery in the manner recently described, Isaac had been thirsting for revenge. And to-day an excellent idea had entered his head. The chief of the Hooligans still looked in at the Harris emporium for odd meals, and Isaac fancied that this nice gentleman would serve as a convenient instrument in the matter of harming Dr. Mortimer.

Isaac knew that the Hooligans bore Jim plenty of ill-will, and would be only too pleased to get an opportunity to wreak their spite against him. And it struck Isaac that their most favourable opportunity would occur at night-time, when

Now, Isaac knew what sort of metal Jim was composed of, and did not believe in his heart of hearts that the Hooligans would ever succeed in—as they elegantly put it—"outing" him; but he fancied they might be able to hustle him and



HE WAS ABSOLUTELY CORNERED!

Jim was attending a patient in one of the narrow courts in which the locality abounded.

The Hooligan leader had been in that afternoon, and Isaac had lost no time in sounding him about Jim. The Hooligan's sentiments and hopes were expressed in brief but blasphemous terms.

do him some serious harm, and that, Isaac decided, would just suit *his* book. He did not want them to murder Jim; only hurt him.

That evening the Hooligan came in again and consumed a large meal which heartened him up considerably and filled him with a savage desire to turn his hand against some of his fellow-

beings. Kicking a policeman's skull in would have formed a most delectable dessert to his repast.

As he was leaving the shop in his usual truculent manner, he found Isaac lounging on the step.

"Good evening, sir," said Isaac, smoothly.

"Evening, gov'nor."

Isaac gazed at the other craftily. "Our dear doctor has been busy to-day," he murmured.

The Hooligan spat on the pavement.

"E's off again—just gone to Pine-court," added Isaac, carelessly.

An evil light glittered in the Hooligan's pig eyes.

"Pine-court? 'Ow d'yer know?"

"Saw a kid from the court fetch him."

Half-a-dozen friends of the Hooligan's were standing idly about near a public house close by. The Hooligan's glance fell on them. There was a shady little tavern not much further away where a dozen more would certainly be "on call." And at other points he knew of other members of his band were to be quickly found.

The Hooligan lit his short clay pipe, nodded to Isaac, and strolled away. Isaac saw the man approach his pals and enter into conversation with them. Then Isaac chuckled contentedly and went back to his work.

The case Jim had been called to was a serious one, and he was detained over an hour in the wretched room the Pine-court urchin had conducted him to. He drew a deep breath of relief when he at length quitted the loathsome sleeping-den and walked down the dirty stairs into the comparatively fresh air of the court below.

He was fumbling for his pipe, thinking to enjoy a smoke on his way back to the surgery, when a sight met his eyes which, for a moment, made his heart beat quickly. The narrow entrance to the court—whose opposite end was a *cul-de-sac*, there being no outlet whatever—was completely blocked up by a large gang of louts. A glance showed him that their attitude was hostile to himself, and another quick glance round and about made manifest the disturbing and uncomfortable fact that he was absolutely cornered!

He knew, however, that it would be fatal to show the slightest fear or hesitation. They meant mischief, and although, to the best of his reckoning, they were twenty-five to his one, he saw he would have to go for the lot.

He walked quickly and resolutely forward. As he came up to the gang, the foremost of its members retired a few steps, for Jim's prowess was well-known to them. All but one—a weedy, foxy-faced youth—who stood his ground and leered up impudently at the young doctor.

"We've got yer this time," said the weedy one, exultingly.

For reply, Jim hit him, and as the man, with a yell of pain, dropped to the ground, a knife fell from his nerveless hand.

Instantly the rest threw themselves upon Jim. A blow from a knobbed stick crushed his hat in, and a belt-buckle, whizzing past his ear, cut right through his coat and nipped his shoulder. Simultaneously he was venomously kicked and struck on the body and legs.

Still, no blow got really home, and Jim, warming to the fight, left a bruise every time either of his fists shot out. Several belts came swinging at his face; he dodged them, then seized one, wrenched it out of its owner's hands, and lashed back at them with the cruel buckle.

He was nearer the entrance of the court now, and, as he fought, edged still further that way. Perceiving his design, the Hooligans massed themselves between their single opponent and the outlet, and such were their numbers that Jim had to retire towards the blind wall at the end of the court.

Step by step Jim was being forced back. If he were to make a rush into any of the houses he would be trapped still more surely. He was safer in the open. But when he reached the wall, and could retire no further, the end must come, for the wall was unscalable, and he could not break his way through this pack of human wolves.

Still, Jim was lashing out as fiercely as ever with the belt, and the curses of the Hooligans were proofs of the execution the heavy buckle wrought amongst them. His hat was off, his face was bleeding, his breath was coming in short, sharp gasps; they were all round him, hemming him in, and in a few seconds he must have been down, when of a sudden there was a great, hearty, boisterous cry, and Jim knew that help had come.

"*Matt's! Matt's to the rescue! Hold up, Jim! Matt's!*"

This was the call as the sixteen men from Matt's, headed by the Welshman and Deadwood, came streaming into the court.

Unseen by the Hooligans, the small boy who had fetched Jim to his mother, witnessing Jim's perilous situation, had crept out of the court, and, encountering the students on their march down Mount-street, had, in a few breathless words, informed them of "the doctor's" plight. If it had been any other doctor, they would have flown to the rescue, but they guessed it was Jim, and, directed by the urchin, made a frantic rush for Pine-court.

The Hooligans left Jim to face the new danger. The students and the Mount-street ruffians met

with a crash, and there was a short, sharp *mêlée*.

But it was quite short. The Hooligans—undersized wretches as many of them were—had no chance against the students, most of whom were athletes, and a few, like Deadwood, skilled fighters.

Jim's assailants were knocked down in all directions, and thrashed with their own belts. When they got up it was to make a dash for the entrance of the court, where they ran into the arms of the stout sergeant and his merrie men. Each policeman held tight to a Hooligan, and the students, pursuing hotly, captured others, but the majority of the gang got away.

Among the captured was the chief of the gang. "This'll mean five years for you, Jack Smith," said the stout sergeant, "and serve you right, your dirty scoundrel."

Mr. Smith's reply need not be recorded.

But among those who got away was the foxy-faced youth, whose jaw Jim had broken.

He had crept out of the fight and up a dark staircase, and there he lay until the police disappeared, writhing with pain and vowing eternal vengeance on Jim Mortimer.

CHAPTER XX.

AFTER THE PLAY.

"DEAR old man!" said the red-haired student, wringing Jim's hand, "I'm so glad we got here in time!"

Jim, needless to say, returned the hearty hand-clasp with interest.

The red-haired one then briefly recapitulated the events of the evening, and just as he concluded his story the stout sergeant touched him on the shoulder.

"My men have taken those rascals off to the station, sir," he said; "it's a good haul, and we couldn't have got 'em if you gentlemen hadn't helped. That being the case, I don't feel like taking you to the station as well. Couldn't you arrange matters, sir, with the gentleman at Dr. Taplow's surgery?"

"Certainly, sergeant," said the red-haired one, who promptly approached the bearded man, Mr. Deadwood following in his wake.

"I say, you know, sir," said the red-haired one to the bearded man, "if we've done any damage we shall be glad to make it good, don't you know. You don't wish to take further proceedings, do you?"

"It was a most unwarrantable intrusion," rejoined the bearded man, stiffly.

"I admit it," said the red-haired student.

"And we're sorry," added Mr. Deadwood, "beastly, awfully sorry."

Mr. Deadwood accompanied this statement with a glance which was intended to indicate that if he (the bearded man) didn't accept the red-haired one's proposal, he (the bearded man) would get a jolly good punch in the nose from him (Mr. Deadwood).

The bearded man evidently interpreted the glance thus, for he replied: "Very well, I will see what damage has been done, and send you the bill."

"Right O!" said the red-haired one, "my name's Evans Evans, of Matt's."

"Matt's!" cried the bearded man, "why didn't you tell me that before? I'm a Matt's man!"

"You didn't look like a Matt's man, you see," explained Mr. Deadwood, in his nice way.

"But I *am* a Matt's man," said he of the beard, "so I won't send in any account. I quite understand. You thought it was Mortimer's place?"

"Exactly," said the Welshman.

Jim had joined the group. "Well," he said, "I hope you'll all come along to my place now and have some of the old poison."

"We will," said Mr. Deadwood, with emphasis. "Come on, old cock," he added, linking his arm in the bearded man's, "I believe you're not a bad sort, in spite of your looks."

The bearded man wisely submitted to being led off in this way, and the rest followed, Jim bringing up the rear with the Welshman. The stout sergeant's friendliness had not been forgotten, for he arrived at the police-station the wealthier by half-a-sovereign.

It was midnight before the students left Jim's surgery, and by that time Jim and the bearded man were firm friends, the latter having proved to be by no means a "bad sort." Mr. Deadwood insisted on making a note of the bearded man's natal day, as he said he would like to send him a birthday present. In parting, Mr. Deadwood shook the bearded man warmly by the hand several times, wished him a merry, merry Christmas, and added that after all it was better to be healthy than handsome, and that he saw no reason why he (the bearded man) should not, therefore, be perfectly contented.

After this Mr. Deadwood climbed into a cab and fell fast asleep. Edmund Mildmay got in after him, and said it would be all right, he would "see Deady home—merry Christmas everybody!" So they drove off amid the wild hallooing of their fellow-students, who then chartered other cabs, and drove off too, leaving Jim and the bearded man saying very nice things to each other on the pavement. And so the evening ended in seasonable fashion.

Christmas came on apace. Down at Three-

ways, Christmas was always kept jovially, and Jim had been much in request everywhere. There were skating and hockey, theatricals and dancing, and Jim had been the central figure of all such activities and recreations. But, alas! Threeways was now forbidden land to Jim.

Late in the afternoon of this Christmas Eve, Jim sat by his surgery fire smoking a solitary pipe. Paying Koko the twenty-five pounds had left him with very light pockets, but he had

Here was a boy hungrily eyeing a huge model yacht or torpedo boat; here a girl, wistfully calculating whether she could afford to give the price marked on the purse, or the letter-case, or the inkstand she knew Mother would *love*! Here were two sisters, holding a whispered consultation; here a portly uncle, blandly making a big hole in a ten-pound-note for little nephews and nieces.

Christmas has not gone from us, although some soured folk say that this sweet and holy season is not what it was. Christmas has certainly conformed itself to the times, like everything else, but Christmas will always be with us. Though there may be no snow on the ground, no ice upon the ponds, yet it will always be Christmas in our hearts.

Jim was at length brought



"YOU SHOULD 'AVE 'EARD 'EM LARF!"

bought a few presents. Number Nine was now his home, so to speak, and he did not like to let Christmas pass without recognising the fact in some way. So, earlier in the afternoon, he had journeyed to Regent-street and wandered vaguely round a huge shop which seemed to contain nothing else but what one would like to buy. There were heaps of people there besides Jim; boys and girls, fathers and mothers, aunts and uncles. Jim, while waiting his turn, found amusement in watching the crowd of purchasers.

to buy by a good-looking dark girl in a neat black dress. There was a touch of Dora about her, and, as she smiled in a friendly way upon the very tall customer, Jim told her just exactly what he wanted, and the dark girl's suggestions were so practical and tasteful that his presents subsequently proved great successes. For that voluble dame, Mrs. Maybury, and her elder step-daughter, Miss H. R. Maybury, he bought neat little velvet handbags of the kind ladies carry when they take

walks abroad; for Frank he got a huge knife, containing, among other wonders, an implement for extracting stones from horses' hoofs—no boy's knife, indeed, seems complete without this strange appendage, which is never by any chance used for the humane purpose it is intended for. For Dora, Jim bought a little writing-case made of light-brown leather. Upon the corner he had an initial "D" affixed, in silver. This addition was expeditiously made while he waited. Jim knew that he must be very discreet in the kind of present he gave to Dora, so he chose something that looked quite simple, though, as a matter-of-fact, the little writing-case cost him more than the other three presents put together. The dark girl, with her quick instinct, seemed to read in Jim's eyes that this was a *very* special present, for Jim looked at eleven other writing-cases before he fixed on this one.

The presents were packed up at last, and Jim told the dark girl he was very much obliged to her, and that he was afraid he had given her a great deal of trouble. But the dark girl said that he hadn't been the slightest trouble, and hoped he would come there for his presents next Christmas, which Jim promised faithfully to do.

When he got back to his surgery he made up some medicine, and then sat down by the fire to smoke. And while he smoked he wondered whether his grandfather was thinking of him, and whether they would ever be re-united. Jim knew Dr. John Mortimer too well to hope that the sentence of banishment he had passed on his grandson would ever be remitted. It seemed that he and the dear old home at Threeways were destined to be strangers for evermore.

Now it happened that the enterprising son of a Mount-street tradesman had taken a snapshot of Jim one sunny November afternoon, as the Long 'Un was standing by his surgery door. The snapshot showed a good deal of the building as well as its occupier, and made a good picture. The youth had subsequently given Jim a mounted copy of the photo.

"I'll send the old man a Christmas Card," said Jim, and straightway took the photo off his mantelpiece and wrote upon its back: "*The present quarters of your affectionate grandson, Jim. Wishing you a happy Christmas.*"

He put his Mount-street address under this message, and, on his way to Number Nine, posted the photo to his grandfather.

Christmas Day dawned bright and frosty, and passed off far more pleasantly than Jim had anticipated. Those for whom Jim had bought presents were genuinely surprised and pleased by Jim's thoughtfulness. Mrs. Maybury scrutinised Dora's face keenly as the girl opened the packet addressed to her in Jim's handwriting.

But Dora simply thanked Jim as her sister had thanked him. She did not appear at all self-conscious, and so Mrs. Maybury, who had begun of late to regard Jim and Dora with some suspicion, felt distinctly puzzled.

Frank was delighted with the knife, and for several days after kept a sharp look-out for a limping horse that might require a stone removed from its hoof. But, as he afterwards told Jim, he didn't have any luck—probably because "nearly all the streets were made of beastly wood."

By the first post on Christmas morning there arrived for Dora a magnificent diamond brooch—Mr. Jefferson's gift. At the same time Mr. Jefferson reminded her that he would be calling about seven o'clock on Boxing Night to take her to the pantomime at Drury Lane.

At breakfast on Boxing Day Jim produced some yellow tickets. "There's a big show on for children in the Mount-street Church Room to-night," he said, "and I'm going to sing. Any one care to come? It's a free show."

Mr. Maybury quietly said that he would like a ticket, but nobody else accepted Jim's offer, so, as he had several tickets at his disposal, Jim gave one to Mary, and, later on, one to the old woman who looked after his surgery.

Mr. Cleave and Miss Bird, it should be mentioned, were spending Christmas with relations—a fact which filled Jim with a feeling of devout thankfulness.

There was a very early dinner at Number Nine that evening, as Mrs. Maybury, Miss "H.R.," and Frank were going to the pantomime at the Surrey Theatre. Punctually at seven, Mr. Jefferson arrived and bore Dora, radiant and blushing, off to Drury Lane. The others went out about the same time, Mary trotting off to the Church Room in advance of Mr. Maybury and Jim in order to secure a good seat.

So Number Nine remained locked up and tenantless until past eleven, when Mr. Maybury arrived home.

The others trailed in half-an-hour later, Frank bursting with laughter over the antics and wheezes of the principal low comedian. Between twelve and one Dora and Mr. Jefferson came.

Dora, strangely silent, went to her room at once. Mr. Jefferson, on the other hand, seemed much elated, and chatted gaily for some minutes before he took his departure.

Dora had not been in her room long before there came a little tap at her door, followed by the entrance of Mary.

"Oh, Miss, I'm sure you must be tired," said Mary; "may I help you?"

"If you like, Mary; yes, I am very tired."

Dora sighed as she sat down in front of her

glass. Mary hastened to comb and brush her young mistress's hair. It was like old times to Dora, having her hair brushed by a maid—the old times when Mr. Maybury was wealthy and held his head high in the commercial world. But now, alas! he was only a clerk in the office of the man who had taken Dora to the theatre that night! Her diamonds came from the man who paid her father a weekly wage!

"Oh, Miss, wasn't the pantomime lovely?"

"Yes, it was very nice," replied Dora, absent-mindedly. Then, rousing herself a little, she said: "And did you enjoy the concert, Mary?"

"Oh, Miss Dora, it was grand! And so was the Doctor, Miss!"

"Did he sing well?"

"Sing! I should think he did. You should 'ave 'eard 'em larf! They wouldn't let 'im leave off. They clapped and 'oorayed every time—the children—till I thought they'd never stop. Funny ain't the word. I very nearly split in 'arf, Miss! There was five hundred children, and 'eaps of other folk, and the vicar and 'is curates, and their lady friends—and they larfed as much as the children did, Miss. And right at the end 'e sang a little song—to finish with—which was funny at first, and then made you feel you'd like to cry. And the kiddies kept quite quiet in that part—they seemed to understand, Miss. And when he'd done, Miss, he bowed to all the children just as if they were lords and ladies, and it was real pretty to see

the little girls kiss their hands to 'im, and the Doctor kiss his hand back to them! Everybody enjoyed it, and them kids went 'ome as 'appy as if they'd each found a shillin'."

Mary dilated on the concert at great length, but she went off at last, and Dora was still sitting thoughtfully before the glass when there came yet another knock at her door.

She rose from her chair and went to see who it was.

"May I come in a moment, dear?"

It was Mr. Maybury. "I wanted to hear how you enjoyed the pantomime."

For reply, Dora flung her arms round her father's neck and burst into tears.

"Why, Dora, dear—what is the matter?"

But Dora still sobbed upon his shoulder.

"Is it anything to do with Mr. Jefferson, dearest?"

"Yes," said Dora.

"You have not quarrelled, I hope?"

Dora lifted her head and looked bravely into her father's eyes.

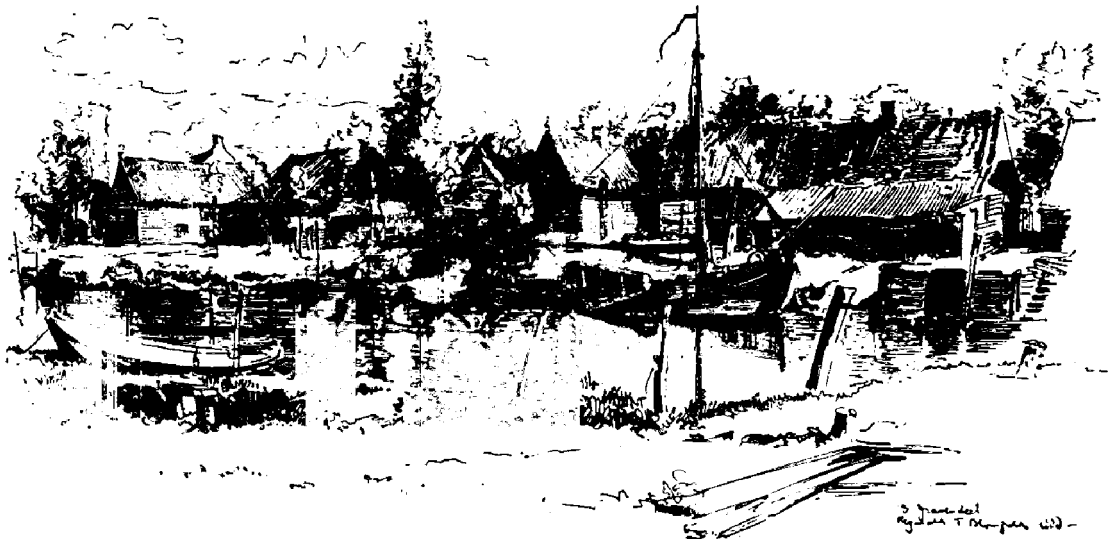
"No, we haven't quarrelled, father dear. On the way home he asked me to marry him within a month from now."

"And you said?"

"And I promised that I would, father."

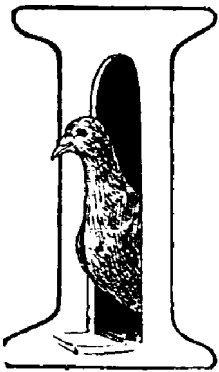
R. S. Warren Bell

(To be Continued.)



NATURALISTS' CORNER.

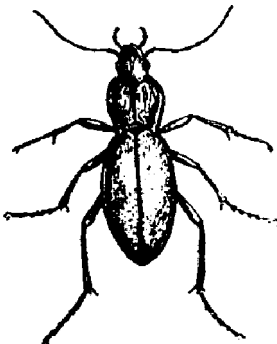
Conducted by EDWARD STEP, F.L.S.



I AM asked by "H. I. M." (Dorset Square), what constitutes a good show rabbit; what are the best kinds to keep in London, and what to feed them on? In rabbit shows there are usually a number of classes corresponding to the different breeds, such as lops, silver, Himalayan, Angora, Dutch, and so on. Each of these classes has its own special "points" for prize-winners, an enumeration of which would take up more space than I

have at my disposal. Any of these would succeed in London, provided that proper care is taken in housing, feeding and general management. The best plan, therefore, is to visit a dealer, or a show, and select the variety that is most pleasing to you, subject to the price you are prepared to pay, and do your best with it. They must have plenty of room in the hutch, plenty of air, regular and proper food, and be kept scrupulously clean. The food should be varied, oats, barley, bran, wetted and kneaded up until it crumbles, carrots, parsnips, swedes, always a variety of green meat, such as lettuce, groundsel, sow-thistle, plantain, etc., free from surface moisture; boiled potatoes and potato peel, hay. Three meals a day—morning, noon, and evening; water once a day, but not left in the hutch. You speak of a difficulty in getting greenstuff in London; if so, do not keep rabbits, but there are numerous greengrocers even in London. Thanks for your suggestion that this "Corner" should contain an article every month on some domestic animal; but do you not see that it would take up all the room intended to be devoted to answers to our readers' enquiries?

Ground Beetle.—The beetle sent to me by "Coleop" (Hatcham) is the granulated ground beetle (*Carabus granulatus*), which is here figured of the natural size. There are ten different species of ground beetles found in Britain, and they all present the general features shown in the figure, though differing in details of size, colouring, sculpturing, etc. The present species owes its name to the surface texture of the hard wing-covers, which



GRANULATED GROUND-BEETLE.

is slightly grooved and granulated. In most of the species the wings with which other beetles fly at night are practically absent, and the wing-cases incapable of opening. In the granulated ground beetle, however,

the wing-cases can be separated, and there is a little more wing than usual beneath, but not sufficient for any useful purpose. These beetles live almost entirely underground, where they prey upon other insects; worms, etc. You need not fear that they will do harm to your garden; quite the opposite.

Canary Birds Breeding.—"T. F." (Manchester) has a pair of canaries, and though the hen has laid three eggs she will only sit on them at night, and drives the cock bird away from the nest. He wishes to know "how this can be prevented next time." It is somewhat the same with canaries as with domestic fowls—good laying hens are not always good brooding hens. It may be so with yours, and if further experience shows this to be so, you had better try another hen. Known good breeders command a good price. It is usual to take away the eggs as laid, substituting an artificial egg to prevent discouragement, and to replace them when the hen ceases to lay. The number is usually five or six. As breeding birds have several broods each season—which extends from April to September—you may still get some young birds this year.

Eared Owls.—Two of the so-called eared owls are British. The "ears" are merely tufts of



LONG-EARED OWL.

feathers. The long-eared owl (*Asio otus*) is the most widely distributed, and may occasionally be found nesting in fir woods in most parts of the country, but the short-eared owl (*Asio accipitrinus*) breeds only on the moors of the north, and in the eastern counties. The ear tufts of the latter are about three-quarters of an inch long; those of the former double that length.

Books.—"Seed-fossil" (Pollokshields) will find the information he requires in (1) Drury's *Home Gardening* (L. Upcott Gill, 1s.); (2) Williams' *British Fossils* (Sonnenschein, 1s.); (3) Ramsay's *Mineralogy* (Lockwood, 3s.).

Land Tortoise.—A small tortoise, purchased by E. B. Lye (Luton), does not seem to flourish, though kept indoors and given milk-sop, lettuce and cabbage. My correspondent wishes to know if it is getting the right kind of food, and does it need water? As I think I have mentioned before, the land tortoise is a vegetarian and will only eat juicy leaves. Lettuce is of this class, but the tortoise likes to bite mouthfuls from the leaves of plants rooted in the ground. Turn him into the garden. E. B. Lye, where he can feed when he feels inclined on dandelion, marigold, lettuce, etc., and make provision for drinking and bathing, as advised for "Tortoise" (Malvern), in June CAPTAIN.

Collie Chasing Sheep, Etc.—"J. H. Q." (Hayle) has a collie which is an inveterate sheep-chaser, and which is so afraid of the sight and sound of a gun that he frequently runs away for hours. Chastisement has no effect on him. I have always understood from farmers who kept collies that a dog developing this sheep-chasing habit is incurable, and must be sold to some one for city life, where he will have no opportunity of indulging his weakness. In the second case, I can only suggest that he be accustomed to the gun by taking him on the chain with shooting parties, to make him realise that the gun is not a danger to him, just as one cures a shying horse by insisting on its passing the object at which it shies.

Dormice.—There is no reason, J. B. Leggett (Southsea), why your dormice should not breed in captivity providing they are properly fed and otherwise cared for, as yours appear to be. I am glad to learn that your little family passed through their winter sleep all well and are now in good condition. The dealer's advice to wake them up every day in winter was utterly wrong. They should not be interfered with at all during hibernation, but food

should always be at hand in case they wake up. I am afraid that dealer was giving advice which would necessitate your going to him to supply the places of those that would die under such treatment. In keeping any kind of animals the most sensible method is to copy Nature as closely as possible. When you have read up the natural history of an animal and found out its habits, so keep it that it can retain its habits in captivity. You expressed the hope that I should not be "annoyed" by the careful details of your letter. On the contrary, I was very pleased to find you had followed so rational a course, and had been rewarded by success.

Shells.—"Conchomaniac" (Cambridge) wants to know how to arrange a collection of shells, but is a little bit doubtful whether the subject belongs to this corner, as he has not yet seen any questions about it. (See June CAPTAIN.) All branches of Nature study are in order here; but it is as well that you addressed your query to me, or the Old Fag might have sent it to his ordnance expert, just as I fear he sent a query on bats (meant for me) to Mr. C. B. Fry. First of all, you must get the names of each shell. In the case of the foreign species you may worry out the family names from Woodward's *Manual of the Mollusca* (Lockwood and Co., 7s. 6d.), and then the species name is best obtained by comparing them with museum specimens. So far as the British shells are concerned you will find all the principal species figured and described in my *Shell Life* (Warne and Co.). Each species should then be placed separately in glass-topped boxes, or neatly gummed on tablets of glass, wood or cardboard, with the name attached. The valves of bivalves should *not* be separated. Yes, it is quite possible by intelligent reading and comparison of specimens to arrange your collection properly. I shall always be glad to help you in any way I can.

SCHOOL MAGAZINES REVIEWED.

"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."



Alperton Hall Magazine (April).—"Mumps" and the weather have been causing the school much tribulation, but beyond that the Editor has little or nothing to chronicle. He has managed to secure a very excellent article on "Hints to Young Bug-hunters," by Lulworth Skipper, a great author-

rity on the Lepidoptera. It appears that at the Hall there are several boys very devoted to natural history, and we cannot too strongly advocate the

development of this side of school life. The following stand first on the list for the school prizes:—D. McAuley, G. de L. Landon, C. Arden, P. S. McAuley, and L. Cook. The sports' record shows twenty-one matches played (in football), with ten won and eleven lost, 81 goals for, and 60 against. In cricket last year 14 matches were played, of which 6 were won, 7 were lost, and one was drawn. 1,056 runs were scored against 845.

"**The Blue**" (April).—This publication is full of interesting reading this month. The concert of the term seems to have been in many respects an unique success. Poetic genius stamps

The attention of Editors is called to the offer we make in our notice of "The Tonbridgian."

the pages of the magazine with attractive variety. The "Anti-Ornithologic" is a poetic defence of bird-kind, happy in its practical conception. The school chapel is being provided with a new organ which will contain nine miles of lead piping. The 1st XV. is to be congratulated on the results of the past season, 17 matches having been played, 14 won, and 3 lost, with 43 goals, 68 tries (419 points) for, and 5 goals, 1 penalty goal, 6 tries (46 points) against. The 2nd XV. played 8 matches, won 2, lost 4, and drew 2, with 9 goals, 1 penalty goal, 13 tries (87 points), for, and 8 goals, 13 tries (79 points), against.

Pembroke Dock (County School, March).—This magazine is improving greatly and mirrors the school life in a healthy manner. A graphic account of "A Spanish Bull-fight" appears. The reminiscences by W. B. S., under the heading of "Some Early Cricketers," are especially interesting at this time, while the "Natural History Notes" contain a wealth of information and indicate that a practical interest is taken in this important educational branch. The sporting record of the school spells progress. The following paragraph, under "School Notes," adds lustre to the school:—"For the first time since the foundation of the school the position of Mayoress is this year filled by a former pupil, and how well Miss Hutchings fills the post has been recently shown by the great success of the most enjoyable reception given by the Mayor and Mayoress in the Temperance Hall."

Durham High School (April).—Under the heading of "Les Queux," the editor draws attention to financial and other troubles, and winds up with a stirring appeal on behalf of the magazine. The school interest appears lacking. School magazines are excellent means of maintaining interest and healthy activity, beyond being mere records, and the appeal deserves a warm response. There is a breezy account of "How we Hanged the Great Sea (side) Serpent," and "W. A. H." describes an "Exciting Night on Cowes Island" in an attractive style. The results of the house cricket matches (Cambridge Cup) for 1902-3 are given as follows:—Cradock's, played 3, won 3, drawn 0, lost 0, 6 points; Belcher's, played 3, won 2, drawn 0, lost 1, 4 points; Wilson's, played 3, won 1, drawn 0, lost 2, 2 points; Balance's, played 3, won 0, drawn 0, lost 3, 0 points.

Glasgow High School (April).—The "Reminiscences of the High School," by Mr. Wm. Mitchell, LL.D., provide interesting reading, and the article on "Student Life in Germany" is instructive and well written. On the whole the magazine for this month is bright and entertaining, and a credit to the school. Many of the articles are contributed by members of the sixth, fifth, and fourth forms, and are characterised by marked literary taste and ability.

"The Hurst Johnian" (April).—This is the 450th number, and a very bright and compact

little mag. it is. The tone is good, and the editing excellent.

The Isis.—We have received copies of this magazine for May 2nd, and 9th. A feature of the former number is the able article on Mr. Frederick William Curran, of Lincoln College (with portrait), while in the latter number Mr. E. C. Monier-Williams is the "Idol." There is much that is well written and attractive in both copies.

Marylebone Centre (April).—We are pleased to receive the second number of this publication. Though an infant, it is full of promise, and should "do well." It is "run" by the Marylebone Pupil Teachers' Centre, and the matter is contributed by the students, male and female. The venture is spirited, wealthy in conception, and deserves success.

North Park Magazine (1903), edited by R. T. E. Massey, is an exceedingly attractive number. The contributions are racy and instructive. Mrs. Archer Baker's sketch of a trip through the Rocky and Selkirk Mountains, from Montreal to Victoria, is a highly entertaining narrative.

The Ousel (Bedford Grammar School, May), though modest in size, is effective in style, and contains many interesting records. R. E. C. concludes his capital account of "From Bombay to the Gair-soppa Falls."

The Reflector (February and March numbers).—Both these numbers are replete with interesting matter. The serial by P. J. Campbell, "Under the Southern Cross," maintains its interest.

St. Anne's Magazine (April).—The number this month is a pleasing record in many ways. The museum venture seems to be awakening much interest, and should prove a valuable institution. Other schools might take a hint from St. Anne's.

The Tonbridgian (April), is an attractive, well-arranged number, despite the Editorial lament that "the creative faculty of the present generation appears to be in a state of paralysis, judging from the paucity of contributions." It appears to us that editors of School Magazines might offer prizes of books for the best contributions sent in. One book a number, say. This would act as a stimulant to latent talent. We shall be glad to place a book, by one of our CAPTAIN authors, at the disposal of any editor who cares to adopt our suggestion.

The Truro College Magazine (April) also complains of lack of material for this number. Yet there is some good matter. R. W. W.'s article on "Consciousness and Subconsciousness," is a well-written and well-thought-out piece of work.

The Yare (April) appears in a new cover this term. It is pleasing in design, while the number is itself a capital one, and contains much of interest to the general reader. It is pleasing to note that "one of our old boys has written in *Blackwood's Magazine* a most interesting article on the late Mr. Rhodes' criticism of the University Fellows as 'mere children in finance.'"

PAST AND PRESENT HEADS OF WESTMINSTER.

BY kind permission of Dr. Gow, the distinguished "head" of Westminster School (fully described in another part of this magazine), we are enabled, through Messrs. G. Bell and Sons, to publish the portrait of the present headmaster, and side by side a fine mezzotint of Dr. Busby and his favourite pupil. These two masters stand at the extremes of time in the history of Westminster. For fifty-five years Busby ruled over Westminster, and no man has left a deeper or more abiding impression on English School life. He birched his boys as no man ever birched before or since. At one time he could point to sixteen bishops who adorned the bench and say, "All those men passed under my care." Among his pupils were poets and philosophers like Dryden and Locke. He was learned, he was loved, he was assiduous, he was pious. He died as he had lived, and left his money for the education



THE REV. JAMES GOW, M.A., LITT.D.,
HEADMASTER OF WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.



DR. BUSBY AND HIS FAVOURITE PUPIL.
From a mezzotint by J. Watson.

of poor boys in his native town of Lutton, in Lincolnshire. The present headmaster of Westminster does not birch. Dr. Gow is a "just beast" of the type of the late Archbishop of Canterbury. He is keen on the cadet corps and not too keen on athletics. He is a great classic and a great educationalist, and candidates for the London "matric" may be interested to know that he is one of their examiners under the new regulations. He has a marvellous memory for faces. He recognised an old boy in Nottingham the other day at a glance though seven years had elapsed since they last met. His tenure of Westminster covers but a period of two years. May his reign be happy and glorious, like that of his great prototype.

HAILEYBURY COLLEGE.

In the August number of *THE CAPTAIN* we hope to publish an excellent article on Haileybury, profusely illustrated, and full of pleasant gossip about Haileybury records, customs and athletics.

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR JULY.

Last day for sending in, July 14th.

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 July 14th.

The Results will be published in September.

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.—"As Others See Us."—Tell us, on a CAPTAIN post-card, a packet of which can be procured from this office post free for 1½d., what you consider to be the most surprising English custom in the eyes of foreigners visiting our shores for the first time. To the sender of the best answer we will award a ten-guinea Rudge-Whitworth Bicycle—as illustrated on the opposite page.

One Age limit Twenty-one.

No. 2.—"Photographic Competitions."—Hand or stand camera work Any subject. Neatness in mounting will be taken into consideration. PRIZES: 1st Class, a Hobbies No. 4 Hand Camera, value £1 10s.; 2nd Class, three 10s. Scout Cameras; 3rd Class, three 10s. Brownie Cameras, as illustrated.

Class I. Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III. Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 3.—"Popular Cricketers."—Make a list on a CAPTAIN post-card, a packet of which can be obtained from this office post free for 1½d. in stamps, of the six cricketers playing in first-class county cricket whom you consider to be the most popular "with the crowd." Three of Messrs. Gamage's Cricket Bats, value one guinea each, will be the prizes, as illustrated.

Class I. Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. Age limit: Twelve.

No. 4.—"Hidden Birds."—On one of our advertisement pages you will find twelve pictures. Each picture is supposed to represent the name of a well-known bird. Write the name under each, 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 in correct titles, the prizes will go to the senders of the most neatly written competitions. Nine of Messrs. Lindner's Complete Printing Outfits will be awarded as prizes, three to each class. (See illustrations.)

Class I. Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. Age limit: Twelve.

No. 5.—"Drawing of an Animal."—Make a study of an animal in pen, pencil, or water-colour. Neatness in execution will be taken into consideration. Six Pictorial Post-Card Albums, supplied by Messrs. W. J. Jones, will be awarded as prizes. (See illustration.)

Class I. Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. Age limit: Twenty.
Class III. Age limit: Fifteen.

No. 6.—"Omitted Words."—In the following lines of poetry we have omitted certain words. The competitor (in each class) who restores them most correctly will be given one of Messrs. John Piggott's Tennis Rackets as illustrated on the opposite page.

The day is
The lake has lost the of
Stars shine, and waters
Round the shadow of the

Class I. Age limit: Eighteen.
Class II. Age limit: Fourteen.

EXTRA COMPETITION.

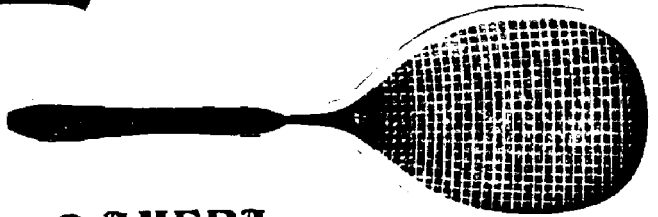
"URGENTLY NEEDED."—The great difficulty experienced by a very large number of our readers in obtaining copies of THE CAPTAIN has induced us to offer to the Six Competitors who send us the longest lists of

Names and Addresses of Newsagents who do not Stock THE CAPTAIN,

a Set of SANDOW'S OWN COMBINED DEVELOPERS, price 12s. 6d., as illustrated. No age limit; open to everybody.



"CAPTAIN" PRIZES.



IF YOU WANT

A "J. P." or a "J. P. Champion"

TENNIS RACKET,

A "Hobbies," "Brownie," or "Scout" **CAMERA,**

one of these

GUINEA

CRICKET BATS.

a Complete **PRINTING** **OUTFIT,**



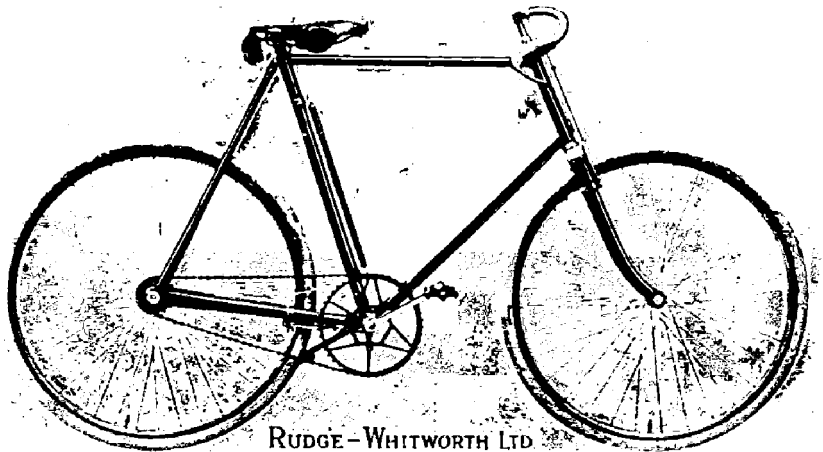
or

A SANDOW DEVELOPER,

Read "The Captain" Competitions on the opposite page. Or perhaps you would like to

WIN THIS £10 10s. RUDGE-WHITWORTH BICYCLE.

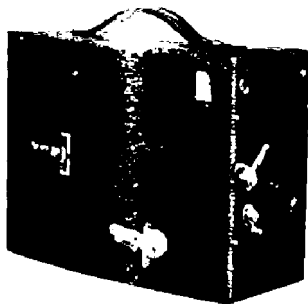
This is a "Standard" Rudge-Whitworth Light Roadster, with jointless Rims, A-Won Clincher Tyres, patent Flush-Joint Frame, patent Free Wheel, Back Cable Rim Brakes, Detachable Mudguards, &c., &c.



RUDGE-WHITWORTH LTD

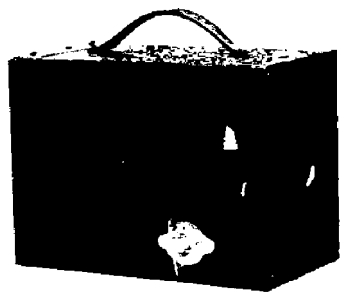
To win it, all you have to do is to tell us on a "Captain" post-card what is the most surprising English custom in the eyes of our foreign visitors.

See Competition No. 1 on the opposite page.



Three of these 10s. "Scout" Hand Cameras are awarded as prizes in our "Photographic" Competition, Class II.

Three of these 10s. "Brownie" Hand Cameras are awarded as prizes in our "Photographic" Competition, Class III.



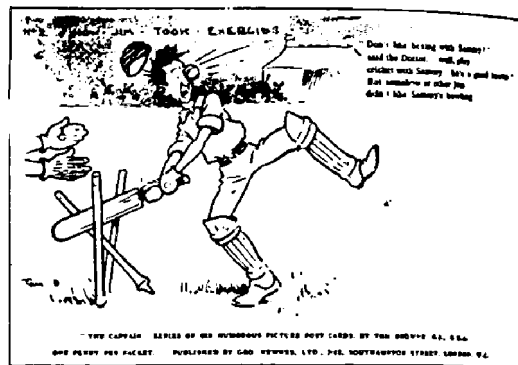
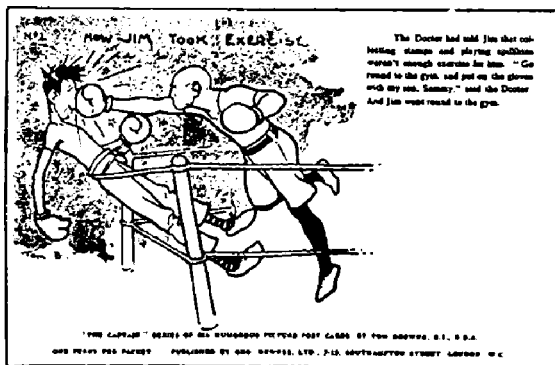
"CAPTAIN" PRIZES.

"THE CAPTAIN" PICTURE POST-CARDS.

"HOW JIM TOOK EXERCISE."

By TOM BROWNE, R.I., R.B.A. One Packet of Six Designs 1½d. In Stamps, post free.

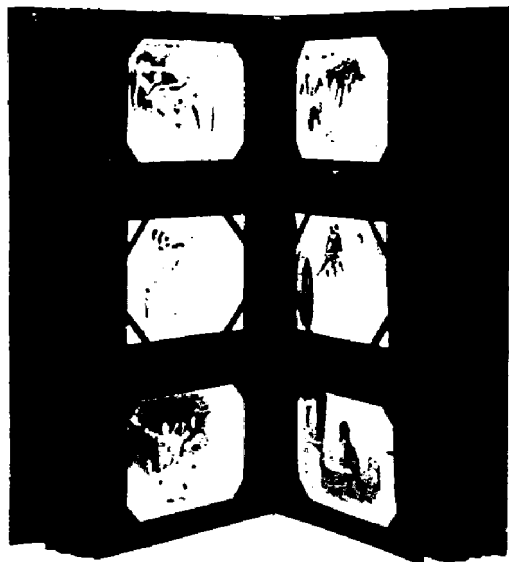
See "Captain" Competitions Page for further particulars.



"THE CAPTAIN" POST-CARDS are now ready, in packets of six different designs by Tom Browne, R.I., R.B.A., printed in colours. A single packet of these unique and humorous cards will be sent, post-free, to any address on receipt of 1½d. in stamps, 3 packets for 4d., post-free, one dozen for 1s. 2d., post-free. Address: "Post-Cards," THE CAPTAIN, 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

ORDER AT ONCE, IF YOU WANT TO WIN A £10 10s "RUDGE-WHITWORTH" BICYCLE

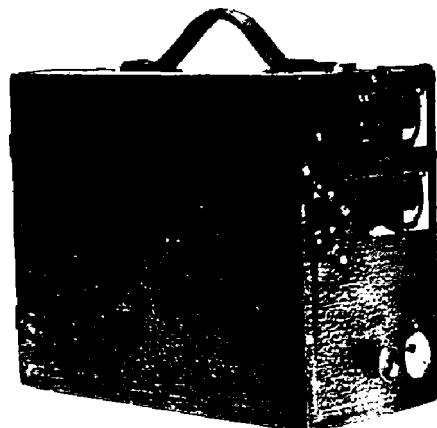
To Readers interested in Pictorial
Post-card Collecting.



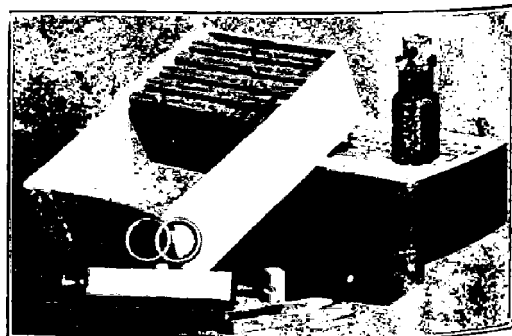
We are offering six of these Pictorial Post card Albums
to the winners of our

Drawing of an Animal Competition.

See "Competitions for July."



This Hobbies No. 4 Hand Camera, value £1 10s., is the First
Prize in our Photographic Competition.



To encourage our Photographic and Artistic Readers to
stamp their names and addresses on the back of their con-
tributions, we are awarding Nine of these Complete Printing
Outfits as prizes in Competition No. 4.

"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.

Books by CAPTAIN authors are awarded to Rosalind F. Bridge, Grace Marsham, Kenneth Dowie, and C. T. A. Wilkinson for their respective contributions. Each prize-winner is requested to forward his or her present address, and at the same time to select a book.



SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE, K.B., M.V.O., MUS. EOC., ORGANIST AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY, IN COURT DRESS.

This clever competition snapshot is by Rosalind F. Bridge, and shows what clear photos can be taken with a No. 2 Plico Kodak.

Heavy Scoring on Easy Wickets.

A SUGGESTION.

THE Rev. Jno. Marsham, of Barton Segrave Rectory, Kettering, sends the following contribution on the "wider wicket" question:—

It is actually proposed in this degenerate age

to augment the size of the wicket, and it is being solemnly discussed by the highest cricket authorities in the land whether augmentation is advisable, and, if so, in what way, and to what extent.

The enormous scores that have been made of late in dry seasons are responsible for the agitation. When on the second day of a match it is evident that it

cannot be finished within the time allotted, the interest of the public lessens, the attendance on the third day falls off, and the gate suffers.

To meet this trouble, it is proposed to enlarge the wicket. Now, it is quite evident that the circumstances of cricket vary very widely. For instance, the same team will make very different scores on a wet wicket and a dry one—so that whereas you might want a large wicket on dry, true, fast ground, you would want a proportionately small one on sticky, dangerous ground.



THE KIND OF WICKET FOR A DRY GROUND.



AND THE SIZE REQUIRED FOR A WET WICKET.

Again, on a good ground in favourable condition, a strong batting team might make an immense score, but a poor batting team will go down, to the wicket what it may.

Where is the finality? There will be different-sized wickets wanted for various conditions of weather, ground, and cricket calibre of players. The game will end in farce, as on accompanying illustrations.



A REMINISCENCE OF THE ETON V. WINCHESTER CRICKET MATCH, JUNE, 1902.

The gentleman in the foreground, to the left, is Dr. Fearon, the late head master of Winchester. Snapshot by Jeradine Byrom.

Read this quickly.

There was a young person named Tate,
Who dined tête-à-tête, at eight eight.

As I was not there
I cannot declare
What Tate ate tête-à-tête at eight eight.

There was a young person named Carr,
Who took the three-four to Forfar;

"For," she said, "I conceive
That this train will leave
Long before the four-four for Forfar."

KEITH SILVER (Balham).



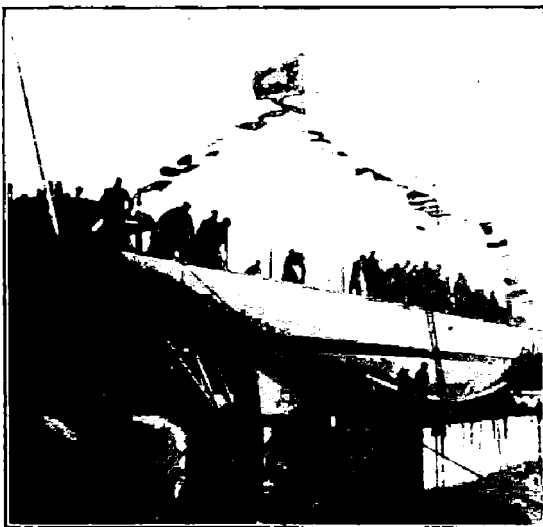
"BOB, BRISTLES, AND BILLY"

Billy, the tame deer, belongs to a friend of our Montreal reader, Kenneth Dowie. This pet deer is six months old, and has grown quite tame, living in the large enclosure adjoining the house.



Here we have Billy begging for his breakfast which Bob holds high up in his hand. Billy is full of quaint tricks, and the reason he has no horns is that his first year horns have dropped off.

Photos by Kenneth Dowie, Montreal, Canada.



SHAMROCK III.

A clever little competition snapshot by Gordon Robertson.



CRICKET IN SOUTH AFRICA.

"Look heah! umpire, I'm going ter stay in all de time, remember dat."

By S. J. Cash.



F. H. HERRING, ESQ., CHOIRMASTER, BLUNDELL'S SCHOOL, TIVERTON, DEVON, AT THE ORGAN.

Photo by C. T. A. Wilkinson.

CRITICISMS.

Hugh Callaway (Southampton).—Speaking generally, the impression created in my mind after perusing your verses was that you are far too ambitious. The subjects you tackle are more suitable for a poet of the calibre of Browning than for a beginner like yourself. Abstract and introspective themes which seem to suggest themselves to you so readily require a good deal of the world's experience before anybody aspiring to put them into verse could do so to any valuable purpose. I do not wish to discourage you as to your future. What I would suggest is, that you take more simple themes, and treat them in simpler metre. To this end, you cannot do better than study the melodious lines of Tennyson, or Cowper, or Longfellow. You are thoughtful, but your power of expression wants a good deal of polishing before you can present it in an acceptable form. A few simple rules are what you require, and wise reading directed in the best and most useful paths, and treating more of what is called the "objective world," than the subjective sense. If you can combine the two, all the better, but poets don't seem to be built that way. In the early part of last century two of the most distinguished poets, whose names emblazon the roll of English literature, agreed together to bring out a volume of verse which combined these two views; William Wordsworth laid himself out to treat of the objective world, and to try and interpret Nature and Nature's voice; Samuel Taylor Coleridge attempted to interpret that subjective sense of the spirit world in language which all could understand. But whether the combination was a success or not is very doubtful.

Edward N. Lee.—Your sketch shows decided ability. You seem to take more than average pains with details. It is a good plan to always carry a note-book with you, and make sketches on the quiet whenever you can. Under these circumstances, should the subject move, simply stop and go on to something else. You have every right to the encouragement your friends give you.

H. E. Wootten.—Your "Scout" snapshots are unfortunately not clear enough.

Geo. Charlton Anne (St. Servan, Ille et Vilaine, France).—Your description of Guernsey is interesting. A photograph or illustration of some sort would have helped very much to make it suitable for C.C. pages. Mere descriptions of buildings and a few guide-book particulars can be read anywhere. Try and observe characteristic features of a place, and describe them in a way that the guide-book maker never can do.

A large number of Criticisms are held over owing to lack of space.



"Supposing you were to cut down your father's cherry-tree, Robert, would you own to the deed like George Washington?"

"No, Uncle!"

"No! but why not, Robert?"

"Because father hasn't got a cherry-tree."

(And then he ran away to continue his reading of "Lower School Yarns.")

By Phil Bell.

THE OLD FAG

EDITORIAL



12, BURLEIGH STREET,
STRAND, LONDON.

Some years ago a girl reader sent me an article called "About Boys." I accepted it, and had it (what we call in the office) "set up"—which being interpreted meaneth "set up in type," *i.e.*, printed. We have a good many articles "in type," waiting their turn to go in, and this little article, which made just a page, was put with the rest. Number after number came out, and still the little article remained on the shelf. Summer waned into autumn, and winter was chased away by romping spring, and still the little article waited. Now and again I got it down and looked at it, but somehow there never seemed to be any room for the little article, and after each such inspection back it went on to the shelf. To be frank, I did not think it displayed a very wide knowledge of boys and their ways, although it possessed certain merits, or, of course, I should never have accepted it. So the little article waited and waited, and the years rolled by, and, at last, one day, I took the little article—looking very wan and weary by this time—off its shelf and marked it for publication in the number then being prepared for press.

It then occurred to my mind that other articles might have been waiting almost as long, so I turned to the Art Editor—who orders the pictures, adjudicates (that's a good word!) the artistic competitions, and "fixes up" the magazine generally with the printer—and put a query to him on the subject. "Others?" said he, "why, sir, some have been waiting ever since the first number of THE CAPTAIN appeared!" "Indeed!" said I; "well, get them all out and put them in, Mr. H." "Yes, sir," said he (being a very polite man who takes no liberties),

"certainly, sir! And—er—sir!" "Well!" said I, sharply, for I suspected him by the look in his eye. "I—er—also—as—er—as well as the—er—articles—have—er—been waiting a long time!" "What for?" I demanded, still more sharply. "A—er—ahem!—a rise in my salary, sir!" "Preposterous!" said I, "you must work for me well and faithfully for *twenty-five years* and then I will perhaps consider the matter." "But—" began the Art Editor. "Not a word more!" I said, sternly. "But," continued the Art Editor, "I am—er—I am to be—er—to be—er—in point of fact, I am to be—er—ahem!—er—" "Well," I broke in. "what are you to be? Speak up, man!" "I am to be *married* in the summer, sir!" he concluded, blushing like a peony. (I hope the printer won't make that word "pony."—*The Printer isn't such an ass, sir.* PRINTER OF THE CAPTAIN.) "When is it to be?" I demanded, more genially, for I take a benevolent and to some extent a commercial interest in marriages—orange-blossoms—rice—tears—by and bye boys and girls—readers of THE CAPTAIN—ahem! Yes, yes! Well, where was I? Ah, yes! "On the 26th of June, sir," said the Art Editor, meekly. "Indeed!" said I, "well, in that case, I will at once consider the matter of a rise in your salary—and, yes! the office will take a holiday—a *whole* holiday—on the day in question." [*Ain't the Ho Heff rollicking this month? You should just see the togs 'e's bort for the weddin'!*—*wite wayshott—wite spatts—lavender suet—new top 'at. I tell you, 'e'll look stunnin'!* The O. B.]

But to return to the little article. It appeared in THE CAPTAIN, and then came a flood of letters from boys and girls in criticism thereof. Curiously enough, the original writer of the article (probably a full-grown

young lady by this time) never sent a word. I suppose she doesn't read *THE CAPTAIN* now she is quite grown-up! In that case, she has missed all the delightful things readers have been saying about her—especially readers of her own sex. Now is not that curious—a little article which was "held over" for years arousing all this correspondence! Well, we can't go on discussing the subject for ever. I think we had better find something else to discuss. Who will suggest a subject for correspondence, so that we can print letters pro and con.—or extracts from letters—and so make up an interesting page every month? I'll leave it to you all to think out.

"Boys and Girls!" What an illimitable subject to dilate upon! What do I myself think about the subject—about boys and girls? Well, I gave off a few opinions some months ago—please refer back and see what I said then. I can't refer back myself because I am writing these lines by the seaside and there's no file of *THE CAPTAIN* to refer to. Plenty of crabs, though, and jelly-fish, and lobsters, and fat babies falling over sandhills, and at night a cool, soft breeze from the great sea, and a murmur of little waves that seems to tell me that the strand they ripple over is a far better place for O.F.s to cogitate near than that hot and dusty thoroughfare of like designation near to which lies *THE CAPTAIN* office!

I think this: Both boys and girls are far too fond of condemning each other in a wholesale manner. A boy doesn't like a girl and says she's a "cat"; a girl doesn't like a boy and observes that he's a "horrid little beast." Boys and girls—aye, and people who are no longer boys and girls—must remember that there's a lot of good in everybody, but that in some people it's more hidden than is the case with others. Have you, reader, never taken a dislike to a person you've newly met, only to wonder, when you have got to know that person more intimately, how you could ever have disliked him—or her? Don't rush to hasty conclusions about people who don't exactly appeal to you at first. Try to see the good in others rather than the evil. You know, some people are selfish. You see it—you can't help seeing it. But if you know that they often try not to be selfish, are they not just as worthy of esteem as the people who are by nature generous and unselfish?

A few experiments in unselfish-

ness will show you what good results accrue from the practice of this virtue. A sister wants to play tennis; brother won't—wants to read *THE CAPTAIN*. Sister turns away disappointed—brother breaks off in the middle of a Lower School Yarn—not an easy task!—and says: "All right—come on, then." Being of the British race he says this gruffly, as he does not wish it to be thought that he has a heart. That's your British way. It doesn't deceive anybody of any sense, though. Well, sister smiles like a sunny morning, runs for the racquets and balls, and soon they're hard at it. Boy gives her fifteen in each game, and finds it hard to beat her at that. Boy gets keen—proposes another set. They play three sets, and then go and eat strawberries, and finally he finishes his Lower School Yarn, sister looking over his shoulder. I tell you, this is how boys and girls come to be great friends—by one considering the other. And boys must always remember that girls set great store by little actions of this sort. A girl helps a boy in some trifling way, and the boy forgets; a boy helps a girl, and the girl remembers.

And now I have come to the end of my paper, and the evening is drawing in. It is time I laid down my pen and went for a walk along the beach. I wish I had some of you with me that we might all talk together this quiet evening. But instead, I have written to you, after my funning, a little seriously. This little piece at the end is a tiny sermon, written, with the beat of the waves in my ears, to *you*, all the world over. It is, I think, this beautiful and peaceful eventide which prompts me to send you all this message, *i.e.*, that, in your relations with those about you, you should "be to their faults a little blind and to their virtues very kind." This is the end of my little sermon—written at the seaside upon a Sunday evening! . . . And now I will go for my walk along the beach.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

(Overflow from "Athletic Corner.")

C. H.—A very good way to prevent sore feet is to smear the skin thoroughly with a coating of ordinary soap. Just dip the soap in water and then rub it on without making it lather. You should wear thickish woollen socks or two pairs of thin ones. A good dodge for hardening the skin of the feet is to soak them morning and evening in a solution of alum and water. You should, of course, wear comfortable shoes with fairly stout soles.

Excelsior.—I cannot think of any reason why a swimmer of your experience should suddenly become subject to violent headaches while bathing.

Probably you are not quite fit, and the trouble will pass off. Otherwise, you should consult a doctor. Perhaps it would be as well to slip into the water without taking a header. Then, too, you might try knocking off half the time you usually spend in the water.

Cæsar.—If the striker hits the ball straight back into the other wicket, and the non-striker is out of his ground, the latter is not out unless the bowler has touched the ball. If the bowler tries to stop the ball, and the ball goes into the wicket off his hand, then the non-striker is out. Glad to hear of your success in extending your chest measurement. You had better keep on with the exercises.

Essex Footballer.—Your county has certainly reason to be proud of Woodward's play. It was certainly a great feat to be chosen against Scotland in his first year of first-class football. Look out for hints on goal-keeping at the beginning of next season.

W. Oldham.—I should say that for a boy of fifteen to run four and a half miles across country over heavy ground, in twenty-six minutes, was a good performance. Of course it depends on the state of the ground. Any way, it is rather faster than an ordinary horse would trot.

Q. C.—Thank you very much for your interesting letter. I cannot find that D. Steven played for Southampton in the finals for the English Cup, but he may have played for some other club. I am sorry to say that I have not the full records by me.

L. W. Tinkler.—If by the best all-round fieldsman you mean the one who can field best in the greatest number of positions, I should say that A. O. Jones, of Nottingham, is the man. For the best all-round cricketer you must choose between F. S. Jackson, M. A. Noble, Hirst, and Lockwood. Probably most people would vote for Hirst, because he is such an exceptionally good fielder.

Old Wolvernian.—Your measurements are excellent. Your weight is somewhat above the normal—by about ten pounds in fact—but that does not matter much. Mind you do not go in for too many different systems of exercise at once. If you go with too much of a rush at physical training you are liable to exhaust and strain your system.

C. B. F.

GENERAL.

Inquirer (Hanover).—(1) The prospects for civil engineers in England are good for good men. As far as I can ascertain, civil engineering is crowded with charlatans. The man with a thorough practical training in the workshops and on big works is a *rara avis*. (2) The fact of your studying at a good polytechnical school in Germany will prove invaluable if you try to get the utmost profit that can be derived from your opportunities. (3) Yes. Get the diploma and the engineering doctorate in Germany. It is a test of a definite course of study. (4) Another exam. in England would not be obligatory, though I attach great importance to the engineering degree at the University of London. You ought to matriculate easily under the new regulations.

F. T. Atkin (Waltham Abbey).—Order post-cards with badge. Writing fairly good. You will acquire a businesslike hand by practice. First make up your mind what kind of office you wish to enter. Read Mr. Story's article in the May CAPTAIN, "On Choosing the Wrong Profession." Yes, still sending out CAPTAIN stamps.

R. C. O. Bingham (Weymouth).—I have not the honour to be Sir Geo. Newnes. I was born on the 27th of June, 18—. Never mind about the year. You see, I am vain about my age, like the lady centenarian of Lisson Grove, who never would acknowledge that she was more than 99. Hope you are doing all you can as official representative to make THE CAPTAIN more widely known in your district.

F. Martin, jun., C.C. (Coventry).—(1) Your solution was one of hundreds received. It was not the solution of the competition editor. The prize went to the nearest.

Quidnunc (Kennington, S.E.).—Letters continue to arrive at THE CAPTAIN office on the Boy v. Girl question, but I think we have said all that can be said of a useful character. **C. W. Kent, jun. (Hexham).**—Have read your letter, with interest, and trust sincerely you will hold to your good resolutions. Your life will be so much happier, believe me. As to your questions: (1) "Cull" means to pluck; as, to cull a flower. (2) Yes. (3) No. If you have a special paper to do for the Oxford Local on the subject you mention, get J. C. Nesfield's "English Grammar," which appears to be one of the best of its kind published recently. (4) Yes.

W. E. Hobday (Stoke Newington, N.).—A general knowledge competition savours too much of school work. This is a magazine for your leisure hours. We shall have an article on Merchant Taylors in due course. We are always pleased to consider photos dealing with school life, as well as brief essays, for the C.C.C. pages. Sedbergh is pronounced *Sed-burg*.

R. L. Bridgnell (Edinburgh).—Your essay on Tennyson's "Ulysses" is still crowded out. Be patient and merciful with us. You are only one of thousands of readers who submit essays.

Nobody Much (Bradford).—Send a photograph of Saltaire, and any little picture of Shipley Glen. They will brighten up your contribution considerably.

Walter G. Vann (Durham).—(1) The quickest—Paget. (2) Yes. (3) Cannot form CAPTAIN Club stamp exchange. I do not think the bulk of our readers would care to see their magazine turned into a vehicle for exchange and mart.

Yorkshireman (Bristol).—Your photographs of Shamrock III. and I. appeared in the June number. Pray be comforted about the Peg Puzzle Solution, and about your previous failures to secure publication in the CAPTAIN Club pages. Everything comes to the man who knows how to wait. You must use your own discretion in entering for the competitions. If you think sport is limited to the sports you mention, or has a wider significance, you must act accordingly.

Langlois (Valparaiso).—Have handed your letter to Mr. Nankivell, who will deal with it in due course.

J. M. Luck (Horsmonden).—I do not remember your letter of Easter Monday, but, if I come across it, I will send you a reply direct. **Yet Another Boy (Harrow).**—Your criticisms of "What I Think About Boys," "A Mere Girl," and "E. S.," are probably amply justified. You will see I have made a few remarks on this topic in my "Editorial" notes. Those remarks must be regarded as a "last word."

R. M. (Henley-on-Thames).—See reply to "Yet Another Boy." **R. F. M. (Birmingham).**—I hope to give in a forthcoming number of THE CAPTAIN a page or two of public school news, and I am hoping also to continue it from month to month. **Epsilon (Birming-**

ham).—I shall think seriously over your suggestion while I am eating my chop at lunch to-day.

J. L. (Dundee).—I do not think a cypher competition will appeal to a sufficiently large number of my readers. Cannot reproduce High School, Dundee, from the pretty picture post-card you send, because it is no doubt copyright, but if you will kindly send me a photo, taken by yourself, or by a friend, I hope to be able to use that.

Quidnunc (Kennington, S.E.).—In May, 1900, you will find an article, entitled "Stage Struck," by Mr. Murdo Munro, who has had personal experience. His remarks should prove of service to you.

H. Platt (Wilmslow, Cheshire).—There are difficulties in the way of giving the original illustrations to the stories in *THE CAPTAIN* as prizes. A musical competition, from our first experience, doesn't appear to appeal to a very large number of readers.

"Another Boy" (Blackburn).—I cannot understand why certain members of the *CAPTAIN CLUB* wish to write to others, who are absolute strangers to them. These club lists have been serviceable in making known to many readers the present addresses of school and other friends, of whom they had lost sight. They have that interest for all readers, and are useful in that way. If you see the name of a fellow you once knew, send him a picture post-card by way of a "hail-fellow-well-met-again," but don't bewilder people who are utter strangers to you by addressing letters to them.

O. L. Beater (Ruthgar, Dublin).—Correction in article on "Irish Round Towers" noted.

K. T. Russell (Southport).—Clubbed. (1)

"The Art of Illustration" is published by Dawbarn and Ward, 6, Farringdon Avenue, E.C., price 3s. net. (2) The following books deal with black and white illustration and design: "Light, Shade and Shadow," by John Skeaping, price 3s. 6d. (G. Newnes, Ltd.), and "Line and Form," by Walter Crane, price 6s. (G. Bell and Sons). (3) Use Bristol board for pen and ink work, and Indian ink, which can be procured from any good stationers at 6d. a bottle. (4) The fact that you are a good copyist of other artists' work by no means indicates that you will be a great original draughtsman.

Unless you start and draw from models, you cannot expect to be an artist with any individuality.

O. W. N. A.—If you will send a stamped envelope I shall be willing to send you a reply to the letter you recently addressed to Mr. Fry. At the same time I must add that acting in the manner you describe is most dishonourable and reprehensible.

Leslie Ray (Birkenhead).—Your heading for a *CAPTAIN* post card is very well done. I will keep it by me

Short 'Un (Paisley).—(1) Yes, your copy was an exception, and I hope your newsagent changed it. (2) *Cricket*, by C. B. Fry and others, recently published by C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd., price 1s.

"Aubrey" (Glasgow).—Clubbed. Send autograph book, with return postage.

E. F. (Worcester).—Clubbed. Send separate letters, enclosing stamped addressed envelopes for the autographs.

Katherine Stuart (Inverarnan) and C. J. Hunt (Wellington College).—Cannot say yet when the complete list will be published.

St. Paul (Kentish Town.)—See reply to "Trickiness," March, 1903.

Orcae (Cardiff).—*Book-keeping Simplified*, published by Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons.

Dorothy E. Searle (Plymouth).—Yes, of course.

Utrick Alexander (Hexham).—Clubbed, via C. W. Kent, jun.

S. Gould (Lowestoft).—See reply to "Rover," (March, 1901), to which I may add: the bank you mention may have the monopoly in your district, but your best plan would be to get into a country branch of one of the London banks, to do which you would have to be nominated to the head office by a branch manager, or a director. There is no need of a bond—the bank see to that by insurance.

A Captainite (Sheffield).—Clubbed. (1) You can obtain the use of a local rifle range by paying for a target. (2) Ask Mr. Nankivell. (3) Any cycle accessories' dealer will tell you. (4) Yes, when a stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed.

J. W. H. (Catford).—I have no hesitation in recommending Ayres' "Championship" tennis balls. They are in great demand at Wimbledon.

F. Turney (Lloyd Square, W.C.).—Send for John Piggott's catalogue. It contains the laws of cricket, lawn tennis, football (Rugger and Soccer), hockey, fives, table tennis, and a set of dumb-bell and Indian club exercises, which, together with the price-list, form quite an athletic compendium.

Eta (Putney), G. E. Manger (Bagot, Jersey), "Joey" (Chippenham).—Clubbed.

Official Representative Appointed: W. E. Hobday (Merchant Taylors' School).

Letters, etc., have also been received from: C. M. A. (Oaken, near Wolverhampton), W. D. Thompson (St. Kitts, Leeward Islands), P. Dacre (Balham), Geoffrey L. Austin (York), James D. Jamieson (Maida Vale, W.).

(A Number of Answers are Held Over.)

THE OLD FAG.

Results of May Competitions.

No. I.—"If I were King."

THE £12 12s. "PREMIER" BICYCLE is awarded to: J. H. Weeks (aged 17, 206 Dudley-road, Birmingham, for the following suggestion:—"I would give Mr. Chamberlain the sum of £50,000, to be spent in the erection of a HOME FOR WIDOWS AND CHILDREN of those gallant warriors who fell in the recent Boer War, thereby perpetuating Mr. Chamberlain's memory, not by a useless statue, but by an INSTITUTION which would earn him the blessing of thousands."

No. II.—"Hidden Cricketers."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF GRADIDGE "IMPERIAL DRIVER" CRICKET BAT: Arthur A. Atkinson, 25 Lomond-road, Edge-lane, Liverpool.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: C. M. Chavassa, The Palace, Liverpool; James H. Walker, 502 John Williamson-street, South Shields; R. Woodthorpe, Bede-terrace, Whitely, Northumberland.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Walter H. Moore, Alex. Scott, T. R.

Results continued on next page.

Davis, B. V. Thompson, F. W. Caton, L. B. Perry, R. W. Price, F. Jarman, H. J. Powditch, John W. Lewis, Ccoil M'C. Mann, Gerald E. Ellis, C. J. A. Wilkinson, G. C. Walker, Frank E. Russell, Rosalind F. Bridge, S. A. Alford, Elsie S. Rook, John Zerfahs.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF CRICKET BAT, as above: Patrick B. Stoner, 16 Hampton-place, Brighton.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: J. H. Bryson, 7 Salisbury-place, Edinburgh; G. S. Martell, 11 Laburnum-grove, North End, Portsmouth; W. P. Lipscomb, 9 Spencer Hill, Wimbledon.

HONOURABLE MENTION: C. W. Smith, J. W. Simmons, L. B. Harbord, Lancelot G. Hare, A. J. Elkins, H. Armiger, S. H. Killick, W. H. L. Gronow, G. S. Dowsing, R. N. Davis, L. S. Lee, Charles H. Allen, G. Palmer, Daphne Kenyon-Stow, Alec. Williamson, N. Glover, H. R. Thompson, A. J. Chamberlain, L. J. B. Lloyd.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF GRADIGOE TENNIS RUCQUET: Estelle Bartlett, The Bank, Westbourne, Bournemouth.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Frank Whittle, 11 Hamilton-road, Ealing, W.; Frank Kenward, 178 Sandhurst-road, Catford, Kent.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Margaret de Putron, G. Snow, H. Fothergill, Christmas Jones, S. R. Pullinger, Armatruide Hobart, Claude Hamilton, A. D. Light, W. S. Tannece, Leslie Williams, H. Wheatley, Leslie Baker, Duncan McCallum, W. F. Woodman, C. H. Copestake, Arthur Standen, C. Fisher, J. R. Johnston, C. Lewell, W. A. Burn, Horace King, R. M. Salmon.

No. III.—"Mysterious Sign Puzzle."

CLASS I. No award.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF SET OF DRAWING MATERIALS: Alfred Parry, 130 Carlisle-street, Cardiff.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF SET OF DRAWING MATERIALS: C. W. R. Tuke, Cargilfield, Cramond Bridge, Midlothian.

HONOURABLE MENTION: V. G. White, T. D. Neville, A. Kimm, D. Haddock.

No. IV.—"Men of the Moment."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF SET OF BOXING GLOVES: Alex. Scott, Junr., Burnside House, Tillicoultry, N.B.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Lilian Bowyer, The Woodlands, Chelford, Cheshire; Edwin J. Whitehead, Thornleigh, Penwortham, Preston.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Alfred G. Pearson, W. Pollock, J. E. Appleyard, W. Turton, W. A. Oldfield, Beatrice Stevenson, W. D. Ereaut, W. G. Hynard, Reginald Coe, Sidney L. Servante, C. E. Marriott Cornville, H. E. Harvie.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF BOXING GLOVES: Gerald E. Ellis, 30 Carlingford-road, South Tottenham.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: W. L. Prosser, 59 Ronald's-road, Highbury, N.; C. Woolley, 1 East Bank, Kendal, Westmoreland.

HONOURABLE MENTION: C. Harris, R. Walker, H. J. Hewitt, Frank Colley, F. H. Love, Eliza Thompson, Edith Adames, Norman Stenning, Raymond W. Snow, C. G. Thomas.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fourteen.)

WINNER OF BOXING GLOVES: A. C. Flewitt, 91 Musters-road, W. Bridgeford, Nottingham.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: C. S. Bird, Kennet Lodge, Theale, near Reading; H. C. Inkson, 501 Lyndhurst-road, Chichester.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. S. Clarke, Gordon Miln, J. L.

A packet of "The Captain" pictorial post-cards has been sent to all competitors who have received honourable mention as announced above.

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 following books—"J. O. Jones," "Tales of Greyhound," "Acton's Feud," "The Heart of the Prairie."

COMMENTS ON THE MAY COMPETITIONS.

I.—A very large number of entries, the majority of which were rather lacking in originality, and merely made the obvious suggestions of a peerage, the premiership, or a gift of orchids. There were, however, a certain number of efforts of decided merit, and it was by no means an easy task to decide on the winner. The "Old Fag" will deal with this competition editorially next month, and quote a number of the best suggestions.

II.—There were an enormous number of entries for this competition, especially in Class II., the winner of which sent in a wonderfully neat and artistic page. Over fifty got all the pictures right in Class I., and over a hundred in Class II., so that neatness played an important part in the awards. The correct list will be found on an advertisement page.

III.—This was evidently *too* "mysterious" for most of our competitors.

Tann, Evelyn Donne, T. E. Miln, J. Honeysett, G. V. Bevan, A. McAdam, Vernon Bartlett.

No. V.—"Popular Pastimes."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF JOHN PIGGOTT'S "SPECIALLY SELECTED" CRICKET BAT: John C. Grundie, c/o Mr. Wilson, 11 Glasswork street, Kirkcaldy.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: S. J. Mackay, 26 Woodlands-road, Ilford, Essex; Walter Bain, Kerswell, Grangemouth.

HONOURABLE MENTION: P. Nugent, A. E. Warren, Beatrice Stevenson, W. H. Hindle, P. Milson, A. L. Drew, T. Walker, John W. Lewis, Leonard J. Smith.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF CRICKET BAT, as above: Wilfrid Peppercorn, West Horsley, Surrey.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: G. F. Leater, Lisnamoe, Cheltenham; C. J. Williams, Daviesites, Charter house, Godalming.

HONOURABLE MENTION: C. A. Stanton, A. G. Saunders, W. G. Matthias, H. C. D. Rankin, J. Honeysett, Frida Phillips, T. V. Brennan, R. H. Crump, T. E. Miln.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF CRICKET BAT, as above: Cecil S. Bird, Kennet Lodge, Theale, Berks.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Cuthbert Gibson, C. Newman, Light Trask, Gordon Miln, Mac Brown, H. C. Inkson, G. B. Jardine, G. Home, Lance Bostock.

No. VI.—"Photographic Competition."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF £2 2s. KODAK: J. A. Lomax, 52 Bradfield road, Owlerton, Sheffield.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Fred. Lowe, Nancy Fisher, E. S. Pugh, M. Harriet, Kathleen Cartland, Cyril Whitney, F. Boyard, W. J. Saunders, A. E. Radford, Gordon Whitehead, E. W. Reed, W. Wainwright, R. M. Esam.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF HORRIES' 30s. CAMERA: W. G. Constable, 11 Vicarage-avenue, Derby.

HONOURABLE MENTION: C. L. Graham, W. Maguire, F. Harris, R. Goldsbro' Shaw, B. Walters, W. J. Riley, W. Watson, A. Selwyns, R. M. Parsons, H. Ponsford, P. E. Ford, R. E. Green, R. F. Healy, A. G. Baker, B. Crewdon.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fourteen.)

WINNERS OF HOUGHTON'S No. 1 "SCOTT" CAMERAS: F. W. Stokoe, 7 Craigerne-road, Blackheath, S.E.; Maurice Wilson, 16 Lynnwood-avenue, Newcastle-on-Tyne; D. Werry, 3 Greenfield-crescent, Edgbaston, Birmingham; R. C. Money, Barrosa Barracks, Aldershot; J. H. Fenner, Eastville, Market Hull; Chris Pratt, Highcliffe House, Bradford.

HONOURABLE MENTION: R. Gardner, W. Moore, J. Atkins, John Breare, W. A. Howie, L. Montgomery-Moore, T. Laura, Muriel A. Southern, G. Murray, W. R. Barlow, G. Bust, F. L. Jervis.

"Foreign and Colonial Readers." (JANUARY 1903.)

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF 5s.: G. Rogers, B. E. S. School, Byculla, Bombay, India.

HONOURABLE MENTION: C. V. Hamilton (Tasmania).

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF 5s.: Beatrice Payn Le Sueur, Morley P.O., Alberta, Canada.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Mabel Davis (British Guiana), B Goodbrand (Natal).

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

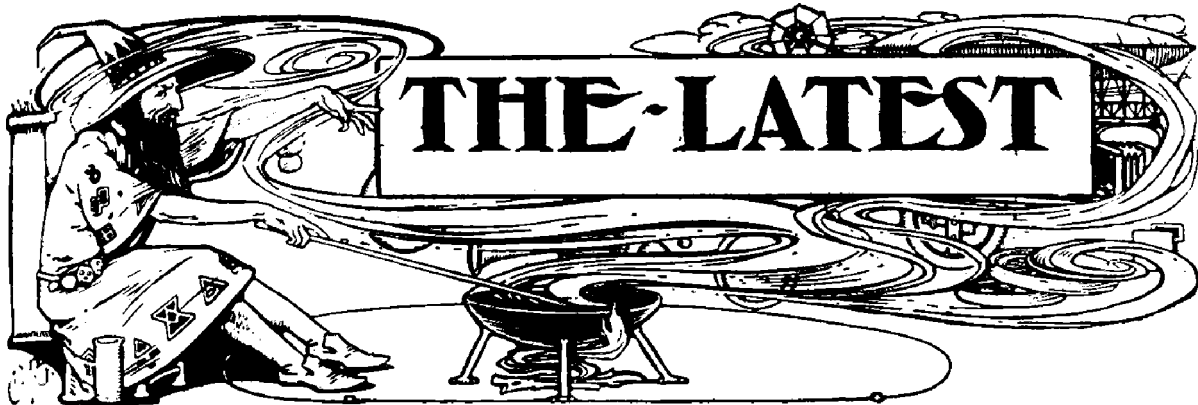
WINNER OF 5s.: Digby Gordon Harris, Oak Cottage, Naini Tal, Kumaon, India.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Hugh Ashton Warner (Victoria, Australia).

V.—The correct list, decided by votes, was: Cricket, C. B. Fry; football, G. O. Smith; golf, H. Vardon

VI.—In another part of the magazine, the Photographic Editor comments on the excellent work submitted. Essays were successful in all three classes in the Foreign and Colonial readers' competition this month.

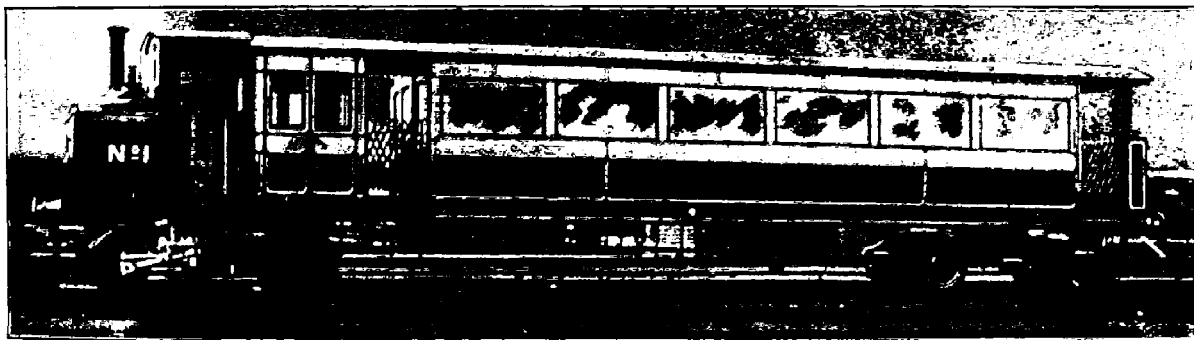
THE COMPETITION EDITOR.



Motor Cars on Railways.

British railway companies are beginning to adopt the principles of the motor car to their own uses. Readers of *THE CAPTAIN* may have heard how, in certain rural and industrial districts, railway companies have felt the effects of the competition of motor cars, both as regards passenger and goods traffic. Naturally,

under the title of the American Waltham Watch Company. The manufacture of watches by this company was begun and has continued upon lines wholly different from those of the Swiss. Upon the principle that the simplest means of producing a given result is the best, the designers discarded all parts not essential to correct time-keeping, and thus not only simplified methods of



THE LATEST IN MOTOR CARS.—THIS ONE RUNS ON RAILS.

where traffic is scarce, it stands more chance of being profitable if carried in a motor car than in a train of several coaches or goods wagons, as in a motor the cost of working is much lower. Certain railway managers have quickly realised this, and have adopted motor cars for work on branch lines. By their use, a much more frequent service can be run at less cost than with the old type of branch-line train. The first companies to use a steam motor railway coach were the London Brighton, and South Coast and the London and South Western. I am indebted to the latter company for the accompanying photograph. This latest railway innovation is also being copied by the North-Eastern, Great Western, and other well-known lines.

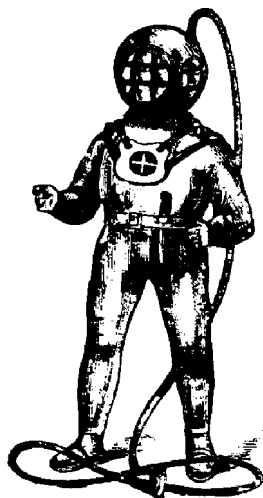
The Perfected American Watch.

Fifty years ago the Geneva watch was looked upon as the acme of perfection, and, as a consequence, the majority of watches then in use were made in Switzerland. In the year 1854, however, a business was organized in America

manufacture, but reduced the liability to breakage and the cost of repairs. Emerson, the essayist, said, in speaking of a man whom he described as a godsend to his town, "He is put together like a Waltham Watch."

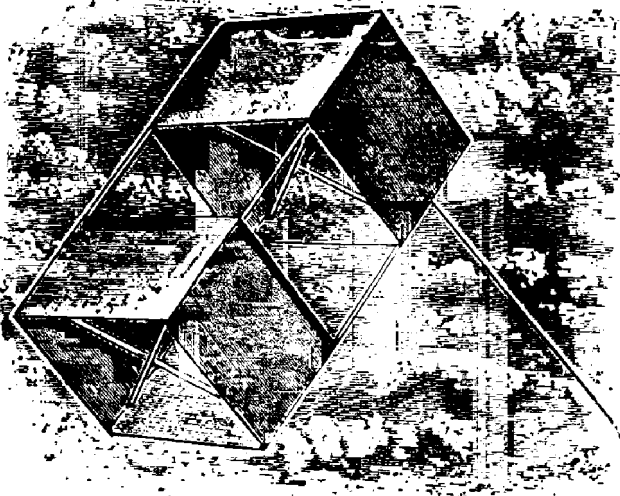
The Latest from Hamleys'.

Messrs. Hamley Bros., Ltd., the Court Toymen, of 512 Oxford-street, have recently brought out a very ingenious model diver. This little fellow, like his counterpart in real life, such as you may see for yourselves during the coming holidays at work in harbours and near piers, is altogether dependent on the air tube which keeps him in touch with the



THE MINIATURE DIVER.

world above during his visits to Davy Jones' Locker. With the model diver, as shown in the accompanying sketch, when you blow down a tube attached to the body, the little diver rises to the top of the water and then gradually sinks to the bottom as the air is let out. And all this for half-a-crown.



ONE OF THE NEW BOX KITES.

Scientific Kite Flying.


Observant CAPTAIN readers will have noticed that during the past few years the shape of the kite has very considerably altered. Kite flying is really one of the most scientific of pastimes, and, strangely enough, ten years ago and more it was indulged in to a far greater extent than it is at the present time. In those days, at holiday times, every hill near a big city had a fair sprinkling of ardent kite fliers—the most skillful ones, with their kites many hundreds of feet

in the air. Lately, however, this pastime has apparently lost much of its former popularity, but all the while improvements have been going on, and the most up-to-date design is that shown in the illustration on this page. This kite is known as the Naval Blue Hill Box Kite, and is also made by Messrs. Hamley's of Oxford street. It is a very perfect model of the war kites which are just now being experimented with at Whale Island, Portsmouth. In Japan the science of kite flying has been carried to a very advanced state, whilst in this country Major-General Baden Powell has done much to draw public attention to the value of kites in times of war, when they are often of far greater use than captive balloons. At Portsmouth, these cellular box kites are used for lifting Marconi receiving apparatus, and also for observation purposes. At Woolwich recently one of them raised a man over 600 feet from the ground, whilst on another occasion, unloaded, one went up to a height of 1,200 feet.

The Biggest Bridge Since the Forth.

The latest in bridge building is now to be seen at Newcastle-on-Tyne, where the great new high level bridge, which will cost nearly half a million of money, is in course of construction. This huge structure, half of masonry and half of steel, will span the Tyne from bank to bank at a height of 110 feet, and 8,000 tons of steel will be used in building it. The foundations in the river itself will be dug out under compressed air by means of three huge steel caissons, which are now in process of being sunk, and later on materials will be carried to the works on the river by means of a powerful aerial cableway.

OUR PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITIONS.

 It is gratifying to find so many entries for our Photographic Competitions. The Prize in Class I. was awarded for a very beautiful composition, "Summer," by **J. A. Lomax**. Amongst those selected for Honourable Mention may be noticed "Off Lavan Heap, New Quay," a thoughtful study of rocks, waves and clouds; also a fine series of quarter-plate prints by **W. J. Saunders**, "At Anchor." and "A Rugged Coast" being of exceptional merit. **Nancy Fisher** sends a fine architectural photograph of a cathedral interior, and **Fred. Lave** contributes a picture of farm-yard life, very carefully composed. **A. E. Radford** has been very successful in his selection of pure landscape. **Ernest B. Holmes** sends several good pictures, the best being the Sedilia Furness Abbey, and "Santon Mill, Gosforth."

In Class II. the prize was awarded to **W. G. Constable** for a very fine interior of, we think, Haddon Hall. **William Maguire** sends a very perfect photograph of Tudor House, Southampton, which does not appear to advantage, however, because of the careless mounting in slip-in-mount. "A Thrush's Nest," by **Rachel M. Parsons** is cleverly done, the technique being admirable. **F. Harris** has succeeded fairly well with his photograph of a "Double-headed Rose"; the light on one side of the vase is rather too strong, but detail is well brought out. **C. L. Graham** and **H. Ponsford** identify themselves with pure landscape; both pictures are well composed.

In Class III. much good work was submitted and another month, when we have more space, we hope to comment on the efforts of our youngest competitors.

THE OLYMPIAN WALK.

By ANDREW C. LEIGH.

Illustrated by CONRAD H. LEIGH.

THE gods of Olympus selected,
With very much bother and talk,
A dozen or so of the strongest,
To take an "Olympian Walk."

They started from old Mount Olympus
And walked to Mount Ida in Crete,
Mercurius easily winning
Because of the wings on his feet.



They walked o'er the sea on a rainbow,
Which saved the expense of a ferry—
Though Charon was vexed: he expected
A tip for the use of his wherry.

King Jove and his consort Queen Juno
Drove out in their new motor car;
While Bacchus and Hebe united
And set up a travelling Bar.

Fair Venus presented the prizes,
(Both she and the gifts were admired),
And after a bottle of nectar
The "Olympian Walkers" retired.



"SURRENDRE!" THE VOICE WAS HIGH AND CONFIDENT. "SURRENDRE! OU NOUS FINIRONS LES BATEAUX!"

THE BULLET-MAKER'S STRATEGY.*

By FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS.

Illustrated by E. F. SKINNER.



DOUNG Jean Marie Du Bois was the first white man to manufacture lead near the famous Fever River. In his early 'teens Jean served as apprentice to a gunsmith in Lyons, France, and before his majority

as a non-commissioned officer in the French Army.

Then he came to this country—straight to the Mississippi frontier. Not long afterward he was engaged in making bullets and mending guns at a point on the river below the French and Indian rendezvous at Prairie du Chien.

In the lead regions near St. Louis, the French, Spanish, and Indians had, in a crude way, mined for and melted ore for more than half a century. This product found its way by various water courses to the Great Lakes. And this is exactly the reason why the British and their Indian allies invaded the upper Mississippi country in 1780-81. This they did by two water routes, and at least one expedition returned laden with lead, many scalps, and some prisoners.

The trade of Jean Du Bois had flourished finely until the coming of the British in these raids. In the spring of 1780 a fleet of Mackinaw boats, manned by red-coats and Winnebagoes, passed down the river and ravaged the country of the Sacs and Foxes, who were allies of the French. They missed Du Bois, probably passing him in the night on their way down, but on the return, British boats anchored off shore and battered down his rough stone walls with small cannon.

Jean escaped into the woods, and the enemy, well freighted, were content to pass on, leaving his small "works" a wreck. When they were gone, the lone bullet-maker set to work ruefully and repaired his damaged house and workshop.

He now bethought him seriously of his lonely life, and especially of his need of interested allies in time of war. Below him, some days' journey upon the river, were villages of Sacs and Foxes. He now went among these Indians and narrated his losses

—not so great as their own—at the hands of the "Inglis" and Winnebagoes. He remained some time among their lodges and finally married the Young Corn, a Sac girl, and took her brother, Bobadeesha, to live with them.

The Sacs and Foxes, to whom he gave generous supplies of bullets, promised to watch the river closely in the future and to give him timely warning of the approach of mutual enemies.

Du Bois passed a winter pleasantly with his young wife and the Indian lad for helpers. The Young Corn and Bobadeesha dug for the chunks of ore which Jean smelted. The brother and sister were much delighted when they could fetch, from their badger-like drifts into the hills, great lumps of galena as big as they could carry.

This labour left Du Bois free to work at his moulds and at his forge in repairing old North-west guns and fowling-pieces which had been placed in his hands by traders, *voyageurs*, and woodsmen at Prairie du Chien. And there was, of course, the burning of charcoal to assist in this business.

The high waters of spring came and went and the bullet-maker was preparing for his annual trip to Prairie du Chien, when a Sac runner came across country from the Fox River to warn him of the approach of a fleet of British and Winnebagoes. The main body of Sac and Fox warriors, said the runner, had gone to the far north to strike the Menominees. Himself had followed with a small party, and, while upon the trail of their fellows, they had discovered the coming boats—ten or more of them. There was no time to follow and fetch back the war parties, so he had run night and day to warn Du Bois and to save the women and children of the villages below.

Jean fed the runner and bade him haste on his errand. The Young Corn then asked her husband if they, too, should not go and hide themselves with her people.

"We can as well hide here," said Du Bois, and the obedient wife composedly accepted his dictum. Du Bois now spent some time in deep meditation, sitting outside his storehouse and looking upon the broad river. Then he reached a decision and set to work.

* Copyright in the United States of America by Fleming H. Revell Company.

He felled two sound hard-wood trees, peeled and shaped the trunks to resemble cannon, burned a smooth bore into them and charred them black. From some old gun-barrels he forged hoops of iron and belted one of his log cannons solidly from breech to muzzle.

This one he loaded with a pound or so of powder and slugs and fired the piece without bursting it. At short range he saw that it might be made to do execution without too great danger to himself.

The Young Corn and her brother looked upon the great guns with much amazement, but, Indian like, awaited his explanation of their purpose. They were more than ever astonished when he unfolded his plan to them. They had listened to many tales of brave exploits, told in the lodges of the Sacs and Foxes, but never of such a deed as this master of the stone house and maker of guns proposed.

When Du Bois told them they were to stand by the big gun while he aimed and fired it, and again in the face of the enemy, they were speechless. But they obeyed without flinching at the test. It was now nearly time for the hostile fleet to arrive; so, in his bateau, Du Bois and his small force repaired to an island at some distance above the mines. Here the channel of navigation for loaded boats was narrowed—as it is to this day—to a deep and tranquil current some three hundred feet in width. Beyond was a succession of small isles, shallows and sand bars.

Behind a sharp ridge of sand, at the upper extremity of the large island, Du Bois planted his hooped cannon. On the opposite bank, but lower down, under a big oak, he mounted the charred piece, with its mouth gaping upon the river. Along with this dummy cannon was also mounted a big-bore fowling-piece, placed breech against the tree, with a string attached to the trigger and loaded to the muzzle with balls and slugs.

The log gun at the sand bank was effectively ambushed by dry bushes and drift stuff flung carelessly along the ridge. A number of loaded rifles also were placed under cover behind this natural earthwork.

The hostile boats, so soon expected, however, were delayed. Du Bois and his little party waited, living upon jerked meat, for three or four days. Every morning there was fog upon the river, and Du Bois began to fear the bateaux had slipped by him unawares. Then, on the fourth morning, after the mist had lifted, Bobadeesha came

running in from the hill of look-out. The "Inglis" and the Winnebagoes were coming—ten boats; he held up the fingers of both hands.

Then this daring man, Jean Marie Du Bois, posted his forces. The Young Corn was left in hiding to fire the fowling-piece, freshly primed. She was to pull its trigger as soon as the boats should reach a certain point upon the river, marked from her line of vision, toward the island. If the enemy then attempted landing she was to flee to the woods. With final repetition of instructions Du Bois took an affectionate leave of his young wife and, with Bobadeesha, repaired to the sand ridge. They hid their bateau among some willows and then primed their rifles and arranged them for quick firing. Then Du Bois lighted, smokeless, a little heap of charcoal, and they were ready.

Presently the fleet of boats, with sails furled—for there was no breeze—swept around a bend and bore down upon them. As they came on Du Bois corrected the Indian count. There were eleven large bateaux, each manned with a crew of eighteen or twenty men. Their delay could be easily accounted for in the time it must have taken to cross the portage at La Prairie.

Five or six boats were in the lead and nearly abreast. Du Bois could see no cannon, but cannon was what he feared, if indeed so bold a man feared anything. One boat was loaded wholly with British officers and red-coats, and Du Bois saw with much regret that this bateau would pass furthest from his position. He wanted to sink this boat at the outset. To deal with the Winnebagoes, unofficered by their white allies, he felt would simplify matters. But war is war, and one must fight a stationary battery, especially of logs, as one has opportunity. So reasoned this admirable Frenchman. It was his patriotic duty to defend innocent and happy villages from a ruthless invader. Not again should these inhuman savages ravage and lay waste the country of the allies if he and his could prevent. Not for an instant did this intrepid man quail.

One boat was now drawing in near the bar. It was manned by a crowd of befeathered and paint-streaked chiefs and high warriors and a couple of red-coats, who doubtless managed its sail when there was a wind. Du Bois noted, with exultation, that this bateau was likely to pass within fifty feet of the shore.

He now glanced across to where he had left

the Young Corn in hiding. Nothing was to be seen save the great oak and a bush which had been thrown upon the muzzle of the

spoke of unbounded courage and determination. For the first time this boy was about to lift his hand against the hereditary enemies of his home and country.

The heart of Jean Du Bois warmed and his blood rioted tingling to his finger-tips. Neither the boy nor the Young Corn would



THE INDIAN LAD LAY UPON HIS BREAST AGAINST THE SAND BANK, WATCHING THE BOATS.

sham cannon. Had the young wife fled in terror? In the face of approaching odds he could not have blamed her. Yet one shot from the fearfully loaded gun across there might prove vital to his plan.

He turned to note the attitude of Boba-deesha, who had charge of the rifles. The Indian lad lay upon his breast against the sand bank, his face sheltered by a wisp of willow twigs, narrowly watching the boats. There was an eager light in his eyes, a fierce, valorous glow upon his dark cheek, which

fly. They would stay in the fight to its finish. Reassured, he resumed his inspection of the fleet.

The foremost boats were now nearly opposite. Soon prying eyes might detect the un-

covered muzzle of his clumsy gun. The near bateau was right at hand. He gathered a live coal upon a bit of bark and ran his eye along the barrel. Its aim was too high, but the piece was balanced upon the sharp ridge. He elevated the breech with one hand and, as the prow of the bateau passed his line of sight, dropped a bit of fire upon the priming.

Boom! A dull, hollow roar and a crash of pine splinters was followed by whoops of fright and amazement and then by a great splashing of scared swimmers. Du Bois instantly fired a musket on either hand, aimed simply to rake the river with small bullets, and, before the smoke had lifted, rammed a home-made cartridge into his home-made cannon.

"Surrender!" he shouted above the din. "Surrender, or we finish the bateaux!"

As the smoke of his guns lifted, his eyes fell upon a scene of confusion. The bateau which had received his wad of slugs had overturned and was floating bottom up, while the survivors of its crew were threshing water frantically in their efforts to get aboard other boats. All the bateaux had swung to, fearing more effective ambush in the narrows below. The Winnebagoes were paddling for dear life to reverse their heavily loaded craft. The British crew, lower in the channel, however, had dexterously brought their boat about. A young officer standing in its bow was eagerly scanning the sand ridge. He saw the black muzzle of a single cannon confronting him.

"Forward, men!" he shouted, courageously, "land and give 'em the guns!" The man was bold as a lion. Du Bois, behind his cannon, felt a thrill of admiration. It was thus a soldier should meet the enemy. The young officer roared at the Winnebagoes and flourished his arms until the flush of his valour enthused them. Despite the fact that Bobadeesha was firing rifles from behind his line of drift stuff, Du Bois saw that the whole force of the enemy were encouraged to attack.

Some of the boats were drifting now and the brave Frenchman saw that these would quickly make a landing below. With intense anxiety he turned his eyes upon the Young Corn's ambuscade. Dare she fire upon those boats? They were under the very muzzle of her gun. Now was the time! At that instant he saw a slim figure stoop from behind the big oak and fling away the bush which covered a threatening muzzle. The figure disappeared and before he could

catch breath there was an explosion like the bursting of a shell.

Slugs, bullets, pieces of gun-barrel whistled and sang. These flew wildly over and among the bateaux. Two or three of the Winnebagoes were knocked off their knees and their paddles drifted upon the current.

"Surrendre!" The voice was high and confident. "Surrendre! ou nous finirons les bateaux!"

The English officer, still standing in his boat, looked about him with anxiety. His Winnebagoes were paddling frantically to get up stream and out of ambush. He looked squarely into the muzzle of a gun which had sunk one of his bateaux. He ordered his men to hold their boat steady.

"Upon what conditions, Monsieur, if we choose to yield?" he called to Du Bois, in the tongue of France.

"The French and the Sacs and Foxes of the Mississippi," responded Jean, "desire nothing but to be left at peace. If *Monsieur l'Officier* will have the politeness to land his bateau and lay down the English muskets, Monsieur shall retain his sword and retreat with all his forces whence he came." Generous terms! The Englishman lifted his hat in salute. "I have the honour," he said, "to accept the conditions of Monsieur le—"

"Captain Du Bois, *par la grâce de Dieu* general of the forces on both sides of this river," supplied the bullet-maker.

And now, to overcome the peril of this surrender, for all the boats had halted at this brief parley, Jean Du Bois added: "Monsieur will keep his Indians at a distance. Monsieur will land only five men to stack the arms of his enlisted soldiers."

"Very well," replied the British officer, and forthwith ordered his allies to proceed upon the retreat. The terrified Winnebagoes were only too glad to obey.

At some fifty yards below his position the muskets were delivered, and then Jean standing upon his embankment, gravely exchanged salutes with the vanquished, as the soldiers paddled away in the wake of their frightened allies.

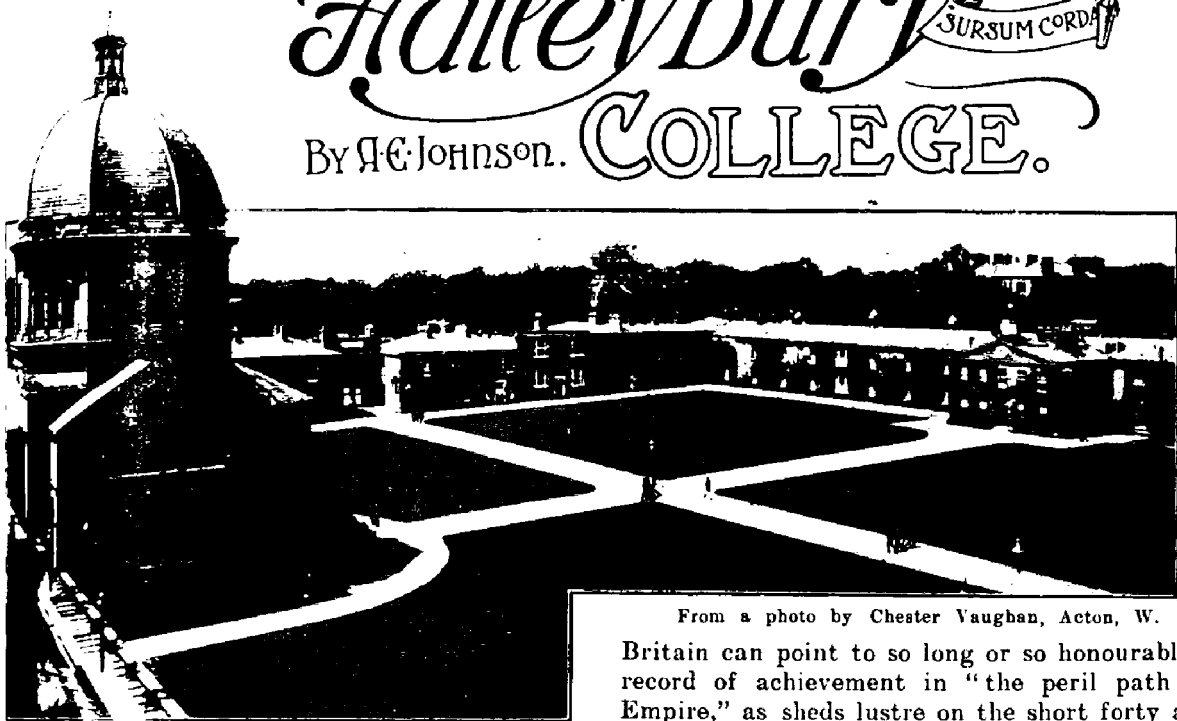
At Mackinaw, some weeks later, the British lieutenant reported a sharp skirmish with superior forces guarding the Mississippi waterway.

When the enemy's departure was safely assured, the intrepid defender of the river and his jubilant young helpers returned to their vocation upon the bluff

Haileybury?

BY A. C. JOHNSON. COLLEGE.

SURSUM CORDA



THE QUADRANGLE FROM THE WATER TOWER.

"God send her rulers wisdom, the task to tame the lands,

The peril path of Empire is safe in those young hands.

Though the air be filled with strange new sounds, and perplexed with doubtful creeds,

The boys we send to the world's far end still know what England needs."

It were no easy task, even for a brilliant epigrammatist, to sum up in a few words the animating spirit, the dominating influence, of a particular public school. In the case of Haileybury College, however, the thing has been done for us in the lines quoted above, written by an old Haileyburian and a distinguished servant of the Empire, Sir Rennell Rodd, K.C.M.G., C.B. Frankly imperialistic as every public school must be—being, indeed, itself an empire in miniature—it yet may be doubted if any of our nurseries of Greater

From a photo by Chester Vaughan, Acton, W.

Britain can point to so long or so honourable a record of achievement in "the peril path of Empire," as sheds lustre on the short forty and odd years of modern Haileybury's existence.

Without question this general trend of Haileybury life and teaching may be traced in no small degree to the descent—if the word be permissible—of the school from the Old East India

College. Early in the last century the Court of Directors of the Honourable East India Company, acting upon various suggestions and proposals from home and abroad, founded a College on the estate of Haileybury, near Hertford, for the purpose of affording a better education, moral, intellectual, and physical, to the young men who were destined to become servants of the Company abroad. Of the four principals—the Revs. S. Henley, J. H. Batten, C. W. Le Bas, and H. Melvill—the names of the last three are perpetuated in the dormitories of modern Haileybury, which are called after them. Many are the names distinguished in the history of British India which the Old East India College can claim as those of *alumni*—the most



THE HON. AND REV. CANON E. LYTTELTON, M.A., HEADMASTER OF HAILEYBURY COLLEGE.
Photo by Elliott and Fry.



"BARTLE FRERE": ONE OF THE DORMITORIES, OR HOUSES

Photo by G. Stephenson.

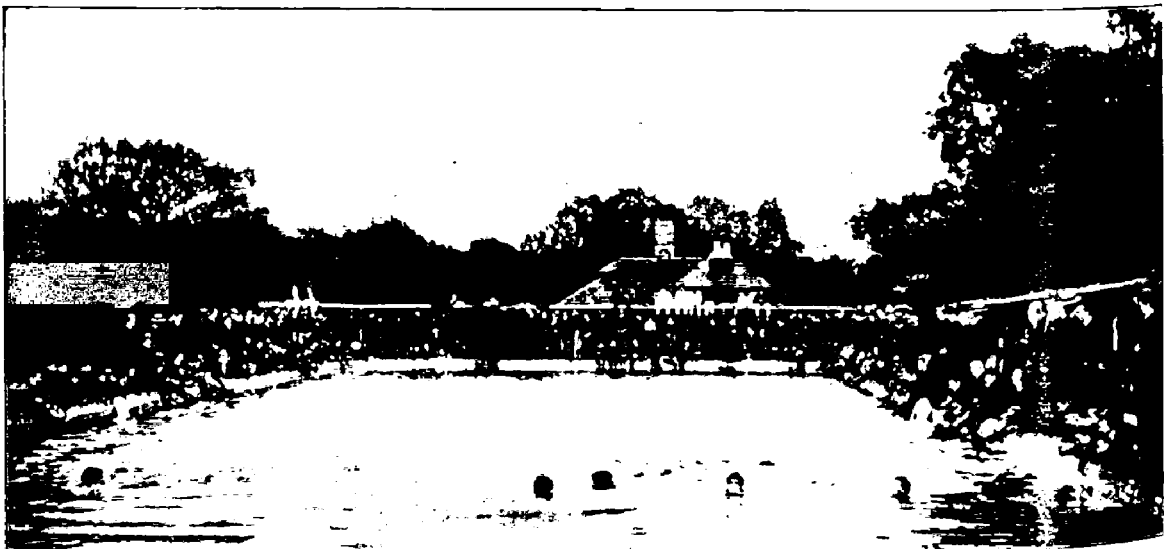
famous of them (as in the case of the former Principals just referred to) being attached to the various dormitories, and serving not only to link together past and present Haileybury, but to remind of great examples.

The Act of Parliament which, in 1853, deprived the Court of Directors of the Company of their privileges in connection with nominations to posts in the Indian Civil Service, and the substitution of competitive examinations, practically removed the object for which the old College existed. In 1855 its doom was sealed, and in the following year the last of the earlier generation of Haileyburians left its portals. For a few

years the deserted college stood alone in its desolation. Then, in 1861, it was sold, and on September 4th, 1862, recommenced existence as modern Haileybury, with fifty-four boys. Since that time the numbers have increased ten-fold, no small achievement for a brief period of forty years, and sufficient testimony in itself to the progress of the College, and the rapidity with which she has taken her place in the foremost rank of the public schools.

To her two first headmasters, modern Haileybury owes a debt not easily to be estimated. The difficulties which beset the school at the commencement of its career, as yet without organisation and established in the cheerless surroundings of the disused East India College buildings, may be well imagined. In the Rev. A. G. Butler, however, the council had found a master made of no ordinary stuff. His attainments as a scholar eminently fitted him for the work of a teacher, as, indeed, the speedy academic successes of the school proved; but it was to his admirable qualities as a man that the firm foundation upon which the fortunes of Haileybury were laid was chiefly due. His was the enthusiasm that fires, and the energy that over-rides all obstacles. "Butler's Leap" is familiar, not only to Rugbeians, but to all followers of public school cross-country running, and as was the boy, so was the man.

Butler's successor was Dr. Bradby, whose name is commemorated in Bradby Hall. What the one had begun, the other finished, and when at the close of sixteen years of sterling service, Dr. Bradby resigned, to devote himself to arduous work among the poor of London's slums, the position of Haileybury was assured. His place



THE OPEN-AIR BATH AT HAILEYBURY.

Photo by the Rev. W. D. Fenning.



"THE ATHLETICS."

Photo by the Rev. W. D. Fenning.

was taken, in 1882, by the Rev. J. Robertson, who ruled until 1890, when Canon Lyttelton, the present headmaster, under whom the high traditions of the college are being so fully maintained, entered upon office.

The chief feature of the school work is the ample opportunity afforded by the workshops and special classes in connection with the modern side, for instruction in those subjects, technical and otherwise, which are required in preparation for such professions as engineering, the Army, or the Civil Service. In these three spheres of activity Haileyburians have always been numerous, and all over the world are to be found men who cherish early memories of the "dear old school beneath the dome." Especially is this the case with India, for with India Haileybury is still closely linked, partly through the influence, no doubt, of tradition, partly through the more concrete circumstances of former pupils of Old Haileybury repaying the debt they owe the Old East India College by sending their sons to New Haileybury. Of the ten dormitories or "houses" into which the college is split up, three are named, as we have already noted, after principals of the East India College, while six others bear the names of distinguished Indian civilians among their pupils. Thus we have "Lawrence," "Bartle

Frere," "Trevelyan," "Thomson," "Colvin," and "Edmonstone," a system of nomenclature which, apart from the charm of its associations, has much to recommend it on the score of convenience. In other ways, too, these great names are honoured. In one of the studies, a tablet bears the name and date "John Lawrence, 1829," and in Bartle Frere, one of the compartments contains the inscription "Here was the room of Bartle Frere." The tenth house, "Hailey," was originally a lower school, but since 1879 has ranked with the rest. "Highfield" is a boarding-house, opened in 1868, for boys whose health requires special attention.



THE CORPS FIRING A FEU-DE-JOIE.



THE HAILEYBURY NATURAL SCIENCE SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION IN THE BRADBY HALL.

In the social life of Haileybury an important part is played by the three school societies. The first of these is the Literary Society, which was founded in 1868. Its full title is "The Senior Literary and Debating Society," which has been somewhat mistakenly abbreviated, for though it was at first intended that the literary efforts of the society should be as much encouraged as the oratorical, the debating side has long ousted all other subjects.

The Natural Science Society was founded in 1872, chiefly through the energy of Frank Podmore, later the secretary of the Society for Psychical Research. The "N.S.S." does excellent work, and the rural surroundings of the school offer many happy hunting grounds for the collector. Goose Green, and the Heath, hard by, give plenty of opportunities to the entomologist, and in former days the neighbouring "Gallows Hill" yielded many a skull to the anthropologist. The excellent and serious work, however, which the society accomplishes is indicated by its publication of a "Fauna and Flora" of the neighbourhood, and the exhibition which it annually holds in Bradby Hall.

The Antiquarian Society, founded in 1874 by the Rev. F. B. Butler, enjoys a measure of success not a little remarkable. It makes an annual expedition, known as a "pilgrimage," but devotes its time largely to the reading of papers and the delivery of lectures, especially

on art, architecture, and kindred subjects.

Besides the three school societies, there is a musical club, composed of a section of the choir; a band, formed from instrumentalists amongst the masters' families as well as the boys; and a dark room, for the benefit of photographic enthusiasts.

Athletically, there is much to be said about Haileybury. But, on our way to the playing-fields, let us step across the parade-ground. For the Haileybury Cadet Corps demands a few words of more than ordinary notice. Ask any regular and unbiased

attendant at the camp of the Public Schools Brigade at Aldershot (which owes its initiation to Haileybury officers), his opinion of the Haileybury corps. Ask him which school has invariably the strongest muster, and who were the winners (on all the occasions upon which it was offered for competition) of the Wantage Bugle for the smartest detachment.

Lack of proper range accommodation has hitherto prevented the VIII. from doing well in competition for the Ashburton Shield, despite the best of endeavours with the Morris tube. A new safety range, however, is just about to be opened in one of the school fields, and in future we may hope to see the Haileybury team take its proper place at Bisley.

The thoroughness with which the Cadet Corps is "run" at Haileybury is especially interesting



SNOWBALLING ON HAILEY FIELD.

in view of the large numbers of Haileyburians who enter the Army. Few schools played so distinguished a part in the late South African War, as the "War Record," recently published as a supplement to the *Haileyburian*, testifies. One O.H., Capt. C. Mansel-Jones, of the West Yorks. Regt., received the Victoria Cross.

To turn to athletics. For both cricket and football, the school plays by houses on "Little Side," or "Below Big Side," while the best players play on "Big Side." The games are organised by the C.O.G. (Committee of Games), who, at the beginning of term, appoint a "Captain of Firsts," a "Captain of Seconds," and a "Captain of οἱ πρῶτοι." The last word is an abbreviation of οἱ πολλοί, and signifies those players who are not good enough for "1sts" or "2nds." They receive occasional coaching from "Big Side," and thus gain op-



ON GALLOWS HILL.

portunities of promotion, while the "colts"—boys under 16—also play occasional practice games for the purpose of discovering latent ability. Inter-house matches produce the keenest rivalry, the "Cock House" at the end of the term indulging in a triumphant procession round the quadrangle, the captain proudly bearing aloft the Challenge Trophy—a silver football or cricket-ball, as the case may be. During the



THE TERRACE GROUND, USED FOR BIG-SIDE FOOTBALL, LITTLE-SIDE CRICKET.

Photo by the Rev. W. D. Fenning.

footer season, foreign matches are played on the terrace ground, while house matches and "Below-Big-Side" games take place on the "Twenty Acre," a large field that presents a very remarkable appearance with ten games in full swing. The school matches are against Dulwich, Tonbridge, and Bedford, in football; and Uppingham, Wellington, and, of course, Cheltenham (at Lord's) in cricket.

Racquets and fires are both played, and the school regularly enters a pair for the Public Schools Racquets Championship. But the racquet court is both slow and too large, and though twice the school representatives have reached the final round, the Championship has never been won. The following are the school athletic records:—

100 Yards : C. H. Jupp, 1897, 10 1-5 secs.
 200 Yards : C. H. Dickinson, 1894, 21 4-5 secs.
 440 Yards : C. H. Dickinson, 1894, 53 4-5 secs.
 Half-mile : C. H. Dickinson, 1894, 2 mins. 6 1-5 secs.
 Mile : B. C. Allen, 1889, 4 mins. 43 4-5 secs.
 Hurdles : A. D. Green, 1891, 16 3-5 secs.
 High Jump : W. S. Gurney, 1876, 5 ft. 6 ins.
 Long Jump : N. S. A. Harrison, 1897, 20 ft. 9 ins.
 Putting the Weight : N. S. A. Harrison, 1897, 35 ft. 6 ins.

For swimming, the school has a splendid open-air bath, and "the Aquatics" take place at the end of the summer term. Hockey, lawn tennis, and golf are also practised, though the latter two games are not under the jurisdiction of the C.O.G. The gymnasium is a most efficient institution. Every boy has to undergo at least one year's course, and should he at the end of that time fail to "pass out," he may be obliged to remain on yet longer. Careful statistics are kept of height, weight, and measurements, which have proved of great anthropometric value. The gym. VI. has colours of its own, and a pair represents the school in the public school competitions at Aldershot. In 1890, the Aldershot pair were successful, and on other occasions the

school has been second and fourth. The foils at the same meeting have several times been won by Haileyburians, and latterly the school has done well in the boxing.

Of curious manners and customs, Haileybury has but few. A school with so recent a foundation cannot, of course, be expected to furnish many links with bygone times. The speech of Haileybury, too, differs but little from the ordinary slang common to most public schools. A few phrases and words, however, are distinctive: "Pauper," originally used as a half-pitying, half-contemptuous epithet for the lower school boy, who was "a poor sort of person," has found a recognised place in the school vocabulary. To "pauperize" is to commit a breach of good form, to behave in undignified fashion, and so forth. "Pauper's cricket" is a game, peculiar to Haileybury, which is played in a fives court. It has its own rules, but, like Harrow "Yarder," Tonbridge "Stumper," Bradfield "Furtle," and many another curious public school game, is a variant of cricket proper.

Two end-of-the-term customs deserve a word of notice. One is the "carrying" of prefects or members of the XV. or XI. who are leaving the school. Obstacles are removed from the long dormitory, and the departing one is hoisted aloft and carried at the double once up and down the room amidst wild cheering. The other custom, of comparatively recent introduction, is the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" in the quadrangle, after the sing-song on the last Monday night of the Summer Term. The occasion is the eve of the final departure of many Haileyburians from the college precincts, to which they will return afterwards only as "Old Boys"; and seeing the love which Haileyburians bear to their Alma Mater, and the tender memories they cherish of happy days spent within the shadow of her Dome, it seems likely that the pleasing custom thus begun will pass into the recognised order of things.



"THE TWENTY ACRE."
 Photo by the Rev. W. D. Fenning.

LOWER SCHOOL YARNS.

HAROLD BURROWS
AUTHOR OF "TOLD ON THE JUNIOR"



Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.

be viewed as an occasion for amusement rather than instruction, or as a legitimate opportunity for indulging the youthful taste for larks.

Perhaps what contributed most to Carter's keen sense of injury was the circumstance that his suffering was largely vicarious, inasmuch as he had not taken much part in the proceedings that had contributed to upset the Frenchman's temper. Now, one reason why Jalaguier fell such an easy prey to those whom he frankly regarded as the representatives of a barbarous race was the fact that he made little attempt to disguise his methods, and we could generally predict with tolerable accuracy what he was about to say or do. If, for example, he had occasion to visit the Doctor during school hours, he invariably marched first of all to the masters' cupboard and exchanged his working gown for the newer one he kept there. In this way we always gleaned where he was going, and prepared to devote ourselves to ten minutes' unrestricted enjoyment. On the morning of the fateful impot, Jalaguier had arrayed himself in his best attire and departed with his customary admonition to observe the quiet and make not the noise. As soon as his back was turned young Lewis quitted his seat and made for the cupboard. Arraying himself in the discarded robe, he swaggered up and down the room, convulsing the form with laughter at his clever mimicry of the absent master. But for some unexplained reason Jalaguier returned with unexpected celerity.

"Cave, Lewis!" cried Bannister; and, completely taken by surprise, the youngster bolted into the cupboard just as the master re-entered the room. The latter walked straight to the cupboard, and we waited with bated breath the seemingly certain discovery. But Bannister, who occupied one of the front desks, was equal to the emergency. Just as Jalaguier passed his seat, the subtle youth dexterously tilted forward a heavy diction-

V.—THE TENTH PLAGUE.

I.

CARTER was indignant. It was bad enough to have been sat on by the Junior Classic and enjoined to write out a chapter of Livy three times in Latin and English; but that the usual pliant Jalaguier should at last have turned on his chief persecutor, and inflicted an "impot" of twelve of the most irregular of irregular French verbs, was, indeed, an unexpected addition to his misfortunes. Moreover, there was no appealing from the sentence, as for once in a way, Jalaguier, mistrusting his own firmness, had fled the school precincts immediately after registering the decree in the black book. Its marking off would thus fall to the Senior Classic (old Slowcoach), who was taking detention that afternoon; and the unhappy Carter knew full well that the master was one who would exact the full pound of flesh.

So, during the whole of that long half-holiday, on a Wednesday in the early spring, Carter remained pent in the stuffy school-room, alternately fuming and sulking over his allotted tasks; and as his pen mechanically covered the paper, his mind was busy revolving schemes by which he might get even with the long-suffering Frenchman. That the Junior Classic should fling impots at us and require their performance was a recognised thing. But Jalaguier! Things were coming to a pretty pass if the hour spent in French class was no longer to

ary. It was caught by the master's flowing sleeve, and fell with a crash to the floor. Jalaguier turned and stormed, but Bannister was instantly on his feet with many apologies. Hearing the row, Lewis divined that a movement had been executed in his favour. Emerging unrobed from the cupboard, he made for his seat, but failed to reach it ere

"Will you no to your seat retire?"

"Yes, mossoo. But please *may* I have a pencil, mossoo?"

"Ah! the tiresomeful boy. Take the two, if you will."

"Oh, *thank* you, mossoo."

And grasping a pencil in either hand young Lewis returned in triumph to his seat. But either something in the atmosphere suggested to the Frenchman that he had been done, or else his brief interview with the Head had been a somewhat unpleasant one. I fear he had occasionally to bear sharp criticism for the lack of order in the class. At all events, Jalaguier remained in an unusually stern mood for the rest of the hour, and it was a comparatively trifling offence which brought down the



HE SWAGGERED UP AND DOWN THE ROOM.

Jalaguier turned again. Down went Lewis upon his hands and knees.

"Aha!" cried Jalaguier. "Is it that you do all play the foolery of the Tom as soon as I do turn myself upon my back? You there, what-you-call young Lewis, why for do you embrace the floor?"

The small boy looked up with an air of injured innocence.

"Please, mossoo, I am looking for a pencil, mossoo. I did not like to take a new one from your desk when you were out of the room, mossoo."

imposition on the head of the astonished Carter.

II.

ONLY half-an-hour remained of that wasted afternoon when Carter emerged from the schoolroom and hastened to seek solace in the compassion of his chums. Football was over, and cricket was not yet in full swing, so young Lewis and Bannister and I were easily detached from the rest, and the full quartette

met in solemn conclave behind the pavilion to discuss this sudden aggressiveness on the part of the French master, and to consider what should be done. Many and fantastic were the schemes of revenge proposed, but none seemed wholly satisfactory to our minds. A frog hopped solemnly from the ditch by the side of his hedge, and squatting down by our side, appeared for all the world as though he were a fifth member added to the council. Lewis meditatively tickled the intruder with a blade of grass.

"Ugh!" said he. "If Jalaguier was here he would eat you, nasty wretch. Lucky for you we are not Froggies."

"I say!" cried Bannister.

"What do you say?" demanded Carter.

"Suppose we take this fellow into class with us to-morrow morning and put him on Jalaguier's desk when he isn't looking? It will just show him what we think of him."

"Or put it in his pocket?" said I.

"Or down his neck," said Carter, viciously.

"What shall we do with it this evening?" enquired Lewis. "I don't fancy having the thing in my bed."

"He will be all safe in the desk," said Bannister. "There is enough air for two like him. And if there isn't it doesn't matter. I have heard they live shut up in a stone without air, oh! for ever and ever."

"Sure that isn't a toad?" doubted Carter.

"You are always so beastly particular," snorted Bannister.

"What is the use of quarrelling about a frog?" said I. "We can get stacks in the morning."

"Of course we can," said Lewis. "I will make a point of getting out somehow just before class, and collect a dozen. We can put them on the desk and into his pockets as well."

"But suppose you can't get out?" suggested Carter, anxious to leave no stone unturned to accomplish his revenge.

Lewis sniffed contemptuously. In the bright lexicon of that ingenuous youth there was no such word as fail; and he could not endure even a hint of the possibility of non-success. "Oh, very well," said he. "You can leave me out of it, if you like. Better ask Joey to do it for you."

"That is a good idea," quoth Bannister, anxious to propitiate. "Joey can make sure of getting out, and he can bring them to us just as we go in to class. Then we shan't have the trouble of hunting the beastly things ourselves."

"And of course we shan't leave you out," chimed in Carter. "You shall take them off Joey as we go in. I know I should make a mess of it, if I tried to carry them."

Mollified by this tribute to his superior skill, young Lewis graciously consented to the amended scheme, and a move was forthwith made to the boot-room. Joey proved as amenable as usual when a silver coin was displayed before his eyes, and expatiated at large on his justification for accepting the bribe. "You wants me," said he, "to get you a few young frogs, so I understands it, and nice, pretty, innocent little things they be. There ain't no harm in a frog or two, I hope? So I gets 'em. But what it is as you wants to do with 'em when you've got 'em ain't no concern of mine, and I ain't a-goin' to ask, neither. 'Cos why? I knows my place and I behaves as such. It's for my trouble in catching the little hoppers as you gives me this, and for my trouble I takes it."

"What an old Solomon you are, Joey," cried Carter admiringly. "You have summed up the situation exactly." The butler slapped his pocket, into which the coin had already found its way, with the air of a man of wealth, and pledged himself to have the frogs ready for delivery at the time appointed. And thereat the virtuous factotum went his way, and we also took our departure.

III.

THE morrow arrived, and with it in due course came the French class, and at the appointed hour came Joey. Lewis received the wriggling tribute, and, unheeding of Joey's disclaimer of all responsibility for any little parlour tricks, just nipped into the room as the door was shut. So far, therefore, as the collecting of the frogs was concerned, this part of the programme had gone off well enough. But Jalaguier was still in an exceptionally vigilant mood, and the morning's class was half-way through and still no opportunity had occurred of transferring even one frog to the Frenchman's desk or pocket.

Jalaguier suddenly looked up from the task—it was a task!—of correcting one of Carter's themes, and regarded Lewis with an air of stern severity.

"Why for the little boy he bulge?" demanded the master.

"Bulge, mossoo!" exclaimed Lewis.

"Did I not say the bulge?" reiterated the Frenchman, excitedly, and made a grab at Lewis. The result was disastrous. In his effort to escape the master the small boy went

flying backwards over the form, and a bevy of young frogs, which had been huddled against the bosom of young Lewis, escaped croaking to the ground, and hopped in wild perturbation amidst the astonished class.

"Aha!" thundered Jalaguier. "It is the insult! Cochon Anglais! Do I not know that you call me one frog? *Conspuez.*"



"AHA! IT IS THE INSULT! DO I NOT KNOW THAT YOU CALL ME ONE FROG?"

"Please, mossoo," expostulated Lewis, picking himself up ruefully, "I never called you a frog."

"No, it's Froggie," corrected a mild voice on the other side of Jalaguier.

"Who said the froggie, *hein?*" shouted

the infuriated Frenchman, as he wheeled sharply round. But no one answered.

"Aha!" cried Jalaguier. "Shall I no teach you the better? You, sir, what-you-call young Lewis, go fetch me the book. Shall I no put you the name to go to the Doctor, and will he no give you one birch? How for you like that, *hein?*"

"Please, *mossoo*," pleaded Lewis tearfully, "I didn't mean any harm. It is only the anniversary, *mossoo*."

"The anniversary?"

"Yes, *mossoo*. The anniversary of the plague of frogs in Egypt, *mossoo*. We *always* celebrate it in this way, *mossoo*."

"What!!"

"Yes, *mossoo*," affirmed Carter, "that's quite right. And"—with a fine air of justice—"if it *isn't* right, it won't be fair to punish the youngest for it, will it, *mossoo?*"

Appealed to on his ever tender side, the Frenchman seemed disconcerted, and gazed perplexedly at the class. Not a muscle quivered beneath his scrutiny.

"*Eh bien!*" said he at last. "But you have the funny custom, you English. But no more of this foolery of the Tom. *Vat-en! Pouf! Expel me the frog!*"

By this time the frogs had mainly expelled themselves, but there was a rush of the class to obey the command, and a scene of wild disorder ensued. Some in their zeal for service chased real or imaginary frogs right out of the school, across the playground, and into the field beyond. — Then others had to be despatched to call them back from the pursuit, and at least a quarter of an hour was consumed before the whole form was once more assembled in its entirety.

"*Comment!*" quoth Jalaguier, when something approaching order was at last restored. "Tell me now. The plagues of Egypt, is it that the school does celebrate them all after this fashion?"

"All of them, *mossoo*," cried the class in chorus.

"Aha!" said Jalaguier, frowning and nodding at us darkly. "But I will recollect that." But so used were we to the Frenchman's melodramatic methods, that, for the most part, we had forgotten the remark almost as soon as it was made.

IV.

WELL had it been for some of us if we had also forgotten the episode that led up to it. But the explanation which had suddenly inspired Lewis so tickled our fancy, and

Jalaguier seemed so easy a prey, that we rushed blindly to our fate in the trial of fresh experiments. A fierce battle of paper-pellets, deftly propelled through tube or by catapult, or even by finger and thumb, found its justification in the anniversary of the plague of flies. When Jalaguier once chanced to be the only master in the lower school during evening "prep." the lights suddenly went out as if by magic, and the responsibility was cast on the anniversary of the plague of darkness. In vain the Junior Classic gave us a friendly and unofficial hint not to carry matters too far. It was the spring term, and matters had already gone too far for even the Junior Classic to receive attention where he had no authority. Soon we ceased to offer even the excuse of an anniversary.

But whilst other masters fumed and fretted at the annoyance caused by these disorders, Jalaguier smilingly pursued the even tenour of his way. It had ever been his custom to endeavour to soften our hearts by injudicious, and generally resented, references to the effect of our conduct on those at home. To all appearances he was still content to rely on that specific.

"Aha! sir," he would remark, "you, what-you-call young Lewis, do you not consider within yourself how the good mother will be deplored at your conduct?"

"And him an only son, too," commented Bannister, ironically; "her own one little pet lamb."

"And you, sir," said Jalaguier, turning on him fiercely, "will it not serve you right if I did counsel one big brother to give you the smack on the head?"

"I haven't got a big brother," said Bannister, indignantly resenting this intrusion into his private affairs; "they are all kids but me."

"Just my case, *mossoo*," added Carter, cheerfully, "I am the eldest of seven."

So matters went on until Jalaguier had learned that few of us had an elder brother.

Then the thunderbolt fell. One morning, at the conclusion of a more than usually interrupted hour, Jalaguier opened his desk and suddenly produced that report book which he could never persuade one of us to fetch.

"*Tiens!*" exclaimed he, "but I do sicken myself with this foolery of the Tom. Behold me! I do put down the names of those who do go forthwith to the Doctor."

Consternation reigned supreme, but it gave way to stupefaction as, deaf to all cries and entreaties, Jalaguier rapidly set down name

after name in the book from which there was no appeal.

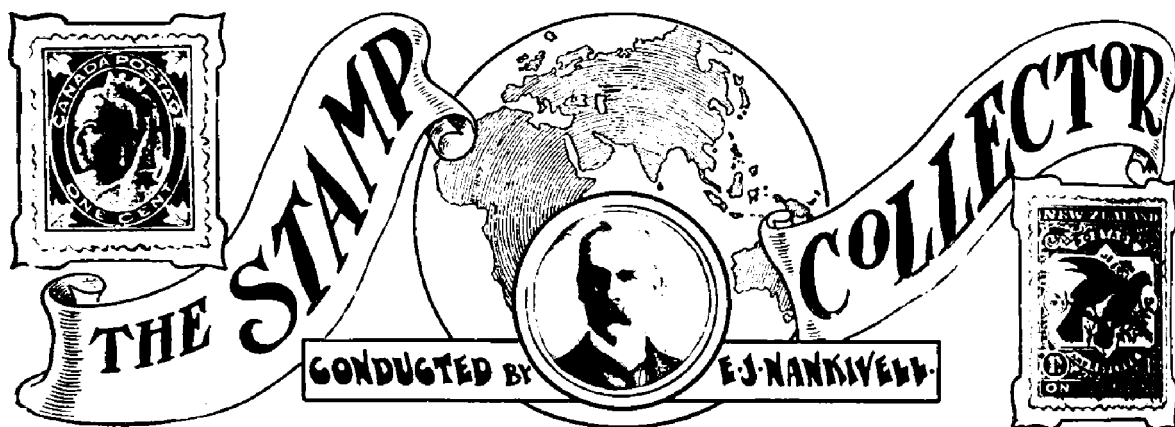
"Oh, mossoo!" cried a despairing chorus, as a sense of the inevitable dawned slowly upon them. "Why have you done that, mossoo?"

And Jalaguier regarded us with a sweet, complacent smile.

"It is," he explained, "the anniversary of the plague of the first-born in Egypt, and in

France we do always celebrate it after this fashion."

And for the remainder of the term there was an air of quietness, not to say soreness, amongst that youthful class. But the unkindest cut of all was the unsympathetic grin on the face of the Junior Classic as he congratulated us on getting on so much better with the French master since he last broached the subject.



Novelties.

HERE is more or less of a lull in new issues just now. As I write, the summer, with its outdoor games, holds sway, and even the producers of new stamps appear to hold their hands. We have a few novelties of interest to chronicle, but very little is heard of forthcoming issues. The Canadian King's head, which was expected to make its appearance this month (June) or next, may not be out till August or even later. One noticeable feature in some recent new issues is the adoption of the long rectangular shape, as illustrated this month in the 4s. Gibraltar, which appears to be the latest and most fashionable size for high values in our colonies. The large square shape of our own 5s. English stamp, which so long set the fashion of size for high values, is quite going out of favour.

Gibraltar.—The new King's head series for this Mediterranean outpost has taken us by storm. Not only have we quite a new design, but we have received the whole series of ten values in one month. The high values, 2s. and upwards, are all of the long rectangular shape, the lower values being of the ordinary size. Some are printed upon coloured paper, and in



others the value is printed in a separate colour.

Wmk. CA. Perf. 14.

- 4d. grey green, name in green.
- 1d. purple on red paper.
- 2d. grey green, name in carmine.
- 2½d. purple, name in black, on blue paper.
- 6d. purple, name in violet.
- 1s. black, name in carmine.
- 2s. green, name in blue.
- 4s. purple, name in green.
- 8s. purple, name in olive, on blue paper.
- £1 purple, name in black, on red paper.

Malta.—Another value, the 1d., has been added to the King's head series, making the list up to date at follows:—

Wmk. Cr. CA. Perf. 14.

- 4d. green.
- 1d. black and carmine.
- 2d. mauve and green.
- 3d. mauve and grey.
- 1s. mauve and violet.

New South Wales.—We illustrate a new value, 2s. 6d., received from this colony. The design will be recognised as being that of the 8d. of the Centennial series. It is printed on chalky surfaced paper.



Chalky paper.
Wmk. Cr. NSW. Perf. 12.
2s. 6d. green.

Niue.—Three more of the New Zealand stamps, namely, the 3d., 6d., and 1s., have been surcharged for use in this island of the Samoan archipelago. Each stamp is overprinted with the word "NIUE," and the value in the native language.

New Zealand current stamps.

- 3d. brown, sur. "Tolu e Pene."
- 6d. rose, sur. "Ono e Pene."
- 1s. red, sur. "Tahae Sileni."

It is stated that in the surcharge on the 1s., the letter "e" should have been separated as in the other surcharges, and that joined as it is it means "thief" shilling instead of one shilling. The overprinting of these stamps was done by the Government printers in New Zealand, and as soon as the blunder was discovered all the stamps that could be traced were withdrawn by telegraph. In all only 96 were printed, and dealers are now asking £5 each for these 1s. stamps.

Penrhyn Island.—For this island the 3d., 6d. and 1s. current stamps of New Zealand have been surcharged with the name "Penrhyn Island," and the value in the native language.

New Zealand current stamps.

- 3d. brown, sur. "Toru Pene."
- 6d. rose, sur. "Ono Pene."
- 1s. red, sur. "Tabi Silingi."

India, Bundi.—Here is a real curiosity in the shape of a native Indian stamp. It is sent us by Messrs. Whitfield King and Co., who,



however, have received no particulars as to its issue. Its design is certainly quite original. The gay old chap who is evidently giving a performance with a couple of hitherto unknown quadrupeds is presumably intended for

the ruling Raja of the State. We have had many peculiar stamps from the native Indian States, but never a more peculiar one than this. Perchance some Indian reader of THE CAPTAIN can tell us something more about it.

Hyderabad (Deccan).

—A new series of much the same design as before, but in a slightly larger size, seems to be foreshadowed by the issue of a new ¼ anna stamp, which we illustrate. It is printed in pale blue on wove paper, strongly gummed, and perf. 12.



South Australia.—This colony is evidently determined to continue its most inconveniently sized long rectangular stamps, for it has added some high values to the series, the latest received being the 10s. Here is the complete list up to date:—

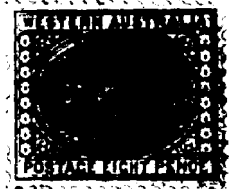


Wmk. Cr. SA. Perf. 11½ to 12½.

- 3d. olive green.
- 4d. orange red.
- 6d. blue green.
- 8d. ultramarine.
- 9d. lake.
- 10d. buff.
- 1s. brown.
- 2s. 6d. mauve.
- 5s. pale rose.
- 10s. green.
- £1 blue.

Tasmania.—Now that this colony is having its stamps printed in Melbourne, the Victoria watermark of V and crown is being used. We have just received the 9d. blue of the current type with the Victoria watermark.

Western Australia.—We have received a fresh batch of varieties from this colony. The 4d. stamp has been redrawn in the current design slightly enlarged, and with "Postage" added



before the words of value. The 8d., 9d., and 10d. stamps, which we illustrate, are all new values.

All have been printed in Melbourne, and are consequently watermarked V and crown, and perf. 12. Wmk. V and crown. Perf. 12.

- 4d. brown.
- 8d. apple green.
- 9d. orange.
- 10d. vermilion.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

We are indebted to the following firms for early copies of new issues:—

Ewen.—Gibraltar, complete set; New South Wales, 2s. 6d.

Messrs. Whitfield King for Western Australian, 4d., 8d., 9d., and 10d.; South Australian, 10s.; Tasmanian, 9d.; India, Bundi; Decan, ¼a.; Niue and Penrhyn Island, 3s. 6d., and 1s.; New South Wales, 2s. 6d.; Malta, 1d.; Gibraltar, complete set.

SOME PRACTICAL CRICKET TIPS DEMONSTRATED



Show you a few strokes with my walking-strick? Certainly! Consider this chair to be the wicket, and that bit of paper the block.



I first take what I consider to be guard for one leg.



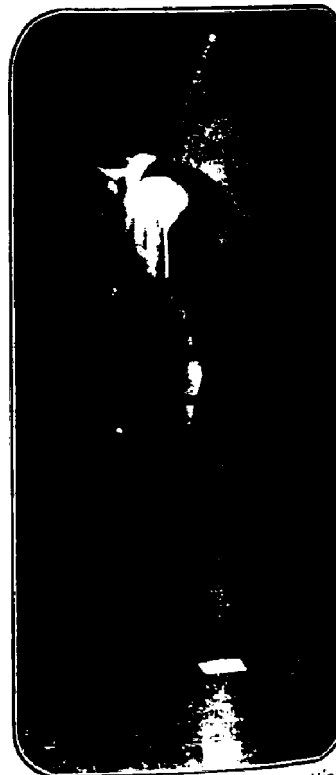
And then query it with the umpire. Middle and leg, eh?



I think we'll put this past cover —so!



No mercy for the short, high riser. Hook it round to the on!



Here's one just made for cutting. I shall flick it past third man.
Photos by

SPECIALLY FOR "CAPTAIN" READERS BY C. B. FRY.



Here's a perfectly straight one. I drive it—so—past the bowler for four.



No difficulty with a long hop to leg! Four all the way!



Steady forward at this one. It is pitched on the blind spot.



Here's one at my knees. I'll push it away, à la Archie Maclaren. Geo. Newnes, Ltd.



An easy one to pull. Cannot let that pass!



Bowled, by Jupiter!



By CAPTAIN CHARLES PROTHEROE.

ILLUSTRATED BY E. S. HODGSON.

JIM HARVEY ships as mate of the *Aurora*, of which the notorious "Bully" Harker is skipper. A word and a blow is Jim's character. He is no respecter of persons, as "Bully" Harker learns to his great discomfiture soon after setting sail. Henceforth Harker watches him with a malignant eye. One of the crew, Tom Nichols, relates the story of the strange disappearance in the Solomons of Jim's predecessor, who was given out by Harker as kidnapped by natives. Rather than fall a victim to Harker's hate, Jim leaves the ship one night in an open boat, and drifts in the direction of New Guinea. He reaches an island, and establishes himself in great authority with the natives, because he drove off some of their belligerent neighbours with the aid of his rifle. The island chief makes friends with him, but he incurs the jealousy of Gawana, a native, who is in love with the old chief's daughter. Visiting a neighbouring island with the old chief and his daughter, Jim makes a great find of pearls. By keeping his discovery secret, he sees his way to amassing a big fortune out of these pearls. The chief and his daughter help him. When Jim has got together a good number of pearls, he returns to Sydney, purchases a small cutter, and again goes pearl-fishing. On his second return to Sydney he comes unexpectedly upon "Bully" Harker.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE TUB WE LEFT BEHIND US.

"GOOD morning, Mr. Harvey," said he, sarcastically; "very pleased to meet you once again."

"Sorry I can't return the compliment," said I, scenting mischief in his cocksure manner.

"No, I suppose not," he answered, "few people care to meet their creditors, and that's what I represent. I have a little affair to settle, and I'm going to square it with you now."

"Oh! you are?" said I, standing on my defence, "sail right in then."

"You misunderstand me," he returned, with an evil smile; "what I intend to do is to give you in charge as a deserter and a thief."

If he thought to crush me by this declaration he was very much mistaken, for I had something up my sleeve.

"Go easy, captain," I replied, hotly, "that's a word I take quietly from no man. If you wish to charge me, I'm quite ready. I'll even assist you to bring it about. But I shall want to know something about the disappearance of Mr. Johnson, and what part you played in it. Don't you think it would be a most interesting investigation, and likely to lead to some peculiar results?"

I saw at once I had scored a bull's eye. Being quite unprepared for this sudden change of wind, and having no idea where I got my information from, he was taken flat aback.

"That for you and your Mr. Johnson," he cried at last, snapping his fingers and trying to hide his confusion by a bit of bounce. "I defy you to prove anything." A moment later he turned on his heel, and, walking away down the wharf, quite forgot to put into execution the threat he had made with so much gusto.

"If I live, I'll sheet that little affair home to you yet," I called after him, but he had lost some of his swagger, and didn't even answer.

The next time I saw him was in much more tragic circumstances.

It was just before we started on this trip that the game we were up to leaked out, and I'll tell you how it happened. A morning or two before we were to sail, I noticed that old Tom Nichols seemed to be a bit mopish. He couldn't touch

his dinner, and after the "Parson" had gone ashore about some business or other, he edged up to me, and said:—"I can't stand it any longer, Mr. Harvey, I must tell you, and when you've heard what I'm going to say, I expect you'll kick me on to the wharf for a confounded old fool, and serve me right, too, for I deserve nothing else."

"What's all this rot you're talking?" I observed, for I hadn't been paying much attention to him.

"It's not rot, Mr. Harvey," he answered; "what's troubling me this morning is, I recollect that last night I let the cat out of the bag."

"You consummate old ass!" I cried, jumping to a conclusion, "do I understand you to say you've given our enterprise away?"

"I believe I did, Mr. Harvey," he replied, dejectedly, "and I wish I'd 'a' bitten my tongue out first."

"I wish you had," said I: "you let those old jaws of yours wag too freely. Surely it's easy enough for a man to keep his mouth shut if he wants to."

"That's just where it is, sir," he replied. "I had a few more drinks last night than I ought to have had, and when that happens, my tongue runs away with me. My old Dad used to say:—'Don't you go through the world with your eyes shut and your mouth open, boy, but just keep your eyes open and your mouth shut, and you're not so likely to stumble up against something that may hurt you.' I'm afraid a lot of his good advice was thrown away on me, for I never seem to be able to use it."

"Well, it can't be helped now," I said, wishing to say something to comfort him, for he was the most repentant and the sorriest old sinner I ever remember setting eyes upon. "Just wade in, and tell me all about it, and let us see how we stand."

"Well, it was like this, sir," said he. "When I went ashore last night, I dropped across two old friends of mine in King Street. We didn't very well know what to do with ourselves, so finished up by going on a tramway fuddle."

"A tramway fuddle?" said I; "what sort of a thing is that?"

"Well," he answered, "you keep going up and down Elizabeth Street in the tram, getting out at each end to have a drink, and the last man out of the tram pays for the refreshment. That's what we call a tramway-fuddle. I'll have to give it up. I'm getting too old for it now. The younger fellows always get ahead of me, and it comes expensive."

"You needn't worry about that," I remarked, thinking I had let him down rather more easily

than he deserved; "it's very evident to me that you'll never be too old to make a fool of yourself."

"We carried this game on for an hour or two," he continued, "and getting tired of it, brought ourselves to an anchor in the Metropolitan. Then they began to chaff me about the *Mary Ann*, and the amount of cargo we brought into port whenever we returned.

"It riled me, and almost before I knew what I was saying, the thing was done. 'You seem to be easily amused,' said I, 'and if you could only see the swag of pearls we bring back every trip, enough to buy half-a-dozen such craft as you're in, from clew to ear-ring, why, I should think you'd fairly die of laughing.'

"They opened their eyes at this, and seeing I'd put my foot into it I tried to back out again and pretend I was joking, but it was no go, and I saw I had made a nice mess of it, for they wouldn't believe me. I've been miserable ever since to think what an ungrateful old fool I made of myself. You see, with all your kindness to me I couldn't keep my silly mouth shut to oblige you. So now, Mr. Harvey, the best thing you can do is to kick me over that rail as a useless old humbug, for I deserve it."

"Well, don't be so unhappy over it," said I, for the old fellow looked as miserable as they make 'em. "It's bad enough, but not so bad as it might be, for you didn't tell them where the pearls came from, and take it from me, that will need a bit of worrying out."

When "the Parson" returned, and I told him how things stood, he manœuvred old Tom into a corner, and preached a sermon to him with even more than his usual flow of eloquence, but it was about the most forcible and the queerest sort of homily I ever heard tell of, and nothing like one hears in church.

We sailed a day or two after this, but had hardly cleared the North Head when, being on the look-out for something of the kind, I saw we were likely to have company this trip. Three small craft were tailing after us, and to make sure I was right, I put my helm up and ran away before the wind to the east'ard.

They did the same, and that they were on a shepherding cruise was as clear as possible.

When the Parson saw this, he fired a long and peculiar sort of blessing at them, and old Tom Nichol was about as happy as a motherless calf.

"Oh," said I, "that's your little game, is it? You're going to shepherd us? Well, I'll give you all you want of it, and if you only knew what a tough job you've undertaken, you'd be sorry for yourselves." So I continued on the course I was going to the east'ard.

There was no shaking them off; they hung on to us like leeches, and, as they were faster

vessels than the *Mary Ann*, we couldn't outsail them.

On the third day we sighted Lord Howe's Island. I made up my mind to run in here and give them a bit of a rest, for I knew they would be tired before I'd done with them, so, just out of charity more than anything else, I sailed through the passage and dropped my anchor in the lagoon.

The Island was a little world of its own, the only inhabitants being about sixty white people.

After a couple of days here we came outside again, the others not far behind us, for all the world as though they were playing follow my leader. I took them to Norfolk Island, dodging about between the north and south anchorage, and by the time we departed I should think they hadn't enough patience left to throw at a dog, but still they hung on to us like a dun to his creditor. We led them a lively dance before finally giving them the slip one dirty night in the vicinity of New Zealand. We were close-hauled on the starboard tack, the wind, which was from the south-east, bringing up rain squalls occasionally, and making the night dark and dreary while they lasted. The only objects visible were three green lights to leeward bobbing on the water like a floating chemist's shop. These were the starboard lights of the vessels that accompanied us, they having artfully got me to windward of them to prevent us edging off the wind and giving them the slip. From the position they occupied, three points abaft the beam, our sidelights were not to be seen, but as long as they could keep in sight the white light we carried over the stern, I suppose they were quite easy in their minds that no tricks were being played them.

In order to escape, the first thing to do was to heave to by hauling the stay-sail sheet to windward, and by watching the bearing of their lights I soon found the other vessels had done likewise. Letting an hour go by, just to lull any suspicion they may have had, and give them the impression that we intended to remain in this position until daylight, I proceeded to put a finishing touch on the trick I intended.

"Bring aft the big wash-deck tub," said I, to old Tom Nichol.

"The wash-deck tub, sir?" he repeated wonderingly, but departed on the errand, nevertheless.

When it arrived, I started to rig a short mast in it, old Tom standing by with a face as stolid as a stuffed owl's. Presently a smile overspread his parchment-covered features. He didn't say anything, but the hoarse noise like a train in a tunnel, that every now and then issued from his throat, did away with the necessity for words, and told me he had at last grasped the idea, and was enjoying it.

We took the light from our stern, taking care to keep it exposed to view all the time, and lashed it to the mast I had rigged in the tub. Every other light was extinguished, and we waited for the next squall to come along. Then the head sheets were slacked away, and the *Mary Ann* swung gently up into the wind, a weakness of hers ordinarily the occasion for language, but just now serving a very useful purpose. As she filled on the other tack, I carefully placed the tub overboard, and a minute later, having quietly eased the boom off, the *Mary Ann* was scooting away to the westward for all she was worth, having left behind a deck tub with a light in it to represent her.

"Well," said the Parson, as he scanned the horizon next morning, "I hope they feel satisfied with themselves. Anyhow, they can't complain that we haven't given them a run for their money, and a memento into the bargain, for that riding light was brand-new and cost five and sixpence."

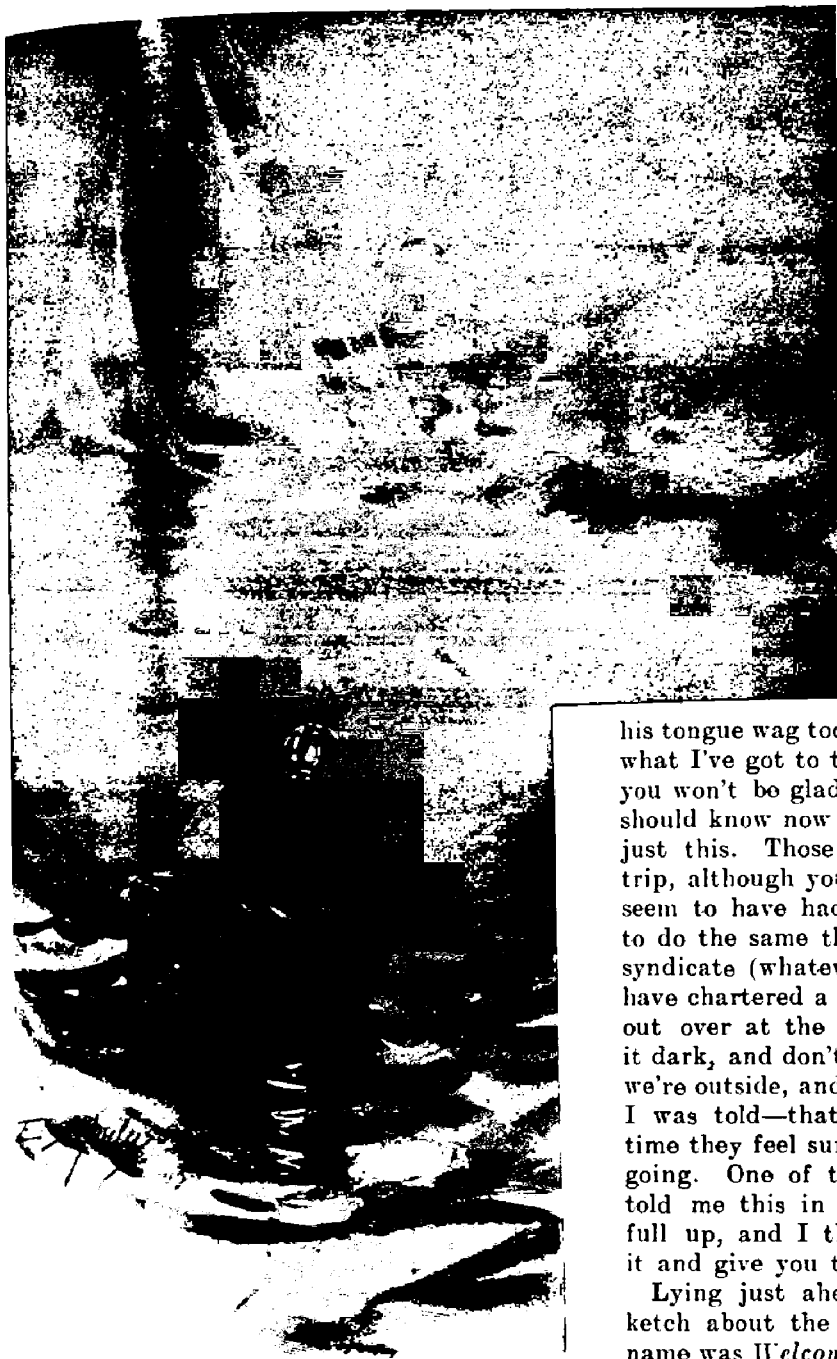
CHAPTER XIV.

WE BAFFLE THE SYNDICATE.

WE were away a long time that trip, for I hung out until we had barely sufficient stores to carry us back to Sydney. Of course, we could have gone into some other port to provision, and to some extent escape the attention of our friends, but, after talking the matter over, I decided that the time lost was worth the fun we had out of it. I didn't mind them shadowing us. It was rather exciting and broke the monotony, and I knew that if it came to a pinch I could always tire them out or lose them. I've always noticed that the harder a thing is to obtain the more valuable it appears to us. Eluding the fellows who were trying their level best to find out where we were bound for, added flavour to the whole thing. It gave me the sort of taste in the mouth a man has when he knows he is doing something to earn his money.

Our arrival in port caused a little buzz of excitement among the few who knew what our game was, but they didn't come down and throw funny remarks at us this time.

Those who did visit us were in search of information. Old Tom fairly wallowed in free drinks, for they used to entice him up to the nearest "pub," not a very difficult thing to do, and there try to fill him up just to loosen his tongue a bit. But he never forgot that he had made a mess of it before, and although he lowered a good amount of liquor at their expense, they couldn't get him to talk more than he wanted, and the only information they got out



I CAREFULLY PLACED THE TUB OVERBOARD, AND A MINUTE AFTER THE "MARY ANN" WAS SCOOTING AWAY TO THE WESTWARD.

of him was what he drew on his imagination for. "No, thanks," he'd say, having satisfied an ample thirst, "don't care for any more; must be getting down aboard again. Strikes me you fellows have made the mistake of taking me for a pump, and have been pouring liquor down my throat in hopes of starting it going." To others he'd give something in return for the money they spent in drinks, and pitch them all sorts of fairy tales.

Old Tom told me all this afterwards, and added with a wink:—

"My old Dad used to say I was like a summer cabbage, all heart and about as green, but even a cabbage doesn't remain green for ever, does it, Mr. Harvey?"

One morning, as I came on board, about a week before we were thinking of making another start, old Tom, full of importance, bustled up to me.

"What's the matter now, Tom—been indiscreet again?" said I, for I could see he was bursting to tell me something.

"No, sir," he answered, "but somebody else has. I'm not the only one who lets

his tongue wag too freely. You'll be glad to hear what I've got to tell you, or rather I should say you won't be glad to hear it, but it's better you should know now than find it out later on. It's just this. Those fellows who followed us last trip, although you led them such a dance, don't seem to have had enough of it, and are going to do the same thing again. They've formed a syndicate (whatever that means) and this time have chartered a small steamer, and she's fitting out over at the North shore. They're keeping it dark, and don't want to spring it on you until we're outside, and they say—at least, that's what I was told—that if it takes six months, this time they feel sure of finding out where you are going. One of the crew with a thirst on him told me this in confidence when he was about full up, and I thought it was only fair to use it and give you the tip."

Lying just ahead of us was a white-painted ketch about the same size as ourselves. Her name was *Welcome*, and the skipper of her was a Swede, a big, full-whiskered man. He was running produce down from the Maclean river, and I noticed that the cook and handyman he carried was an African nigger as black as the ace of spades. Leaning over the rail, my eye wandered idly over the little craft, and it struck me that, as far as the hull was concerned, she and the *Mary Ann* were as like as two peas. But there the resemblance ended, for she was white-painted, and ketch-rigged, although the aftermast was only a glorified hop-pole. The fittings about her decks were also somewhat different, but, all the same, the sight of her put a bright idea into my head.

I had a talk with the Parson about it that evening, the outcome being that next day we sailed over to the slip, apparently to get a few necessary repairs effected.

The *Welcome* was sailing about the same time as ourselves, and, as part of my plan, we dropped anchor in Watson's Bay and gave her a start of an hour or two. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon before we made a final move, and I kept my eyes lifting for the consort I expected. We were a good two miles clear of the Heads, and there was still no sign of her, so I began to think that after all there was nothing in old Tom's yarn. I thought that perhaps his friends were returning the compliment so often tendered them, and had mildly pulled his leg in return. In that case the little preparations we had made to receive them would not be needed, and we should be the poorer by the loss of a little excitement and fun.

However, I need not have worried about that, for presently I saw a cloud of smoke, and a small steamer poked her nose round the North Head. She made directly for us, and took up a position on our starboard beam, which she maintained as if glued there. We continued on our course as though we took her for an ordinary trader bound to the north, and at dusk I told old Tom to hang out our sidelights and see that they were kept burning brightly.

I was glad to find, as it got later, that the night gave promise of being a dark one.

We now started to carry out the little idea that had come into my head as I looked at the *Welcome* lying near us in port, and that, as you may have guessed, was to change the appearance of the *Mary Ann*.

This was the little deception I wished to practise on them. Not that I had any great hope it was likely to succeed, but anyhow, it would occupy our minds and cause us some amusement, and was worth the little labour required to perform it.

First of all we went round the outside with a brush and a bucket of whitewash, a quick operation, as we paid no attention to hair strokes, and in like manner, with the same material coloured to the right shade, changed the complexion of the paint on deck. Then we shipped another mast aft, which had been made and fitted when we took that trip over to the slip for repairs. Just before daylight broke I went below, and when I came on deck again, about five minutes after, a most extraordinary change had taken place in my appearance, for in that space of time I had acquired a large, full whisker. As I stood aft by the tiller awaiting daylight and developments, I could tell by her lights that the steamer still kept about the same distance on our beam.

This was just what I had hoped they would do, and, with this in my mind, I had kept our sidelights burning brightly to do away with the necessity of them coming nearer during the darkness, for closer quarters and the aid of night glasses might have disclosed what was taking place on board the *Mary Ann*. When dawn fairly broke, there were five or six vessels in sight bound for Newcastle and elsewhere, but nothing to answer to the description of a little, black-painted cutter called *Mary Ann*. In her place was a white ketch, with the word *Welcome* on her bow as large as life.

The only fear I had was that some of them aboard the steamer might know the original vessel well enough to detect the imposture by little details. A sailorman, if he knows a craft, can pick her out from a crowd of others by little things that would altogether escape the eye of a landsman. If they didn't know the *Welcome* sufficiently well to do this, it was all right, for they were aware that the vessel I was trying to imitate had left Sydney the day before. I hoped they would come to the conclusion that they had lost the *Mary Ann* through the night, and by some unfortunate means had blundered on to quite another craft in place of her.

I had my eye on the steamer, you may be sure, and at the first streak of daylight I saw the man who was on watch aboard of her put his head down the skylight. I couldn't hear at the distance, but I knew perfectly well he was shouting something to the others, who presently came tumbling up from below. They looked in my direction, and I can imagine their feelings when they saw before them an altogether different vessel from what they expected to see. The Parson was conspicuously dodging in and out of a fabrication something like a short sentry-box, a facsimile of the contrivance which did duty for a galley aboard the *Welcome*. I couldn't help smiling as I watched him run here and there, a kettle or saucepan in his hand, and I thought as I looked at him that he was about the best get-up of a nigger I had ever seen outside the real article.

The steamer sheared a bit closer to us, and I could see the people on her deck were quarrelling and bully-ragging each other. I would have given something to hear that conversation, for I suppose they were laying the blame on any shoulders but their own, swopping fancy names, and each swearing that the substitution of one vessel for another couldn't have happened whilst he was on watch.

By-and-by one of them pointed to the eastward where a craft of some sort, almost a speck on the horizon, could be seen. After a few minutes' deliberation, up went their helm, and they

scouted away after her under a full head of steam. I don't know what craft it was, but I do know that it wasn't the craft they were in search of. We didn't see any more of her that trip, but went on our way rejoicing, and that's how the syndicate (as they called themselves) almost at the start missed the *Mary Ann* and dropped their money.

We took the mizzen-mast out of her when we got along a bit, and I saw there was no chance of them overhauling us again, for it was only a temporary affair, anyhow, and not rigged to stand a breeze of wind. In a few hours, with the exception of the whitewash on her hull, which we let remain, the *Mary Ann* was herself again.

"You ought to have been a hactor," said old Tom Nichol, admiringly. But I told him I thought I should shine much better as a scene-shifter!

CHAPTER XV.

THE "AURORA" AGAIN.

JUST before we started on the fourth and, what I had made up my mind was to be, the final trip, a little incident happened which placed in my possession the name of the person who was prime mover in wanting to know so much of my business.

I had been up town, and having finished what was in hand, dropped into a house for a cup of tea, which has the effect of quenching a thirst better than anything I know of. The place was fitted with partitions in the interests of privacy, and only by standing upright and stretching a bit could a person look from one compartment into another.

Business seemed slack, for I was the only person in the place, but presently two others arrived and took the next compartment to mine. They called for something or other, and while discussing it were joined by another man who evidently came by appointment.

"Oh, here you are," said the new comer, apparently taking a seat, "now let's get to business."

Up to this I had been indifferent, and without the slightest curiosity to know who my neighbours were, but after hearing that rasping voice I was all ears, for it belonged to no other than Bully Harker.

I could hear almost every word spoken, and was rather amused to find that the *Mary Ann* was the subject of their talk, as the two first arrivals laid the details of their failure to follow her before him.

"And is that all you have to tell me?" said he, when they had finished.

I knew that quiet tone of his; it preceded a burst of anger.

"Yes, that's all," said one; "he's too slippery a customer for us."

"You twopenny ha'penny pair of fools," blurted Bully Harker, banging his fist violently on the table until the cups fairly rattled again, "is that all the originality you possess? You might as well have asked him to leave his address at the post-office. No more of my money do you handle to fritter away on a wild-goose chase."

"You seem to be so smart," said one of them, irritably, "that it's a pity you didn't give us the benefit of your advice before you went away."

"What's the good of giving advice to idiots?" he thundered savagely, "you appeared so confident, I thought at least you had some common-sense plan."

"Well, it seems we hadn't," replied the other angrily, "and since you're so clever, perhaps you'll take the affair in hand yourself."

"That's just what I intend to do," returned Bully Harker. "It's about time some brains were brought to bear on the matter. From this moment I take the tiller, and if I don't steer safely through and find out inside of a month all there is to know, then my name isn't Harker."

"How do you intend to do it?" said one.

"In the most simple way under the sun," he answered, "and one which you might have seen for yourselves had you been gifted with a particle of brain between the two of you. I don't feel inclined to take all the world into my confidence, though," he added, rising and walking down to look into the different compartments, and returning to his seat again to say they were empty, which was true enough, as far as he could see, for I had slipped swiftly, and silently, under the table.

However, he seemed in no hurry to impart to the others the scheme he had concocted, and shortly afterwards he left the premises without disclosing the plan, leaving me just as much in the dark about it as they were.

I didn't worry over it, having faith in my ability to circumvent him whatever it might be, but I got into the habit of slipping a revolver into my pocket whenever inclination took me ashore after sunset.

One morning, some few days before we were to sail, old Tom Nichol failed to put in an appearance. Now, whatever faults old Tom had, want of punctuality was not among them. As the day wore on, I got anxious, so made my way up to some of the places I knew he frequented to see if I could gain tidings of him. Some of them had been visited by him the night before, but I quite failed to find his whereabouts just then.



"YOU TWOPENNY HA'PENNY
PAIR OF FOGLS." BLURTED
BULLY HARKER.

Three days passed, and still there was no sign of him. I scoured the town, and finally put the matter into the hands of the police, but even they could find no trace of him.

"It's my belief," said the Parson, "that, being a bit top-heavy, the old man fell overboard and was drowned," and as I shared this belief equally with him, we had to let it rest at that.

It was at this time I had the chance to repay

a little debt I owed by doing a good turn for the skipper of the *Gowrie Lass*. He was under a cloud, having lost his vessel the voyage before. I met Jenkins (that was his name) whilst hunting for old Tom, and to me he looked fairly on his beam-ends.

"Nothing doing?" said I.

"No, nothing," he answered, disconsolately. "As you know, I lost the *Gowrie Lass* last trip on the Bampton Shoal. I had every penny I possessed in that venture, and unhappily hadn't insured her. That wasn't enough misfortune, seemingly, so the Marine Board stepped in and

cancelled my ticket for six months. What I'm going to do now I don't exactly know."

"You remember picking me up one trip, don't you?" said I.

"Why, of course I do," he answered.

"Well, I have a faint recollection of it, too," said I, "and I remember you behaved to me like a white man. Look here, skipper, decent men are scarce, and I know one when I see him. Come and join us this trip—you know our game, don't you?"

"Piarls," he answered; "I couldn't well help knowing it—it's the talk of sailor-town."

"That's it," said I, "and if you like to come along, you're welcome. We'll share alike this trip, and if your portion of the proceeds doesn't put you in possession of another *Gowrie Lass*, why then, I don't know what I'm talking about. What do you say?"

"What do I say?" said he, flushing, "why, I call it downright handsome of you, that's what I say."

An hour later, he and his dunnage were on board, and the following day we sailed.

As we cleared the Heads, I was curious to know if anything would happen, for I had in mind Bully Harker's assurance that he could do very easily what the others had failed in, and I was wondering what his dodge was. A few old colliers, crawling sluggishly up the coast, with here and there a steamer, was all that came under our observation, and as we drew off the land it was soon evident that we had the ocean, or as much as we could see of it, all to ourselves.

"The fellow was bragging," thought I; or perhaps the quarrel they were so nearly on the verge of when I overheard them had reached a climax and upset all his plans.

Anyhow, not a craft of any sort did we sight the whole way down, so I banished the question altogether from my mind.

After six weeks energetically spent in searching the reefs, we found the shell getting beautifully less in quantity, until the time arrived when we were forced to acknowledge that looking for it was a sheer waste of good, honest daylight. The weather had been remarkably fine all this time, but it now came on to blow strongly from the south-east, bringing up a heavy sea which thundered on the reef incessantly.

The two sides of the island presented what I might call peace and war of the elements. On the windward side the waters rolled, and dashed, and tumbled, whilst the other was as calm and peaceful as a mill-pond.

It was here the *Mary Ann* was anchored. Suddenly the gale ceased, and for about five

minutes there was not enough wind to swear by; then, without the slightest warning, it chopped dead into the nor-west, and blew harder than ever. Poor *Mary Ann* was utterly astonished. As though in protest, she dipped her head deeply into the seas which assailed her, then snap went her anchor chain like packthread, and five minutes afterwards she lay almost high and dry on the beach with her mast gone. Satisfied with its work, the wind gradually decreased, and twelve hours later the weather was as fine as ever.

It took a week to get the *Mary Ann* into her natural element again, and rig a native stick, cut on the island, to replace her lost mast, but even then we were woefully short of gear.

"Look here," said I, when we had done the best we could for her, "we can never face a beat to the south'ard under this jury-rig, and at the best it would take a month of Sundays. I have an alternative. I propose we make a soldier's wind of it, and run for the Solomons, where we are sure to drop across a vessel, and be able to get what we want from her."

"A most reasonable plan," said Jenkins; "I was thinking of the same thing myself."

"I have another object in view also," said I, "and that is to call at St. Christoval to see if I can find out anything about Bully Harker. I'd promised myself a trip there in any case, so now we can kill two birds with one stone. I would give half my fortune to get to the bottom of that affair about his mate, not from any vindictiveness, although I have no love for him, but as a matter of justice. I have no great hope of ever bringing it home to him, for we lost our best witness when poor old Tom Nichol was drowned; still, it's worth trying, anyhow."

Ten days after this conversation we had St. Christoval in sight.

"What do you make of her?" said the Parson, handing me the glasses with which he had been quizzing a vessel that lay at anchor.

"Great Scott!" I exclaimed, laying the binoculars down again, "here's a pretty kettle of fish. Yonder vessel is the *Aurora*."

"Are you sure of that?" said he.

"As sure as I can be of anything in this uncertain world of ours," I replied. "I know her by the kink she carries in her mizzen top-mast."

"In that case, what are you going to do?" said he.

"Do?" I answered, "why, go in—and be hanged to them."

"Good enough," he returned, quietly. "I'm going below to overhaul my gun; strikes me I shall want it, for if Bully Harker and his gang get half a show they'll stop at nothing short of murder."

HOW UF RED-HAIR BECAME A CHIEF.

By EDWIN LESTER ARNOLD.

Illustrated by PAUL HARDY.

[Measured by the great periods of geological time the appearance of the earliest men in England is very recent; but counting as written history counts, it is immensely remote. Those primitive Englishmen came in, at first in small parties, from the Continent, when the great ice sheets which had for many thousand years covered this country were slowly receding, and, finding reindeer abundant, and salmon to be had for the spearing in the rivers, they hunted and fished east and west over all that part of England which the blue ice sea had left bare. Rough fellows they were, living mostly on raw flesh or such roots as they could dig up, and fearing nothing but the thunder in the hills and the fierce beasts of the forest. The flint spear and arrow heads they lost in battle or hunting, any one may find to-day in our coarse gravels. Many thousand years afterwards these same weapons, but of a more finished kind, and lying at a higher level, show us that the primitive savage was slowly improving. Yet even then he knew nothing of metals or of foods, save flesh and roots; he still wore no clothes but ragged skins, and had no domestic animals save wolf-like dogs. Still, he *was* improving, and that was the great thing! Somewhere and somehow there must have arisen an earlier "King Alfred" amongst these wild men of the English forests, to dream the dream of a better way of life, and probably he was very like that Uf Red-hair whose first great adventure is told below.]



IN TRUTH, he shall never again beat me like that! Never, by all the things living in sea and river, by the mountain ghouls, and the big voice behind the thunder-clouds, I say it!" and Master Uf Red-

hair, a good-looking boy, as looks went in those days, sprang up from the sodden grass where he had been lying for the last half-hour with the soul of a man born within him. His back was sore, for he had been badly cudgelled that morning; his temper was still more sore, and he stamped on the grass in rage and pain, while his blue eyes glittered fiercely with the last of the tears in them as he swore never to bear the indignity again. Had he been later born I should feel bound to apologise for so much temper, but, as a matter of fact, he was just a little barbarian, an ancient British boy of that strange, far-away age when this land of ours was peopled by wandering tribes of hunters so rude they had no settled homes, had never even heard of the use of metals, and lived from one year's end to another in the forests on such game as they could find

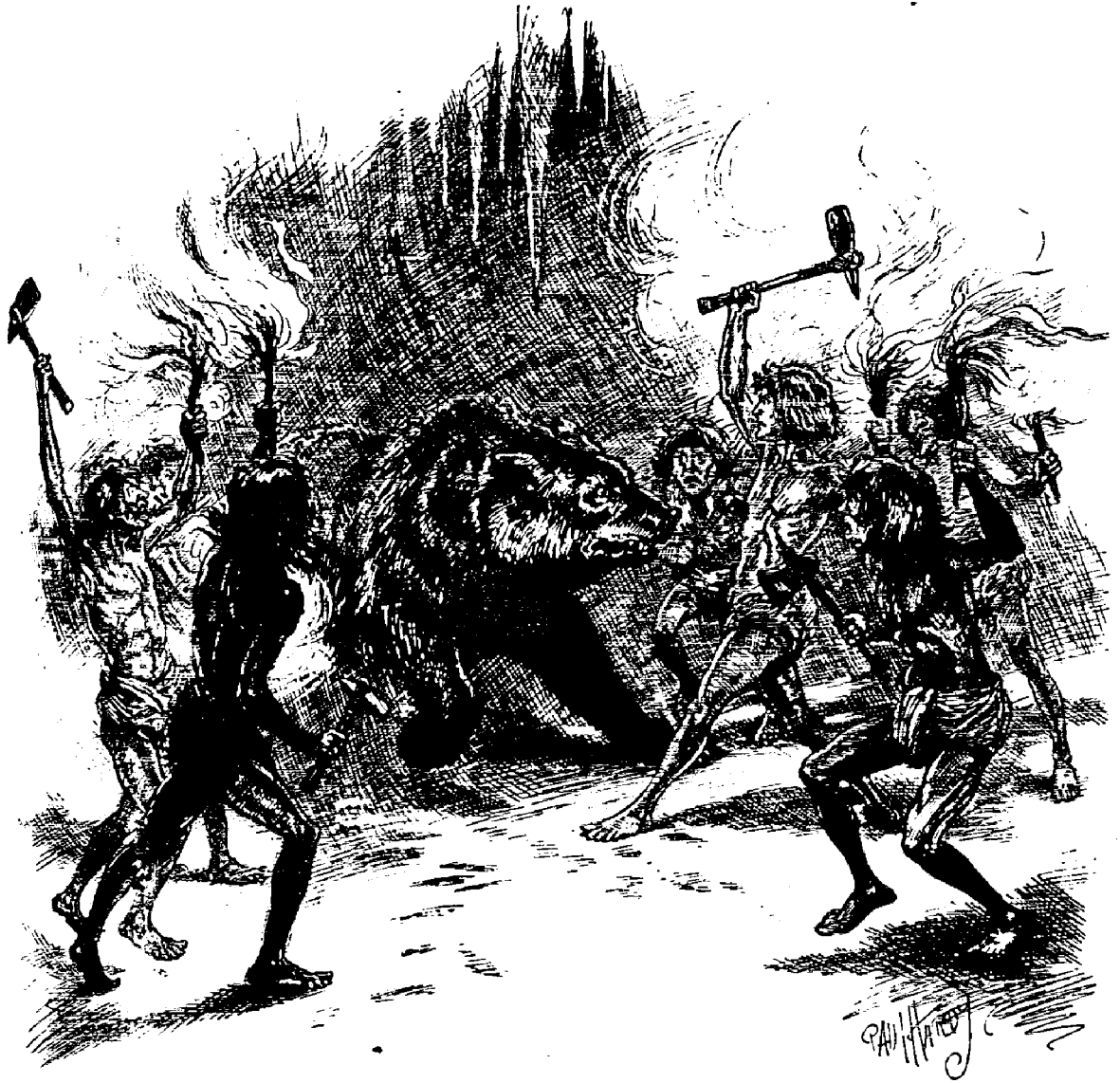
dead, or trap, or kill with their flint-tipped spears and arrows.

A hundred yards away was the halting-place of the diminutive tribe to which Uf belonged, the grey smoke of the fires curling up through the trees, and the score or so of rough huts made of broken boughs looking like ant heaps. To the northward the Thames, then a tumbling mountain stream, ran silvery in the distance, with a dim barrier of blue ice cliffs and glaciers covering the lands beyond it. To the southward all was heavy green forest through which cliffs and hills, long since worn down into low undulations, jutted here and there. Yes! the world was wide. Uf would set up for himself and be a great hunter, and have a bear-skin robe, and a stronghold amongst those cliffs all for his own; a cave and freedom was better than a stick on the back and damp boughs overhead, and Uf's heart bounded with delight at the idea. He grew two inches taller that minute as he fiercely shook the night rain out of his red hair and stared with eager eyes over the forest land.

Forthwith he went back towards the settlement, and crouching down under the stem of a fallen fir-tree imitated the whine of a wild boar so cleverly that all the dogs sleeping in the village sighed and dreamt luxuriously of roasted pig bones with bits of crackling on them. And six of the bigger boys who were not sleeping looked at one another

when they heard that sound, for they knew the wild swine had gone to sleep in the river sedges at daybreak—they knew it was Uf's private signal call, and one by one, as soon as they could slip away unnoticed, they slunk out to him and were soon sitting round their leader: chins on knees, as silent as only little savages can be.

When Uf had got them round him he began beating the ground with his fists and working himself up into a rage again. Then he threw off the ragged deer-skin he was wearing and showed his back all seamed and scarred with new weals. The other boys knew what he meant full well, and all together threw aside their shoulder coverings



WITH FLAMING TORCH AND SHARP AXE THE BOYS DANCED AND SCREAMED ROUND THE BEAR.

There was Ah Stump-heel, who could dive and swim like an otter in spite of his name: and Ull Wolf-mother, so called because he had been found, like Romulus, in a wolf's den when a baby: above all there was Hum Hide-from-the-Lightning, a boy who feared nothing in the world but a thunder-storm, and three others too young as yet to have attained to the honour of a nickname.

and blended their sorrows in pantomime with his. Then, having wrought them to a white heat, he unfolded his grand scheme, namely, that they should run away on the morrow and set up for themselves. The suggestion was received with unbounded delight, and the meeting having performed a war dance round Uf, during which Ull Wolf-mother nearly choked himself with the ex-

uberance of his delight and Hide-from-the-Lightning fell into a bramble-bush, the boys slipped back unobserved to the village.

All that afternoon they worked with desperate energy. They went half a mile back from the huts, and with a pick made of broken reindeer horn dug black flint stones out of a chalk bank and hammered and chipped them into spear and arrow heads. They cut reeds for the latter on the river bank, and long shafts for the former from the hazel bushes. They put new strings to their bows, and made new sandals for their feet out of parts of their leather shirts. They cut an old and rather "high" horse-hide lying near the village into thongs, invaluable for innumerable purposes of binding and snaring. Next they over-fed all the dogs so that they should sleep well and tell no tales that night, and when finally Stump-heel had stolen some fire from the public hearth and set it to smoulder in an old horn filled with dry tinder, all was ready. They were soundly beaten for neglecting to gather their proper quantities of fire-wood, when those mighty hunters, their fathers, returned that day from the chase; after which ceremony they all lay down in the shadows outside the glare of the camp fires, nominally to sleep, but in truth keenly excited.

They *did* doze off one by one, all except Uf, who was far too taken up with thoughts of his dangerous adventure to shut his eyes, and when the very first streak of dawn was lying in a pale line above the eastern forest, that chief-to-be rose slowly and touched each boy's face over the sleeping men and women with the end of a long reed he had by him for the purpose. Thereon Stump-heel nearly spoiled everything by sneezing so violently that all had to subside again until the suspicious men round the fire were asleep once more. Then, one by one, the new tribe arose to its feet, and silently slipped out to the trysting-place.

Twenty minutes later a quiet procession, loaded up with all the few things necessary to support life in the woods, passed out in single file over the brook and through the morning mist into the great solitudes beyond. There was no sorrow in their hearts at leaving, for sentiment was in a rudimentary stage at that time—and their bodies were still sore with recent beatings. Uf, too, knew that for the same reason there would be little wailing in the village if once they got clear away, and everything favoured their escape. He had it in his mind to take them to a ridge of lime-stone hills, where he had

once noticed, when out hunting, a promising-looking cave; could they find this, it would make a grand headquarters.

"But suppose there should be a bear in it?" said one of the younger boys.

"Then we will fight and turn him out," answered he of the ruddy locks promptly, at which the small boy hung his head in silence, for they all knew it was too late to think of turning back now.

And to the cave Uf led them. If there was time I would tell you of the hard three days' march before they got there—how they trapped and hunted on the way, forcing a path through the trackless forest all day, and huddling together at night round the fire Stump-heel coaxed out of that jealousy-guarded tinder horn of his, while they whispered to each other of demons and dreadful animals as the ghostly sounds of the primeval woods came to their sleepy ears. But all that you must imagine, and then picture Uf and his friends on the third evening in a land splendidly full of game, with open places here and there in the forest, and a blue sea, which we now call the Channel, shining brightly in the distance, while twenty yards above them, amongst the brushwood on a cliff side, was the dark entrance of the cavern they had come so far to find.

Uf set his friends down to eat the last of their provisions and rest while he crept up to examine the cave. He came back presently with the news that the cavern was a fine one—just what he wanted, but there was certainly a bear in occupation, as its footmarks were fresh on the ground outside—and they must turn it out. Any boy who did not like the task, he added, only not so politely, for language at the time was very gruff and to the point, might go home to his papa and mamma, and forthwith he threw down his deer-skin cloak, took his best stone-axe in one hand and a torch of fir-twigs and dry reeds in the other, and tossing back his shaggy elf-locks looked haughtily over his little clan for any cowards. There were none there, and soon the "tribe," with Uf at its head, was before the cave and ready for its first fight.

The entrance was not quite so big as an ordinary doorway, and about as inviting as the mouth of a railway tunnel. From the number of footmarks in that narrow road you might have thought several hundred bears were within. But those hunters of ours saw, as Uf had seen, that one claw on every left front paw-mark had made a crooked impres-

sion in the clay: consequently they knew it was but one animal going to and fro which had impressed the marks, and entered with comparative cheerfulness. Inside it opened out into a spacious hall full of mysterious columns and corridors; the sides trending away into darkness on either hand, the roof a black sky with no ending overhead, and underfoot soft, dry sand and earth making no sound as they stole along in single file. One boy had lit his torch, and its red light made their shadows look like lines of black

yards ahead, and he knew he was staring into the eyes of the grim master of the cave himself.

Uf jumped back so suddenly—he could not help it—that he nearly made Hum Hide-from-the-Lightning swallow the lighted torch he was carrying. And Hum trod on Wolf-mother's toe, who in turn reeled back and struck Stump-heel most uncomfortably with the handle of his axe in the region of the waistcoat. The other boys brought up equally suddenly with their noses in the back of the



HE CRAMMED THE HAFT OF HIS AXE INTO THE BEAR'S MOUTH.

imps jumping along with them on either hand. All about were bones of strange animals that had been killed and eaten, and as they got far away from the daylight these began to glow phosphorescently until they looked like flower-beds on the endless black lawns of that strange place. Then, a couple of hundred yards from the entrance, where it was as dark as midnight, they came upon a pool of water which they had to pass by a slippery ledge of rock overhanging it. This brought them into a second hall smaller than the first, and Uf was just beginning to think that the bear, after all, was not at home, when a taint in the air caught his sensitive nostrils as the smell of a partridge will catch those of a dog. "The bear is here," he said to himself, and the minute after two green, glimmering stars rose in the blackness twenty

heads of those in front of them, and there they stood, all in a bunch, gasping and gaping. But not for long! There was a moment's pause, and then, with a fierce growl, the bear charged. Right and left sprang the hunters, and while Uf, who had drawn his especial attention by giving him a cut in the neck as he went by, dodged him round and round an isolated rock, the other torches were lit from Hum's brand, and the fighters spread themselves out round the great beast.

It was about as exciting a scene as you can imagine, the bear in the middle champing his red jaws and making short rushes here and there, the boys, each with a flaming torch in one hand and sharp axe in the other, dancing and screaming—for there was no need for silence now—round Bruin, all in that

sandy amphitheatre, with the shadows dancing on the walls and the noise of the fight thundering in the hollow roof overhead. Now two of Uf's men would run up and thrust their flares in the bear's face, and when he turned savagely on them two others would bring their razor-edged axes down on his luckless neck, and so it went on until presently even the great Lord of the Underhill began to think he would like a little fresh air, and edged away towards the distant cavern mouth. When Uf saw that he shouted aloud to his followers and pressed the fight with redoubled fury. And back went the struggling fighters, back over the dusty sand that rose in clouds under their feet, in the flickering torchlight, back through the garden of the phosphorescent bones, back to the slippery rock ledge overhanging the pool, and there the bear suddenly turned to bay for a moment and gripped the youngest boy, whose name, by the way, was So, before anybody could help or do anything. Had he been a town-boy and struggled to get away, there would have been an end of him at once. But, having been brought up in the woods, when he found himself in the bear's paws he just threw one of his own round the huge shaggy neck, hugging it for all he was worth, while with the other he crammed the haft of his axe into the brute's open mouth, tucking his head the while under the beast's chin, where Bruin could not readily get at it. Even then it would probably have gone badly with him, but, as the bear coughed and spluttered and tried to get the axe out of his mouth and So's head in, he suddenly reeled on the slippery rock, fell over on his back, and with the boy fast locked in his arms, slid to the brink and went headlong over into the pool.

For a moment an awe-inspiring silence reigned in the cave; then the bear came to the surface and struck out for the entrance, while So, ever afterwards known as Cuddle-bear, who came up next, struck out also, but—it need hardly be said—in the opposite direction.

Down went the boys at their enemy again,

and away towards the cave mouth the fight swirled and roared. But the bear was now spent with many wounds and heavy with the weight of water in his fur. Fifty yards from where the sunset was shining redly in at the portal he stood at bay for the last time, and there the boys, who were now beside themselves with fighting and excitement—Uf foremost of all—finally pulled him down. A few great struggles the dying beast made, and then nothing was to be heard for a long time but the drip of far-away water and the panting of the hunters as they lay exhausted in a circle round their splendid victim.

A proud man was Uf that night as he sat at a great fire in the porch, a bear-skin under him by way of throne, a broiled bear cutlet in one hand, and his trusty axe by way of sceptre in the other. As proud, too, with a strange sort of responsible pride, as he was at any other time in his life when he presently left his sleeping companions and went and stood by the cave door. He did not quite understand it, for he was only a barbarian, but as he stood there the night seemed to wrap her soft black shadow round him and something whispered in his ear that all the land stretching from one low star to the other and back again to the dim sea in the south should be his own one day—which was exactly what happened—and that he should draw men together out of swamps and dens and leave them just a little bit better than he found them, so that they should be sorry as they had never been before when he went from them! And that whisper and the cool hand of the night on his shoulder made Uf a little frightened, for he believed that the blue mist in the valley was the home of spirits who knew all things and could speak. So he hurried back to the fire, and having thrown a bone at Stump-heel to stop his snoring, and propped his tired head on Cuddle-bear's chest, by way of pillow, went to sleep himself thinking it was a fine thing to be a man and wondering whether what the mist-spirit had said to him outside really *would* come true!





THE CYCLING CORNER.

SHORT RIDES ROUND LONDON.

BY CHARLES H. LARRETTE, NORTH ROAD C.C.

It is difficult to define the word "short," as applied to cycling trips, where speed is not made the sole object of the outing. I think, however, that there are few cyclists, either male or female, who have had a reasonable amount of experience, who cannot, on a high-grade machine, cover from forty to sixty miles, or perhaps more, a day, provided they do not overdo it in the matter of pace, and are content to refrain from over-exerting themselves, especially when riding uphill or against strong winds. As one whose cycling experience commenced over thirty years ago, but who is still able to do his hundred miles or more in a day without fatigue, I must acknowledge my indebtedness to one of the greatest all-round riders we have ever seen, the late John Keen, for the advice he gave me, on the first occasion I ever rode with the ex-champion: "Never overdo it, especially uphill. If your companions are travelling too fast for you, go your own pace, and they, if of the same class as yourself, will probably 'come back' to you long ere the journey is ended." This has been the secret of my enjoyment of long distance cycling, even when riding with the speedy members of my own club, which numbers in its ranks some of the fastest road riders of to-day. If any of my young friends follow my example they would be able to ride twice the distance they do now without the slightest fatigue. They would cultivate the pace which suits them and not exceed it. And so, with the old hunting proverb, "It's not the distance but the pace that kills," I will turn to my text.

Through the Kentish Lanes.

Dwellers in anything like London are sadly handicapped by the miles of "bricks and mortar" they have to ride through before

they reach the open country. It is this which prevents so many owners of cycles becoming anything else than mere potterers. I, therefore, propose to start all the rides which I shall attempt to describe from railway stations about ten miles or so from the most suitable metropolitan terminus, and will endeavour as much as possible to pilot my readers through "the lanes," rather than over the main roads, where they will probably be worried by those reckless motorists who are now driving cyclists away from so many of their once-favoured routes. Unfortunately, the space at my disposal is limited, and so I must apologise for not giving details as fully as I should like to.

For our first ride we set out from Bromley Station, easily accessible both from the City and West-end, and which might well be made the starting for fully half-a-dozen pleasurable trips in Kent. The first few miles of the Hastings Road, through Farnborough and Green Street Green, are very easy riding, but at the latter place commences a long, steady rise, with a fairly good surface, to the top of the North Downs. Unless the wind is foul the work is not hard. Then comes a most delightful "coast" of over a mile in length down Madamscourt Hill, through thick woods, in which glimpses of the Shoreham Valley and the big hills on the other side are visible. Then more interesting but fairly level roads through Denton Green to Riverhead, a mile or so north of Sevenoaks. In the middle of the village, turn to the left over some give-and-take roads, past the Bat and Ball Station to Seal, where commences a long tedious climb of a mile, but with a good surface, to the top of Seal Chart, a thickly wooded open space about 500 feet above the sea level. After passing Crown Point, one of the finest views in the prettiest county in

England opens out before us. There is a series of rolling undulations covered with fruit trees and nut gardens, at the foot of which the picturesque village of Ightham is situated. The George and Dragon Inn here is one of the old-timbered houses which are among the sights of this village. The old Moat House, a mile away, is also worth visiting. The homeward journey may be taken either by way of Ightham Hill, which must be walked, Farningham, and Sidcup, to Lewisham, or by the more pretty route, *viâ* the Bat and Ball, and then down the Darenth Valley, *viâ* Otford, Shoreham, Lullingstone, and Eynesford, to Farningham.

From Croydon.

My next route is one of the hilliest near town, but the stronger riders will be well repaid by the beauty of the scenery. Croydon is the starting point, and a mile further south the left hand turn is taken. A stiff pull of a mile or more takes us to Sanderstead. Easier work follows, through Warlingham, but the tendency of the road is upward. A mile or so beyond there is a steep hill to climb, over Worms Heath, where the surface is generally broken. About a similar distance further on the summit of the North Downs is reached, and the descent of Titsey Hill is commenced. For half-a-mile the fall is gradual, but then, all at once, it becomes almost precipitous, and should always be walked. Some fair road follows for a mile, as far as Limpsfield, where another climb commences. At the top of the hill, at the end of the village, leave the Westerham Road on the left and ride a couple of miles over Chart Common to the top of Crockham Hill, 700 feet above the sea level. Here a truly magnificent panorama lies spread out before you, which many contend to be one of the finest in Kent. This hill is very steep and tortuous. After passing the church, turn to the left through a narrow lane to Four Elms, and thence ride under the shadow of the towering height of Toy's Hill to Bow Beach. Here keep to the right, and a mile further will bring us to Chiddingstone, which is often termed, and I think rightly, the prettiest village in Kent. Here are some of the finest specimens of old-timbered houses that are to be found in the country. At the back of the Castle Inn, an excellent country hostelry, is a huge stone called the "Chiding Stone," from which the village takes its name. Its origin is "wropt in mystery," but it is probably Druidical. A mile away is Penhurst, the chief feature of which is the castle, the home of Lord de

Lisle and Dudley, which was built by his ancestor, the famous Elizabethan poet, Sir Philip Sidney. Tonbridge, five miles away, can be reached by way of Leigh (pronounced "Lye"), a very pretty modern village. The homeward ride can be taken over Ide Hill and Sandridge Hill, past Knockholt Beeches, the highest spot in Kent, where one joins the main Hastings Road, about six miles south of Bromley.

Over the Surrey Downs.

Our third ride starts from Surbiton, whence we proceed to Leatherhead, where the real beauties of the trip commence, as the valley of the Mole between that place and Dorking is without equal in the south-eastern counties. At the last-named place, turn to the right, and travel westwards through Westgate, and up a steep hill to Wootton Hatch. Here take a lane on the left, and travel through some delightful park-like scenery for a mile or so till the road becomes a field track. Here, at some cottages, inquire for a path to Friday Street, and walk up a steep hill through thick woods which clothe the southern slopes of Leith Hill. This is followed by a corresponding descent.

Friday Street consists of a few scattered houses round a small lake lying at the bottom of a "cup" among the slopes of the highest hill in the south (Leith is nearly 1,000 feet high). It is a most picturesque spot, and even on stormy days the stillness which prevails is remarkable. More walking is necessary after leaving this place, then about a mile of rough riding brings you to Abinger Hatch. A good road now takes you to the crest of the range, but that range presents no difficulty to a fair rider. The tower on Leith Hill is now about half-way on the left, and can be only reached by walking, but the view from it is worth all the trouble. The descent of the southern slope is dangerous, especially at the steepest part, where there is a gate-post round a sharp bend. At the T roads, a mile further on, we turn to the right, and after another mile or so westwards, in the same direction, and then over a narrow but falling road, we travel through Pitland Street and Felday into the valley, about six miles west of Dorking. Ripley may be reached *viâ* Shiere, and then the way is over the North Downs at Newlands Corner. St. Martha's Chapel, which was founded as a hostelry for the pilgrims who journeyed from Southampton to Canterbury along the tops of the Downs, is about a mile away, while on the south side of the

Downs is Albury, one of the seats of the Duke of Northumberland. The rides are so numerous and pretty in this district that they really require an article to themselves.

The Intricate Road to Guildford.

For our next ride we travel by rail farther afield, to either Guildford or Godalming, and two miles beyond the latter we leave the Portsmouth Road and pass through Elstead. Here we turn southwards through Telford, and, leaving Frensham on the left, we pass those peculiar conical hills called the Devil's Jumps to the hamlet of Churt. Our next point is Headley, where we enter Hampshire. Care must be taken to inquire the route, which is now rather intricate. The small hamlet of Holywater is next passed, and a turn to the right lands us on the Farnham-Petersfield Road, in the middle of Woolmer Forest. Following this, which is very loose, northward about a mile, we turn to the left, past Black Moor Church, and ascend a very steep hill, on which a preceptory of the Knights Templars formerly stood, to our destination, Selborne, which has been immortalised by the great naturalist, Gilbert White, whose great work, "The Natural History of Selborne," deservedly ranks among the British classics. A mere footstone, inscribed with the letters G. W., alone marks the grave in the churchyard he loved so well. Ample accommodation can be found in Selborne, in the neighbourhood of which a few hours can well be spent. About six miles northward is Alton, though any one who is journeying all or even part of the way back to town can save a few miles by travelling through some pretty lanes, *viâ* West Woldham and Binstead to Farnham, where home can be reached either *viâ* Aldershot, Bagshot, and Staines, or *viâ* Guildford and Ripley.

To Eversley: A Pilgrimage.

Our next pilgrimage is also to the resting-place of a great man, Charles Kingsley, who was one of the first apostles of the gospel of "muscular Christianity," which, in our day, found such an able exponent in the late Mr. Quintin Hogg. To reach Eversley, a tiny little Hampshire village, of which for some years Charles Kingsley was rector, some of the most delightful woodland country I know of has to be visited. Starting from Staines, after passing through Egham, we take a narrow lane on the right, which is the old Reading Road. A steep hill has to be mounted up to Englefield Green, and a mile further we enter Windsor Great Park, at Bishop's

Gate. In the centre of the Park, at the top of the Long Walk, down which, by the way, cyclists are not allowed to ride, is a magnificent view of the Castle, Royal borough, and the country beyond, right away to the Chilterns, which are plainly visible on the horizon on a clear day. We leave the Park by Forest Gate, and at the next fork keep to the left, passing Ascot Heath to the Staines and Wokingham Road. At Bracknell we turn leftwards, past Easthampstead, and ride through thick woods (the whole of the district was formerly part of Windsor Forest) to the political building where those who are "confined during his Majesty's pleasure" reside—Broadmoor to wit. We now journey westwards, passing Wellington College, and ascend a long slope, through a magnificent avenue of Wellingtonias, the only one of its kind in the country, to the top of Finchhampstead Ridges, where there is another splendid view. Then to Eversley. After visiting the church and churchyard we now turn eastward through Yateley (good accommodation here), and crossing the Blackwater River ride through Sandhurst and the grounds of Sandhurst Military College to Camberley, where our starting point can be easily reached, *viâ* Bagshot. But should the rider desire to travel a little farther, he can join the Portsmouth main road, for Bagshot, *viâ* Chobham, Ottershaw, Addlestone, Weybridge and Esher. This I consider the most picturesque ride within easy distance of the metropolis.

Buckinghamshire Lanes.

Few cyclists are aware what lovely lane riding lies in Buckinghamshire, below the Oxford and Bath Roads, east of a line drawn northwards from Maidenhead. Uxbridge is a good starting point, and thence we travel through Cowley to Tree. A mile north we strike the Uxbridge-Slough Road, which we follow for a mile and a half down a long slope, leading us through Black Park, where we turn to the right. A little further on lies the Black Pool, which is really only one of the many reservoirs which feed the Grand Junction Canal, though it resembles a highland lake. It is naturally a most picturesque spot, being completely surrounded by huge firs. No matter how hot may be the day it is always most delightfully cool on its banks. Journeying westward for a short distance we come to a hill, which requires careful riding, that brings us to the pretty village of Fulmer, which, sheltered as it is on all sides, may aptly be termed a veritable "sleepy hollow." The church con-

tains a few Elizabethan monuments belonging to the Darrell family. We retrace our way up the hill for about half a mile, and then take the right hand fork, over Stake Common, and, turning northwards, cross the Oxford Road at Gerrard's Cross.

The Cradle of Quakerism.

Our destination is now "The Jordans," the old Quaker Burial Ground, in which lie the remains of those two great men, William Penn, the founder of the State of Pennsylvania, and Elworthy. The old country house is also there, and in practically the same condition as when they worshipped there. It is situated in a most lonely, out-of-the-way spot, which speaks for itself as to what those whose religious belief differed from that of the Established Church had to endure if they wished to worship as their consciences directed. Two miles away is Beaconsfield, where, in the church, Edmund Burke's tomb may be seen. Turning southward, two miles on, Burnham Beeches are reached, but on Saturdays and Sundays there are too many beanfeasters in evidence to make riding there very enjoyable. The direct road leads to Farnham Royal, where we turn to the left, and a mile on is Stoke Poges, in the beautiful churchyard of which, where the poet's body rests, Gray's Elegy was composed. Slough is now some two miles south of us, or Uxbridge can be again reached, *via* Stoke Green and Wexham.

The Chiltern Hundreds.

Watford shall be our next starting point. After following the Aylesbury Road some six miles, we turn to the right at Two Waters, and reach the old-fashioned town of Hemel Hempstead. Another two miles further is Water End, and by keeping to the left, and over some, generally, very loose road, we enter Ashridge Park, the seat of Earl Brownlow, one of those few palatial domains which are not closed to cyclists. The road takes us in front of the magnificent mansion, which faces a long avenue, at the end of which, on the top of the Chilterns, stands a lofty column, erected to perpetuate the memory of that Duke of Bridgewater who was the originator of our great canal system. Leaving the park, a dangerously steep hill leads us to Albury, where there is an almost perfect set of stocks on the green, and so on past Tring Station to Tring for lunch. Those who do not shirk hard work can have their fill if they climb up into the Chiltern Hundreds and travel through Wigginton, Chalesbury, St. Leonards

and Lee to Chesham, over good but little used roads. Thence down the valley of the Chess, up the steep hill to Chenies, and on through Rickmansworth, Pinner, and Harrow.

From North London.

Picturesque rides in the north of London are by no means so plentiful as south of the Thames, but there is another worth starting from Barnet. Keep on the North Road as far as Potter's Bar, and at the end of the village take the right fork, and a mile further on bear to the left, just missing the village of Northaw. Another mile, and we must turn sharp to the right, and now some hard riding or walking has to be done. There is some very pronounced switch-back to be covered before turning to the left at the cross roads. Then a couple of bad hills, the first down and the other up, have to be overcome ere we get to Newgate Street. More up and down has to be toiled over before we at length reach Little Berkhamsted, where may be seen a lofty round tower, a "folly" erected by some crank in the earlier part of last century, which, excepting perhaps as an observatory, can serve no useful purpose. A very long and dangerous hill takes us into the valley of the Lea, which we follow westward for some distance, and then ascend a slope on the right to Tewin Churchyard. This contains the famous tomb of Lady Anne Grimstone, which is split into many pieces by the seven trees which are growing out of it. Tradition has it that she was a rigid atheist, and on her death-bed told those round her that, if there were a God, seven trees would grow out of her grave. It is rather singular, however, that there should be two more tree-split tombs in Hertfordshire, at Aldenham and Watford, respectively, not so very far away. From Tewin we proceed to Welwyn, a good place to stop for lunch, and then a journey over some rather hilly road to visit the ruined church of Ayott St. Lawrence, of the existence of which, though little more than twenty miles from town, very few travellers are aware. Under the tower is a mutilated black marble altar tomb of the 15th century, while on the wall is a plaster cast of a family at prayer, wearing what is evidently the costume of the time of the early Tudors. Home can be reached either by the North Road, which is found at the top of Digswell Hill, or by a less frequented, though more likely, road, *via* Wheathampstead, St. Albans, and Edgware.

[A Note on "Essex Roads" will be found in the "Editorial" pages.]

"The Captain" Photographic Gallery.

Being a Selection of Photographs entered for our Competitions.



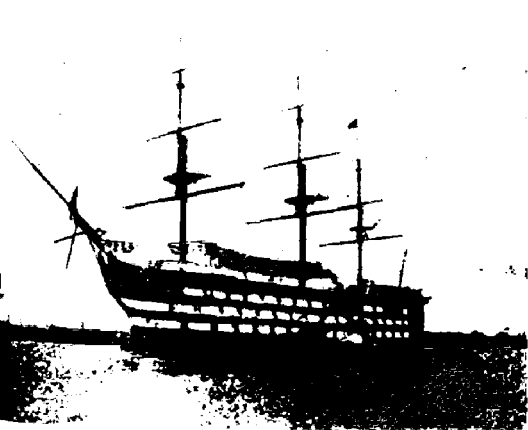
COLLIE DOG.
By Gordon Greaves.



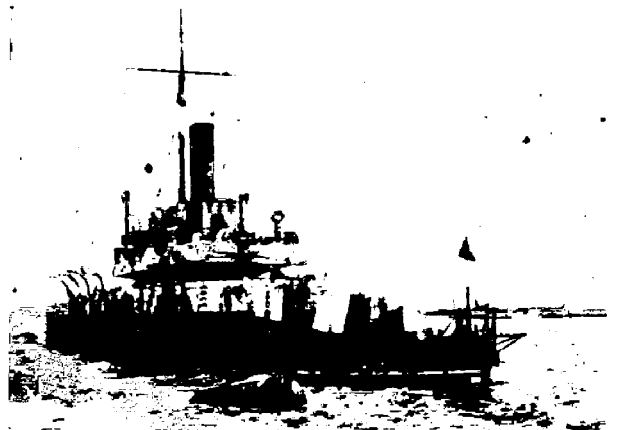
CORNER OF AN ENGLISH FARMYARD.
By Wilfred Wainwright.



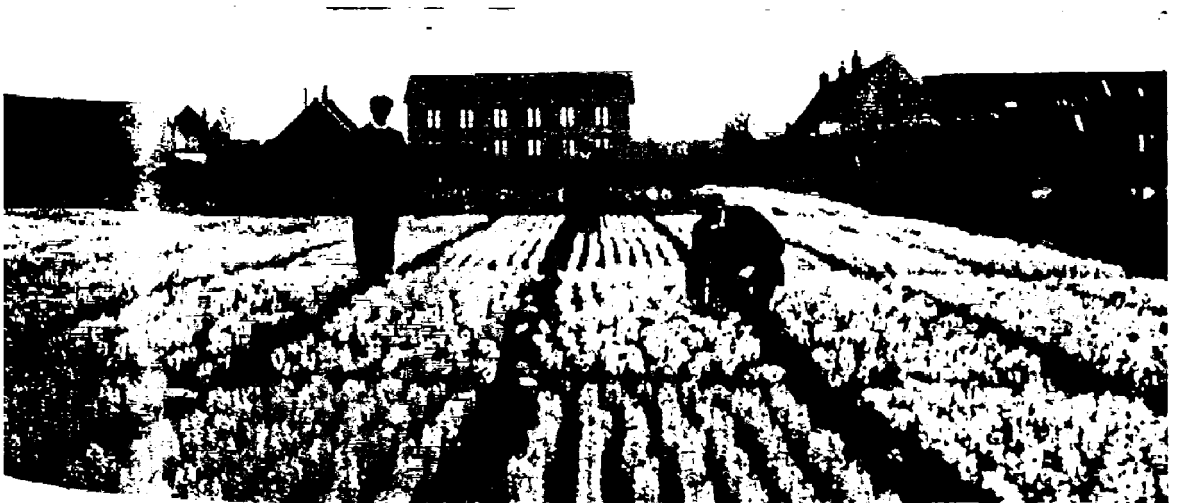
GOLF.
By R. A. Davidson.



THE ANCIENT
By J. H. Young.



AND MODERN.
By H. Tanner.



A DUTCH HYACINTH FIELD.
By William Watson, Berlitz School, Haarlem, Holland.



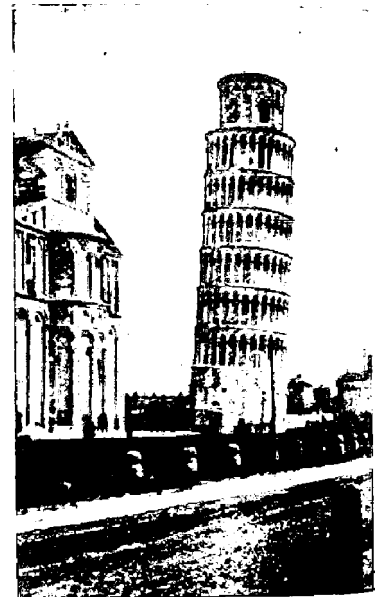
LLANDUDNO.
By Ernest H. Taylor.



A BLACK FOREST TEAM.
By F. D. Grundy.



A FARMYARD.
By Fred. Lowe.



LEANING TOWER OF PISA.
By Kathleen Earthland.



BRIGHTON.
By C. D. Glover.



A MOUNTAIN MAID.
By J. Richardson.



A FUTURE "CAPTAIN" READER.
By Gordon Whitehead.



DINNER TIME.
By W. J. Jones.



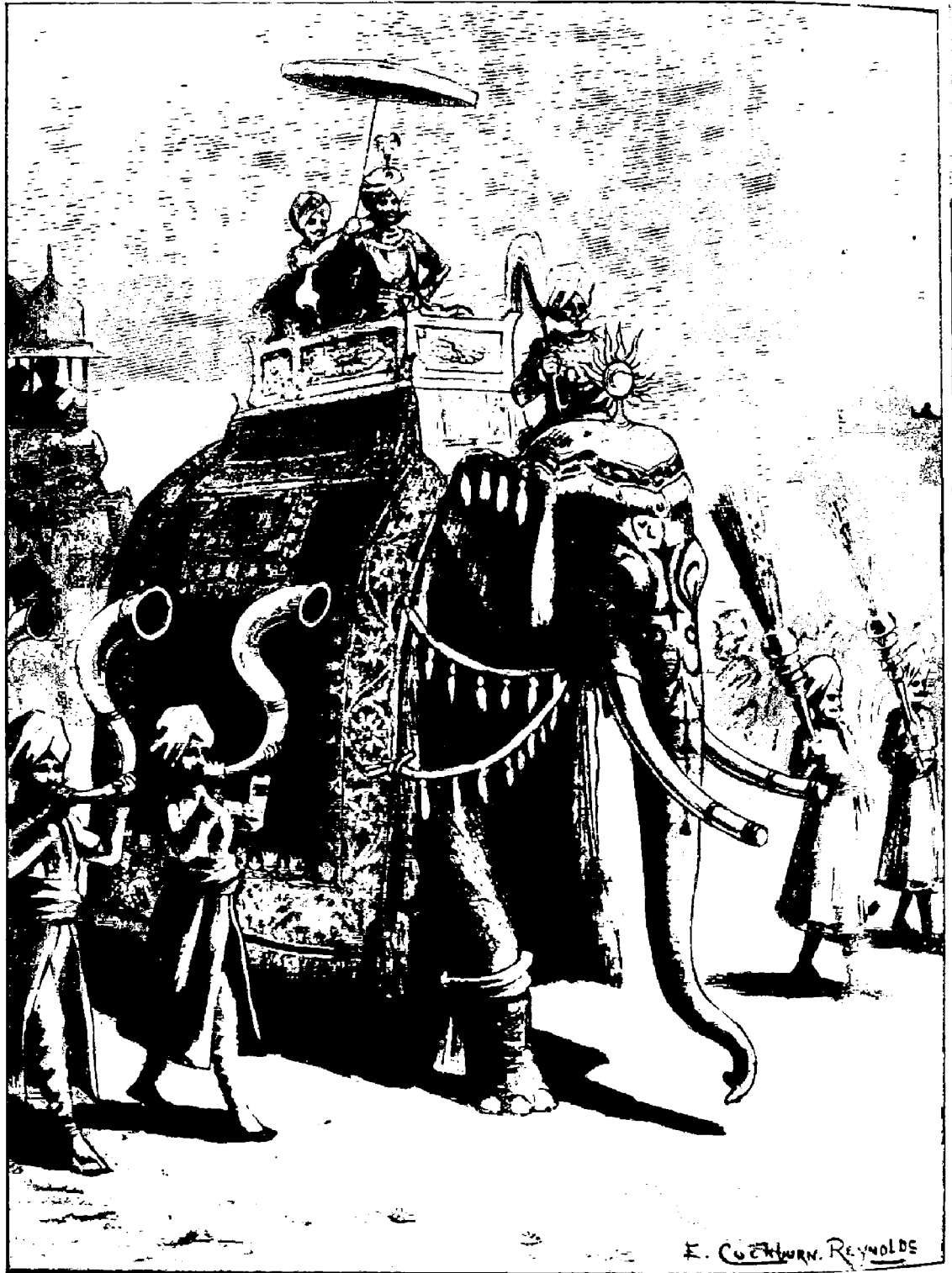
A YORKSHIRE FALL.
By J. B. Meldrum.



A MANXMAN AT HOME.
By G. Stulland.



A TABBY.
By F. W. Stoke.



F. COCHURN. REYNOLDS

WE MADE A BRAVE SHOW IN THE PROCESSION I WAS DRESSED UP IN THE MOST WONDERFUL CLOTHES OF GOLD AND SILVER.

THE ELEPHANT'S STORY.

By E. COCKBURN REYNOLDS.

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR.

THE blue smoke had drifted away in the moonlight. The evening meal had been eaten. The embers of the wood-fires were dying out. The mahouts had spread their clothes on the ground and were falling to sleep under the open sky. For the night was warm and their huts were close.

Under the great tamarinds stood two elephants, silent as sleeping shadows; silent to human ears, but conversing in a language that needs no sound.

"Brother, dost thou hear a calling?"

"I hear no calling."

"These three nights has the voice been with me, calling to the jungles of the far North, and will give no peace."

"What calling is this, O Bheem Sing, my brother? The night for the carnival of the free herds is past now sometime."

"Nay, it is not that, but a stranger thing: Diddst thou hear the talk of the drivers over their evening meal?"

"Yes, and in truth they said many foolish things. One said it was a great wonder that dead elephants were never found in the jungles, and that, therefore, there must be an unknown land where they go and die beyond the ken of hunters."

"I too have thought that talk foolish, for I have often heard it round their camp fires. But of late I have been troubled in mind. Something calls me unceasingly, and there is a picture which comes before my vision of a place that I have never seen, and yet I know it is far, far to the North-East. The way to it is through a canebrake, which would defy the strength of any but an elephant. After an hour's such toil the way leads over a morass deep and treacherous, but in my picture the hidden path is made clear, so that I could follow it in the thick dark. Beyond this is a hidden gorge in the mountains, by which I shall come to a land of shadows surrounded by walls of rock many thousand feet high. In the midst of this valley sleeps a lake, deep, dark, and peaceful, but the shores of the lake are white with bones and are sown thick with the tusks of countless thousands of elephants, for this is the hidden land of our dead, of that I have no doubt. I

am old, and my time has come. Therefore, the voice calls me to the Valley of Peaceful Sleep.

"Why should I slave longer? A hundred years have I toiled for man, choking in the thick dust behind the foot soldiers, with a ton weight of tents on my back, dragging the heavy guns from the mud, doing the work of six bullocks or a dozen pack mules, always working in all seasons, Army service, Rajah's service, Sportsman's service.

"Now nightly there comes the desire to pull up my picket-stakes and return to the free herds roaming the hills to the North, and after to seek the Valley of Peaceful Sleep."

"Of that free life I much desire to hear, for it is beyond my memory."

"What! canst thou possibly forget the wild freedom of those days?"

"I was but a calf when taken and cannot recall the way we were captured. I feel yearly the approach of that night in spring when our brothers assemble to hold high carnival, yet I cannot remember the dancing. Thou, Bheem Sing, must know - all these things."

"I, alas! was taken when I had reached my full strength and was nearing two score years of life. Never can I forget the wild life of youth. We roamed at will over ranges of hills, never seeing a sign of man, never feeling the sharp prick of any driving-hook.

"Never can I forget the spring-time carnival. The gathering of the free herds, the wild trumpeting of thousands, the mad dancing under the moon, the love-making and mating that followed.

"A hundred years ago! A hundred years ago! And yet they are fresh in my mind, those loves and feuds of youth. Even now the blood dances in my old veins to think of the great fight I fought when I won the leadership of the herd.

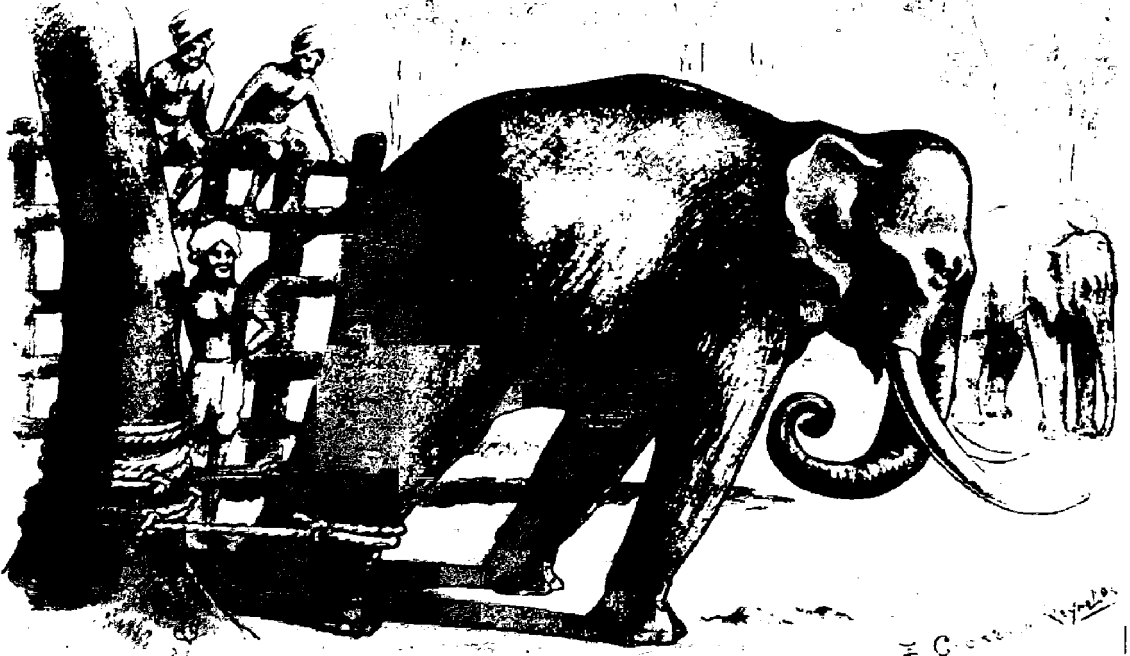
"If we had kept in the fastnesses of the hills we should never have been captured. But we came down to the lowlands where men were, and found their crops of wheat and sugar-cane were good to eat. They tried to scare us with cries and also dug pits into

which some of us fell and were killed. Then, alas! the elephant hunters got news of us and came.

"One day, as we left our noonday retreat, we found we were surrounded by men. They did not approach us, but formed a ring a quarter of a mile across, and when we tried to break through they turned us back with firebrands and much shouting. All night long they kept fires blazing, so we dared not break through the ring at any point. Being unmolested, we fed, and waited for the men to go, but they stayed day after day. On the tenth day, the fodder being nearly used up,

were in a trap, for the space was surrounded with a deep ditch across which we could not go, and on the farther side was a strong wall of tree trunks planted closely and hidden with green boughs.

"Then several of us charged against the gate and would have brought it down only that we were met with flaming torches which the men thrust through the logs into our faces, and there were also loud explosions from weapons they carried, which alarmed us very much. After a while, when we quieted down, the gate was opened for a space, and several slave elephants, which were ridden by



I DRAGGED AT THE ROPES WITH ALL THE FORCE THERE WAS IN ME, AND THE MEN STOOD BY LAUGHING AT ME.

we were taking counsel as to whether we could not rush through, when the men appeared to assemble together on three sides, leaving the fourth open. We, therefore, fled in that direction, the men chasing us with great shouts. The jungle seemed to close in on us till it became a narrow lane; when we would have broken through the wall of bamboos we found there was a deep trench between us and this wall which we could not cross. So we fled on until the lane ended in a small glade into which we had hardly passed, when, with a great noise, a ponderous gate dropped behind us. Then we knew we

men, came in. Two of these would get on both sides of one of our herd and so hold it close till men tied its hind legs together, and, after that, fastened them to a tree. The elephant so captured would drag with all its might, but when it could not free itself it would become very quiet and afraid of the power of man.

"I would not be taken in this way, and made several attempts to kill men who were tying the legs of others, but they escaped under their elephants. At last there was a cry for "Rustum" from the men, and a large tusker was ridden into the enclosure.

He at once made straight for me and tried to punish me, but I was not to be quelled so easily, and met his charge fiercely. The crash of our tusks rang out above all other sounds as I drove him backwards across the Khedda. I felt I was the stronger of the two, but he had been taught to fight by his mahout in a way that was new to me, and twice he had me helpless for a space, my head held between his tusks. Backwards and forwards, from one side of the Khedda to the other, the battle raged, all making room for us or going down before our rushes. The man on Rustum's back encouraged him on with his voice, and at last I think I should have been beaten had not the man, coming within reach of my trunk, thrust a sharp iron into it. This so angered me that, mad with pain, I charged and bore Rustum backwards, till, catching his throat between my tusks, I heaved with all my might, and my enemy fell on his back into the trench. Now both man and elephant were at my mercy, and I would soon have made an end of them but that many men now jumped into the Khedda with firebrands and scared me away. All the elephants were at length bound to trees with the exception of myself. Then they sent to me a tame elephant, one Moti, the pearl, who had eyes like a fawn and the beauty of a peacock in his summer splendour, and when she caressed my forehead and laid her trunk across my eyes, I did not see a man slip clever nooses about my hind legs which, when I moved about, tightened. Moti went away gurgling with merriment, and I, trying to follow, found I had also been tied to a tree like the others. At this a great rage came upon me, and I dragged at the ropes with all the force there was in me till I thought either the tree would come down or my limbs would be torn asunder. For hours I strove fruitlessly till the pain of my strained limbs was almost too much to bear. And in the midst of my efforts men stood by and laughed mockingly at me, and a great fear of man came upon me, for not understanding these things I thought the grip of the rope on my limbs was the grip of man himself and the strength of the rope which mocked my efforts was the strength of man. I felt I was as nothing in his hands and so grew to fear, and, in time, obey him. The only thing I had feared in my life, thus far, was fire. I had seen the hungry tongues eat up the jungle for miles, giant trees and grass blades alike, and before that roaring terror I have fled for days with thousands of other beasts in the madness of

fear. Now, for the first time, I saw fire handled fearlessly by men, unable to hurt him and his willing servant.

"While secure in our haunts in the depths of the jungle, we had often talked boastfully of our own strength and scoffed at that weak pigmy, man. We had thought a few hundred of us could have overturned their houses, and stamped them and their towns out of existence, and yet they had taken our herd, two hundred strong, with very little trouble. In the jungle there are no roads like those made by elephants. Yet what are they to the roads of men, which turn aside for nothing? If a mountain lies in his path man removes it; the broadest river cannot check man who crosses it dry-footed. Not only animals of every kind, but even fire and water were his slaves. Therefore, I felt it was foolish to strive against him, for man was master of all things.

"My first mahout was good to me and proud of 'the finest elephant in the service of the Sirkar,' as he said I was. My tusks were the wonder of the town, and people came from all sides to see me.

"Soon I became the favourite of the commissariat lines. Even the little children were not afraid of me, and brought me of their sweets to eat, and when I caressed them and swung them in my trunk, the joy of the mothers was a thing to witness. Thus we grew endeared to each other, the parents, the babes, and I.

"One day I was at the river with my driver. The English soldiers were bathing, when one was seized by the legs in the jaws of a mugger.

"The man would have been pulled under instantly, but being near I caught hold of him at the driver's order and held on. The alligator pulling one way and I another, the soldier would have been torn in two, but, getting an opportunity, I seized the mugger round the neck and hauled him out of the river, where the other soldiers quickly killed him. The man was badly hurt, but recovered. To show their favour, the soldiers had gold bands put on my tusks, and when the man was well he was put on my back, after I had been dressed up in all sorts of ribbons and flags, and with a band of drums and fifes going before we were marched round the barracks several times before the whole regiment.

"At another time, when a low caste man, who had been made a driver for a few days, ran away with the silver cooking-pots of the other men, I was sent alone without a driver

to find him in the jungle, where he was hiding. After much following I came upon him sleeping, his spoil being in two sacks tied together. Putting these across my neck, I took the man in my trunk and brought him back prisoner. There was great merriment as I passed through the bazaar carrying my captive, and my mahout was very proud of me.

to me. Often the other mahouts told him to be careful or else I would kill him some day, but he only returned their advice with oaths and said that if I did so I would be shot, and I was not such a fool. He also sold my food daily, so that I was always half-fed and hungry. One day we went down to the river to collect fodder, Ram Lall, the mahout, and I. When it was gathered I was kneel-



I SEIZED THE MUGGER ROUND THE NECK AND HAULED HIM OUT OF THE RIVER.

"The tale of my service with this regiment and others would take many nights to repeat.

"When Chunnee, my old driver, died, I was very sorry. My next driver was a bad-tempered man; he was unsparing of the goad and abuse, and when drunk was very cruel

ing to have it bound on my back, when a man came up with a staff in his hand and commenced to talk with Ram Lall.

"Presently they began to quarrel about some money Ram Lall owed him, and soon they came to blows, Ram Lall cowardly at-

tacking the man with his reaping hook. The man, however, defended himself well with his bamboo, and, at last, with a great blow on the head, felled Ram Lall. My mahout lay quite still, and the other man got frightened when he could not rouse him. After much trying he found he was dead, at which he sat down in deep thought for a long time. Then, taking the rope from the bundle of fodder, he tied the dead man by it to my back and, commanding me to stand up, gave the word for home, after which he fled the other way.

It was quite late when I arrived at the 'peil khanna,' where the elephants are kept. The other drivers at once began to shower abuse at the fodder not having arrived before, but when they came up to me and saw in the place of fodder a man roped on my back, they were astonished beyond words. Some ran for torches, and in the light of these they saw plainly how matters stood. Then there was a great hue and cry:—

He has killed Ram Lall, as we all said he would,' cried one. 'Now he will be shot, as is the order.'

Then came the driver's wife, shrieking and tearing her hair and wanting my life at once in return for his. With so much hallooing and torches I got scared, and turning, I fled into the dall fields with the dead man on my back.

That was a bad night. I found little to eat and thought much of what they had said about my being shot for the killing of my driver as they supposed.

Next morning I went towards the bazaar, for there were many shops where they sold sugar-cane, and sometimes they threw me a piece or two as I passed. I had been some time among the people before they discovered I had no mahout. Then they saw the dead man lashed to my back and fled in terror, leaving the shops unguarded. I was hungry with my long fast, so I had my fill of sugar-cane.

Soon a great crowd collected and watched me from a long distance off as some fearsome sight. For them I cared not, but when I saw a red coat or two among the crowd, then I thought of the order there was to shoot elephants who had killed their drivers, so turning down a gulley I made for the open fields. But I was not left in peace; soon the whole station and bazaar came after me, mostly to stare at an uncommon sight, but the mahouts from the 'peil khanna' came also on their animals intent on capturing me.

"Having tasted freedom again, I had no desire to be taken, so I set off for the jungles to the north of the station, the whole of which place seemed to have come after me, but when I got into my stride I soon left my pursuers behind with the exception of two of the swiftest elephants, which were coming up to me gradually, and, I feared, would overtake me. I, therefore, made for the steeply-embanked canal, which was here crossed by a bridge of wood; there was a stone bridge about two miles to the east, which was the only other near this. An idea came to me, and having crossed the bridge I destroyed it, and flung the pieces of wood into the canal. The elephant drivers yelled out abuse when they saw me do this, as the banks of the canal were too steep and deep to be climbed by their elephants, and they were forced to stay behind or go round by the stone bridge.

"I was walking off leisurely, when, hearing hoofs in the distance, I saw there were several officers on horseback who had also come out to hunt me.

"I, therefore, put on a good pace, which was fortunate, for when the sahibs came to the canal and found their horses could not get across, they unslung their rifles and fired at me, but the distance was too great, and, although one bullet grazed my back, the others fell far short. They now turned round, and I thought they would return to the station, but they rode towards the stone bridge. Their horses being fleet I knew they would soon come up with me on flat ground, so I made for the opposite direction where the ground was heavy and would prevent the horses going very fast. About six miles to the west the canal left the river, across which was jungle in which I could hide from my pursuers once I had put the river between us. For a time they were lost to view, and I worked hard to put good distance between us.

"For well I knew the fate that awaited me when the horsemen came up. They could not take me captive, and had brought their rifles to use. I had a good start, perhaps four miles, but there was a grey Arab, ridden by one Captain Young, which could skim the ground like a hawk, and would soon catch me up. He was the first to appear, and rapidly came on, only when he got to the broken ground he had to slacken his pace very much, so that the others had nearly overtaken him when I reached the river bank and plunged in. The river was two miles wide at this part and it would be a tiring swim, but there was death behind

and freedom beyond, so I did not waste time.

"I was not five hundred yards from the bank when they arrived and commenced shooting at me, but after their mad gallop they were too shaky and the bullets flew wide. At last one hit me on the crown, but its flight was low and it only scratched the skin. Then, for a space, I swam with only the tip of my trunk above water, till I thought I was out of their range. When I came up there were no more shots fired.

"But now another danger presented itself. Two or three muggers had shown their heads near me, but had been scared away by the sound of the shots. Now, as these ceased, they came back again. Of an alligator I had no fear, and so, spashing the water loudly with my trunk, I tried to frighten them off, but, strange to say, although they are usually scared by such sounds, I could not get them to go away this time. They followed me, swimming on each side, and their numbers steadily increased so much that I was now alarmed, for should they attack me together I should soon be overcome and pulled to the bottom. I was about half a mile yet from the opposite side, when I noticed there were quite ten of them, and though they had not made an attempt to attack me I knew they were only waiting for a signal. It soon came, and with a sudden rush, that churned up the water into a white froth, they were upon me, and I thought my last hour had come. I dealt great blows with my trunk, but to my astonishment I felt their teeth nowhere in my flesh. Before I could recover from my surprise the attack was over, and then I saw my mistake; for they were not hungering for my body, but for that of the dead mahout lashed to my back. And in that one rush they had carried away every bit of him, leaving only the rope, and were now fighting amongst themselves for the fragments.

"I was glad to find I had again escaped when death seemed so near. In a few minutes I should be rejoicing in perfect freedom. But I had a great disappointment, for the Rajah was out hunting, and his party appeared on the banks of the river just when I was about to land. There were many elephants with them, so all hope of liberty vanished, for I had no sooner landed than I was captured.

"The Rajah admired my great size and fine tusks.

"He will make a fine figure in our pro-

cessions. It is stupid to waste such a handsome beast on commissariat work. I must try and buy him from the British Sirkar. only I fear they will not sell him.'

"A day after a messenger arrived to say I had escaped into the Rajah's territory and would the Rajah kindly order me to be shot, as I was dangerous and had killed my mahout.

"The Rajah begged that I might live to adorn his state, and as his request was accompanied with 1,000 rupees, it was granted.

"Now, instead of starving, I was fed on the best of food, with spices in my cakes; my green food was brought by other elephants. I never had to work in the sun, and twice a week I went down to the river to bathe and have my skin scrubbed till it shone.

"When there was a state procession I was dressed up in the most wonderful cloths of gold and silver. I had ornaments round my neck, in my ears, and on my head, and carried on my back a howdah of beaten gold in which sat the Rajah. We made a brave show. I liked the shouts of admiration which greeted my appearance on these occasions, and I was almost as happy with my new master as I had been in the jungles. That was many years ago. I am still the great state elephant, but I am old and the holiday-makings weary me.

"Soon I shall be set aside for a younger elephant, as they put aside Akbar, the old Royal elephant, when I came—Akbar, who had seen the passing of more than a century and a half of years, and had served the Mogul Emperors in his day! He had charged in the van of battle with a hundred others, each carrying a garrisoned fort on his back. He had waded knee deep amid the bodies of the slain and had come out of the fray splashed to the shoulder with red. Also, Akbar had been high executioner of the State, and had trampled the life out of many a criminal and rebel before the onlooking multitude.

"The Rajah soon had another reason to be pleased with his purchase.

"The sahibs often came to shoot tigers on his estate. One day there was a great hunt. The colonel sahib, who was the guest, was in the howdah on my back. The Rajah was mounted on a she-elephant, called Moonia.

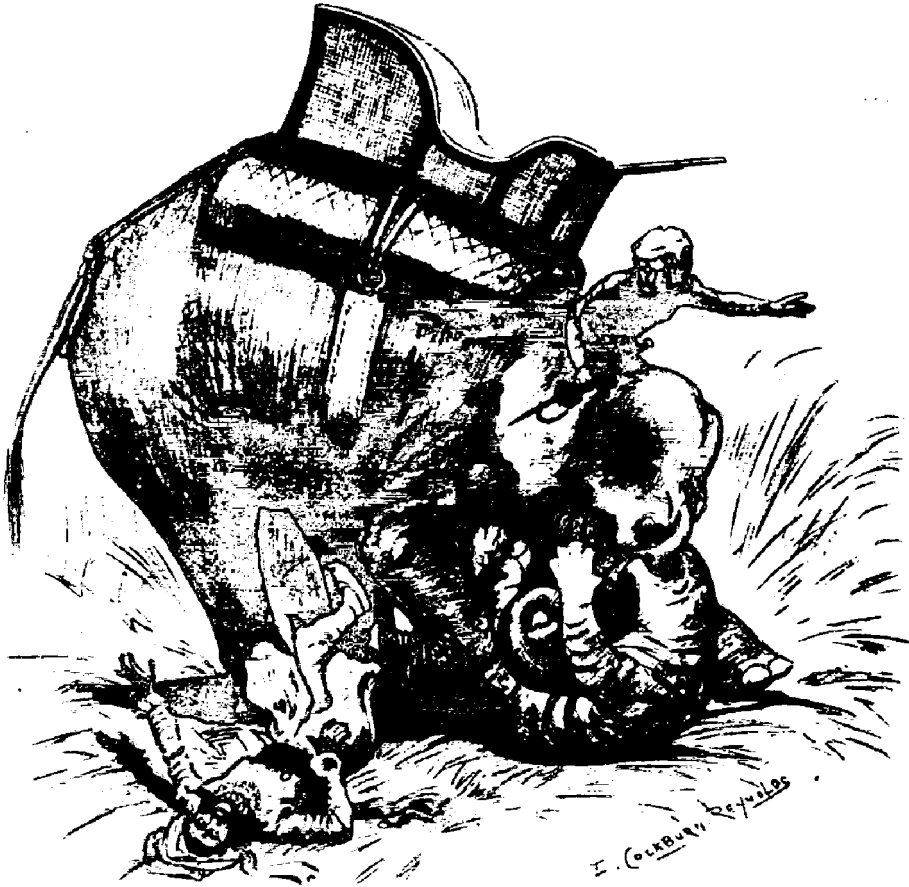
"There were some twelve elephants, which formed in line, marched towards the beater. Presently there was a cry of 'Bagh,' and a fine male tiger charged out into the opening. The colonel sahib's gun spoke first, and the yellow beast fell to the shot, but quickly

springing up it crept into some wild rose-bushes, and for a time it could not be dislodged.

Then, suddenly, without any warning, it sprang upon the Rajah's elephant; burying its teeth and claws in her trunk it pulled her to her knees. She came down so suddenly that the Rajah was thrown out, and the tiger, thinking he had a fresh adversary, turned and attacked him. The colonel sahib could

last hunt is done, and to-night I may leave thee for ever.

"Never before have I been so near the border of the East, beyond which lies the home-land of free-herds, and the Valley of Peaceful Sleep, a hundred leagues maybe. To-night the yearning is strong, and but for thee, O friend and brother, I would try for freedom. These rotten ropes can't hold me. See!—Thus—and they are gone."



SHE CAME DOWN SO SUDDENLY THAT THE RAJAH WAS THROWN OUT.

not fire for fear of hitting the Rajah, who, without doubt, would have been killed by the fangs of the tiger, had not I, with a strong sideward cut with my tusk, struck the yellow one and sent him stunned and sprawling into the long grass. Quickly following, I knelt upon him and crushed the life out of his body.

The Rajah was unhurt, and was much pleased at my performance, and swore he would never part with me for all the wealth of the world. Yet he has often lent me to English hunters. Thus have we two often hunted together these many years. But our

"Go then, O Bheem Sing, my brother. What are the leagues to thee, my mountain of strength? Go! and perhaps one day—who knows?—I, too, shall join you in the Valley of Peaceful Sleep. See! darkness is to hand: the moon sets. Go! Peace be with thee. Farewell."

The frightened mahout next day tracked his stray elephant to the bank of the river, a mighty flood miles across. On the farther side lay the jungles of Assam, a line of shadow, dark and weird. There was no sign of the fugitive. Bheem Sing was journeying to the Valley of Peaceful Sleep.



LETTERS FROM A SELF-MADE BATSMAN TO HIS NEPHEW.

Brighton, June 24th.

MY DEAR JOHN,—Enclosed please find a P.O. for "ten bob," as requested. But I am somewhat disappointed after the trouble I took with you at the nets last Easter, to hear that you have been unable to score more than 151 runs in 14 innings. I do not accept your excuse that the wickets have been wet. Have I not often explained to you that, although owing to the fact that the ball travels sadly on wet grass runs are dearer on wet wickets, it is not more difficult and in some ways easier to bat upon soft than upon dry wickets? Do you not remember my showing you on the tennis lawn, after that heavy shower, how much more slowly the ball came from the ground after pitching, and, consequently, how much easier it was to watch all the way from the pitch to the bat?

I am afraid the school "pro." has been undoing much of the good I instilled into you. Probably he has been at the old school pro. game, "Come forward at her, sir: come forward," till you have got into the bad old error of fancying there is no stroke but the forward lunge for any ball on any wicket.

When I read in your letter that the pitch plays so dead and the ball breaks too much for you, I am almost sure you have been on the "come forward at her" lay. Now, do listen to me, though I am not a "pro.": and remember that though I am now a bit slow on my pins, I used to play for my county. Age spoils one's off-driving, but it does not diminish one's knowledge. A coach who knows is better than a coach who does. Besides, even now I'll play your school pro. a single wicket match for a supper, any day.

Now bear in mind what I tell you. Nine

out of ten wet wickets are not difficult. It is only when the ball breaks, and breaks quickly, that a wicket is difficult. On most wet wickets the ball either cuts through and therefore comes along straight just as it does on a hard wicket, or else breaks so slowly that you have ample time to watch it on to your bat and play back to it.

The secret of playing on a slow wicket is just this. Never play forward. If the ball is pitched well up so that you can easily reach the pitch of it, drive it hard. Clump it. Give it a thump. If it is pitched a good length, but too short to reach the pitch off, watch it from the pitch and play it back.

And this advice applies to sticky wickets, difficult wickets. Only then you must be very quick with your back play. Never, if you can help it, play forward on a wicket on which the ball breaks.

But except on clay grounds wet wickets are never difficult unless the sun comes out hot and bakes the mud. Your ground at Greyhouse is not of the clayey kind. Do you remember the 71 I made for M.C.C. three years ago, there? Very well, then.

Please do not think I want to dishearten you. Only beware of that forward lunge except on plumb, fast wickets. Yes, and even then. Look how rarely Ranji and F. S. Jackson and other tip-toppers play forward even on fast wickets. Poor Arthur Shrewsbury really never played forward, not right forward: and he made 106 against the best Australian bowling on one of the worst wickets I ever saw at Lord's. And Lord's can be nasty.

I am glad to hear you are third in your form. You will not find Tacitus so difficult when you get used to him. He's like a sticky

wicket: funny for an over or two. Your aunt sends you her love.

Your affectionate uncle,
CHARLES BURGESS.

P.S.—I have written to Alfred Shaw for a bat for you. Certainly not full-size! But the proper size for you—weight 2lb. 3oz.

Seaford, July 3rd.

DEAR JOHN,—Your letter was forwarded here, where I am playing golf. Sussex has no match this week.

I do not know whether your cousin will be able to come with us to Greyhouse on Speech Day. No, she has not gone into long skirts yet.

I am very pleased to hear you have been making so many runs and that slow wickets have no longer any terrors for you. But kindly do not again trouble to work out your average for me. I want to hear that you are playing innings that win or help to win matches. Thirty-five runs at a pinch are worth 100 not out another day: but the 100 not out helps the average most, eh? Now, take my tip. Don't own an average.

It is good news, too, that you have come out as a bowler. No, I am not surprised. The best bowler in a school team is often undiscovered. But it is bad news that your action is very like Trumble's. I know that sort. Next week Jack Hearne will be doing a big performance, and your action will be very like Jack Hearne's. Then it will be like Tate's, then like Noble's, and so on. Let me assure you you have an action of your own or none. Just be content with John Burgess's action and make the most of it.

That reminds me of Jim Redwood, who was at Oxford with me. He was a promising medium pace bowler and would have got his Blue but for an open window. The 'Varsity Eleven were playing the Gentlemen of England in the Parks, and Jim was being tried for his bowling. He got a wicket or two. But on the evening of the second day, as he was dressing, he heard A. J. Webbe telling Sammy Woods that "that chap Redwood's faster ball reminded him rather of old Spoff's." Well, Jim had naturally a shortish run up and a high-over action, medium pace. But from that day he started taking a run a mile long and began to bowl much faster with a tremendous dive over at the finish. He lost his own action, and his length, and was left out after a match or two. When he tried his old style again he could

not find it. It took him weeks to settle down, and then it was too late. Poor Jim! He took a first in history. But he wanted his Blue. He had too much imagination.

Now, mind what I say. If you are any good, you've an action of your own: stick to it. And a natural pace; don't exceed it, except to bowl a faster ball once in two or three overs. Yes, and learn to bowl an accurate length before you try tricks. I don't want to hear next week that you can make 'em turn both ways. Tell me you can pitch the ball a good length every time and within three feet of where you want to, and I'll give you THE CAPTAIN fully paid up sub. for two years.

Yours affectionately,

C. B.

P.S.—Your tale about your new French master is amusing. But I hope neither you nor your friends will think that the fact of his being a foreigner absolves you from the obligation of being gentlemen. Your aunt's brother, Robert, who, as you know, is a fine fellow and a fine Englishman, was, years ago, a master in France. He confessed to me he was "badly rotted" at first there. You understand. Mons. Grandit may not be able to play cricket, but I expect he can lick any of your other masters with the foils.

Brighton, July 12th.

MY DEAR JOHN,—Sussex won the match yesterday against Gloucestershire purely by extra-good fielding. You are wrong in supposing that the wicket wore badly: it was good catching that did it. You are wrong, too, in accepting the opinion of the newspapers that runs are easier to get at Brighton than elsewhere. There is no difference to speak of now between the county grounds in this respect. I hope some day you will be considered worth a place in the Sussex team: but you have a lot to learn yet, and you'll have still more to learn after you play your first county match.

When I first played for Sussex I thought I knew all about batting and that I had finished my education in cricket. My dear boy, two matches convinced me I was only on the fringe of the subject. Cricket is a long game, and success goes to the man who keeps trying to learn.

No doubt you have often read in the papers about Ranji being a genius and so on. So he is in a way: for he is abnormally quick and supple. But he told me only the other day in the committee room that he thought

he had had to work much harder and longer than most cricketers at the drudgery of net-practice and being coached before he made decent progress. I dare say he was a quicker pupil than most. For he is a modest fellow. But he did not just "come into his own." He had to work at his game pretty hard: and he succeeded because he stuck to it. We old fogies on the committee are always hoping and hoping to see our young players working at the nets to improve their game. But it's a rare sight. So many cricketers think, after they once get a place in a county team, that success and failure depend on luck. What a lucky man W. G. must have been in his prime, eh? I guess he practised a bit, too, and cured himself of a fault or two first. Did you get that prize for Latin prose by luck? Not you: but because you took my tip and worked through the *De Senectute* in the vac. It's the same in cricket.

I hope you will do well in the M.C.C. match. Do not be frightened by the bowlers' names. A half-volley is a half-volley bowled even by Albert Trott. Yes, and a good length ball is a good length ball bowled even by John Burgess at P. F. Warner. Keep a proper confidence, John.

Yours,
C. B.

Brighton, July 19th.

MY DEAR JOHN,—As it is always annoying to have one's faults pointed out when one is smarting under the consequences of them, I said nothing to you about why you got caught at slip the first ball after lunch in the Old Boys' match. You made your 23 runs before lunch very well. The wicket was fast and true, but you timed the ball well and did not play at all blindly in that horrid push out and chance it style, in spite of which young Smithers scratched up 80 runs. Don't copy that boy's methods: he would get no runs against a clever first-class bowler. I have hopes of you: you watch the ball. But, John, you ought to have known that that shower which fell during lunch time made the surface of the wicket greasy without penetrating at all. Consequently, after lunch the ball came faster from the wicket. In making that cut you timed the ball from what you knew of the wicket before lunch, and you were a fraction late. You must learn to know what happens to the pace of a wicket under various circumstances. And never time a ball by heart: play each ball as bowled, even when you fancy yourself well

set. I liked your fielding at cover: you were on your toes and anticipated the batsmen's strokes. As to your bowling in the M.C.C. match, it does not follow it was bad merely because P. F. Warner and Thompson played you so easily. Good batsmen often play good bowling better than they play bad stuff. I shall have a good look at your bowling in the summer vac. Meanwhile, stick to it: and don't bowl too much at nets, and never carelessly.

Please remember me to your form master. I found him a pleasant fellow and a good judge of cricket. He tells me you work well except on match mornings. You must learn to concentrate your attention on the thing in hand, John.

Your affectionate uncle,
C. BURGESS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Championship.—The rule for reckoning points in the County Championship is:—"One point is reckoned for each win; one deducted for each loss; unfinished games shall not be reckoned. The county which, in finished matches, obtains the greatest proportionate number of points shall be reckoned Champion." The proportion is between the number of plus or minus points, and the number of finished matches. Suppose, for instance, Surrey has played 10 matches, won 4, lost 2, and drawn 4. Then its number of finished matches is 6 and its number of points 2 (i.e., 4 points for its wins and 2 off for its losses). This gives a proportion of 2 points to 6 finished matches. The result is reduced to a percentage in order that the relative position of each county may be apparent at sight. Thus the little proportion sum to work out is "What number is in the same proportion to 100 as 2 is to 6?" The answer is 33.33. Consequently this is Surrey's percentage. Suppose Surrey had lost 4 and won 2, its points would be -2 and its percentage -33.33. The system of reckoning is not by any means perfect. For instance, suppose Kent wins only 2 matches out of ten and draws 8, its percentage is 100; while if Yorkshire wins 10 out of 10 its percentage is also 100. Yet to win 10 out of 10 is better than to win 2 out of 10. Again, among the counties with plus points the disadvantage of losing is numerically greater than the advantage of winning. For example, suppose Kent and Surrey both stand at 4 wins and 2 losses. Then, if Kent wins, its percentage rises from 33.33 to 42.85, i.e., by 9.52, while Surrey's percentage falls from 33.33 to 14.28, i.e., by 19.05. So it is twice as bad for Surrey to lose as it is good for Kent to win! Hence the importance of drawing if you cannot win. If you want a quick rule-o'-thumb for reckoning, here it is. From wins subtract losses algebraically (i.e. 4 from 2 = -2), multiply result by 100 and divide product by sum of wins and losses.

Snap-shot.—Your question should have gone to the photographic editor. You seem to regard me as omniscient! You can do successful work with a camera of very moderate price if you recognise the limitations of your instrument. Most snap-shotters make the mistake of attempting to use their instru-

ment for subjects which are outside the possibilities of their combination of lens, shutter, and plate. However good and suitable your lens with a shutter which will not work at a speed greater than 1-100sec., you cannot take successful pictures of objects which are moving so quickly as to require an exposure of 1-400sec. If you have a focal plane shutter capable of working at extreme speed, say to 1-1000sec., your problem in taking quickly moving objects, as a rule, is not how fast you can make the exposure but what is the slowest exposure at which you can take the object without its movement appearing on the plate. For very quick work brilliant sunshine is absolutely necessary. You will find the "Dictionary of Photography," by E. J. Wall, a useful book of reference. In the "British Journal Photographic Almanac" there are specifications of any number of hand-cameras of all prices. See also advertisements in this magazine.

Xero.—The "Book of Cricket" is published by Geo. Newnes, Ltd., Southampton Street, Strand; but any bookseller would get it for you. The illustrations in it were very carefully taken under my supervision with a view to representing the peculiarities and special characteristics of each player; but naturally some of the pictures are more successful than others. Remember, if you study the book with a view to learning strokes, etc., that what is peculiar in a player's methods is more often than not by no means the characteristic of his play on which his excellence depends. If you wish to imitate a particular stroke of some noted batsman observe carefully what he does with his feet and exactly how he places them; also, how he holds his bat immediately before the action of the stroke begins.

Gloucestershire.—You are mistaken in supposing that G. L. Jessop is abnormally strong. The power of his hitting comes from several characteristics, in chief the quickness with which he swings his bat and the accuracy with which he times the ball. Another point is that he is very quick on his feet, and when he runs out at the ball he manages to put the impetus of his run into his hit. Again, he is very supple-jointed and swings with a beautifully free arm. Again, he uses his wrists to augment the swing of his arms. Quickness of swing is much more valuable than mere "beef" for hard hitting. A bat of 2lbs., swung at the rate of 50 feet per second, hits twice as hard, *ceteris paribus*, as the same bat swung at 25 feet per second.

J. Stephens is a very steady batsman, so steady that the fielders crowd in and catch him right off his bat. He wants to know whether he should hit out at balls badly pitched but straight. It is a great error to suppose that straight balls should not be hit. The straighter a ball is the easier it is to hit, provided it is over-pitched. It is the length of the ball and not its direction, provided it is within easy reach, that determines whether it is easy to punish or not. Hard-hitting batsmen pray for the straight half-volley. The half-volley to leg is not as easy to time, and the half-volley to the off, if at all wide, is not as easy to keep down. If you feel your ankles weak at cricket be sure to wear fitting lace boots in preference to shoes.

Photographer.—For photos of cricketers you should apply to Hawkins and Co., Preston Street, Brighton. No doubt this firm has pictures of the players you mention, which are sure to be as up-to-date as any obtainable. In answer to your query about how such pictures are taken, all I know is that an artist from Messrs. Hawkins' is in almost

constant attendance at the Sussex County Ground and catches the various "foreign" teams and players when they come down to try to beat Sussex. Messrs. Hawkins have, I believe, a printed list of their groups and individuals, which they would probably be pleased to send to you.

Jack L. has a new cricket problem. The bowler bowled a ball just as the scorer offered the advice that it was the seventh ball of the over. The batsman hit and was caught. The umpire said it was only the sixth ball. Was the batsman legally out? Of course he was. Even if the ball was the seventh of the over the umpire's decision that it was the sixth was final. If the umpire says so, it is so. But he is, by the way, allowed to alter his decision if on consideration he discovers he has made a mistake.

"Captain" Reader.—There is nothing to prevent a bowler bowling a high under-hand full-pitch to drop on the bails. Certainly it is not a no-ball. Such a ball is difficult to play. But on the other hand, it is very difficult to bowl accurately. A. G. Steel, who was a slow over-arm bowler, used, I believe, to try it occasionally. A full pitch of any sort aimed at the top of the bails is a good ball to bowl at a sticky batsman.

T. C. Oman.—Probably Irishmen would be as good cricketers as Englishmen if the game were played as much in Ireland. I know of no reason why Ireland should not produce champion swimmers. The Irish are the best jumpers, hammer-throwers, and weight putters in the world, to judge by the records. And they succeed all round in track athletics. Some of the best athletes in America are of Irish birth or extraction. Thank you for your good wishes.

Stewart Thomas.—Spliced bats are much better than non-spliced because the cane handle is much more springy and resilient than the wooden. But as far as concerns the blade, a non-spliced bat may be just as good as a spliced. You can have a cane handle fitted to a non-spliced bat by any maker. Similarly, you can always have a new blade fitted on to an old cane handle.

Powder Monkey.—It is difficult to see how the habit of taking cold baths can affect your deafness one way or the other. If the doctor agrees with you that the cold baths do you no harm I do not understand why you should give them up on the score of your affliction. But it might not be a bad plan to yield to the opinion, however ill-founded, of your parents.

A. W. E.—Glad to hear of your satisfaction with my answer to your letter. As you are not yet sixteen you clearly have a chance of reaching six feet in stature. People keep growing, as a rule, till they are twenty or so. Light dumb-bells or ordinary extension exercises would improve the size of your arms.

Anxious.—The reason Robert Abel was not playing for Surrey at the beginning of the season was that he was suffering from bad health. We are all very glad he has recovered and returned to the cricket field. He is very popular.

C. H. Fry

he had had to work much harder and longer than most cricketers at the drudgery of net-practice and being coached before he made decent progress. I dare say he was a quicker pupil than most. For he is a modest fellow. But he did not just "come into his own." He had to work at his game pretty hard: and he succeeded because he stuck to it. We old fogies on the committee are always hoping and hoping to see our young players working at the nets to improve their game. But it's a rare sight. So many cricketers think, after they once get a place in a county team, that success and failure depend on luck. What a lucky man W. G. must have been in his prime, eh? I guess he practised a bit, too, and cured himself of a fault or two first. Did you get that prize for Latin prose by luck? Not you: but because you took my tip and worked through the De Senectute in the vac. It's the same in cricket.

I hope you will do well in the M.C.C. match. Do not be frightened by the bowlers' names. A half-volley is a half-volley bowled even by Albert Trott. Yes, and a good length ball is a good length ball bowled even by John Burgess at P. F. Warner. Keep a proper confidence, John.

Yours,
C. B.

Brighton, July 19th.

MY DEAR JOHN,—As it is always annoying to have one's faults pointed out when one is smarting under the consequences of them, I said nothing to you about why you got caught at slip the first ball after lunch in the Old Boys' match. You made your 23 runs before lunch very well. The wicket was fast and true, but you timed the ball well and did not play at all blindly in that horrid push out and chance it style, in spite of which young Smithers scratched up 80 runs. Don't copy that boy's methods: he would get no runs against a clever first-class bowler. I have hopes of you: you watch the ball. But, John, you ought to have known that that shower which fell during lunch time made the surface of the wicket greasy without penetrating at all. Consequently, after lunch the ball came faster from the wicket. In making that cut you timed the ball from what you knew of the wicket before lunch, and you were a fraction late. You must learn to know what happens to the pace of a wicket under various circumstances. And never time a ball by heart: play each ball as bowled, even when you fancy yourself well

set. I liked your fielding at cover: you were on your toes and anticipated the batsmen's strokes. As to your bowling in the M.C.C. match, it does not follow it was bad merely because P. F. Warner and Thompson played you so easily. Good batsmen often play good bowling better than they play bad stuff. I shall have a good look at your bowling in the summer vac. Meanwhile, stick to it: and don't bowl too much at nets, and never carelessly.

Please remember me to your form master. I found him a pleasant fellow and a good judge of cricket. He tells me you work well except on match mornings. You must learn to concentrate your attention on the thing in hand, John.

Your affectionate uncle,
C. BURGESS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Championship.—The rule for reckoning points in the County Championship is:—"One point is reckoned for each win; one deducted for each loss; unfinished games shall not be reckoned. The county which, in finished matches, obtains the greatest proportionate number of points shall be reckoned Champion." The proportion is between the number of plus or minus points, and the number of finished matches. Suppose, for instance, Surrey has played 10 matches, won 4, lost 2, and drawn 4. Then its number of finished matches is 6 and its number of points 2 (i.e., 4 points for its wins and 2 off for its losses). This gives a proportion of 2 points to 6 finished matches. The result is reduced to a percentage in order that the relative position of each county may be apparent at sight. Thus the little proportion sum to work out is "What number is in the same proportion to 100 as 2 is to 6?" The answer is 33.33. Consequently this is Surrey's percentage. Suppose Surrey had lost 4 and won 2, its points would be -2 and its percentage -33.33. The system of reckoning is not by any means perfect. For instance, suppose Kent wins only 2 matches out of ten and draws 8, its percentage is 100; while if Yorkshire wins 10 out of 10 its percentage is also 100. Yet to win 10 out of 10 is better than to win 2 out of 10. Again, among the counties with plus points the disadvantage of losing is numerically greater than the advantage of winning. For example, suppose Kent and Surrey both stand at 4 wins and 2 losses. Then, if Kent wins, its percentage rises from 33.33 to 42.85, i.e., by 9.52, while Surrey's percentage falls from 33.33 to 14.28, i.e., by 19.05. So it is twice as bad for Surrey to lose as it is good for Kent to win! Hence the importance of drawing if you cannot win. If you want a quick rule-o'-thumb for reckoning, here it is. From wins subtract losses algebraically (i.e., 4 from 2 = -2), multiply result by 100 and divide product by sum of wins and losses.

Snap-shot.—Your question should have gone to the photographic editor. You seem to regard me as omniscient! You can do successful work with a camera of very moderate price if you recognise the limitations of your instrument. Most snap-shotters make the mistake of attempting to use their instru-

ment for subjects which are outside the possibilities of their combination of lens, shutter, and plate. However good and suitable your lens with a shutter which will not work at a speed greater than 1-100sec., you cannot take successful pictures of objects which are moving so quickly as to require an exposure of 1-400sec. If you have a focal plane shutter capable of working at extreme speed, say to 1-1000sec., your problem in taking quickly moving objects, as a rule, is not how fast you can make the exposure but what is the slowest exposure at which you can take the object without its movement appearing on the plate. For very quick work brilliant sunshine is absolutely necessary. You will find the "Dictionary of Photography," by E. J. Wall, a useful book of reference. In the "British Journal Photographic Almanac" there are specifications of any number of hand-cameras of all prices. See also advertisements in this magazine.

Xero.—The "Book of Cricket" is published by Geo. Newnes, Ltd., Southampton Street, Strand; but any bookseller would get it for you. The illustrations in it were very carefully taken under my supervision with a view to representing the peculiarities and special characteristics of each player; but naturally some of the pictures are more successful than others. Remember, if you study the book with a view to learning strokes, etc., that what is peculiar in a player's methods is more often than not by no means the characteristic of his play on which his excellence depends. If you wish to imitate a particular stroke of some noted batsman observe carefully what he does with his feet and exactly how he places them; also, how he holds his bat immediately before the action of the stroke begins.

Gloucestershire.—You are mistaken in supposing that G. L. Jessop is abnormally strong. The power of his hitting comes from several characteristics, in chief the quickness with which he swings his bat and the accuracy with which he times the ball. Another point is that he is very quick on his feet, and when he runs out at the ball he manages to put the impetus of his run into his hit. Again, he is very supple-jointed and swings with a beautifully free arm. Again, he uses his wrists to augment the swing of his arms. Quickness of swing is much more valuable than mere "beef" for hard hitting. A bat of 2½ lbs. swung at the rate of 50 feet per second, hits twice as hard, *ceteris paribus*, as the same bat swung at 25 feet per second.

J. Stephens is a very steady batsman, so steady that the fielders crowd in and catch him right off his bat. He wants to know whether he should hit out at balls badly pitched but straight. It is a great error to suppose that straight balls should not be hit. The straighter a ball is the easier it is to hit, provided it is over-pitched. It is the length of the ball and not its direction, provided it is within easy reach, that determines whether it is easy to punish or not. Hard-hitting batsmen pray for the straight half-volley. The half-volley to leg is not as easy to time, and the half-volley to the off, if at all wide, is not as easy to keep down. If you feel your ankles weak at cricket be sure to wear fitting lace boots in preference to shoes.

Photographer.—For photos of cricketers you should apply to Hawkins and Co., Preston Street, Brighton. No doubt this firm has pictures of the players you mention, which are sure to be as up-to-date as any obtainable. In answer to your query about how such pictures are taken, all I know is that an artist from Messrs. Hawkins' is in almost

constant attendance at the Sussex County Ground and catches the various "foreign" teams and players when they come down to try to beat Sussex. Messrs. Hawkins have, I believe, a printed list of their groups and individuals, which they would probably be pleased to send to you.

Jack L. has a new cricket problem. The bowler bowled a ball just as the scorer offered the advice that it was the seventh ball of the over. The batsman hit and was caught. The umpire said it was only the sixth ball. Was the batsman legally out? Of course he was. Even if the ball was the seventh of the over the umpire's decision that it was the sixth was final. If the umpire says so, it is so. But he is, by the way, allowed to alter his decision if on consideration he discovers he has made a mistake.

"Captain" Reader.—There is nothing to prevent a bowler bowling a high under-hand full-pitch to drop on the bails. Certainly it is not a no-ball. Such a ball is difficult to play. But on the other hand, it is very difficult to bowl accurately. A. G. Steel, who was a slow over-arm bowler, used, I believe, to try it occasionally. A full pitch of any sort aimed at the top of the bails is a good ball to bowl at a sticky batsman.

T. C. Oman.—Probably Irishmen would be as good cricketers as Englishmen if the game were played as much in Ireland. I know of no reason why Ireland should not produce champion swimmers. The Irish are the best jumpers, hammer-throwers, and weight putters in the world, to judge by the records. And they succeed all round in track athletics. Some of the best athletes in America are of Irish birth or extraction. Thank you for your good wishes.

Stewart Thomas.—Spliced bats are much better than non-spliced because the cane handle is much more springy and resilient than the wooden. But as far as concerns the blade, a non-spliced bat may be just as good as a spliced. You can have a cane handle fitted to a non-spliced bat by any maker. Similarly, you can always have a new blade fitted on to an old cane handle.

Powder Monkey.—It is difficult to see how the habit of taking cold baths can affect your deafness one way or the other. If the doctor agrees with you that the cold baths do you no harm I do not understand why you should give them up on the score of your affliction. But it might not be a bad plan to yield to the opinion, however ill-founded, of your parents.

A. W. E.—Glad to hear of your satisfaction with my answer to your letter. As you are not yet sixteen you clearly have a chance of reaching six feet in stature. People keep growing, as a rule, till they are twenty or so. Light dumb-bells or ordinary extension exercises would improve the size of your arms.

Anxious.—The reason Robert Abel was not playing for Surrey at the beginning of the season was that he was suffering from bad health. We are all very glad he has recovered and returned to the cricket field. He is very popular.

C. B. Burgess

THE MANOEUVRES OF CHARTERIS.

BY P. G. WODEHOUSE.



(Author of "The Pot Hunters" and "A Prefect's Uncle.")

ILLUSTRATED BY T. M. R. WHITWELL.

I.

"MIGHT I observe, sir——"
 "You may observe," said the referee, kindly, "whatever you like. Twenty-five."

"The rules say——"

"I have given my decision. Twenty-five!" A spot of red appeared on the official cheek. The referee, who had been heckled steadily since the kick-off, was beginning to be annoyed.

"The ball went be'ind without bouncing, and the rules say——"

"Twenty-five!!" shouted the referee. "I know what the rules say quite well." And he blew his whistle with an air of finality. The secretary of the Bargees' F.C. subsided reluctantly, and the game was re-started.

The Bargees' match was a curious institution. Their real name was the Old Crockfordians. When, a few years before, the St. Austin's secretary had received a challenge from them—dated from Stapleton, where their secretary happened to reside—he had argued within himself as follows: "This sounds all right. Old Crockfordians? Never heard of Crockford. Probably some large private school somewhere. Anyhow, they're certain to be decent fellows." And he arranged the fixture. It then transpired that Old Crockford was a village, and, to judge from their appearance on the day of battle, their football team seemed to have been recruited exclusively from the riff-raff of the same. They wore

green shirts with a bright yellow leopard over the heart, and O.C.F.C. woven in large letters about the chest. One or two of the outsiders played in caps, and the team to a man criticised the referee's decisions with point and pungency.

Unluckily, the first year of the fixture saw a weak team of Austinians rather badly beaten, with the result that it became a point of honour to wipe this off the slate before the match could be cut out of the card. The next year was also unlucky. The Bargees managed to score a penalty goal in the first half, and won on that. In the following season the match resulted in a draw, and by that time the thing had become an annual event. Now, however, the school was getting some of its own back: The Bargees had brought down a centre-threequarter of some reputation from the North—who happened to be staying in the village at the time of the match—and were as strong in the scrum as ever. But St. Austin's had a great team, and were carrying all before them. Charteris and Graham at half had the ball out of their centres in a way that made Merevale, who looked after the football of the school, feel that life was worth living. And when once it was out, things happened rapidly. MacArthur, the captain of the school fifteen, with Thomson as his fellow centre, and Welch and Bannister on the wings, did what they liked with the Bargees' threequarters. All the school outsiders had scored, even the back, who dropped a goal from near the half-way line. The player from the North had scarcely touched the ball during the whole game, and altogether the Bargees were becoming restless and excited. The kick-off from the twenty-five line, which followed upon the small discussion alluded to above, reached Graham. Under ordinary circumstances he would have kicked, but in a winning game original methods often pay. He dodged a furious sportsman in green and yellow, and went away down the touchline. He was almost

through, when he stumbled. He recovered himself, but too late. Before he could pass, someone was on him. Graham was not particularly heavy, and his opponent was muscular. He was swung off his feet, and the next moment the two came down together, Graham underneath. A sharp pain shot through his shoulder. A doctor emerged from the crowd—there is always a doctor in every crowd—and made an examination.

"Anything bad?" enquired the referee.

"Collar-bone," said the doctor. "Rather badly smashed. Be all right in a month or two. Stop his playing. Rather a pity. Much longer before half-time?"

"I was just going to blow the whistle, when this happened."

Graham was carried off, and the referee blew his whistle for half-time.

"I say, Charteris," said MacArthur, "who on earth am I to put half instead of Tony?"

"Swift used to play half in his childhood, I believe. I should try him. But, I say, did you ever see such a scrag? Can't you protest or something?"

"My dear chap, how can I? It's on our own ground. These people are visitors, if you come to think of it. I'd like to wring the chap's neck, though, who did it. I didn't spot who it was. Did you see?"

"Yes. It was their secretary. That man with the beard. I'll get Prescott to mark him this half."

Prescott was the hardest tackler in the school, with the single exception of MacArthur. He accepted the commission cheerfully, and promised to do his best by the bearded one. Charteris certainly gave him every opportunity. When he threw the ball out of touch, he threw it to the criminal with the beard, and Prescott, who stuck to him like glue, had generally tackled him before he knew what had happened. After a time he began to grow thoughtful, and whenever there was a line-out, went and stood among the threequarters. In this way much of Charteris' righteous retribution miscarried, but once or twice he had the pleasure and privilege of putting in a piece of tackling on his own account. The match ended with the enemy still intact, but considerably shaken. He was also much annoyed. He spoke to Charteris on the subject as they were leaving the field.

"I was watching you," he said.

"That must have been nice for you," said Charteris.

"You wait."

"Certainly. Any time you're passing, I'm sure—"

"You ain't 'eard the last of me yet."

"That's something of a blow," said Charteris, cheerfully, and they parted.

Charteris, having got into his blazer, ran after Welch and MacArthur, and walked back with them to the house. They were all three at Merevale's.

"Poor old Tony," said MacArthur, "where have they taken him to? The house?"

"Yes," said Welch. "I say, Babe, you ought to scratch this match next year. Tell them the card's full up or something."

"Oh, I don't know. Do you think so? One expects pretty rough play in this sort of game. After all, we tackle pretty hard ourselves. I know I always go my hardest. If the man happens to be brittle, that's his look-out," concluded the bloodthirsty Babe.

"My dear man," said Charteris, impatiently, "there's all the difference between an ordinary hard tackle and a beastly scrag like the one that doubled Tony up. You can't break a chap's collar-bone without jolly well trying to."

"Well, when you come to think of it, the man had some excuse for being rather sick. You can't expect a fellow to be in an angelic temper when his side's being beaten by about forty points."

The Babe was one of those thoroughly excellent individuals who always try, when possible, to make allowances for everybody.

"Well, dash it," said Charteris, indignantly, "if he had lost his hair, he might have drawn the line at falling on Tony like that. It wasn't the actual tackling that crocked him. The brute simply jumped on him like a Hooligan. Anyhow, I made him sit up a bit before I finished. I gave Prescott the tip to mark him out of touch. Have you ever been collared by Prescott? It's a liberal education. Now, there you are, you see. Prescott weighs thirteen-ten, and he's all muscle, and he goes like a battering-ram. You'll own that. He goes as hard as he jolly well knows how, and yet the worst that he ever does to a man is to lay him out for a couple of minutes while he gets his wind back. He's never crocked a man seriously in his life. Well, compare him with this Bargee man. The Bargee isn't nearly so strong, and he weighs about a stone less, I should say, and yet he smashes Tony's collar-bone. It's all very well, Babe, but you can't get away from it. Prescott tackles fairly, and the Bargee scrag."

"Yes," said MacArthur "I suppose you're right."

"Rather," said Charteris, "I wish I'd slain him."

"By the way," said Welch, "you were talking to him after the match. What was he saying?" Charteris laughed.

"By Jove, I'd forgotten. He said I hadn't heard the last of him, and that I was to wait."

"What did you say?"

"Oh, I behaved beautifully. I asked him to be sure and look in any time that he was passing, and after a few chatty remarks we parted."

"I wonder if he meant anything."

"I believe he means to waylay me with a buckled belt. I sha'n't stir out except with the Old Man or some other competent body-guard. 'Orrible outrage. Shocking death of a Sint Orsting's schoolboy. It would look rather well on the posters."

Welch stuck strenuously to his point.

"No, but look here, Charteris," he said, seriously, "I'm not joking. You see, the man lives in Stapleton, and if he knows anything of school rules——"

"Which he probably doesn't. Why should he?"

"It he knows anything of school rules, he'll know that Stapleton is out of bounds, and he may book you there, and report you."

"Yes," said MacArthur; "I tell you what, Alderman, you'd better knock off a few of your Stapleton expeditions. You know you wouldn't go there once a month if it wasn't out of bounds. You'll be a prefect next term. I should wait till then, if I were you."

"My dear chap, what does it matter? The worst that can happen to you for breaking bounds is a couple of hundred lines, and I've got a capital of four hundred already in stock. Besides, things would be so slow if you always kept in bounds. I always feel like a cross between Dick Turpin and Machiavelli when I go to Stapleton. It's an awfully jolly feeling. Like warm treacle running down your back. It's cheap at two hundred lines."

"You're an awful fool," said Welch, rudely but correctly. Welch was a youth who treated the affairs of other people rather too seriously. He worried over them. This is not a particularly common trait in either boy or man, but Welch had it highly developed. He could not probably have explained exactly why he was worried, but he undoubtedly was. Welch had a very grave and serious mind. He shared a study with Charteris—for Charteris, though not yet a school prefect, was part-owner of a study—and close observation had convinced him that the latter was not responsible for his actions, and that he wanted somebody to look after him. He had, therefore, elected himself to the post of a species of modified and unofficial guardian angel to him. The duties were heavy, and the remuneration particularly light.

"Really, you know," said MacArthur, "I don't see what the point of all your lunacy is. I don't

know if you're aware of it, but the Old Man's getting jolly sick with you."

"I didn't know," said Charteris, "but I'm very glad to hear it. For hist! I have a ger-rudge against the person. Beneath my ban that mystic man shall suffer *côte qui coute*, Matilda. He sat upon me—publicly, and the resulting blot on my escutcheon can only be wiped out with gore—or broken rules."

To listen to Charteris on the subject, one might have thought that he considered the matter rather amusing than otherwise. This, however, was simply due to the fact that he treated everything flippantly in conversation. But, like the parrot, he thought the more. The actual *casus belli* had been trivial. At least, the mere spectator would have considered it trivial. But Charteris, though he would have considered it an insult if anybody had told him so, was sensitive. The affair had happened after this fashion. Charteris was a member of the school corps. The orderly-room of the school corps was in the junior part of the school buildings. Charteris had been to replace his rifle in that shrine of Mars after a mid-day drill, and on coming out into the passage had found himself in the middle of a junior school rag of the conventional type. Somebody's cap had fallen off, and two hastily picked teams were playing football with it (Association Rules). Now, Charteris was not a prefect. (That, by the way, was another source of bitterness in him towards the Powers, for he was well up in the Sixth, and the others of his set, Welch, Thomson, the Babe, and Tony Graham, who were also in the Sixth—the two last below him in form order, had already received their prefect's caps). Not being a prefect, it would have been officious in him to have stopped the game. So he was passing on with what Mr. Hurry Bungsho Jabberjee, B.A. would have termed a beaming simper of indescribable suavity, when a member of one of the opposing teams, in effecting a G. O. Smithian dribble, cannoned into him. To preserve his balance, he grabbed at the disciple of Smith amidst applause, and at the precise moment that he did so, a new actor appeared upon the scene—the Headmaster. Now, of all things that lay in his province, the Headmaster most disliked to see a senior "ragging" with a junior. He had a great idea of the dignity of the senior school, and did all that in him lay to see that it was kept up. The greater the number of the juniors with whom the senior was discovered ragging, the more heinous the offence. Circumstantial evidence was dead against Charteris. To all outward appearances, he was one of the players in the impromptu football match. The soft and fascinating beams of the simper,

to quote Mr. Jabberjee once more, had not yet faded from his face. In fact, there he was—caught in the act.

A well-chosen word or two in the Headmagisterial bass put a premature end to the football match, and Charteris was proceeding on his way, when the Headmaster called him. He stopped. The Headmaster was angry. So angry, indeed, that he did what, in a more lucid interval, he would not have done. He hauled a senior over the coals in the hearing of a number of juniors, one of whom (unidentified) giggled feebly. As Charteris had on previous occasions observed, the Old Man, when he did start to talk to anyone, didn't leave out much. The address was not long, but it covered a good deal of ground. The section of it which chiefly rankled in Charteris' mind, and which had continued to rankle ever since, was that in which the use of the word "buffoon" had occurred. Everybody who has a gift of humour and who (very naturally) enjoys exercising it, hates to be called a "buffoon." It was Charteris' one weak spot. Every other abusive epithet in the language slid off without penetrating or causing him the least discomfort. The word "buffoon" went home, right up to the hilt. And, to borrow from Mr. Jabberjee for positively the last time, he had said to himself: "Henceforward I will perpetrate heaps of the lowest dregs of vice." He had, in fact, started upon a perfect bout of breaking rules simply because they were rules. The injustice of the thing rankled. No one so dislikes being punished unjustly as the person who might have been punished justly on scores of previous occasions, if he had only been found out. To a certain extent Charteris ran amok. He broke bounds and did little work, and—he was beginning to find this out gradually—got thoroughly tired of it all. Offended dignity, however, still kept him at it, and, much as he would have preferred to have resumed a less feverish type of existence, he did not do so.

"I have a ger-rudge against the man," he said.

"You are an idiot, really," said Welch.

"Welch," said Charteris, by way of explanation to the Babe, "is a lad of coarse fibre. He doesn't understand the finer feelings a bit. He can't see that I'm doing this simply for the Old Man's good. Spare the rod, spile the choild. Let's go and have a look at Tony, when we've changed. He'll be in the sick-room if he's anywhere."

"All right," said the Babe, as he went into his study. "Buck up. I'll toss you for first bath. Heads. Heads it is. Good."

Charteris walked on with Welch to their sanctum.

"You know," said Welch, seriously, stooping to unlace his boots, "rotting apart, you really are a most awful ass. I wish I could get you to see it."

"Never you mind, ducky," replied Charteris. "I'm all right. I'll look after myself."

II.

IT was about a week after the Bargees' match that the rules respecting bounds were made stricter, much to the popular indignation.

The penalty for visiting Stapleton without leave was increased from two hundred lines to two extra lessons. The venomous characteristic of extra lesson was that it cut into one's football, for the criminal was turned into a formroom from two till four on half-holidays, and so had to scratch all athletic engagements for those days, unless he chose to go for a run afterwards, which he generally did not. In the cricket term the effect was not so deadly. It was just possible that you might get an innings somewhere after four o'clock, even if only at the nets. But during the football season—it was now February—to be in extra lesson meant a total loss of everything that makes life endurable, and the school protested (to one another in undertones) with no uncertain voice against this barbarous innovation.

The reason for the change had been simple. At the corner of Stapleton High Street was a tobacconist's shop, and Mr. Prater, strolling in one evening to renew his stock of Pioneer, was interested to observe P. St. H. Harrison, of Merevale's, busy purchasing a consignment of "Girl of My Heart" cigarettes (at twopence-halfpenny the packet of twenty, including a coloured portrait of Lord Kitchener). Now, Mr. Prater was one of the most sportsmanlike of masters. If he had merely met Harrison out of bounds, and it had been possible to have overlooked him, he would have done so. But such a proceeding in the interior of a small shop was impossible. There was nothing to palliate the crime. The tobacconist also kept the wolf from the door and lured the juvenile population of the neighbourhood to it by selling various brands of sweets, but it was perfectly obvious that Harrison was not after these. Guilt was in his eye, and the packet of cigarettes in his hand. Also, Harrison's house cap was fixed firmly at the back of his head. Mr. Prater finished buying his Pioneer, and went out without a word. That night it was announced to Harrison that the Headmaster wished to see him. The Headmaster

saw him; the interview was short and not sweet, and on the following day Stapleton was placed doubly out of bounds.

Tony, who was still in bed, had not heard the news when Charteris came to see him on the evening of the day on which the edict had gone forth.

"How are you getting on?" asked Charteris.

"Oh, fairly well. It's rather slow."

"The grub seems all right," said Charteris, absently reaching out for a slice of cake.

"Not bad."

"And you don't have to do any work."

"No."

"Well, then, it seems to me that you're having a jolly good time. What don't you like about it?"

"It's so slow, being alone all day."

"Makes you appreciate intellectual conversation all the more when you get it. Mine, for instance."

"I want something to read."

"Bring you a Sidgwick's Greek Prose Composition, if you like. Full of racy stories."

"I've read 'em, thanks."

"How about Jebb's Homer? You'd like that. Awfully interesting. Proves that there never was such a man as Homer, you know, and that the Iliad and the Odyssey were produced by evolution. General style, quietly funny. Make you roar."

"Don't be an idiot. I'm simply starving for something to read. Haven't you got anything?"

"You've read all mine."

"Hasn't Welch got any books?"

"Not one. He bags mine when he wants to read. I'll tell you what I will do, if you like."

"What's that?"

"I'll go into Stapleton, and borrow something from Adamson."

Adamson was the College doctor. Residence: Number Three, High Street, Stapleton. Disposition, mild and obliging.

"By Jove, that's not a bad idea."

"It's a dashed good idea, which wouldn't have occurred to anyone except a genius. I've been quite a pal of Adamson's ever since I had the flu. I go to tea with him occasionally, and we talk medical shop. Have you ever tried talking medical shop during tea? Gives you an appetite. Ever read anything of James Payn's?"

"I've read 'Terminations,' or something," said Tony doubtfully, "but he's so obscure."

"Don't," said Charteris sadly, "please don't. 'Terminations' is by one Henry James, and there is a substantial difference between him and James Payn. Anyhow, if you want a biography of James Payn, he wrote a hundred books, and they're all simply ripping, and Adam-

son has got a good many of them, and I'm going to borrow a couple, and you're going to read them. I know one always bars a book that's recommended to one, but you've got no choice. You're not going to get anything else till you've finished those two."

"All right," said Tony; "but," he added, "Stapleton's out of bounds. I suppose Merevale will give you leave to go in?"

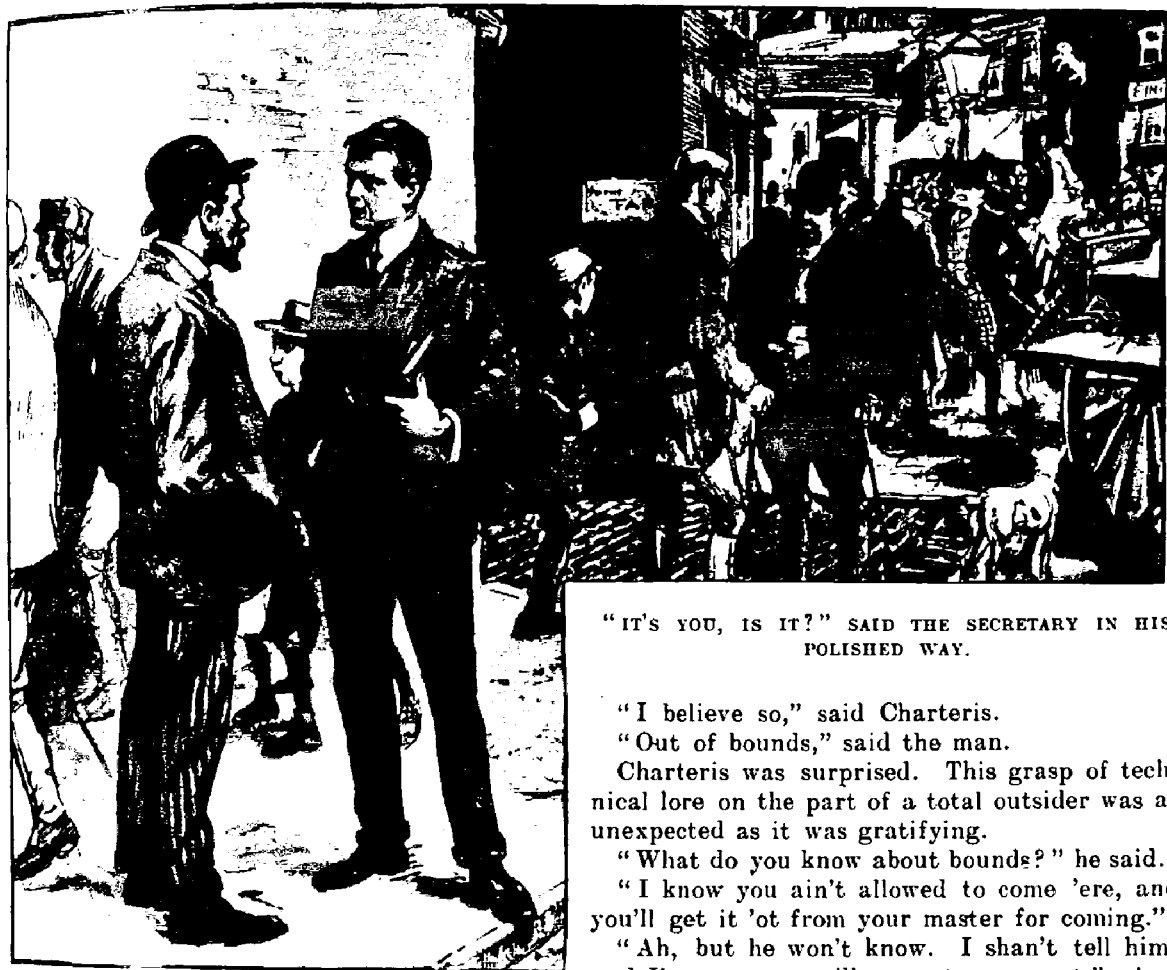
"I shan't ask him. On principle. So long."

On the following afternoon Charteris went into Stapleton. The distance by road was exactly a mile. If you went by the fields it was longer, because you probably lost your way.

Charteris arrived at the High Street, and knocked at Dr. Adamson's door. The servant was sorry, but the doctor was out. Her tone seemed to suggest that, if she had had any say in the matter, he would have remained in. Would Charteris come in and wait? Charteris rather thought he would. He waited half an hour, and then, as the absent medico did not appear to be coming, took two books from the shelf, wrote a succinct note explaining what he had done and why he had done it, and hoping the doctor did not object, and went out with his literary spoil into the High Street again.

The time was now close on five o'clock. Lock-up was not till a quarter past six—six o'clock, nominally, but the doors were always left open till a quarter past. It would take him about fifteen minutes to get back—less if he trotted.

Obviously the thing to do here was to spend a thoughtful quarter of an hour or so inspecting the sights of the town. These were ordinarily not numerous, but this particular day happened to be market day, and there was a good deal going on. The High Street was full of farmers and animals, the majority of the former being well on the road to intoxication. It is, of course, extremely painful to see a man in such a condition, but when such a person is endeavouring to count a perpetually shifting drove of pigs, the onlooker's pain is sensibly diminished. Charteris strolled along the High Street observing these and other phenomena with an attentive eye. Opposite the Town Hall he was buttonholed by a perfect stranger, whom by his conversation he soon recognised as the Stapleton "character." There is a "character" in every small country town. He is not a bad character: still less is he a good character. He is just a "character," pure and simple. This particular man—though, strictly speaking, he was anything but particular—apparently took a great fancy to Charteris at first sight. He backed him gently against a wall, and insisted on telling him an interminable anecdote of his shady past. When, it appeared, he had been a "super" in a



"IT'S YOU, IS IT?" SAID THE SECRETARY IN HIS POLISHED WAY.

"I believe so," said Charteris.

"Out of bounds," said the man.

Charteris was surprised. This grasp of technical lore on the part of a total outsider was as unexpected as it was gratifying.

"What do you know about bounds?" he said.

"I know you ain't allowed to come 'ere, and you'll get it 'ot from your master for coming."

"Ah, but he won't know. I shan't tell him, and I'm sure you will respect my secret." And Charteris smiled in an ensnaring manner.

"Ho," said the man, "Ho, indeed."

There is something very clinching about the word "Ho!" It seems definitely to apply the closure to any argument. At least, I have never yet met anybody who could tell me the suitable repartee.

"Well," said Charteris, affably, "don't let me keep you. I must be going on."

"Ho," observed the man once more, "ho, indeed."

"That's a wonderfully shrewd remark," said Charteris, "but I'd like to know exactly what it means."

"You're out of bounds."

"Your mind seems to run in a groove. You can't get off that bounds idea. How do you know Stapleton's out of bounds?"

"I have made enquiries," said the man darkly.

"By Jove," said Charteris, delightedly, "this is splendid. You're a regular sleuth-hound. I daresay you've found out my name and house."

"I may 'ave," said the man, "or I may not 'ave."

"Well, now you mention it, I suppose one of

travelling company. The plot of the story, as far as Charteris could follow it, dealt with the company's visit to Dublin, where some person or persons unknown had with malice prepense scattered several pounds of snuff on the stage previous to a performance of *Hamlet*. And, according to the "character," when the ghost sneezed steadily throughout his great scene, there was not a dry eye in the house. The "character" had concluded that anecdote, and was half-way through another, when, looking at his watch, Charteris found that it was almost six o'clock. So he interrupted one of his friend's periods by diving past him and moving rapidly down the street. The historian did not seem to object. Charteris looked round and saw that he had buttonholed a fresh victim. Charteris was still looking in one direction and walking in another when he collided with somebody.

"Sorry," he said hastily. "Hullo!"

It was the secretary of the Old Crockfordians, and, as that gentleman's face wore a scowl, the recognition appeared to be mutual.

"It's you, is it?" said the secretary in his polished way.

the two is probable. Well, I'm awfully glad to have met you. Good-bye. I must be going."

"You are going with me."

"Arm in arm?"

"I don't want to 'ave to take you."

"No," said Charteris "I should jolly well advise you not to try. This is my way."

He walked on till he came to the road that led to St. Austin's. The secretary of the Old Crockfordians stalked beside him with determined stride.

"Now," said Charteris, when they were on the road, "you mustn't mind if I walk rather fast. I'm in a hurry."

Charteris' idea of walking rather fast was to dash off down the road at quarter-mile pace. The move took the man by surprise, but after a moment he followed with much panting. It was evident that he was not in training. Charteris began to feel that the walk home might be amusing in its way. After he had raced some three hundred yards he slowed down to a walk again. It was at this point that his companion evinced a desire to do the rest of the journey with a hand on the collar of his coat.

"If you touch me," said Charteris, with a surprising knowledge of legal *minutiae*, "it'll be a technical assault, and you'll get run in. And you'll get beans anyway if you try it on."

The man reconsidered the matter and elected not to try it on. Half a mile from the college Charteris began to walk rather fast again. He was a good half-miler, and his companion was bad at any distance. After a game struggle he dropped to the rear, and finished a hundred yards behind in considerable straits. Charteris shot in at Merevale's door with five minutes to spare, and went up to his study to worry Welch by telling him about it.

"Welch, you remember the Bargee who scragged Tony? Well, there have been all sorts of fresh developments. He's just been pacing me all the way from Stapleton."

"Stapleton! You haven't been to Stapleton?"

"Yes. I went to get some books for Tony."

"Did Merevale give you leave?"

"No. I didn't ask him."

"You are an idiot. And now this Bargee man will go straight to the Old Man and run you in. I wonder you didn't think of that."

"It is curious, now you mention it."

"I suppose he saw you come in here?"

"Rather. He couldn't have had a better view if he'd paid for a seat. Half a second. I must just run up to Tony with these."

When he came back he found Welch more serious than ever.

"I told you so," said Welch; "you're to go to the Old Man at once. He's just sent over for

you. I say, look here, if it's only lines, I don't mind doing some if you like."

Charteris was quite touched by this sporting offer.

"It's awfully good of you," he said, "but it doesn't matter, really. I shall be all right."

Ten minutes later he returned, beaming.

"Well," said Welch, "what has he given you?"

"Only his love, to give to you. It was this way. He first asked me if I didn't know perfectly well that Stapleton was out of bounds. 'Sir,' says I, 'I have known it from, childhood's earliest hour.' 'Ah,' says he to me, 'did Mr. Merevale give you leave to go in this afternoon?' 'No,' says I, 'I never consulted the gent. you mention.'"

"Well?"

"Then he ragged me for ten minutes, and finally told me I must go into extra the next two Saturdays."

"I thought so."

"Ah, but mark the sequel. When he had finished, I said I was sorry I had mistaken the rules, but I had thought that a chap was allowed to go into Stapleton if he got leave from a master. 'But you said that Mr. Merevale did not give you leave,' said he. 'Friend of my youth,' I replied courteously, 'you are perfectly correct—as always. Mr. Merevale did not give me leave. But,' I added suavely, 'Mr. Daere did.' And came away, chanting hymns of triumph in a mellow baritone, and leaving him in a dead faint on the sofa. And the Bargee, who was present during the conflict, swiftly and silently vanished away, his morale considerably shattered. And that, my gentle Welch," concluded Charteris cheerfully, "puts me one up. So pass the biscuits and let us rejoice to-day if we never rejoice again."

III.

THE Easter term was nearing its end. Football, with the exception of the final house-match, which had still to be played, was over, and life was in consequence a trifle less exhilarating than it might have been. In some ways the last few weeks of the Easter term are not unpleasant. You can put on running shorts and a blazer and potter about the grounds, feeling strong and athletic, and delude yourself into a notion that you are training for the sports. Ten minutes at the broad jump—five with the weight, a few sprints on the track—it is amusing in its way, but it is apt to become monotonous. And if the weather is at all inclined to be chilly, such an occupation becomes impossible.



"HULLO!" SAID CHARTERIS, "I SEE THERE'S A STRANGERS' MILE. I THINK I SHALL GO IN FOR THAT."

he reached the tape, dutifully held by two sporting Merevalian juniors, Charteris' attention had generally been attracted elsewhere. "What time?" Welch would pant. "By Jove," Charteris would reply blandly, "I forgot to look. About a minute and a quarter, I fancy." At which Welch, who always had a notion that he had done it in ten and a fifth *that* time, at any rate, would dissemble his joy, and mildly suggest that somebody else should hold the watch. Then there was Jim Thomson, generally a perfect mine of elevating conversation. He was in for the mile and also the half-mile, and refused to talk about anything except those distances, and the best methods for running them in the minimum of time. Charteris began to feel a blue melancholy stealing over him. The Babe, again. He might have helped to while away the long hours, but unfortunately he had been taken very bad with a notion that he was going to win the cross-country race, and when in addition to this he was seized with a panic with regard to the prospects of Merevale's house team in the final, and began to throw out hints concerning strict training, Charteris regarded him as a person to be avoided. If he fled for sympathy to the Babe just now, the Babe would be as likely as not to suggest that he should come for a ten mile spin with him, to get him into condition for the final

Charteris found things particularly dull. He was a fair average runner, but there were others far better at every distance, so that he saw no use in mortifying the flesh with strict training. On the other hand, in view of the fact that the final house-match was still an event of the future and that Merevale's was one of the two teams that were going to play it, it behoved him to keep himself at least moderately fit. The muffin and the crumpet were still things to be reluctantly avoided. He thus found himself in a position where, apparently, the few things which it was possible for him to do were barred, and the net result was that he felt slightly dull.

To make matters worse, all the rest of his set were working full time at their various employments, and had no leisure for amusing him. Welch practised hundred yards sprints daily, and imagined that it would be quite a treat for Charteris to be allowed to time him. So he gave him the stop-watch, saw him safely to the end of the track, and at a given signal dashed off in the approved American style. By the time

houser. The very thought of a ten mile spin gave Charteris that tired feeling.

Lastly, there was Tony. But Tony's company was worse than none at all. He went about with his arm in a sling, and declined to be comforted. But for his injury he would by now have been training hard for the Aldershot Boxing Competition, and the fact that he was now definitely out of it had a very depressing effect upon him. He lounged moodily about the gymnasium, watching Menzies, who was to take his place in the ring, sparring with the instructor, and refused consolation. Altogether, Charteris was finding life a bore.

He was in such straits for amusement, that one Wednesday afternoon, finding himself with nothing else to do, he set to work on a burlesque and remarkably scurrilous article on "The Staff, by One who has suffered," which he was going to insert in the *Glow-Worm*, an unofficial periodical which he had just started for the amusement of the school and his own and his contributors' profit. He was just warming to his work, and beginning to enjoy himself, when the door opened without a preliminary knock. Charteris deftly slid a piece of blotting-paper over his MS., for Merevale occasionally entered a study in this manner. And though there was nothing about Merevale himself in the article, it would be better perhaps, thought Charteris, if he did not see it.

But it was not Merevale. It was somebody far worse. The Babe. The Babe was clothed as to his body in football clothes, and as to his face in a look of holy enthusiasm. Charteris knew what that look meant. It meant that the Babe was going to try and drag him out for a run.

"Go away, Babe," he said, "I'm busy."

"Why on earth are you slacking in here on this ripping afternoon?"

"Slacking!" said Charteris, "I like that. I'm doing ber-rain work, Babe. I'm writing an article on masters and their customs, which will cause a profound sensation in the Common Room. At least, it would, if they ever read it, but they won't. Or I hope they won't, for their sakes and mine. So run away, my precious Babe, and don't disturb your uncle when he's busy."

"Rot," said the Babe, firmly; "you haven't taken any exercise for a week. Look here, Alderman," he added, sitting down on the table, and gazing sternly at his victim, "it's all very well, you know, but the final comes on in a few days, and you know you aren't in any too good training."

"I am," said Charteris. "I'm as fit as anything. Simply full of beans. Feel my ribs."

The Babe declined the offer.

"No, but I say," he said, plaintively, "I wish you'd treat the thing seriously. It's getting jolly serious, really. If Dacre's win that cup again this year, that'll make four years running."

"Not so," replied Charteris, like the mariner of infinite-resource-and-sagacity, "not so, but far otherwise. It'll only make three."

"Well, three's bad enough."

"True, O king! Three is quite bad enough."

"Well, then, there you are. Now you see."

Charteris looked puzzled.

"Would you mind explaining that remark?" he said slowly. "Your brain works too rapidly for me."

But the Babe had jumped down from the table, and was prowling round the room, opening Charteris' boxes.

"What are you playing at?" enquired Charteris.

"Where do you keep your footer things?"

"What do you want with my footer things? Excuse my asking."

"I'm going to watch you put them on, and then you're coming for a run."

"Oh," said Charteris.

"Yes, just a gentle spin to keep you in condition. Hullo, this looks like them."

He plunged both hands into a box, and flung out a mass of football clothes. It reminded Charteris of a terrier digging at a rabbit hole. He protested.

"Don't, Babe. Treat 'em tenderly. You'll be spoiling the crease in those bags if you heave them about like that. I'm very particular about how I look on the footer field. I was always taught to look like a little gentleman. Well, now you've seen them, put 'em away."

"Put 'em on," said the Babe firmly.

"You are a beast, Babe. I don't want to go for a run. I'm getting too old for violent exercise."

"Buck up. We mustn't chuck any chances away. Now that Tony's crooked, we shall have to do all we know to win that match."

"I don't see what need there is to get excited about it. Considering we've got three of the first threequarters and the second fifteen back, we ought to do pretty well."

"But, man, look at Dacre's scrum. There's Prescott to start with. He's worth any two of our men put together. Then they've got Carter, Smith, and Hennesey out of the first, and Reere-Jones out of the second. And their outsides aren't so very bad, if you come to think of it. Bannister's in the first, and the other three-quarters are all good. And they've got both the second halves. You'll have practically to look after both of them now that Tony can't play."

And Baddeley has come on a lot since last term."

"Babe," said Charteris, "you have reason. I will turn over a new leaf. I will be good. Give me my things and I'll come for a run. Only please don't let it be more than twenty miles."

"Good man," said the gratified Babe; "we won't go far and we'll take it quite easy."

"I tell you what," said Charteris, "do you know a place called Worbury? I thought you wouldn't. It's only a sort of hamlet. Two cottages, four public-houses, and a duckpond, and that sort of thing. Welch and I ran out there one time last year. It's in the Badgwick direction, about three miles by road, mostly along the level. I vote we muffle up fairly well, blazers and sweaters, and so on, run to Worbury, tea at one of the cottages, and be back in time for lock-up. How does that strike you?"

"It sounds all right. How about tea, though? Are you certain you can get it?"

"Rather. The oldest inhabitant is quite a pal of mine."

Charteris' circle of acquaintances was a standing wonder to the Babe and other Merevalians. He seemed to know everybody in the county.

When once he was fairly started on any business, Charteris generally shaped well. It was the starting that he found the difficulty. Now that he was actually in motion, he was enjoying himself thoroughly. He wondered why on earth he had been so reluctant to come for this run. The knowledge that there were three miles to go, and that he was equal to them, made him feel a new man. He felt fit. And there is nothing like feeling fit for dispelling boredom. He swung along with the Babe at a steady pace.

"There's the cottage," he said, as they turned a bend of the road, and Worbury appeared a couple of hundred yards away. "Let's sprint."

They arrived at the door with scarcely a yard between them, much to the admiration of the Oldest Inhabitant, who was smoking a thoughtful pipe in his front garden. Mrs. Oldest Inhabitant came out of the cottage at the sound of voices, and Charteris broached the subject of tea. The menu was varied and indigestible, but even the Babe, in spite of his devotion to strict training, could scarcely forbear smiling happily at the mention of hot cakes.

During the *mauvais quart d'heure* before the meal, Charteris kept up an animated flow of conversation with the Oldest Inhabitant, the Babe

joining in from time to time when he could think of something to say. Charteris appeared to be quite a friend of the family. He enquired after the Oldest Inhabitant's rheumatics, and was gratified to find that they were distinctly better. How was Mrs. O. I.? Prarper hearty? Excellent. How was the O. I.'s nevvvy?

At the mention of his nevvvy, the Oldest Inhabitant became discursive. He told his audience everything that had happened in connection with the said nevvvy for years back. After which he started to describe what he would probably do in the future. Amongst other things, there were going to be some sports at Rutton that day week, and his nevvvy intended to try and win the cup for what the Oldest Inhabitant vaguely described as "a race!" He had won it last year. Yes, prarper good runner, his nevvvy. Where was Rutton, the Babe wanted to know. About eight miles out of Stapleton, said Charteris, who was well up in the local geography. You got there by train. It was the next station.

Mrs. O. I. came out to say that tea was ready, and being drawn into the conversation on the subject of the Rutton Sports, produced a programme of the same, which the nevvvy had sent her. From this it appeared that the nevvvy's "spot" event was the egg and spoon race. An asterisk against his name pointed him out as last year's winner.

"Hullo," said Charteris, "I see there's a Strangers' Mile. I think I shall go in for that. I'm a demon at the mile, when roused."

As they were going back that evening, he reverted to the subject.

"You know, Babe," he said, "I really think I shall go in for that race. It would be a most awful rag. And it's the day before the house-match, so it would just keep me fit."

"Don't be a fool," said the Babe; "there would be a fearful row about it, if you were found out. You'd get extras for the rest of the term."

"Well the houser comes off on a Thursday, so it won't affect that."

"Yes, but still——"

"I shall ponder on the subject. You needn't go telling anyone."

"If you'll take my advice, you will drop it."

"Your suggestion has been noted and will receive due attention," said Charteris. "Put the pace on a bit."

They lengthened their stride, and conversation ceased.

(To be Concluded Next Month.)

School Magazines.—We regret that our Reviews are unavoidably held over this Month.

UP-RIVER CAMPING.



BY A HOLIDAY CAMPER.

CAMPING-OUT is a form of holiday-making that, in the pages of *THE CAPTAIN*, should need no words of recommendation. As the writer once heard it remarked, the fellow who doesn't enjoy camp life *must* be a rotter! Delicate physique or some similar misfortune is, of course, a bar to the rough fare of camp; and only to those happily sound in wind and limb are the present brief remarks on riverside camping up the Thames addressed.

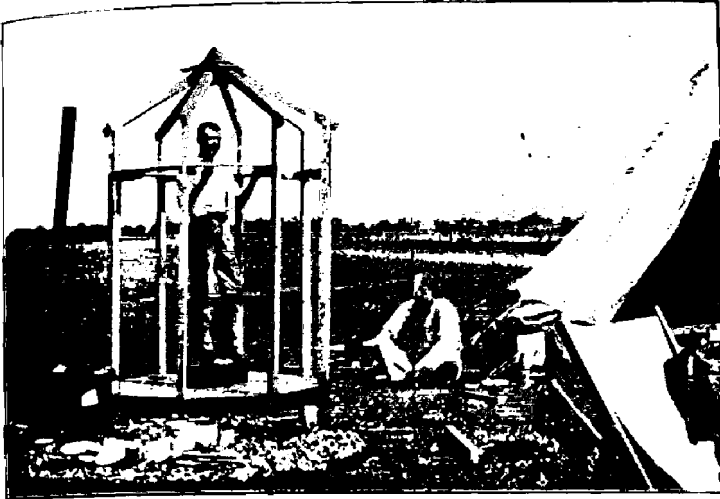
First, as to site. For the few weeks that a holiday encampment may be expected to last, it should be possible to obtain from some riparian owner of meadow-land permission to use the small corner of ground necessary. Tact is the main requisite in these preliminary dealings, backed up by subsequent care in keeping your host's

property scrupulously clean and clear of rubbish. Permanent campers will probably have to pay rent for their pitch. Certain islands and parts of the river banks are recognised camping grounds, and terms can be obtained from the landlords. But if a pitch is found in a less frequented spot (as is more desirable) upon the edge of some farm or pasture land, a rental of some £2 or £3 yearly should meet the case. The site should be chosen carefully, the best kind of pitch being that situated on the top of a high bank, well above night vapours and floods. An excellent pitch may often be found in an artificial cutting, where the bank has probably been built up of gravel, through which the camper's worst foe, damp, sinks quickly. Also in favour of a high site is the fact that a camp so situated is not easily seen from the river.

A pitch having been selected, the next business is the construction of a landing-stage. A stout plank, not less than 2-inch thick, and about 6-feet long, is placed lengthways against the bank at the spot most convenient for landing from a boat. The width of the plank must vary with the depth or shallowness of the water at the particular spot chosen. First of all, however, three stout stakes must be driven into the river bed to a distance sufficient to ensure firmness and solidity, and to these the plank should then be bolted outside, the interstices between bank and plank being



OUR CAMPING TEA-PARTY.



BUILDING A KITCHEN: THE FRAMEWORK.

filled up with stones, tins of rubbish, etc., and earth, closely packed and well stamped down. The bank behind the plank should next be levelled and covered (if gravel soil be in the vicinity) with a layer of stones, over which a thick coating of fine gravel (sifted from the stones through a sieve) is sprinkled. If the pitch is on low-lying ground it may be necessary to cut only one or two steps leading from the landing stage up the bank to the camp. In the case of a temporary encampment, these can be dispensed with, as the making of them entails considerable labour. With a permanent encampment, however, particularly when situated on a high bank, they become a necessity. Each step should be built up as it is cut, a

$\frac{1}{2}$ -inch board, about 2-feet by 8-inches, kept in place by a couple of stout stakes, and well banked up with earth, forming the front. The tread of each step should measure about a foot from front to rear. Always commence the cutting of a flight from the bottom, as otherwise you may, by descending from the top, find that after cutting a few steps you have reached the edge of the bank with a drop of three or four feet from the last step to the landing stage. One of the photographs which accompany this article illustrates a landing stage and flight of steps, and will explain, perhaps better than words, the mode of construction. A yearly



BUILDING A KITCHEN: THE FINISHING TOUCHES.

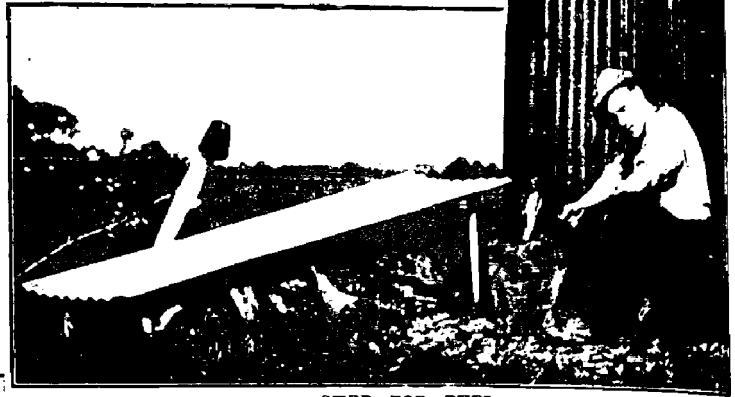


STEPS AND LANDING-STAGE.

rental of 2s. 6d. is payable to the Thames Conservancy for such a landing stage.

With regard to the camp itself. The number of tents must vary, of course, with the number of campers. For a temporary camp, however, in which it may be supposed that not more than half-a-dozen are concerned, a single tent should suffice. Taken all round, it is hard to beat the Army bell tent for general usefulness, convenience, and economy in space. Second-hand tents of this description can also be obtained at a moderate cost. Various dealers act as agents for them, and the usual price is 27s. 6d. For this figure either an excellent tent or a very poor one can be bought. The selection of a second-

hand tent is no easy matter, and it is well to have the advice of "one in the know." Since no two are of equal condition, it is useless to merely order a tent; the stock must be inspected if a good bargain is desired. The tent should be pitched on as level a patch of ground as possible, and if he possesses a proper regard for his health, the camper will be careful to sleep either on a waterproof ground sheet, or on a wooden floor. A temporary makeshift for the



SHED FOR FUEL.



POT FIRE AND GIPSY TRIPOD.

latter can easily be constructed, by the exercise of a little ingenuity, from old packing-cases and egg-boxes. It should be raised a few inches from the ground. In pitching a tent, care should be taken that the guy-ropes are not too taut, as rain causes a shrinkage which may result in a snapping of the cords, or a dragging of the pegs. In a permanent camp, a tent of the "emigrant" variety, with a fly sheet as roof to fend off bad weather, will be found to well repay the somewhat heavy initial outlay it demands, bell tents forming excellent subsidiary apartments for storage and other purposes.

A kitchen is a most useful adjunct to a permanent camp. There is no space in the present article to enter into a detailed description of the best methods of construction, but the ingenious amateur carpenter can glean a few useful hints from the photographs reproduced herewith. The building shown is octagonal, and constructed of corrugated iron on a framework of timber. The holiday camper, however, must be content to do his cooking *al fresco*; and for the purpose he cannot do better than use a pot fire and gipsy tripod. The pot fire is made by knocking large and frequent holes in the sides and bottom of an old tin pail, which must be raised on a few bricks to allow of a free draught. A sack of coke will afford the best fuel. Wood must be obtained by scavenging (*not* by cutting down branches of green wood), and by keeping a keen eye for drift-wood in the river. It is important that the wood, after being allowed to dry in the sun, should be *kept* dry; and a low shelter consisting (as shown in the photograph) of a sheet of corrugated iron nailed slantwise on four posts, will be found a useful contrivance. A gipsy tripod is formed of three long branches.



CAMPERS ON THE RIVER.

held together by a chain or stout rope, one end of which hangs down and supports the stew pot or kettle when it is not desired to stand the latter actually on the fire. In wet weather, it will be necessary to cook under cover. Methylated spirit stoves are useful for kettles and small utensils, but a paraffin stove of the "Primus" variety, which can be bought for about 10s., will be found cheaper in the end and infinitely more satisfactory.

In the matter of utensils, etc., common sense must guide the choice. A couple of fair-sized kettles, a frying pan (not enamelled), a stew-pot,

mugs and plates of enamelled hardware, metal forks and spoons, and knives with riveted bone handles, will be found the principal necessities for a brief spell of camp life. Recipes for camp cookery are best discovered by experience; at all events in the present article there is no space for them. It should be remembered, however, that river water must *always* be boiled before being used. As regards clothes, the oldest are the best. Flannel trousers and a sweater are the best sleeping garments, with plenty of rugs. A blanket sewn up into the form of a bag makes a capital substitute for bed-clothes.

CAMP HILL OLD EDWARDIANS.

KING EDWARD VI. SCHOOL, BIRMINGHAM. CAPTAINS, 1903.

We are enabled to reproduce a group of the captains of this school. They form a most worthy picture. E. D. Clark, as captain of the first cricket XI. and general secretary of the club, has vindicated his claims to the confidence reposed in him over and over again. The same may be said of Hitchcock, Sharman, E. H. Parker, Gower, W. B. Ainsworth, T. M. Cox, Wilde, and H. E. Shay. The latter, as school cricket captain, has an arduous post, but he never spares himself in the least in his efforts to maintain the prestige of Camp Hill in playing field and class-room. Cox is an old running man with several notable achievements to his credit. Cox was educated at King Edward's High School, Birmingham, but

field Harriers, winning a 300 yards members' handicap, and henceforth he ran as B.H., competing in the inter-Club events against the Liverpool Harriers, and running second to Huddleston, L.H., in the ¼-mile scratch. In ¼-miles, he won one at Aston from virtual scratch (seven yards), running through forty-one competitors in 2min. 2sec. dead. He also ran second to W. G. George in the ¼-mile scratch at Stoke V.F.C., and the same day won the mile handicap from a fairly short mark in good time. Amongst other double performances, he won the ¼-mile handicap, and was second in the 1-mile handicap at Loughborough, and won the 1-mile handicap, and was second in the ¼-mile handicap at Bournemouth,

H. R. WILDE, J. H. SHARMAN, F. W. GOWER, W. B. AINSWORTH, E. H. PARKER, H. E. SHAY,
(School Football). (Third Cricket). (Second Football). (First Hockey). (First Football). (School Cricket).



R. H. WILSON. H. C. HITCHCOCK. E. D. CLARK. T. M. COX.
(Fourth Cricket). (Second Cricket). (First Cricket). (Second Hockey).

did not take much part in athletics there beyond an occasional game at football, and the usual playground games. Later on he joined the B.A.C. The first important handicap he won was the Moseley F.C. mile from the 120 yards mark, the prize for which was a handsome 10 guinea cup. He kept to the mile for some time and was fairly successful, but in his own opinion the distance was a little too far. He then tried his fortune at the 440 yards, and won the first one in which he competed from the 17 yards mark in 52 secs. Afterwards he joined the famous Birch-

both from virtual scratch. The N.W.B.C. made a special 1,000 yards handicap, and offered a special prize if George was successful in beating record. Cox was on 50 yards start, and although George caught him, the effort was too much, and Cox eventually won easily, beating the existing record from his mark. After this, he won a 1,000 yards handicap at Netherton from virtual scratch. He also competed in the famous 1,000 yards handicap at Aston, when Myers, scratch, second, Snook, 32 yards, won, and Cox, 40 yards, was third.

THE LONG 'UN.

By R. S. Warren Bell.

Author of "J. O. Jones," "Tales of Greyhouse,"
etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON BROWNE.



James Mortimer ("the Long 'Un"), a young doctor, is grandson and heir to Dr. John Mortimer, a man of wealth and position. Owing to Jim's frequent escapades, Dr. Mortimer warns him that, if he indulges in any more riotous conduct, he will disown him. On returning to town after this conversation, Jim makes the acquaintance, by the agency of his friend George Somers ("Koko"), of a young lady named Dora Maybury, with whom he falls violently in love. So excited does he become in consequence of his introduction to Miss Maybury, that, on the same evening, he falls foul of

the police, and after a desperate battle with six of them is arrested and eventually fined forty shillings. His grand father, hearing of this, carries out his threat, and Jim has thenceforth to depend on his own exertions for a living. By the instrumentality of Sir Savile Smart, a famous specialist, Blackfriars, a district infested by gangs of Hooligans, Sir Savile recommends him to some lodgings near the surgery, a what turns out to be Dora Maybury's home. Here also are two other boarders named Miss Bird and Mr. Cleave. On Jim's first evening in his new quarters, he meets Mr. Jefferson, a young stockbroker, who is also an admirer of Dora, and appears to be regarded with favour by her. At the end of Jim's first day at the surgery, Dr. Taplow—the proprietor of the place—dispenses with his services, he having appointed another doctor to the post. By disposing of some of the old and valuable books he has collected, Koko raises fifty pounds, and with this sum Jim opens a surgery in Moor-street in opposition to the "bearded man" Dr. Taplow has installed in the Long 'Un's place. Owing to his rough usage of their chief, Jim incurs the hatred of the local Hooligans, who determine to pay him back with interest when a favourable opportunity presents itself. Jim, therefore, has to keep a sharp look-out whilst attending patients in the neighbouring courts. Christmas comes, and on Boxing Night, after the theatre, Dora informs Mr. Maybury that she has promised to marry Harold Jefferson within a month of that date.

CHAPTER XXI.

A MATTER OF WAGES.

AFTER this declaration, Dora's father, knowing something of the nature of women, expected a fresh outburst of tears. But none came. Dora turned towards her glass, and a moment later wheeled round with a smile upon her face.

"And so, you see, dear," she said, "you must make the most of me while you have me. It does seem a short time, doesn't it—a month—such a very little time for us to be together!"

Mr. Maybury took the girl's soft hand in his and looked thoughtfully into her face. For this news came as a sudden shock to him. He had not anticipated parting with her for at least a twelvemonth—or perhaps more—from the day of her betrothal to Harold Jefferson.

Dora and he had been very firm friends from the earliest days, and since his commercial downfall this bond between the two had increased tenfold. For, when Mr. Maybury was rich, Dora had been a queen-in-little, very imperious, exacting, impetuous, and possibly somewhat selfish. But ever she had been her father's most treasured

possession, and he had loved to see her in dainty dresses, and surrounded by those pretty things which his wealth had enabled him to buy for her in abundance. So devoted was he to the child, indeed, that when he married for the second time his new wife had exhibited no little jealousy on Dora's account.

Then came the crash—when Dora was a school-girl—and then, when the elder Miss Maybury and Mrs. Maybury uttered lamentations for their altered estate, and even went so far as to upbraid Mr. Maybury for his short-sighted business policy, Dora's arms closed about his neck, her lips sought his haggard face, and Dora's voice, with words of love and affection, acted like healing balm upon his sore heart.

"Yes," he said at length, "it does seem a little time—only a month!"

He sighed—and Dora's eyes filled with tears she would not let fall, so that she saw him, as through a mist, dimly.

"Oh, father," she said, laying her head upon his shoulder, "it does seem dreadful to have to leave you, but I shall come to see you very often—very, very often!"

"Yes, yes, dear," he said, "you will come and see me. I must not be selfish. I cannot expect to keep you by my side all my life. It is the same with most fathers. Their sons seek wives, their daughters are taken from them, and they are left alone."

"Poor father," said Dora, gently, as she kissed him.

Mr. Maybury sat down, and Dora placed herself on his knees, as had been her custom from babyhood, with one round arm encircling his neck.

In those early days, Dora may have sadly plagued her nurse or governess, but with her father she had always been docile, serving him with a demure obedience that had been very sweet to see. As a child, her storms of tears would be replaced of a sudden by sunny smiles when she heard his voice or noticed his approaching form. Their mutual love was a talisman which chased away her frowns and pouts and changed her, upon his entrance, into a totally different creature, her nurse or governess wondering greatly the while. And so, though of a naturally wilful disposition, Dora would often strive to conquer the rebellious mood when she felt it coming upon her, simply that she might please her father.

Tender recollections had both now of the strolls they used to take through the fields which surrounded their old home, which stood far enough outside Manchester to be free from the smoke of the factories. Mr. Maybury revelled in the peace of the meadowland after the din of the

city in whose midst he earned his money, and Dora, though she loved to romp with other girls, and to go to theatres and concerts and parties, preferred these quiet walks to anything else—the walks which came to an end when she was just merging into womanhood. And now they lived in a poor Crescent, and one had to go by train to reach woods and green fields. On Sunday evenings now the clang of many bells came to their ears above the ceaseless hum of toiling omnibuses and trams, and the badinage of Londoners promenading—so sadly different was it all to the excursions of olden times, her little hand in his big one, the grave father's voice mingling with her childish tones.

Picture after picture presented itself to their minds in phantasmal fashion. There was the cool old church where they sat side by side in a roomy, ancient pew, Dora nestling close to her father and watching the preacher with wondering big eyes. Then there was the pleasant after-service talk with their neighbours, and finally the walk home along the leafy lanes, with Nature's winged choristers chanting songs of the holy day, and all sorts of tiny hedge-people buzzing and laughing in the sunshine.

"Father, you look so sad!" said Dora. "But there is still a month, and we must make the most of that—you and I! We will go to the theatre together—so as to be quite by ourselves—and sit in the pit and enjoy ourselves tremendously. It will be such a change, after stalls and boxes! I don't suppose I shall ever sit in the pit after I am married."

It seemed to Mr. Maybury that her voice lost its gay ring as she uttered these concluding words, but it never occurred to him to ask her whether she was quite sure that she loved the man she was going to marry. He took it for granted that she did.

They chatted on together until a clock near at hand tolled out "One." Then Mr. Maybury said it was time they both went to bed.

He kissed her tenderly on the forehead, and then she held the light so that he might see his way down to the next landing. "Good-night, dear!" she said; and he, glancing upwards, thought he had never beheld so fair a picture as she made, standing there in the dark doorway.

And thus they parted—he to rest, she to think. For, long after the house was hushed in slumber, Dora paced up and down her little bedroom. Often she paused in front of her glass and communed with the white-faced reflection that gazed back at her.

On their way home from the theatre, Harold Jefferson had told her that he intended to use all his influence to procure her father a more remunerative position at the office.

THE LONG 'UN.

By R. S. Warren Bell.

Author of "J. O. Jones," "Tales of Greyhouse," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON BROWNE.



James Mortimer ("the Long 'Un"), a young doctor, is grandson and heir to Dr. John Mortimer, a man of wealth and position. Owing to Jim's frequent escapades, Dr. Mortimer warns him that, if he indulges in any more riotous conduct, he will disown him. On returning to town after this conversation, Jim makes the acquaintance, by the agency of his friend George Somers ("Koko"), of a young lady named Dora Maybury, with whom he falls violently in love. So excited does he become in consequence of his introduction to Miss Maybury, that, on the same evening, he falls foul of

the police, and after a desperate battle with six of them is arrested and eventually fined forty shillings. His grandfather, hearing of this, carries out his threat, and Jim has thenceforth to depend on his own exertions for a living. By the instrumentality of Sir Savile Smart, a famous specialist, Jim is put in temporary charge of a surgery in Mount Street, Blackfriars, a district infested by gangs of Hooligans. Sir Savile recommends him to some lodgings near the surgery in what turns out to be Dora Maybury's home. Here also are two other boarders named Miss Bird and Mr. Cleave. On Jim's first evening in his new quarters, he meets Mr. Jefferson, a young stockbroker, who is also an admirer of Dora's, and appears to be regarded with favour by her. At the end of Jim's first day at the surgery, Dr. Taplow—the proprietor of the place—disposes with his services, he having appointed another doctor to the post. By disposing of some of the old and valuable books he has collected, Koko raises fifty pounds, and with this sum Jim opens a surgery in Moon Street in opposition to the "bearded man" Dr. Taplow has installed in the Long 'Un's place. Owing to his rough usage of their chief, Jim incurs the hatred of the local Hooligans, who determine to pay him back with interest when a favourable opportunity presents itself. Jim, therefore, has to keep a sharp look-out whilst attending patients in the neighbouring courts. Christmas comes, and on Boxing Night, after the theatre, Dora informs Mr. Maybury that she has promised to marry Harold Jefferson within a month of that date.

CHAPTER XXI.

A MATTER OF WAGES.

AFTER this declaration, Dora's father, knowing something of the nature of women, expected a fresh outburst of tears. But none came. Dora turned towards her glass, and a moment later wheeled round with a smile upon her face.

"And so, you see, dear," she said, "you must make the most of me while you have me. It does seem a short time, doesn't it—a month—such a very little time for us to be together!"

Mr. Maybury took the girl's soft hand in his and looked thoughtfully into her face. For this news came as a sudden shock to him. He had not anticipated parting with her for at least a twelvemonth—or perhaps more—from the day of her betrothal to Harold Jefferson.

Dora and he had been very firm friends from the earliest days, and since his commercial downfall this bond between the two had increased tenfold. For, when Mr. Maybury was rich, Dora had been a queen-in-little, very imperious, exacting, impetuous, and possibly somewhat selfish. But ever she had been her father's most treasured

possession, and he had loved to see her in dainty dresses, and surrounded by those pretty things which his wealth had enabled him to buy for her in abundance. So devoted was he to the child, indeed, that when he married for the second time his new wife had exhibited no little jealousy on Dora's account.

Then came the crash—when Dora was a school-girl—and then, when the elder Miss Maybury and Mrs. Maybury uttered lamentations for their altered estate, and even went so far as to upbraid Mr. Maybury for his short-sighted business policy, Dora's arms closed about his neck, her lips sought his haggard face, and Dora's voice, with words of love and affection, acted like healing balm upon his sore heart.

"Yes," he said at length, "it does seem a little time—only a month!"

He sighed—and Dora's eyes filled with tears she would not let fall, so that she saw him, as through a mist, dimly.

"Oh, father," she said, laying her head upon his shoulder, "it does seem dreadful to have to leave you, but I shall come to see you very often—very, very often!"

"Yes, yes, dear," he said, "you will come and see me. I must not be selfish. I cannot expect to keep you by my side all my life. It is the same with most fathers. Their sons seek wives, their daughters are taken from them, and they are left alone."

"Poor father," said Dora, gently, as she kissed him.

Mr. Maybury sat down, and Dora placed herself on his knees, as had been her custom from babyhood, with one round arm encircling his neck.

In those early days, Dora may have sadly plagued her nurse or governess, but with her father she had always been docile, serving him with a demure obedience that had been very sweet to see. As a child, her storms of tears would be replaced of a sudden by sunny smiles when she heard his voice or noticed his approaching form. Their mutual love was a talisman which chased away her frowns and pouts and changed her, upon his entrance, into a totally different creature, her nurse or governess wondering greatly the while. And so, though of a naturally wilful disposition, Dora would often strive to conquer the rebellious mood when she felt it coming upon her, simply that she might please her father.

Tender recollections had both now of the strolls they used to take through the fields which surrounded their old home, which stood far enough outside Manchester to be free from the smoke of the factories. Mr. Maybury revelled in the peace of the meadowland after the din of the

city in whose midst he earned his money, and Dora, though she loved to romp with other girls, and to go to theatres and concerts and parties, preferred these quiet walks to anything else—the walks which came to an end when she was just merging into womanhood. And now they lived in a poor Crescent, and one had to go by train to reach woods and green fields. On Sunday evenings now the clang of many bells came to their ears above the ceaseless hum of toiling omnibuses and trams, and the badinage of Londoners promenading—so sadly different was it all to the excursions of olden times, her little hand in his big one, the grave father's voice mingling with her childish tones.

Picture after picture presented itself to their minds in phantasmal fashion. There was the cool old church where they sat side by side in a roomy, ancient pew, Dora nestling close to her father and watching the preacher with wondering big eyes. Then there was the pleasant after-service talk with their neighbours, and finally the walk home along the leafy lanes, with Nature's winged choristers chanting songs of the holy day, and all sorts of tiny hedge-people buzzing and laughing in the sunshine.

"Father, you look so sad!" said Dora. "But there is still a month, and we must make the most of that—you and I! We will go to the theatre together—so as to be quite by ourselves—and sit in the pit and enjoy ourselves tremendously. It will be such a change, after stalls and boxes! I don't suppose I shall ever sit in the pit after I am married."

It seemed to Mr. Maybury that her voice lost its gay ring as she uttered these concluding words, but it never occurred to him to ask her whether she was quite sure that she loved the man she was going to marry. He took it for granted that she did.

They chatted on together until a clock near at hand tolled out "One." Then Mr. Maybury said it was time they both went to bed.

He kissed her tenderly on the forehead, and then she held the light so that he might see his way down to the next landing. "Good-night, dear!" she said; and he, glancing upwards, thought he had never beheld so fair a picture as she made, standing there in the dark doorway.

And thus they parted—he to rest, she to think. For, long after the house was hushed in slumber, Dora paced up and down her little bedroom. Often she paused in front of her glass and communed with the white-faced reflection that gazed back at her.

On their way home from the theatre, Harold Jefferson had told her that he intended to use all his influence to procure her father a more remunerative position at the office.

"And then," said Dora, at length, to the face in the glass, "father will be comfortably off all his life. That is everything!"

With a little shiver she blew out her candle and crept into bed. For long she lay sleepless, but presently a compassionate angel, in the course of her flight over the Dark City, entered the little room, and, touching the girl's eyelids with her cool finger-tips, led her away to Dreamland.

Harold Jefferson was as good as his word, for shortly before lunch-time on the following day Mr. Maybury was informed that the head of the firm wished to see him in his private room. Mr. Maybury at once obeyed the summons, concluding that it must have something to do with his daughter's engagement to Harold. Possibly the elder Jefferson objected to the match, and a curious feeling of elation took possession of Mr. Maybury as it occurred to him that this might be the case.

Mr. Jefferson was a stout, rather apoplectic-looking man of some sixty years—quite unlike his son in appearance. There was nothing of the keen, lean stockbroker about him; indeed, his ponderous manner and measured speech reminded one of an old-fashioned type of merchant that is now almost extinct.

"Ha! sit down, Mr. Maybury. A pleasant change after the muggy weather we have been experiencing lately! Ahem! yes, I wanted to see you on a little matter—quite a little matter—ahem! You have been with us now—"

"Three years, sir," said the other quietly.

"Three years? So long! Well, well—time flies, time flies. But to business. I—er—I have—er—asked my manager, Mr. Jacobs, to recommend such persons in—er—in my employ as he considers deserving of an increase in salary. The New Year is close at hand, and it appears to me an—er—an appropriate season for such—er—recommendations. Your name, Mr. Maybury, comes first on the list. I am assured that you are most punctilious in—er—in the discharge

of your duties, and that you are a man to be implicitly trusted in all respects. I gather, in short, that you are in all respects a most satisfactory servant of the—er—firm. I have decided, therefore, to make a substantial addition to your present salary. You are now paid—er—you receive—"

"One hundred and fifty pounds a year, sir."



"GOOD-NIGHT!"

"One hundred and fifty? Well, well—that is hardly adequate remuneration for a man of your integrity and ability. A good man is—er—is worth good pay. I shall have much pleasure, therefore, Mr. Maybury, in raising your salary to—er—to three hundred pounds a year."

Three hundred a year! The amount had a refreshing, satisfying sound! It would mean a very different state of things at Number Nine, would *three hundred a year!*

"I am deeply grateful to you, sir—" began Mr. Maybury.

"Don't mention it. You deserve it. Your increase of salary will commence on New Year's Day. And now, Mr. Maybury, we will turn to another topic. There has for some time been a little affair—a little love-making—between two young people we both know very well. I have known, of course, that my son Harold was paying attentions to your daughter; he has spoken of her—in fact, he has shown me her photograph. She is, if I may say so, a very charming young lady, and I hope to have the er—pleasure of making her acquaintance quite shortly. In fact, I trust that Mrs. Maybury and yourself will bring Miss—er—Flora—"

"Dora," corrected Mr. Maybury, with a slight smile.

"Dora! Pardon my mistake! Yes, I trust you will all three come and dine with Harold and myself at an early date. I—er—I had no idea that Harold contemplated matrimony—ahem!—quite so soon, but I shall be glad to see him settle down, as he has hitherto been a little restless—a little—ahem!—a little irregular in his habits. So I am not displeased at this—er—this approaching union."

"I am glad to hear that it meets with your approval, sir."

Mr. Jefferson drummed thoughtfully on the table with his fingers. For a long time he had been dissatisfied with his son's conduct, and the news of the latter's matrimonial intentions had come as an immense relief to the worried parent.

"I do not think I need keep you any longer, Mr. Maybury," said the stockbroker, at length; "er—we shall no doubt see a little more of each other in—er—in future."

Mr. Maybury rose from his chair with a curiously determined look on his face. He had fully made up his mind on a certain matter that had dawned upon him during the latter part of this short interview.

"I wish to ask you one question, sir," he said, "before I definitely accept your proffered increase of salary."

"Certainly, certainly," said the other. "What is it?"

"I wish to ask you, as man to man, and not as servant to employer, whether your son's forthcoming marriage with my daughter has anything to do with your proposed doubling of my salary?"

The stockbroker frowned. "That, Mr. Maybury," he replied, "is entirely my business. It is sufficient for you to know that I have decided to enlarge your stipend by the amount I have named."

"I wish you to answer my question, sir," said Mr. Maybury, firmly.

"And I decline to answer it," returned the other, his previously urbane manner vanishing as he spoke.

"Then, sir, I shall take it that I am correct in my assumption—that you are making this increase solely because you wish me to occupy a better position in the world than my present salary enables me to hold."

"And supposing it *were* that?" demanded the stockbroker, roughly. "Do you mean to say you will refuse such an offer?"

"I do, sir. I absolutely decline this increase of salary. I will take what I earn, and not a penny more."

So saying, with a slight bow, Mr. Maybury turned on his heel and left the room.

The stockbroker sat for some time in a state of amazement. At length he spoke.

"I could not have imagined—I would not have believed—that the City of London contained such a fool. Here is a man, as poor as a rat, actually throwing away a hundred and fifty a year! He must be mad!"

Mr. Maybury breathed not a word at home of his interview with Mr. Jefferson the elder. As for Harold, when he was informed by his father of the result of the conversation, he, too, marvelled greatly.

But he did not think it necessary to mention the upshot of the interview to Dora.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE WARNING.



ON the same morning, at breakfast, Miss H. R. Maybury informed Jim that her sister was to be married to Harold Jefferson at the end of January.

Miss Maybury kept a careful watch on Jim's face while she imparted this piece of news, for she, like her stepmother, had for some time suspected the young doctor of not being entirely indifferent to Dora. Of the latter's attitude towards Dr. Mortimer, Miss H. R. Maybury was in a state of aggravating doubt. She had a shrewd idea that Dora, on her part, was not insensible to such charms as Jim might possess, but she was not sure about it. She had quite unsuccessfully endeavoured to "draw" Dora on the subject, but Dora had listened to H.R.'s references to Jim with a blank countenance that told no tales and gave nothing away.

On this occasion Jim was taken quite by surprise, and his face yielded up his secret. H.R., warily observing his expression, saw that she had been correct in her surmise. Dr. Mortimer was in love with her sister!

"Indeed!" said Jim, confusedly, "rather soon isn't it?"

"Yes, it has been a very short engagement," returned H. R., "in fact, I don't think myself that Dora ought to be married until she's at least twenty—she is so *very* young for her age! What do you think?"

"It has never struck me that she is," replied Jim, beginning to regain his self-possession.

"She is still a child in her thoughts, too," added Miss Maybury, taking a vicious bite out of a piece of toast.

Jim, framing his opinion on the events of a certain walk Dora and he had taken in the Crescent one night, thought otherwise, but thought it quite to himself.

"However," continued Miss Maybury, "it appears that Mr. Jefferson has been advised by Dr. Taplow to go abroad for a few months—until the worst of the winter is over."

"He looks delicate," said Jim, grimly.

"Yes, I'm afraid his chest is not too strong. Well, as I was saying, he has got to go abroad, and as he can't bear to leave Dora all that time, he thinks that the best plan will be for them to get married at once."

Jim wondered whether Mr. Jefferson's delicate chest was his sole reason for hurrying on the marriage.

"And so now," concluded Miss Maybury, "it will be all bustle and milliners until the important day, and I am afraid you poor men will be made rather uncomfortable."

"Oh, you mustn't mind us," said Jim, good-humouredly; "we can have our meals on the stairs, if you like."

And so, with a laugh, Jim got on to his long legs and departed to his surgery, leaving Miss Maybury wondering more than ever whether Dora had given him any secret encouragement.

Jim whistled in a melancholy, stolid way as he walked along Blackfriars Road to his work. So Dora Maybury was to be married in a month. One month! And that would be the end of the little romance which had started in a tea-shop at midsummer, when he, Jim; first saw a face which had haunted him ever since.

Dora was to be married in a month's time, and the face would vanish, and he didn't suppose he would ever care about another girl all his life long.

"For if I live to a hundred," thought Jim, still staunch to his lady-love, "I shall never meet such an angel again. Henceforth, J. Mortimer, you've got to settle down to a bachelor existence. It's Dora or nobody, and, as it can't be Dora, it must be nobody."

It was lucky for Jim that he found heaps of work awaiting him in the shape of a long queue of humble patients, for he had no time to brood

over his sorrows. He had to anoint unsavoury sores and bind up ugly wounds; he had to listen to long tales of neuralgias, sleepless nights, cramps, and the *olla-podrida* of small woes to which our human flesh is heir—and heiress. It was chiefly heiress, as we have before remarked, at the Mount Street surgery. And Jim, of course, had to listen very carefully, for sometimes he found himself face to face with a malignant disease—something that called for prompt and accurate diagnosis. Love and lovers' thoughts must be driven into the background when a doctor finds himself gazing on a waxen-faced morsel of humanity which, unbeknown to its mother, has the seeds of diphtheria apparent in its wee throat—and such cases were presented to Jim in plenty. The dire complaints which came into Jim's surgery seemed to be shed upon him by a beneficent Providence, for they brought out the man and the surgeon, and bade the love-sick swain forget his own woes in the bodily ills of his fellow-creatures.

After the visiting patients had been dealt with, Jim went out upon his rounds. He returned to the surgery about tea-time, and had not been long back when the Chinaman adorning the mantelpiece was precipitated on to his face, and a sound of shuffling steps proceeded from the waiting-room.

"Come in!" bawled Jim, who was reading an evening paper by the fire, "old Harris, I'll bet a dollar," he added to himself.

He had guessed aright. Mr. Harris it was, but this time his disorder was something more substantial than a feeling as if his hair were being brushed. In point of fact, the face of the junior partner in the firm of Harris and Father was scored with red lines from brow to chin.

The old man sank into a chair.

"I've come over for a box of ointment, doctor. You see these marks on my face?"

"They're pretty visible," said Jim.

"Rebecca!" explained the old man, in a hollow voice.

"Miss Nathan?"

"Yes, that was the party wot done it."

"Showing her affection for her future father-in-law rather early in the day?" ventured Jim.

"Father-in-law?—not me! She'll never marry that velp Isaac. She's about finished with 'im!"

"That's good news," said Jim; "who's the new young man?"

"Vy," said the provision-dealer, "I'm thinkin' she'll be after you next, doctor!"

"Mc!" said Jim, looking so amazed that the old Jew was seized with a most unpleasant spasm of mirth.

"Yes, ever since you chucked Isaac out that night," he explained, "she's referred to you in an

admirin' vay vich turns Isaac simply yellor. Yes, I told you she'd marry a gentleman, and you're 'er choice, my dear sir!"

And again the old man's throat gave out a croaking wheeze which, by a lurid effort of the imagination, might be described as laughter.

"So you will understand," added Mr. Harris, "that Isaac don't love yer. In fact, I believe 'e set those 'ooligans on yer in Pine Court."

"You think that?" enquired Jim sharply.

"It's a bad thing to say of one's own flesh-an'-

would not have denounced his own son in this way if there had not been serious reasons for his so doing.

"I'll remember your warning, Mr. Harris," he said at length; "and now," he added, "let me see what I can do for you. Stand here by the gas, will you?"

The old man obeyed.

"She went for you pretty hard," remarked Jim, proceeding to mix up some healing ointment for his patient; "how did it happen?"



"'TOUCH ME,' I SAYS, 'AN' I'LL RAP YOU OVER THE SKULL,' I SAYS."

blood," returned Mr. Harris, "but I think 'e did. I want to warn yer, doctor; keep yer eye open, for them ruffians ain't done vith yer yet--nor 'as Isaac."

"You imagine they'll have another go at me?" said Jim.

"I do," said the old man, "and next time they'll make dead sure of yer. They're not men—they're wolves. They never forgive. That's their natur'—and Isaac's."

Jim pulled at his pipe thoughtfully. He felt that the old Jew, despite Isaac's unfilial conduct,

"Like this," said Mr. Harris. "Last night Isaac and I vos invited to spend the evenin' at the Nathans. On'y she and 'er brother vos there—the old 'uns was out. 'Er brother is a big, loud feller, and despises Isaac. Vell, ve set down to cards—'Uncle Sam' vos the game—"

"A tricky one, too," put in Jim.

"So ve found," added the provision dealer, "for Rebecca, she von nearly ev'ry pool. After a bit I vatched 'er close, and found some of the cards vos marked. So I says: 'Rebecca,' I says, 'you ain't playin' fair,' I says. 'Vot!' she cries,

colourin' up. 'Vy,' I says, 'you're cheatin', my dear!' Yes, I said that—to 'er face—and she up and let me 'ave 'er nails—all ten of 'em—down my face, an' 'er brother 'e says if I vosn't an old man, 'e'd throw me out of the 'ouse. Yes, 'e said that. And I says, 'Isaac,' I says, 'vill you see your old fader used in this vay, without raisin' a 'and to 'elp 'im?' But Isaac was turnin' green an' pink, and didn't dare say nothink, so ven I'd got out of Rebecca's clutches I ups vith my glass of gin-an-vater an' lets Rebecca's brother 'ave it full in the face, an' then I gets 'old of the poker an' I says: 'Touch me,' I says, 'an' I'll rap you over the skull,' I says. Yes, like that! And 'e daren't put a finger on me, so I gets my 'at and off I goes, and if they've got my money I've got their poker—yes, and I'll keep it, too—yes, and that's vot 'appened, doctor dear."

"Bravo!" said Jim, who had listened to this improving story with all possible interest, "you're quite a scrapper, Mr. Harris."

But the old man, whose eyes had burnt fiercely during his recital of the incident, sat down with a sigh.

"But it's vorse than ever at 'ome, now," he said. "Isaac, 'e's like a vild beast. 'E sees vot Rebecca is, and yet 'e's mad after 'er still. Yes, that's 'is state."

It was hardly to be supposed that Jim would evince any sympathy for the young Jew, knowing, as he did, that Isaac had put the Hooligans on his track in Pine Court that night. But Jim felt for the old dealer.

"Now, look here, Mr. Harris," he said, "if you pull up and play the man you can get that business back, and be your own master again."

But the dealer shook his head. A reaction had followed his animated account of the card-party, and he seemed to have shrunk into a smaller and older man than he really was.

He took the ointment Jim handed to him and put on his hat. His grey locks were unkempt, his clothes shabby and unbrushed, his eyes dim. He presented, indeed, a pathetic spectacle. Bidding Jim good-evening, the old Jew, with bowed shoulders, crept out of the surgery, and trudged away through the December drizzle to resume his joyless tasks at the provision shop.

For some time Jim sat by his fire thinking over the words of warning Mr. Harris had uttered. Next time, the provision dealer had said, the Hooligans would make sure of him.

Of a sudden, a pebble crashed through the waiting-room window. Jim started to his feet, hurried into the passage, and threw open the front door. Mount Street was a picture of desolation; a light, clammy rain was descending steadily, and the pavements were deserted. One

figure, however, was plainly visible by the lamp-post on the opposite pavement—that of a man with his head bound up.

In a flash Jim recognised him as one of the gang that had assaulted him in Pine Court—this was the man, indeed, whom he had felled to the ground early in the proceedings.

Instantly on making this discovery, Jim strode across the road. As quickly the man vanished down an alley. Jim, reaching the entrance to the alley, hesitated. Might not this fellow be acting as a decoy?

Jim had learnt prudence. Slowly he turned on his heel and went back to the surgery. Closing the street door, he resumed his chair by the fire, and in a narrow street just off the alley a group of Hooligans, baffled again, uttered curses of disappointment as they slowly dispersed about their bad business.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE IVORY FAN.

"IN my opinion," quoth Miss Bird, looking up from her embroidery (she was making Dora a table-cover for a wedding-present), "girls have too many dresses. When I was your age, my dear, I had two dresses—one for everyday and the other for Sundays. They were both black."

"No pretty blouses?" enquired Dora.

"Certainly not!" snapped Miss Bird. "In those days, girls were taught to be contented with a few clothes and to make them last a *very* long time!"

"How long did you have to make your best dress last?"

"Five years," said Miss Bird.

"Just fancy!" cried Dora, "why, it must have been *green* by that time."

"It was green," acknowledged Miss Bird, with a hard smile.

"And you still wore it?"

"Of course I wore it! I had no other."

"But you must have *hated* wearing it!"

"I *did* hate wearing it," said Miss Bird; "I loathed the sight of it. I could have torn it to pieces. But it was my only best dress, and so I kept it in constant repair, and cleaned it, and brushed it, and put it away very carefully every Sunday night or after a party. Ah! young girls had a very different time of it forty years ago, I can tell you, my dear!"

Dora gazed at Miss Bird in some surprise. The severe-looking maiden lady seldom spoke so feelingly. Yet, of late, she had talked to Dora a good deal. Dora had given up her situation at the post-office—by Harold Jefferson's express desire—and so was at home all day now. Con-

sequently, she and Miss Bird saw much of each other, and a kind of little friendliness had grown up between them which had never existed previously. In fact, before this cold, wet January set in, Miss Bird had seemed to entertain a feeling of dislike for Dora.

"No," recommenced Miss Bird, who probably felt that she had shown a little too much of her human side, "in those days, girls didn't gad about on bicycles and scamper after footballs and cricket balls like so many boys. Nor did they go to the theatre *alone* with young men. No, in my young days I wasn't even allowed to look out of the window at people passing along the pavement. You may not believe that, but it's true! I was brought up very strictly by an aunt in a country village, and I don't suppose anybody on this earth—except a convict in prison, who deserves all he gets, the rascal!—ever passed such a monotonous existence as I did."

"How long did you live with your aunt?" asked Dora, rather timidly.

"Until I was thirty," replied Miss Bird, "and then she died and left me just enough to live on. And I've been living on that just enough ever since."

Miss Bird's customary conversation consisted of harsh comments on current events or severe criticisms of internal affairs at Number Nine. She had never been so communicative regarding her past life before.

Dora employed herself with her sewing for a time, and then observed: "I am afraid you cannot have been very happy as a girl, Miss Bird. Did—did you ever see any young men?"

Miss Bird uttered a grating, unmusical laugh. "I saw the backs of a few in church."

"Was that all?"

"And occasionally talked to a curate at a croquet-party."

"How *dreadful*!" cried Dora.

"My aunt," explained Miss Bird, "hated men! She was jilted as a girl, and detested men ever afterwards. So I never spoke to any men—except curates. No man ever said a tender word to me—no man ever lent me a book or wrote a poem to me, or presented me with a bunch of flowers. That was my girlhood—and now, perhaps, you won't be so surprised at my being a cross old woman!"

Dora, with a sweet impulse, dropped her sewing, and, putting her arms round the elderly lady's neck, kissed her on the cheek.

"I am so sorry you were unhappy," she said, gently.

For a moment the grimness faded out of Miss Bird's face. She laid down her embroidery and took Dora's hand.

"My dear," she said, "that is all over and

gone. Still, I shall not forget what you said. Some day you may want a friend—a woman—and then you mustn't be afraid to come to me. My bark, child, is worse than my bite. . . . there! now we mustn't be sentimental any longer, but get on with our work."

Dora therefore relapsed once more into her seat by Miss Bird's side and resumed her sewing, and for some time the silence was unbroken save by the sounds of stitching.

"When is the wedding, child?" asked Miss Bird, suddenly.

"On the 26th," said Dora, bending rather more closely over her work.

Miss Bird submitted the girl's profile to a severe scrutiny.

"Personally," she said, at length, "I don't like the man."

"Who?" said Dora.

"Jefferson."

"But," Dora hastened to retort, "you were in favour of my being engaged to him."

"I know more of him now," said the old maid, "and in my opinion that young doctor's worth ten of him."

Dora started, and her needle went into her finger.

"You pricked yourself then," jeered Miss Bird.

Dora said nothing.

"Because I mentioned *him*!"

"What *do* you mean, Miss Bird!" demanded Dora, with cheeks afire.

Before Miss Bird could reply, however, the door opened, and Mr. Cleave appeared.

"I hope—er—I hope I am not interrupting you," said the newcomer, with a slight cough; "that is to say, you may be discussing some matter of dress—ahem!—trust I am not *de trop*?"

"That's exactly what you *are*!" roared Miss Bird.

"Oh—er—ahem!—in that case I will retire—"

"If you please!" replied Miss Bird, sternly.

"Oh, Mr. Cleave—of *course* you may come in!" cried Dora, rising to her feet. "In fact, I was just going out—"

"That's a fib!" said Miss Bird.

But Dora had flown. "Well—come in, come in," said Miss Bird; "come in and read your wretched little paper—"

"Pardon?" enquired Cleave.

"Your *paper*!" howled Miss Bird; "your wretched little rag of a paper that squeals like a pig when anybody has a glass of beer."

"I—er—think—I—er—I think I will *not* come in just now," bleated Cleave, retiring precipitately.

"Bah!" muttered Miss Bird, "everything's upside down. That man ought to be in skirts, and Mortimer ought to be *shot* for not eloping with Dora!"

And so the preparations for the wedding continued apace. Of course, economy had to be studied, wherefore Mrs. Maybury hired an industrious seamstress to come and sew every day; and sew the seamstress did, till her fingers ached. Miss Bird sat by and threw out hints; H.R. snapped at Miss Bird, and Mrs. Maybury snapped at H.R. Finally, the two latter would snap at Dora, who, after firing up at them, would retire to her bedroom, presently descending softly to sit in the drawing-room, the others being in possession of the dining-room.

So passed this damp January time, and the wedding day drew nearer and nearer. Occasionally Mr. Jefferson appeared, very dapper and smiling, in evening dress, and carried Dora off to a theatre. But after these excursions Dora would be very silent, and slip off to her bedroom at the first possible moment.

Mr. Maybury and Dora had a quiet evening together at the theatre. They went to see a comedy—a piece in which laughter and tears trod upon one another's heels—a good little piece whose like is not often seen on London boards. They sat hand-in-hand, as in the old days, this father and daughter, and when it was all over, and they came out into the street, their faces were sad. For they were to part soon—so soon.

One day Koko met Jim, by appointment, at Charing Cross, and they both set off for Regent Street to buy Dora a wedding-present.

"I know a shop," said Jim; "bought some things there at Christmas."

"Oh, yes," said Koko, "you told me. Very nice dark girl there, eh?"

"I forget," said Jim, indifferently; "I dare say there is. Most of the girls in these shops are dark."

"I recollect you mentioned this one to me particularly," said Koko.

"Did I?" replied Jim. "Well, I daresay I did. Anyhow, I haven't the faintest idea what



JIM, AFTER GAZING INTO THE WINDOW FOR TEN MINUTES, WAS STILL QUITE UNDECIDED.

I'm going to get. Been thinking about it for three weeks, too."

"Personally," said Koko, "I am going to buy her a work-box."

"A what?"

"A work-box—full of pins and needles and tapes, and all that sort of thing."

CHAPTER XXIV.

JIM CATCHES A TRAIN.

"I thought ladies used work-baskets," hazarded Jim, vaguely.

"Boxes," said Koko.

"Baskets," insisted Jim; "work-boxes are a trifle obsolete, I believe."

"Obsolete or not obsolete," said Koko, "I shall get her a work-box."

"All right!" returned Jim, "I don't care!"

Koko stole a glance at Jim as they walked up Waterloo Place. He had noticed, of late, that Jim was looking unusually gaunt and thin. Koko felt very sorry for his friend, for, in spite of the Long 'Un's lively manner, Koko saw that his old chum was quite a different man now to the jaunty youth who had been the life and soul of Matt's.

"I must get him away for a holiday," thought Koko, in his quiet way; "this business has knocked him over a bit."

They stood for some time outside the shop staring at the array of presents in the window. Koko was staunch to his work-box, but Jim, after gazing into the window for ten minutes, was still quite undecided. At length he declared he would leave it to the dark girl.

Koko walked in first, and, espying the dark girl, approached her part of the counter. Very soon a dozen work-boxes lay before him, and he was not long in making up his mind about one. Then, true to his programme, he had it well-stocked with everything that Dora could possibly require—even down to a box of matches.

"You never know when you won't want matches," he explained to Jim.

"Well," said Jim, brusquely, "you've got your work-box. Now what about me?"

"Go ahead," said Koko; "there are about twenty thousand things to choose from in this shop."

"A present for a lady?" queried the dark girl.

"Yes," said Jim; "a wedding-present."

"I know the very thing," she said, and took down from a shelf near by an ivory fan with forget-me-nots painted by hand upon it.

"Yes, very pretty," agreed Jim; "but—er—I should prefer some other kind of flower."

The dark girl fancied she understood.

"I have another ivory fan that is just as pretty as this one. I will get it."

The fan was brought. Upon the pure ivory was painted a little sprig of rosemary.

"That's for remembrance," quoted Koko, softly.

And so Jim chose the ivory fan as a wedding-present for Dora.

WHEN old Dr. Mortimer received Jim's Christmas Card, his face hardened into stone, and his first impulse was to throw the little

photograph into the fire. After Jim's final and crowning sin, the Doctor had decided that he would have nothing more to do with his grandson, whose hospital career had been one long escapade, punctuated, at rare intervals, with fits of steady reading.

Jim owed his qualification to his natural genius rather than to these bursts of study. A certain amount of book-work he had been obliged to do, and he did it. Practical work he had revelled in, for action suited his mercurial, restless disposition, and his practical work had saved him. He was by a head and shoulders the finest operator Matt's had turned out for many a year, and the examining board knew it.

Throughout his student's career he had been by turns the pride and despair of his grandfather. Dr. Mortimer had sent him angry letters and delivered stern reproofs when he came down to Threeways. Jim had promised reformation, only to fall away from the narrow path of rectitude at the first opportunity that presented itself. At last came the paragraph in the local paper anent Jim's doings at the Exhibition, and this had acted as a *coup-de-grâce* on his grandfather's patience. Everybody read the paragraph and everybody laughed at it. Boiling with rage, the Doctor had sat down at his desk and penned the letter which changed the whole course of Jim's existence.

So the old Doctor put Jim out of his life—thrust him forth to get his bread—or starve. But he could not put his grandson out of his heart, and, as he sat by his lonely fireside during the following weeks and months, his thoughts had often wandered to the wayward lad, and he had often wondered how Jim was faring—had wondered even, indeed, whether he were alive or dead, for he had heard nothing of him from Sir Savile or any of his other old friends in town.

The photograph of his surgery which Jim sent to his grandfather served to allay the old man's misgivings. He had fancied at one time that Jim had gone clean to the bad, and that Sir Savile and other old friends who knew both grandfather and grandson were loth to inform him of the lad's downfall. But it appeared from the photograph—and the particulars on the back of it—that Jim was earning his living. His practice did not appear to embrace an aris-

tocratic quarter, but that did not matter very much. Jim was working and probably amassing much useful experience.

The old doctor felt relieved. His first impulse—to tear up the little picture—soon departed. He turned Jim's card over several times, and finally, wondering somewhat at his unusual weakness, propped it up against one of the massive bronze candlesticks which stood upon his dining-room mantelpiece. It was the only card Dr. Mortimer received, and it looked curiously small and forlorn stuck up on that spacious, dignified mantelpiece all by itself.

There, however, the Doctor put it, and there it stayed. The servants examined it and read the message it bore on its little back, and so they, too, came to learn where "Mr. James" was, as did Hughes and the other attendants over at the asylum, not to mention the gardeners, the coachman, and the stable hands. So the kitchen drank a bumper on Christmas night; the butler gave the toast: "Mr. James—his health!" and with right honest warmth was it drunk. "Bless his handsome face and kind heart!" added the cook, wiping her motherly eyes—and thus Jim, knowing nothing of it, was remembered.

And it is just possible that the proud old man in the dining-room drank a silent toast to the lad he had expelled—without acknowledging to himself that he did so.

Christmas passed away, and January was drawing to a close when not only the county of Southfolk but the whole country was distressed by news to the effect that Lord Lingfield, the eminent statesman—one of the few prominent politicians of the day reputed to speak and vote according to the dictates of conscience—had been laid low by a dangerous and distressing internal malady. The illness had been threatening for some months; indeed, it had first manifested itself on the day when Lady Lingfield, having driven over to consult Doctor Mortimer, encountered Jim in the act of crossing the high-road in his dressing-gown.

Since that day old Dr. Mortimer had paid frequent visits to his distinguished patient, who had at first made light of his complaint, and who did not really realise that his life was in jeopardy until a sudden change in the weather gave him a chill and brought matters to a head. A provincial specialist had been summoned to consult with Dr. Mortimer, and Jim, glancing through his morning paper on January 25th—the eve of Dora's wedding day—lighted on a paragraph announcing that Sir Savile Smart had also been summoned to the invalid's bedside. The three doctors had issued the following bulletin on the previous evening:

The Earl of Lingfield is in a critical condition. Should no improvement take place during the next twelve hours, an operation will be rendered imperative.

(Signed.)

SAVILE SMART.
E. A. McIVER.
JOHN MORTIMER.

Jim smiled affectionately at the sight of his grandfather's familiar name thus figuring in the public press. He was turning to another item of news when there came a thundering rattle at Number Nine's front door, and next moment Mary entered with a telegram, which she handed to Jim. He tore open the envelope. The message it contained was addressed from "Carhall," Lord Lingfield's country seat near Threeways, and ran:

"Come by first train. Most urgent.

"SAVILE SMART."

Jim stared amazed at the summons. This was, indeed, a strange turn of Fortune's Wheel. He—Jim Mortimer—was evidently wanted to assist in an operation in which his grandfather would also be participating! He had helped Sir Savile in this very operation a score of times, and had performed it by himself at Matt's with the great specialist looking on.

For Jim had guessed the nature of the operation when Sir Savile was sent for.

"And so he wants me to lend a hand. Good man!"

In a few moments Jim had looked up a train. There was an express leaving for Threeways in half-an-hour. Just time! Mary flew for a cab, Jim got into his hat and coat, and was away before the Maybury family had fully grasped the reason of his haste or the exalted nature of his destination.

"Half-a-sovereign if you catch the 9-30 at Liverpool Street," said Jim to the cabman.

"Right, sir," said the cabby, joyously.

But the roads were slippery, and travelling was bad. Horses steamed and plunged, drivers lashed and swore—and Jim's cab made slow progress.

At last the cabby found an opening and dashed forward. But, alas! he had just got up speed when his horse stumbled and fell, and could not regain its feet, despite its frantic struggles.

Jim leapt out nimbly.

"Hard luck, cabby!" he said, "here's your half-sov."

"You're a gentleman, sir," returned the driver, touching his hat as he went to undo the prostrate nag's harness.

Jim took a fresh cab and caught his train with a minute to spare. He welcomed this journey, for

the rapid motion suited him to a nicety. This was better than brooding in his surgery—this was action, life, excitement. The country was anxiously awaiting news of 'the great statesman—and Jim was to help in the drama. The operation would not be performed, Jim knew, until he arrived at Lord Lingfield's residence . . . and the train whirled on, and Jim, though sore at heart—for was not Dora to be married on the morrow?—derived great comfort from Sir Savile's call.

The train sped on, and Jim's thoughts raced along with it. His brain and the mighty engine kept stride for stride.

"To-morrow! To-morrow!" sang the whirling wheels.

As the meadows, streams and woods came into view, and as quickly passed out again, so the events of the last few months presented themselves panorama-wise to Jim's mind. The tea-shop—the dainty girl with the fairest face in the world—he in raptures, with Koko soberly listening—the vacation—the return—the introduction—the fight at the Exhibition—his grandfather's letter—Number Nine—the surgery in Mount Street—and . . . that night in the Crescent! Ah, that one kiss! . . .

Meadows, streams, woods flashed into view and out again as the express flew eastwards. London was left further and further behind, and Dora with it. Jim's heart telegraphed her a farewell. To-morrow she was to be married—*to-morrow!* So good-bye, little Dora—good-bye! . . .

"THREWAYS! THREWAYS!"

Here he was at last! A tall footman was on the platform. Evidently he had received a description of Jim, for he advanced directly the latter stepped out of the train, and in another half-minute Jim was rolling along a road very dear and familiar to his eyes.

It was four miles to Lord Lingfield's residence—and the Earl's fine bays made a mouthful of the journey.

"Sir Savile wishes to see you at once, sir," said the butler, as Jim entered the lofty hall, of the great house.

Jim followed the servant into the library. Sir Savile was leaning back in a big easy-chair, and Jim noted with some concern that the specialist's right arm was in a sling. By his side stood Jim's grandfather. The third doctor was in the sick-room.

Sir Savile, without rising, put out his left hand.

"My dear Mortimer, this is splendid of you! You have not lost a moment!"

They shook hands. Jim turned to his grandfather.

"How do you do, sir?" he said, flushing a little.

The old Doctor bent his head slightly, but did not speak.

"I suppose you were surprised to receive my message?" said Sir Savile. "The fact is, I've had an accident. I was coming downstairs this morning when I fell and dislocated my shoulder. That being the case, I wired to you—"

"I shall be pleased to assist in any way I can," said Jim.

The specialist smiled.

"You haven't got to assist, Mortimer—you've got to operate yourself."

"I, sir!" cried Jim.

"Yes, you! You're the best man in England after me, as I have reason to know. So, when I found myself *hors-de-combat*, I sent for you. I shall direct you, and you will receive assistance from my colleagues, but the success or failure of the operation will rest entirely in your hands. If you succeed, you're a made man; if you fail—"

"I shall not fail," said Jim, quietly.

"I know you won't, my boy," said Sir Savile; "for, if I had had any doubt of you, I shouldn't have sent for you . . . and now we will go upstairs."

CHAPTER XXV.

IN THE SILENT HOUSE.

AT six o'clock that night, Jim Mortimer caught a train back to London. He had operated with complete success, and every evening paper in the country had published the reassuring bulletin which Sir Savile drew up after the satisfactory completion of Jim's task.

Had the operation failed, no mention would have been made of Jim's participation in the affair. But the young surgeon had come through the trying ordeal with an unshaken nerve and unerring skill, and Sir Savile was more than satisfied.

It was the concluding sentence of the bulletin, therefore, which caused universal surprise, and set the whole medical world by the ears—as well as a multitude of laymen—until the fact of the specialist's accident became public knowledge.

"The operation was performed by Mr. James Mortimer, M.R.C.S., late of St. Matthew's Hospital."

Thus did Sir Savile, with a few strokes of his pen, make Jim famous. He need not have said anything of the kind, for the operation was

carried out under his close personal supervision, but he was a big man, with a big mind, and he did not hesitate for a moment about crediting Jim with the entire success of the perilous undertaking. A tremor in Jim's hand, a slip of his knife, and Lord Lingfield's name would have been added to the roll of illustrious dead. But Jim's hand did not tremble, nor did his knife slip, and so the happy bulletin went forth, and the world was glad because a good man had been saved to it.

The proud lady who had spoken to Jim from her carriage on that fine September day was a different woman altogether when she thanked him for what he had done. The aristocratic bearing and the air of fine breeding were there, but her words were those of a wife sore-stricken by watching and waiting.

And following the mother came the girl Jim had also seen in the carriage on that September day—"the pretty girl." Jim blushed to the roots of his fair hair when the pretty girl added her gentle thanks to her mother's.

"Your fee, my boy," said Sir Savile, encountering Jim a little later in the library. The slip of paper he pushed into Mortimer's hand was a cheque for a hundred pounds.

"But, sir—" began Jim, who did not want a penny, so highly had he been paid in other ways.

"Not a word! It's my case, and I'm not down here for love, I can tell you. Take your cheque, boy, and buy your girl a necklace out of it. By the way, how are you getting on with Maybury's nice daughter?"

"She is to be married to-morrow," said Jim, turning to look at a picture.

The great surgeon, however, did not miss the change in his voice. Jim went on looking at the picture and kept his back to Sir Savile, who put his left hand—his right not being available—on his old pupil's shoulder.

"Have I touched a tender spot, lad? Well, cheer up! It's a wide world, with a heap of other pretty girls in it!"

And then he discreetly left Jim alone, and Jim studied the picture for some time longer, though he could not have told you afterwards whether it was a landscape or a portrait of a deceased noble earl of Lingfield.

There was no fast train back to town till six, so Jim had perforce to remain on at Carhall. He did not see anything more of his grandfather, who left the house after affixing his signature to the bulletin. He made no inquiry for Jim, and Sir Savile looked perplexed when he saw that his old friend did not intend to budge an inch from the relentless attitude he had adopted towards his grandson.

"And yet," mused the specialist, "he must feel as proud as Punch of the boy!"

Jim had a smoking-carriage all to himself on his return journey. He was glad of that, for he wanted to think of Dora, and solitude suited his mood. After this night he would have to put her out of his thoughts altogether, but to-night she was still Dora Maybury—still the queen of his heart. To-morrow Jim must in honour cease to be her subject; but to-morrow had not come yet. Soon enough the new day, dawning, would bring desolation to his love.

Strange that the turning-point of Jim's career should have come on Dora's wedding-eve! Seemingly it was one of those compensatory acts whereby Dame Fortune makes amends for the hard blows she deals. Jim knew that this day's success was good enough to make a specialist of him right away. And what joy would have filled his heart, this journey, had he been speeding back to Dora's side—he could imagine, had she been his, the pride that would have lit up her face when she heard of his achievement!

As the train cleft the darkness, eating up a mile of iron road with each minute that passed, Jim, just for the sake of the melancholy pleasure he extracted from it, let his fancy wander in the world of make-believe. Dora was *his*, and was awaiting him. He had only dreamed that she was another's. London to him now was no grimy, smoke-begirt city, but a palace of delight set in a garden fragrant with "the blended odours of a thousand flowers."

But, alas, for such vain imaginings! A rough voice roused Jim from his half-dose, and a rain-spotted hand awaited his ticket. . . . It was London, and London in its dampest and most dismal garb.

Jim had wired from Threeways asking Koko to meet him at his surgery at eight. He thought they might spend the evening together amid cheery surroundings.

Koko had not arrived at the surgery when he got there. The fire was out—Mrs. Brown, taking advantage of her master's absence, was probably carousing with other ladies of her own station. Mount Street appeared exceptionally sordid and forlorn. Everything seemed to have conspired to add to Jim's weight of sadness.

He lit the gas, and as it flared up he was slightly startled to observe the figure of a man huddled up on the sofa. On the floor, by the head of the sofa, stood an empty glass jar.

Jim walked across the room and inspected the sleeper. It was the old provision dealer.

"Wake up, Mr. Harris!" he cried; "wake up!—what are you doing here?"

The provision dealer slowly opened his eyes.



BEHIND HIM, WITH CUNNING STEALTH, CREPT A MAN WITH A BANDAGED HEAD.

"Ain't I—ain't I dead, then?" he demanded.

"Dead? No! You're as alive as I am!"

"I thought I'd swallowed enough of the stuff to do the job."

"What stuff?"

"Vy, the prussic acid. That's deadly p'ison, ain't it?"

"Rather!"

"Well, I swallowed all there vos in the bottle . . . and I ain't dead. it seems."

Jim surveyed the empty jar, and found it to be the mislabelled vessel in which he kept his whisky safe from Mrs. Brown's thirsty raids.

"You're a foolish old man!" said Jim. "Never you try on any trick of that sort again—d'you hear?"

"Vy didn't it kill me?" enquired the dealer, in an aggrieved voice.

"Because what you drank wasn't poison—luckily for you."

"Would it have been enough if it *had* been p'ison?"

"Yes, enough to kill an elephant."

Old Harris shuddered.

"Would it have hurt?" he asked.

"It would have burnt your inside up and curled you into a knot. Yes, it would have hurt a bit."

Mr. Harris shook his head.

"It vos Isaac drove me to it. I felt I couldn't stand that velp no longer—'e drove me to it."

Mr. Harris looked very bleared. He had swallowed half-a-pint of neat spirit, and the room seemed to be going round him.

"Well," said Jim, "you may thank your stars that wasn't prussic acid. When you feel better, get along home and turn into bed."

"I vill, doctor, I vill," whined the old Jew; "and I'll pull up—so 'elp me, I vill."

"That's right," said Jim; "now take another nap—it'll do you good."

As Jim turned towards the counter, his eye lighted on a folded piece of paper. Picking it up, he found it to be a note that had been left for him.

It ran :

"Mrs. Murphy's respects and Will the doctor come round to number 8 Pine Court to See her baby.

"p.s.—top floor."

Jim often received such rough missives. This, in fact, was rather a literary performance than otherwise for Pine Court.

He tossed the note back on to the counter, and, buttoning up his overcoat, sallied forth promptly. He left the light burning, and scribbled "Back Soon" on a sheet of paper for Koko's information.

His destination was only seven minutes' walk distant. Not a soul was to be seen as Jim made his way down the narrow alley by which one reached the court from the street. If it were possible, this place appeared even more forlorn than the outer world.

It seemed to Jim, as he passed into No. 8, that the building was curiously silent. As he ascended to the first floor not a sound fell on his ears. The house smelt damp, and had an unoccupied air about it. Could it be that this was the tenement which had been recently condemned as unfit for habitation, owing to its rottenness? If so, why was Mrs. Murphy installed on the top floor?

Jim knew, however, that it was hard to make some of these wretched beings go, even out of a house such as this. Mrs. Murphy would probably be evicted in due course. Meanwhile, her baby was ill, and Jim had got to doctor the little thing.

So dark was it that he had to light matches in order to see his way up the creaking staircase. And as he ascended to the second floor he was entirely unconscious of the fact that he was being followed. For behind him, with cunning stealth, crept a man with a bandaged head.

As Jim went higher the silence struck him yet more forcibly, and he began to wonder whether he could have made a mistake about the number. Still, there was no harm in seeing whether Mrs. Murphy was located on the top floor. So he continued his ascent, the figure behind pursuing him with noiseless steps.

At last! Here was the top floor, and here was a crazy-looking door. And still there was absolutely no sign or sound of a living presence in the place.

He knocked at the door.

"Does Mrs. Murphy live here?" he called.

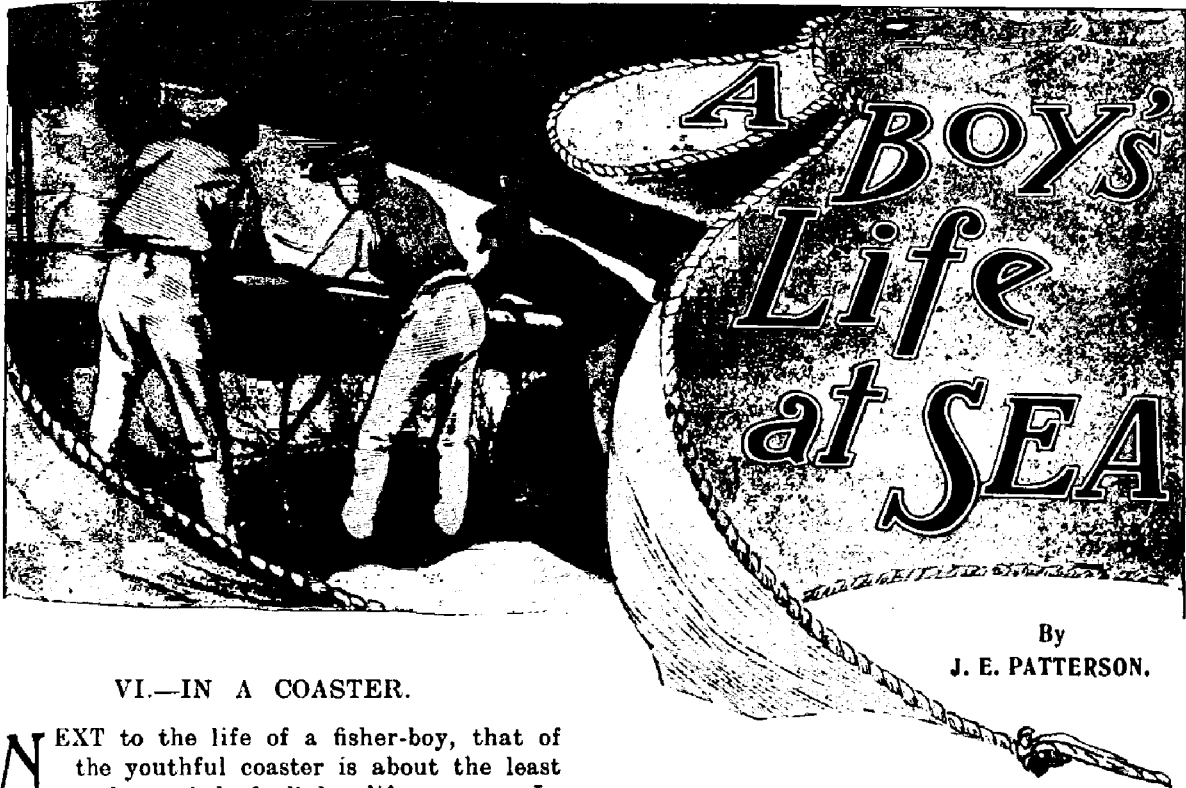
"Yes; come in," replied a woman's voice.

So he turned the handle and pushed the door open.

Instantly he stopped; the room was innocent of any furniture, but confronting him stood half-a-dozen roughs, and dimly, in the background, he could distinguish a woman's form.

It was a trap—and safety lay only in immediate flight. He turned towards the stairs, but, as he did so, the man with the bandaged head tripped him up, so that Jim fell backwards into the room. One wild glance he cast upon his assailant, and then the bandaged man, with a savage snarl, swung his belt. The buckle hit Jim full on the forehead; there came a great roaring in his ears, and while he was feebly grasping the air, the buckle descended again and finished its work.

(To be Concluded.)



VI.—IN A COASTER.

NEXT to the life of a fisher-boy, that of the youthful coaster is about the least to be envied of all boy-life at sea. In some respects, he is even in a worse condition than the fisher-lad. At all times the latter is well fed with plain, wholesome food, and is mostly in a vessel that, in comparison with the usual coasting brig or schooner, is a duck on the water. Not that the present-day fate of the coaster's lad is on a level with what it was twenty to thirty years ago. The Board of Trade is far too keen a vigilance committee for such to be the case, and this equally applies to all sea life under the red ensign, with the difference that nearness enables the Board to watch the interests of the coasting lad.

Besides, although sailors are still the most bluff and hard-living of the Empire's men, during the last three or four decades we have, on the whole, made long strides towards more humane conditions of life generally. Of this, even the coaster has taken a share—whether he wished to or not. Probably, the seasoned ones would rather have not, had they been asked; but as the spirit of progress said they must, they had to, and coasting to the boy of to-day is hardly either slavery or starvation with much beating.

By seeing how the coasting lad lives to-day, the reader will be able to form a fairly accurate idea—considering the widespread reading there is of sailor life in the past—of the changes that have taken place in his life since Plimsoll, the "sailor's friend," put a most needed end to "coffin ships," and indirectly quelled a consider-

able amount of nautical brutality. Of course, every boy reads tales of sailors' supposed doings, and not being old enough to know the likely from the very highly improbable—and, indeed, many of his elders are as much lacking in the same kind of wisdom—he absorbs so great a quantity of the utterly false that he cannot be blamed for thinking it true; and the same holds good even when the (to seamen) incredible fictions are backed by such names as Marryat, Reid, Jacobs, and Clark Russell.

What is the life of the young coaster? Just a sea-parallel to that of any average boy working in a fitter's shop or other similar place of employment. Naturally, the sea makes a difference, but nothing else does so to-day in his case. If he gets an extra blow on the side of his head, finds himself with a mate who is too fond of using ratlin-line to force an argument, or with a master who stints his food and works him to the point of exhaustion, he has no "back-door to run out of"; he cannot go home to his parents when the day's work is done, and say that so-and-so has ill-treated him, and thus obtain some redress.

In all probability the poor little fellow is a hundred miles or more from home when the first port is reached; vessels may be scarce, the time winter, and no better than the dock-side before him if he leaves the "old rattle-trap." So circumstances are against him—better the begrudged half-loaf in his hand than the baker's

whole one which he cannot buy. Certainly there are occasions when, under such conditions, he leaves the vessel, and suffers less beating but worse starvation on shore till he gets another berth.

Nor is romance any more prevalent than ill-treatment—if as much. Life at sea to-day is as prosaic, the ocean's own and everlasting weird mystery apart, as it is on land. Given the proper temperament, desire, energy, and invention, romance can be had anywhere under any conditions. The lack of it lies merely in ninety-five per cent. of us all being practical plodding beings, age allowed for. I have met with much romance on sea and land—that is, much for our times—on one no more than the other; but in every case it was more the direct making of some individual, than the working together of fate's elements. Thus the boy who runs from home or school, as so many coasting boys do, will find the life principally what he makes it rather than an interesting tale of breathless adventure.

From the duties enumerated of the young apprentice on the clipper ship, and those of the novice on a smaller and less first-class vessel, the deck-work of the coaster's boy will be seen. But he often has other duties than those of a sailor-lad merely. In these cases he is, in fact, that youthful synonym of sea-romance termed a "cabin-boy"—inseparable personage, in the young reader's mind, from that interesting element which so seldom finds entrance into common life!

In the matter of menial duties, the coasting lad is a sailor-boy equivalent to the maid-of-all-work. He must keep the cabin clean, nor let the cleansing of it interfere with his other duties. He may be scrubbing its floor till the perspiration makes his eyes smart, the schooner at the time beating against a smart breeze, when the order goes to put her about. From this task, even his little hands cannot be spared. So out he comes at a moment's notice, without jacket or guernsey, into the bitter cold of the early night—and probably gets half-frightened out of his wits by threats of violence for being an instant late. The work done—during which he may have had a knock from a wind-shook sail or rope, or been drenched with icy spray—he returns shivering to his cabin occupation.

Whilst the boy is shaking up the skipper's bed, that worthy individual, then in charge of the second dog-wach, yells down the companion-way for the boy to "jump on deck and take the wheel," under his direction—all the remainder of the crew being needed for the proposed shortening of sail. It is a common practice to put the lad at the wheel when all hands are

required at some special task, despite the fact that the little fellow can scarcely hold it, and that no one below the rating of an A.B. is, by Board of Trade regulations, allowed to steer the ship whenever there is more than the average danger of an accident.

If the work be finished before eight bells, the boy goes back to his primitive bed-making, and to whatever other domestic occupation he may have to perform ere he sleeps. If he is not able to get back and have the skipper's couch ready in time, he may receive a threat or a hustling for not having put as much work into five minutes as a smart young man would have done in double the time.

Again, when the skipper is asleep, the mate, then in charge of the deck, may call the boy to fill and light his pipe—the proximity of some vessel preventing his doing the thing for himself. Whilst away in the cabin with the black clay, some pressing bit of work seizes the boy's attention, and is done; meantime the pipe lies awaiting its turn. A hoarse whisper of no gentle kind, and a whisper only because the mate fears to awake his superior, reaches the youngster through the skylight, and asks him if he is growing the tobacco, has fallen into the fire, or does not intend to fill the pipe and light it—the last question being in reality a sneer subtly saturated with a threat of worse happenings.

The boy quickly repairs with the pipe to the mate's tobacco canister, fills it, and returns to light it at the cabin fire. This he suddenly discovers to be so low that he must needs put some coal on at once; for such purpose down goes the half-lit pipe. The mate, having got the schooner clear of the other vessel, slips below in search of his smoke, arrives in the cabin as the boy is replenishing his fire, sees the smoking pipe lying on the locker, concludes that the youngster has been having "a few puffs" on his own account, and gives him a smart slap on the cheek for his "impudence."

This causes a cry that brings the skipper's frowsy head out of his bunk, and makes him ask what is the matter. The mate, not visible to the skipper from where he stands, and not wishing to be "called over the coals" for being off the deck whilst in charge of the schooner, shakes his fist at the boy—in dumb-show saying: "If you say a word of me bein' here, I'll skin you alive"—then springs quietly on deck again. To spare himself further trouble later on, the boy courts present danger by passing the matter off with the first excuse that suggests itself, and is lucky if the affair ends with no more than a growled promise of added chastisement.

Of course, all these matters largely depend



IN SOME SMALL CRAFT THE CABIN-BOY DOES ALL THE COOKING.

Drawn by Geo. Hawley.

on what kind of men the boy happens to sail with. In most cases he is really needed in the working of the vessel, apart from the more or less domestic duties which are the floating entail of his post. Thus he has to be there when tacking or wearing ship, shortening or making sail; but otherwise he may be in a vessel where all hands are as fatherly towards him as though each one has a secret justification for that affectionate attitude, in which case he is thoroughly "spoilt." Between the two there are several degrees of ease, or discomfort that cannot well be termed ill-treatment. At times, too, the lad may even find himself in a coaster where humour and good fellowship are so plentiful that it would almost form the ground of one of Mr. Jacobs' fictional representations of coasting life.

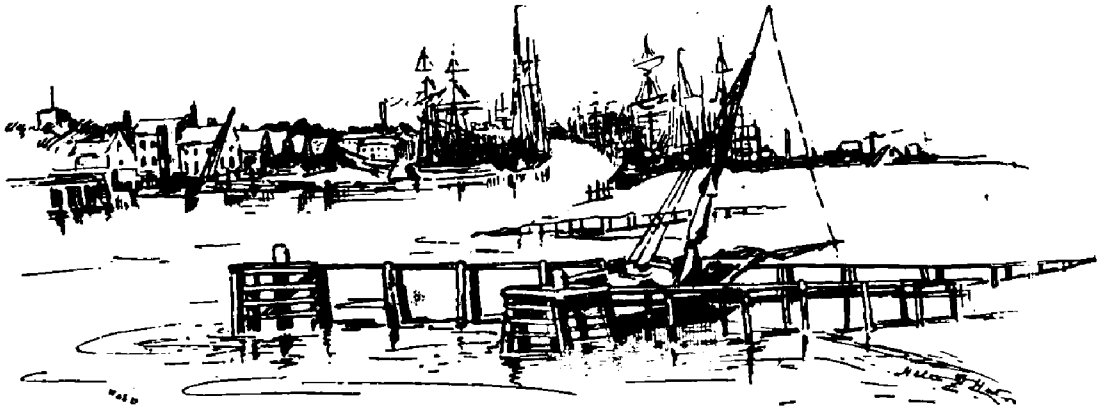
Naturally, there is far more homeliness in coasters generally than is to be found in ninety-nine per cent. of deep-water ships. The foreign-going sailor likes an open sea in a breeze. With the coaster, harbours are so handy that he grows to pay little heed to a lee-shore in a strong wind—the pet aversion of the further-going seaman. A winter around our coasts is not a play-time season afloat; but then, continual fresh provisions and a fair supply of them keep the canker out of men, and make them face other hardships with comparative cheerfulness. Thus the coaster's boy has a more humane life around and before him than has the lad who crosses the Western Ocean or goes out East. As to him and the R.N.R., the remarks on this matter in connection with the ordinary seaman are equally as applicable here—with this slight difference: the deck or cabin-boy can join only the Third Class, which naturally has a lower rate of remuneration; but, as an O.S. can promote into the First Class on his becoming an A.B., so the boy can pass into

the Second Class when he possesses an ordinary seaman's discharge.

In some small craft the cabin-boy does all the cooking, and is called from the caboose as occasion needs his assistance in other work. In those cases his lot is more like that of Mr. Gilbert's policeman than it is when he takes watch with his shipmates, for he is then at the daily and nightly beck and call of almost any one who may want him. In other vessels he is put into a watch—usually the mate's, there being no second mate—and he then attends to the cooking and cabin work during his watches out in the daytime, the ordinary seaman or a deck-boy fulfilling such tasks whilst he sleeps.

In summer-time the life is something of a holiday if the rest of the crew are of a fairly pleasant kind. Breezes—the seaman's word for a half-gale of wind—are then rare; there is no cold to pinch him up; the work of shortening and making sail in the long bitter nights is forgotten in the warmth of the short darkness of summer; fresh vegetables are more plentiful; he experiences no days without a hot and fairly proper meal because of a continuance of foul weather, or the caboose having been washed away; half the ports he visits are, to some extent, watering-places, or are adjacent to such; and he finds considerable pleasure in their amusements.

On the last count: in winter and summer alike his evenings on shore are usually spent in music-halls and such theatres as seaports can boast. During summer he also knows a little variety by way of a voyage or two up the Baltic for deals, or across to Dutch or French ports with coals. Some coasting youngsters remain at it into their manhood, and even old age, or until they leave the sea for shore work. Others quit it early in life, and cease to be coasters by becoming deep-water sailors.



THE CAPTAIN



CAMERA CORNER

A MEMBER of the CAPTAIN Club, writing from Valparaiso, tells us of his want of success in securing a photograph of a horse-race. We should like very much to help him, but the information is much too meagre. He used a Premo rapid lens, and gave a shutter exposure of one-hundredth part of a second, but he says nothing about plate, aperture of lens, or distance of the subject from the camera. He adds: "The horses were galloping at almost right angles to the camera, and the figures were all blurred." Our correspondent has probably overlooked the fact that a galloping horse moves at the rate of something like 590 inches per second. A well-known authority has stated that, "In order to secure a sharp image on the sensitive plate, the distance travelled by the image of the moving object to be photographed on the plate during exposure must not exceed $\frac{1}{200}$ th part of an inch." To secure photographs of rapidly moving objects, the results will depend upon (1) the speed at which the object is moving, (2) the distance of the object from the lens, and (3) the focal length of the lens. From our own knowledge of the lens mentioned we should say that it was extremely improbable that it would be rapid enough to secure a satisfactory image upon a plate of the sensitiveness known as "Special Rapid." Possibly the "blurring" was due to the handling of the camera.

NON-CURLING FILMS.

The amateur photographer has to thank Kodak, Limited, for a very great deal, but about the best thing they have ever done is to put upon the market a non-curling film, made in all sizes, and selling at the same price as the older, and now, we believe, obsolete, roll film. Users of that film have lively recollections of its corkscrew vagaries—how it never would lie flat! Now all is changed; the N.C. film will not curl, and for a very simple reason; the celluloid film, or base, is coated on *both* sides, the one with a sensitive gelatine emulsion, the other with a gelatine emulsion that is not sensitive. The one coating equalises the other, and so the film re-

mains flat. For many years the clever chemists in the service of Kodak, Limited, have been at work to discover a means of producing a film that would not curl, and, after ten years of thought and work, the difficulty has been solved. It is a pleasure to develop the N.C. film, and it may be noted that the same formulæ are advised by the makers. The sensitive emulsion has undergone improvement in several directions, (a) it is of higher speed, and ensures the production of negatives rich in detail. (b) It is of an exceptionally fine grain, a quality specially valuable when negatives have to be enlarged. (c) It is orthochromatic. This latter quality gives it an advantage over previous roll-films; in portraits the details and colours of costume will be rendered more truthfully, and in landscape work it will be possible to record, in their correct colour-value, such delicate differences as the varying shades of green, and the light and fleecy tints of the ever-changing clouds.

SELECTION OF SUBJECT.

The question of the lighting and selection of the subject will always be a matter of opinion. Mr. H. P. Robinson was in favour of the sun being behind the camera; not that he advised taking photographs with the sun full on the subject. He rather favoured diffused light, but the source of light to be behind the camera. On the other hand, we have before us a copy of "Watkins' Manual"—a most useful book for beginners—in which the author says:—"Never expose with the sun directly behind the camera; the result is flat and unprofitable. Side-lighting gives light, shade, and relief." Quite true, but side-lighting often gives very strong shadows; these sometimes are overlooked in composing the picture upon the focussing screen, and it is only in the dark room, when development is being proceeded with, that the heavy shadow is noticed. We have a print before us taken at "Merry Margate"; quite half the sitters have the heavy shadows of their straw hats across their faces, giving them the appearance of being near relatives of the "corner" men of the

famous nigger troupe. A subject should be—in fact, must be—well lighted, but not by strong direct sunlight.

PHOTOGRAPHY AS A MEANS OF EARNING A LIVING.

A reader of the "Camera Corner" who is seventeen years of age desires to become a professional photographer. He is straightforward enough to say that he knows nothing practically about the subject at present. Well, money can be made out of photography, but many a professional photographer would say it's a very poor game, as the business is cut into by amateurs. If a young fellow wishes to take up photography as a business he must serve an apprenticeship, attend classes, acquire a knowledge of optics, chemistry, drawing, composition, and light and shade, in addition to the recognised photographic manipulation and procedure. Having done his best to gain this knowledge and perfect himself in the art of taking a photograph, developing the negative, and turning out the finished print, his chances of lucrative employment are not, we fear, very great—operators are badly paid, chiefly because they all work in one groove. Any one, to succeed in photography, must get away from the beaten track and turn out very different work from that of the average professional photographer. It is not a business that we should recommend to any one who had that alone to depend upon. In these days a knowledge of photography will help a young fellow in many positions. If he is going to be an engineer, surveyor, architect, builder, shipwright, doctor, chemist, gardener, journalist, schoolmaster, etc. etc., photography will serve him in many ways, and possibly be a means of helping him to make a decent income; but those who make money out of it, as a business, are few in number.

HOLIDAYS.

At all holiday resorts, and particularly at the seaside, cameras will be met with by the score. We hope many readers of the "Camera Corner" will send us prints for criticism; we shall be very much interested in seeing their work, and will do our best to help them. Correspondents must send stamped addressed envelope for reply, and we will amuse ourselves, during our own holiday, in writing to them. In sending up prints, try and give the following particulars:—Title, plate used, lens aperture, exposure, date and time of day. This will be of great assistance to us, and will ensure our being

able to take some intelligible interest in each photograph.

PYRO-SODA DEVELOPER.

This developer is a general favourite, and the following is a formula that may be safely followed. It will be found convenient to keep this in 10 per cent. stock solutions and dilute as wanted:—

	No. 1.	
Pyro	...	1 oz.
Metabisulphite of potash	...	1 oz.
Water to	...	9 ozs.
	No. 2.	
Sodium carbonate	...	1 oz.
Water to	...	9 ozs.

For use mix 30 minims of No. 1, 200 minims of No. 2, and add water to 1oz. Should a restrainer be required, add Potassium Bromide.

SLOW V. RAPID PLATES.

The Ilford Company issue a monthly pamphlet, "Photographic Scraps," and in a recent number some remarks were made upon the production of perfect negatives, in the course of which the writer said that slow plates generally possess greater latitude than very rapid ones. It is a much simpler matter to expose a slow plate correctly than a rapid one. Slow plates are better for ordinary landscape work, where fair density is required, and good contrast. Owing to the greater latitude the risk of over-exposure is minimised. The slow plate is distinctly the better for the beginner, for, in the various stages of charging the dark slides and developing, the risk of fogging a slow plate is much less than with rapid plates. We counsel the use of slow plates; under and not over exposure is the most general cause of spoilt plates.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. L. G. (Tonbridge).—Your stains on prints may be due to an exhausted fixing bath, or one containing free acid. Unequal immersion will also cause stains. Unless prints are thoroughly washed, stains will often appear. **Fred Moore.**—Cannot write about your brother's photographs or prizes. **Robin Ramsey** (Swinton).—The subject you write about is referred to in the "Camera Corner," and we have written you at some length. **A. A. C. C.**—"Development," by Lyonel Clark, and "Watkins' Manual" are both useful books upon developing plates and films. They are sold for 1s. by most dealers. **R. H. B.** (Sutton).—You will find "Platinum Toning" well worth your careful study. **George Liurkar.**—Unable to help you; a positive will, under certain conditions, be obtained through excessive over-exposure. Hope you will compete in THE CAPTAIN photographic competitions when you get your new Kodak camera. **G. S. Webb** (Stamford Hill).—"Light Fog" shall be the subject of a note in the "Camera Corner." We are afraid your lamp is at fault.

NATURALISTS' CORNER.

Conducted by EDWARD STEP, F.L.S.

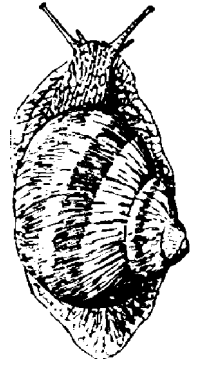
Breed of Dog.—I regret that the description of a dog sent to me by K. S. Williams (Liverpool) is not sufficient to enable me to say to what breed it belongs. If you could send me a photo. I might be able to help you. Rabbits, guinea pigs, or pigeons might be kept in your yard, provided it gets good light.



Entomological Matters.—In answer to "Spurs" (Beenham). (1) The Death's Head Hawk-moth is usually on the wing from September to November, and again in May and June, but my local knowledge will not allow me to say "if it is very often seen about Reading." Likely places in which to look for it are potato-fields and allotments. (2) No; I have not "got most of the British butterflies and moths," because I gave up seriously collecting them many years ago, in favour of less popular orders, but I still take an interest in them. (3) The Elephant Hawk-moth is a beauty, as you observe. (4) No; I regret that I have not had the pleasure of seeing the Reading Museum collection.—"Naturalist" (Dulwich) has noticed on the Black Currant some black-dotted greenish larvæ which appear to have more legs than they should have, and asks if they are "freaks." No; and they are not the larvæ of moths, as you take them to be, but of a destructive Saw-fly, probably *Nematus ribesii* or *N. reticulosus*. The number of legs is all right, for they are hymenopterous, not lepidopterous, grubs. Unless you destroy them they will clear your currant bushes of every leaf.—"Brutus" (Bagshot) should get Lucas' *Book of British Hawk-moths* (L. Upcott Gill, 3s. 6d.); it contains life-like drawings of all the species with their caterpillars and chrysalids and completè information respecting their natural history, etc.

Apple Snail.—Arthur Pomeroy (Highbury) has been spending a holiday at Dorking, and one day, whilst climbing the steep slopes of the chalk-hills towards Betchworth, he came across some snails larger than any he had yet seen. He was told that these were the descendants of some brought from Italy by a former Earl of Arundel, and placed on Box Hill, from which they have spread. A. P. wishes to know if I can tell him anything about them. I am glad to say I can, for I have often studied them in the very spot where A. P. found them, as well as all along the chalk range between Caterham and Guildford. The snail, of which we

give a drawing half the natural size, is known as the Apple-snail or Roman-snail (*Helix pomatia*), the second name being due to a legend that, long before Thomas, Earl of Arundel, was thought of, our Roman conquerors brought it with other dainties to eke out the scanty bill of fare provided by this little island in those remote days. There is good reason for believing, however, that we are no more indebted to the Romans than to the noble earl aforesaid for this dainty, and that it is of true British origin, like myself. Plausibility has been given to the Roman importation legend by the fact that this snail is only found in a few of our southern counties, instead of being generally distributed over the country; but, rightly considered, this fact is against the theory, for, if imported, we ought to find the snail in the neighbourhood of many important Roman stations where it does not exist. It is an interesting snail on account of its eggs having a distinct chalky shell which can be blown like the eggs of a bird. I believe I was the first to establish the fact that these eggs are placed in chambers as large as the snail's shell excavated in the chalky soil for that purpose and neatly roofed in.



APPLE SNAIL.

Gold-fish.—E. Atkin (Wood Green) wishes to know why his gold-fish die though "there is plenty of room for air to get in the mouth of the bowl and they have fresh water daily and a couple of ant-eggs each." It is impossible to say on such scanty information. You say nothing as to the provision of green food, nor as to the situation of their globe. Many persons appear to think that if gold-fish are given fresh water it is all they need. They might as well send a man to a mountain-top and expect him to exist on the abundant fresh air he will get there. Keep the bowl out of the way of the sun-beams, do not change the water so long as it remains perfectly clear, but put in a growing plant of American Pond-weed (also known as Water Thyme), a handful of Duckweed from a pond, and three or four pond-snails. Add to their diet occasionally a few small red worms, or a little raw lean meat shredded very fine. It is most probable that your fish have been starved to death.

Books Wanted.—"Ornithologist" (Stoke Poges) will find Canon Atkinson's *Birds' Nests and Eggs* (Routledge) what he wants. It is issued with coloured plates at 2s. 6d., or with plain plates at 6d.

Another cheap work is Macpherson's *British Birds* in the Young Collector Series (Sonnenschein, 1s.)—"Chafer" (Bristol): *The Catalogue of British Coleoptera*, by D. Sharp and W. W. Fowler (L. Reeve and Co., 1s. 6d.).

Canaries.—It is very difficult to suggest reasons why pets die without knowing all the circumstances, but probably "Tandrags" young canaries suffered from their food being exclusively dry. As soon as your next batch of eggs is hatched give the parents a little hard-boiled egg, chopped very fine and mixed with a little bread that has been soaked in warm water, but from which the water has all been pressed out. At this time, too, the rape-seed should be first boiled, then washed in cold water and drained. Take care that none of this food is left in the cage until it gets sour.

Owls and Ducks.—F. W. Warde (Retford) and a friend have two Long-eared Owls which they have fed so far on small rats, mice, and birds. They wish to know if this is correct. Yes; but you might vary their diet by giving them beetles, grasshoppers, and other large insects, and when the mice and birds are scarce, give them lean mutton. The cage should be large and of sufficient depth to enable the birds to get into deep shade in the daytime. F. W. Warde also wishes to know how to treat Wild Ducks to prevent their flying off. His were hatched out by a hen, and he wishes to keep them. The usual practice is to "pinion" them—that is, to take off the first joint of the wing; but I am much opposed to the mutilation of animals, whether it be docking the tails of dogs and horses, cropping ears of dogs, or pinioning birds. I would rather take the risk of the ducks joining their wild companions.

Dwarfed Trees.—The dwarfed trees of the Japanese and Chinese are really old specimens, some of them several centuries old, and except in size have all the characters of ancient forest trees. "Pigmy" (Clapham) can see a number of these of various species in the windows of Messrs. Barr, King-street, Covent-garden, who would probably give him instructions for the care of any specimen purchased. Those on view at the time of writing range in price from 15s. to 12 guineas each, according to age and the difficulty of growth on so small a scale.

Bird Calls.—Harry Cross (Sidcup), when visiting Derbyshire lately, heard a bird which he thought was a Plover from its cry of "pee-wit," but he was told there were no Plovers in the county, and that the bird was a jackdaw. Your informant. Harry, was certainly mistaken. The Jackdaw

always advertises himself by calling out "Jack, Jack!" The bird was the Lapwing. The cry of the Ringed Plover is "pen-y-et," or "pooree." You should study Witchell's *Cries and Call-notes of Wild Birds*, published by L. Upcott Gill, 1s. It gives the calls and songs of nearly all our native birds.

Budgerigars.—The description of R. Ashby's parrot shows it is the Budgerigar, or



BUDGERIGARS, OR AUSTRALIAN LOVE BIRDS.

Australian Love-bird, distinguished by its general green hue, blue patches on the cheeks, and long-slender tail feathers, which are blue and longer than the body. It is a seed-eater; but it should be kept by itself, as it has the reputation of killing smaller birds. Yes; it breeds in this country pretty freely.

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR AUGUST.

Last day for sending in, August 12th.

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 August 12th.

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.—"Popular Expressions."—Send on a CAPTAIN post-card a list of what you consider to be the twelve expressions most frequently used by people in every day conversation. The expressions you send must consist of *more* than one word; so don't put down "Yes," "No," "Hurrah," or any other *single* word exclamation. The sender of the best list will receive a Ten-Guinea "Triumph" Bicycle.

One Age limit Twenty-one.

No. 2.—"Omitted Words."—Supply, on a CAPTAIN post-card, a packet of which can be obtained from this office for 1½d. post free, the omitted words in the following paragraph, which occurs in Part II. of "The Manœuvres of Charteris." The dots represent the number of letters in the ten words left out. Write out the sentence neatly, and underline the words you supply in place of those omitted.

They relied on their to translate either of the at sight, and without acquaintance. The notion that is hard appeals to a of a public school. There are two ways of translating the and the other He the other.

Nine of Messrs. Lindner's Complete Printing Outfits will be awarded as prizes, three to each class. (See illustration.)

Class I. Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. Age limit: Twelve.

No. 3.—"Professional Team for Australia."—Make out, on a CAPTAIN post-card, what you consider would be the best professional cricket team we could send to Australia, judging by the results of this year's play. The team should consist of fourteen men, and you should head your list with the professional, who, in your opinion, would make

the best Captain. Put the other players in order of merit after him. The man you would select for Captain need not necessarily be the best player. The team sent in which comes nearest to that chosen by the votes of the majority will win the prize in each class. Prizes: Class I., a Guinea Lillywhite, Frowd and Co.'s Cricket Bat; Classes II. and III., a Guinea Gamage Bat, as illustrated on THE CAPTAIN Prizes' page.

Class I. Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. Age limit: Twelve.

No. 4.—"Howlers Competition."—Send us, on a CAPTAIN post-card, the most humorous "howler" that has come before your notice. The following is an example: "The equator is a menagerie line running round the earth and through Asia and Africa." Six Pictorial Post-Card Albums, supplied by Messrs. W. J. Jones, will be awarded as prizes. (See illustration on CAPTAIN Prizes' page.)

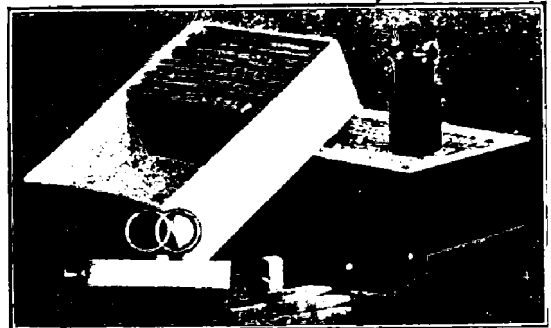
Class I. Age limit: Twenty.
Class II. Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. Age limit: Twelve.

No. 5.—"Hidden Animals."—On one of our advertisement pages you will find twelve pictures. Each picture is supposed to represent the name of a well-known animal. Write the name under each, fill in your name, age, class, and address, tear out the page, and post to us. In the event of a number of competitors sending in correct solutions, the prizes will go to the senders of the most neatly written competitions. Prizes: Class I., a W. Butcher and Son's No 2 "Pom-Pom" Roll-Film Camera, value £1 1s.; Class II., two 10s. "Scout" Cameras; Class III., two 10s. Brownie Cameras—as illustrated on THE CAPTAIN Prizes' page.

Class I. Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. Age limit: Twelve.

No. 6.—"Photographic Competition."—Hand or stand camera work. Any subject. Neatness in mounting will be taken into consideration. Prizes: Three Sets of Sandow's Own Combined Developers, value 12s. 6d. each.

Class I. Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III. Age limit: Fourteen.



To encourage our Photographic and Artistic Readers to stamp their names and addresses on the back of their contributions, we are awarding Nine of these Complete Printing Outfits as prizes in the "Omitted Words" Competition.

THE OLD FAG

EDITORIAL



12, BURLINGHAM STREET,
STRAND, LONDON.

A Reward for Mr. Chamberlain.—In our May number we offered to present a "Premier" bicycle to the competitor forwarding the best suggestion for a reward to Mr. Chamberlain in recognition of his services in South Africa, the King being the supposed prize-giver. The suggestions that reached us, as may be imagined, were of a very varied character, some serious, some humorous. After very careful consideration, we decided to present the bicycle to Mr. J. H. Weeks, of Birmingham, for the following:—

"I would give Mr. Chamberlain the sum of £50,000, to be spent in the erection of a Home for Widows and Children of those gallant warriors who fell in the recent Boer War, thereby perpetuating Mr. Chamberlain's memory, not by a useless statue, but by an Institution which would earn him the blessing of *thousands*."

A great number of the post-cards submitted, as our Competition Editor remarked last month, suggested an award of the nature of a peerage, the Premiership, or a gift of orchids. I would point out to my young readers, with regard to the second-named gift, that the Premiership is not handed from this statesman to that at the fancy of his Majesty. The present holder of that exalted office is the Right Honourable Arthur James Balfour, and while he is in possession of it I do not quite see how Mr. Chamberlain could suddenly succeed to the post because certain readers of *THE CAPTAIN* would like to see him do so.

Here is a small selection from the post-cards we received:—

"I would raise him to the peerage, giving Joseph a coat-of-arms of many colours, emblematical of the fact that the sun and moon (Transvaal and Orange Free State), together with the lesser stars, all do obeisance to him."—(A. WESTWELL, Ramsbottom, Lancs.)

"I would increase his "screw."—(G. BONSTEAD, Marlborough College).

"If I were King I would offer Mr. Chamberlain a pair of spectacles to replace the usual eye-glass, so that he might not take a one-sided view of questions in which he is interested."—(H. W. LEMON, Ranelagh, Dublin.)

"Just give him what he most would like, A Peerage and a 'Premier' bike!"

(JACK LOUDET, Dundee.)

If I were King—ah! Joe!—if I were King!
A Viscount's jewelled coronet I'd bring
To rest upon your forehead; and I'd say
Twice thirty thousands pounds my realm shall pay
In recognition of your peace-making—
If I were King.

(MARIAN HEWITT, Ipswich.)

"As Mr. Chamberlain does not wish for a peerage. I suggest that King Edward should offer him a mansion, the rooms of which I would furnish in different fashions, each typical of some country or colony which has felt the benefit of his glorious statesmanship. I would also make him Premier on the first occasion proper. To further show my gratitude for his services to the Empire, I would allow him the use of the Royal yacht during Parliament's Prorogation."—(T. R. DAVIS, West Norwood.)

That yacht idea is very refreshing! Well, such are a few of the many suggestions that reached us. The rest simply rang changes on the peerage—Premiership—gift of orchids—country's thanks—ideas. With regard to the peerage award, those who made this proposition ought to know that a peerage is the last thing desired by a politician who is prominently engaged in the House of Commons. His acceptance of such an honour removes him from the real arena of party warfare to a Chamber that generally adjourns at five in the afternoon, and whose proceedings would prove particularly unsatisfying to a debater of Mr. Chamberlain's pugilistic tendencies. When a man receives a peerage he is often said to be "shelved," and I am sure no one wants to see the Colonial Secretary consigned to the gilded limbo of

the Upper House. Beaconsfield, as some of you may know, only accepted a peerage because of the honour conferred thereby on his wife—so, at any rate, the story goes.

The Rev. S. B. Adams, D.D., Vicar of Northmarston, Bucks, was agreeably surprised to find my extracts from his book, "Tastes and Habits," in our May number. This book was published as long ago as 1876, and is now "out of print," so its author was naturally somewhat astonished to find me quoting from it. "Schorne College, Bucks," writes Dr. Adams, "takes in **THE CAPTAIN**, which I never have seen till this sunshiny morning of May 18th. But to-day one of the Schorne boys sends over the May number to this Vicarage, from the school on the other side of the churchyard, and I am startled and stimulated by your references to my book of Essays, and especially to that reference to its position in a friend's library.

... May I repeat the warning you are good enough to quote against the use, by the young at any rate, of memoranda of appointments, engagements, and duties generally. It simply tends to ruin the memory, and a schoolboy who is lost without his memorandum-book is in a bad way. . . . I love boys. I have preached to them on Birds'-Nesting, Snow-balling, Games, Holidays, and other such topics. I have published a book of sermons called 'Our Boys.' I shall read **THE CAPTAIN** in future, and I hope your readers will eschew memoranda, whether in shirt-cuff or book form."

So writes our good friend. I trust Dr. Adams will always find **THE CAPTAIN** to his liking, for he is evidently one of those "old boys" who are perennially interested in the doings and the sayings, the thoughts and aspirations, of the young ones.

Mr. H. M. Gooch.—Those of our readers who started taking in **THE CAPTAIN** with No. 1 will recollect that our first Stamp Expert was Mr. H. M. Gooch. In January, 1901, however, the call of duty took Mr. Gooch to Australia, where, during his long absence, he has done a great deal of very useful mission work. Mr. Gooch has recently returned to these shores, and, though he will not resume his Stamp-Collecting contributions, he wishes, nevertheless, to be most kindly remembered to those **CAPTAIN** philatelists who knew him of old. I may mention that in the course of his Australasian tour Mr. Gooch spent three months in Victoria,

three months in New South Wales, six weeks in Queensland, and then visited New Zealand (where he remained for seven months) and Tasmania. In July, 1902, he was joined by Mr. R. F. Drury, of Wadham College, Oxford, and together they made another journey round all the Colonies aforementioned, visiting many colleges and schools and addressing the universities. They separated last March, and Mr. Gooch then journeyed from Auckland to Fiji, and thence to Honolulu—Vancouver—the "Rockies"—Chicago—Toronto—Ottawa—Montreal—New York—Quebec, "and so home." In Canada Mr. Gooch spoke at the Upper Canada College (the Eton of that colony) and was there and elsewhere delighted to meet staunch readers of **THE CAPTAIN**. In fact, he met such all along the line. Mr. Gooch is to be congratulated on his thoroughness and enterprise. The experience he gained on this big round tour should provide him with excellent material for many interesting lectures and addresses.

"Life in the Mercantile Marine."—This is a cheery, breezy, informative book by "our" Captain Charles Protheroe. A good many **CAPTAIN** readers want to know about the Merchant Service, and so here's their chance! "When I was fourteen," writes the author, "by ceaseless pestering, for my mother had no wish that I should follow in the footsteps of my brothers, I gained permission to apply for a vacancy as apprentice in a shipping company." And in course of time young Protheroe paid down his £50 premium and sailed away "in a full-rigged ship of a thousand odd tons."

Here is a characteristic note on a sailor's luck in the matter of being wrecked—or otherwise:—

I was talking a few chapters ago of the different sorts of luck, if any there be, that attended ships, and I think the same sort of argument applies equally to sailors. Perhaps some occult influence, drawing like to like, may be the means of guiding the unlucky sailor to the unlucky ship. However that may be, the fact that some sailors are much more unfortunate than others is beyond question. Like the pitcher that goes often to the well, that the sailor who goes often to sea must be wrecked at last (by the way, one of the moot questions put to sailors by people ashore) is not always borne out by fact. Some will go to sea all their lives and have nothing worse to chronicle in the way of adventure than something stopping a long way short of wreck, whilst others are quite intimate with the Shipwrecked Mariners' Society, and for any length of time never seem clear of it.

We had a case in point, one of many I have known, on board this ship bound for Melbourne, a member of the crew having a most disastrous re-

cord, which there is not the slightest doubt was true. He had shipped on a vessel bound for the Colonies, but when off Portland was run down by another ship, and the crew being rescued were returned again to London. He then joined the *Duncan Dunbar* (not to be confounded with the *Dunbar* wrecked at Sydney Heads) which was lost on St. Pauls, a pinnacle of rocks in the vicinity, and just north, of the equator. Picked up and returned to London once more, one would think evil fortune for a time at least had nothing further to offer in this direction. But not so: pursued by his ill-luck he again signed articles, this time in the ill-fated *London*, which, as most people know, foundered in the Bay of Biscay, he being one of the few survivors. After he had told me the story I didn't feel easy in my mind with such a Jonah on board, but took comfort from the reflection that, after three misfortunes in succession, which are said to be the maximum number of such things, we had a good chance of reaching our destination safely.

"Life in the Mercantile Marine" is published by Mr. John Lane, the Bodley Head, London, price 3s. 6d.

Essex Roads for Cyclists.—It may be very bad taste (writes Mr. Larrette, in a postscript to his article on "Short Rides Round London"), but I cannot enthuse over the Essex roads. Those nearer London are sadly overrun by holiday folk, while both the routes to Southend present few attractions for me, as they are generally very rough. In the more remote parts of the county there are some pleasant lanes, and a few weeks back, to "nurse" the strong east wind, I took the train to Chelmsford. I rode against the wind to Braintree, and thence, right across country, through Thaxted (a magnificent church here), Newport, Clavering, Brent, Pelham, Buntingford, Cottered, Walkern, and Aston, to the great North Road at Knebworth.

There is some enjoyable lane riding to be had "far from the madding crowd" in north-east Herts, but to explore the little known (to London riders) part of the country the G.E.R. should be taken either to Broxbourne or Bishop's Stortford. None of the rides I have suggested in my article will appeal to the speed men, but those who follow the pastime of cycling for its health-giving and recreative properties, if they adhere to my directions, will be surprised to find so many beauty spots within easy distance of London.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. Howard Jenkyns.—(1) A private secretary must be able to write shorthand, and it is of advantage to him if he can work a typewriter. He must be agreeable and brisk, and be able to make himself useful in many ways, socially

and otherwise. (2) A private secretary with a fluent knowledge of several languages and a degree ought to be able to get £150 a year, with board and lodging, if he is lucky. (3) A private secretary to an M.P. or titled person would have to write letters chiefly, and see visitors, and make himself generally useful on all sorts of occasions. He would get to know the inner workings of Parliamentary matters, and might himself become an M.P. some day, if he had enough money. It costs from £800 to £900 to become an M.P., unless you are backed up financially by your party. (4) Good private secretaryships are most difficult to obtain. They are mostly got through influence. Sometimes they are advertised for in papers like the *Standard*, *Times*, *Athenæum*, and *Academy*.

C. M. W. sends me a very charming letter. She has been a nurse in a hospital for three years, and has for a long time subscribed regularly to *THE CAPTAIN*. Her *CAPTAIN* goes round the men's wards, then she sends it to an old patient, and after that it goes to still another old patient, or to the Seamen's Institute at Falmouth. The other nurses laugh at "C. M. W." for taking in a boys' magazine, but she notices that if it is left about they generally take a sly look at it! My correspondent suggests that readers of *THE CAPTAIN* who do not care to keep their copies should send them to the nearest hospital or sailor's home, as such places are always in want of literature of this kind.

W. L.—As regards your question about studying for the profession of an artist, I may tell you that it won't be much use unless you have exceptional ability, as there are already a number of highly-trained artists who can get very little work to do. The certificates for the drawing exams you speak of do not count for very much; they show that you have a certain amount of ability in designing, but when you come up to Fleet-street to make a living all this sort of thing goes for very little unless you can strike out a good, strong, original line. There is no reason why you should not become an art master by following the course you suggest, but I cannot advise you to take up the five years' apprenticeship and pay a premium, with the idea of becoming an illustrator, because you might do your five years and then find it extremely hard to earn bread-and-cheese at the end of it. Illustrators are born. A good many of the leading black-and-white artists of to-day have never been inside a school. Drawing seems to come to them naturally, as poetry and the writing of fiction do to poets and novelists. Still, there is no doubt that the course you suggest would qualify you to teach drawing in a school, which is a very different thing to doing illustrations for papers and magazines. Having given you this advice, I must leave you to settle what you will do in your own way.

W. T. C.—I am not acquainted with the respective merits of Brighton, Lancing, the Leys, Fettes, Glensalmond, Loretto, Eastbourne, or Bradfield, and if I were I should not like to make such invidious comparisons, in accordance with your request. They are all very good schools, and turn out very good fellows.

An Argentine.—I thank you for pointing out the mistakes in the Spanish expressions. I have forwarded your letter to the author of the story.

W. A. C.—You are a cruel critic. Mr. C. You mustn't dissect poetry in that way, my fellow fagger.

Anxious.—The cure for loss of hair depends upon the cause. If you have been ill, try a tonic for the general health. But this should be pre-

scribed by a doctor—not bought at random—and no doubt your medical adviser will instruct you as to what wash to use for your scalp.

The City Photographic Club.—Those of my readers with photographic proclivities will find this club an excellent rendezvous when in town. Situated at 54 Gracechurch-street, E.C., it is easily accessible from most of the railway termini. Here, in addition to being able to purchase all they may want in the photographic line, on payment of a nominal annual subscription, they may enjoy the advantages of membership of the club, which include free use of the dark-room, replete with developing paraphernalia, and reading-room, where they can partake of coffee and consult the photographic journals while their negatives are being washed, and, best of all, obtain free advice on matters photographic from the experts always in attendance. Demonstrations in the use of the most recent adjunct to minus-dark-room photography—the Pocket Dark-Room—and the latest cameras, plates, papers, etc., are given every day, between the hours of 9 a.m. and 7 p.m. (Saturdays, 2 p.m.).

C. M. R. (Hove).—Appointments for commissions in the Cape Mounted Rifles are made from regiments at home, and from the ranks. In the former case it would be done through the Colonial Office. There is no literary examination. It is not expensive, and you can live on your pay. If you were seconded from the Home Army for service with the C.M.R., there would be no examination, unless you had entered the Army from the Militia or Imperial Yeomanry, in which case, on and after September, 1904, you would be examined in military subjects only.

J. C. Linekar (Colwyn Bay).—(1) Your name arrived after the list had been compiled. (2) An Official Representative undertakes to do all he can for THE CAPTAIN in the way of introducing it to non-subscribers. (3) Yes: C. C., which indicates that you are a member of THE CAPTAIN Club.

F. Lukey (Victoria, Australia).—"Floreat Schola Bedfordiensis" and "Porta vocat culpa" are the mottos of Bedford Grammar School and Repton respectively. Mr. Fry will reply to your other question.

Soldier (Hackney).—Write to the Adjutant, London Rifle Brigade Cadets, Bunhill-row, E.C., or, if over seventeen, you might apply to Major the Hon. E. J. Mills, D.S.O., 31 Threadneedle-street, E.C., concerning the West Kent Imperial Yeomanry.

O. P. A. (Sheffield).—(1) THE CAPTAIN Club is composed of regular purchasers of THE CAPTAIN. There is no entrance fee. (2) Yes, providing each attempt is sent separately.

Non-Archer (Glasgow).—You can obtain a good 6ft. bow for 5s. from Benetfink and Co., Cheapside, London. 24in. arrows cost 2s. 6d. a dozen.

Merrie England (Brooklyn, U.S.A.).—Clubbed. Have handed letter to Mr. Fry.

S. G. E. (London, S.W.).—CAPTAIN post-card to hand. Do not understand reference to socks and shirts. Something, or some one, has gone wrong, for we have not yet started in the hosiery trade.

Lindsay D. Boyle (Highbury, N.).—The subject of your letter has filled everybody with the deepest regret. It is a painful topic, and one upon which I do not feel inclined to enlarge in this summer holiday number.

"Townite."—Congrats on your success in the Boy Clerks' exam. Keep pegging away at your evening class work, and you will do big things

as your various exams. come along. There is no O.R.C.C. of London, but numerous O.R.C.C.'s in the various districts.

Alex. Scott, Jun. (Tillicoultry, N.B.).—Should be only too glad to adopt your suggestion, but cannot see my way to at present.

William Armstrong (Edinburgh).—Clubbed. Am offering post-card albums as prizes: see Competitions Page. Suggestions for comps. noted.

H. F. Knight, C.C. (Paris).—The subject of your description has been dealt with so exhaustively in the public Press as to leave very little margin for your own personal observations.

C. C. Helt (Blundell's School).—Your mathematical puzzle lacks originality. Years and years ago, how many I dare not say, it was known in all the schools I knew of and among all the boys I ever met.

R. C. Tharp (Notting Hill, W.).—We don't know *who* he is. Ask Mr. Hassall. You seem to have come out of the deal very well.

R. S. Kisby (Preston).—Clubbed. Thanks for information re Assistant Clerkships in the Navy.

N. Oucherlong.—To merit publication in THE CAPTAIN, a photo should possess some special interest. Your photo, by the way, is too dim for publication in any case. Thanks all the same, and kind regards to your friend.

"A Captain Cavalier" (Monkseaton, R.S.O.).—Avoid vague and misleading assertions, and cultivate a crisp style to take the place of the rambling manner you now have of setting down your observations. You write intelligibly, which, after all, is more important than all else.

L. Duffy (Southsea).—Your description of the Charge of the Six Hundred gives me the impression of a paraphrase of Tennyson's famous lines; in fact, probably quite unconsiously, you have interpolated some of his expressions. You are too diffuse. You must cultivate the power of expressing what you have to say within reasonable limits.

A. W. Hall (Kilmersdon).—You must write a letter to each author whose autograph you want, and enclose stamped envelope.

Ernest Neels (Leyton).—Yes.

Wallace Fish (Penzance).—Clubbed. Please send article on the old "Ding-Dong" mine to THE CAPTAIN Club pages, but keep it quite short.

Gules (West Dulwich).—Clubbed. Please send a stamped, addressed envelope for the names of the books. We cannot fill up our columns with information that only interests one reader.

Our Birthday.—Many thanks to M. Schinheim, "March Hare," and others for their kind wishes.

Official Representatives Appointed.—"Model Engineer" (University School, Hastings), C. H. Millar (Rugby School), R. E. Thomas (Whitby), Hugh L. Burton (Worthing; late Burton-on-Trent), H. Davenport Rice (Ark House School, Banbury), H. Tyrrell Green (Hastings), E. A. Hill (St. Petersburg).

Clubbed.—C. H. J. (Hoylake), "W. J." (Dulwich), T. H. Taylor (Warrington), Winifred Grant (Burnley).

Letters, &c., have also been received from "First Mate," Tom Edwards, W. A. Adams, B. Tailyor, Nora Simmonds (Ardwick, Manchester), Brian Craig (Napier, New Zealand), W. R. Brooks (Witney), J. L. Speck (Oxford), The Abbess (Cranbrook), Harry Retford (London), T. E. Curtis (Oldham), E. Rowe Dutton (Weston-super-Mare).

Results of June Competitions.

No. I.—"Best Value for a Penny."

WINNER OF £12 12s. "HOBART" BICYCLE: W. Wylie Stewart, 312 West Prince's Street, Glasgow.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. Burnard, A. Atherton, Ernest Neels, T. J. Fisher, Charles Hopkins, F. Wardley, Frida Phillips, J. W. Ridge, Victor Towers, Alfred Schelfield, A. B. Elliott, J. H. Weeks, J. C. Matthew, Nora Simmons, Noel Edward Lean, M. N. Abbay, F. Hughes, H. R. Farrar, Ernest W. Kenyon, B. Bickerton, J. W. Dransfield, Leonard J. Smith, William A. Mann, G. Williamson, Arthur Wheeler, James H. Walker, William A. Frame, Hope Portrey, R. G. Purcell, W. Carter, Norman Crawford, Chas. Gordon McClure.

No. II.—"Hidden Books."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF BENEFIT'S "SELECTED" CRICKET BAT: James H. Walker, 502 John Williamson Street, South Shields.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: H. M. Hayman, 19 Pembridge Gardens, Bayswater, London, W.; W. E. New, 3 New North Road, Attleborough, Norfolk.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. C. Mackenzie, Maud Harvey, R. C. Woodthorpe, Ethel J. Shelton, William Armstrong, Edgar Redman, Harry Valentine, Charles James, A. Const, Samuel McClure, Arthur Wheeler, A. B. Newcomen, P. Perkins, H. B. Gunn, Irene Henderson, A. McMillan, P. E. Petter.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF CRICKET BAT as above: James H. Skuse, Ballykean Rectory, Portarlington, Ireland.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Agnes L. Stuart, Osborn Cottage, Broxburn, N.B.; E. F. Lawrence, Mitford Cottage, Archbold Terrace, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. Wright, Charles E. Peacock, J. E. Gruchy, C. P. Durrant, Maurice R. Ridley, Arthur Atherton, C. R. Debinson, J. S. Tombs, W. J. Cowan, Basil H. Jewitt, Val. Murray.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF CRICKET BAT as above: A. Chapman, Albington, Wherwell Road, Guildford, Surrey.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: G. M. Parsons, 31 South Avenue, Rochester, Kent; H. Hoyle, Spring Bank, Bacup, near Manchester.

HONOURABLE MENTION: B. A. Mills, Arthur E. Miller, P. McCormack, Angus Munro, J. F. Bishop, James Sellar, W. A. Johnson, Kenneth Bellis.

No. III.—"Egyptian Puzzle."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF SANDOW'S OWN COMBINED DEVELOPER: John Snellgrove, 27 Hotham Road, Putney, S.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: T. H. Walker, J. C. Matthew, Jack Loutet, Wm. A. Thomasson, J. A. Weller, E. H. Venables, Alexander R. Cousins, W. J. Costa, B. Whittle.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF SANDOW'S OWN COMBINED DEVELOPER: David Rankin, 2 Cadzow Place, Edinburgh.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. A. Rankin, Percy Walter, Marie E. Dixon.

No. IV.—"Six Most Popular Living Englishmen."

WINNERS OF CITY SALE AND EXCHANGE "EXCHANGE" CRICKET BATS: Henry J. F. Parker, 8 Avenue Road, Doncaster; J. C. Matthew, 6 Mamhead View, Exmouth; Chas. Hopkins, 88 Kingswood Road, New Brompton, Kent.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Frida Phillips, High Elms, Hitchin, Herts; Edwin H. Rhodes, Woore, near Newcastle, Staffs.; Owen C. Howse, 11 Culmstock Street, Clapham Common, S.W.; Harry Fritz, Lyndhurst, Greys Road, Farncombe, Surrey.

HONOURABLE MENTION: William Armstrong, Basil Edis, P. Collier, W. Hewitt, A. B. Newcomen, Alix. Scott, A. A.

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 following books—"J. O. Jones," "Tales of Greyhound," "Acton's Feud," "The Heart of the Prairie."

COMMENTS ON THE JUNE COMPETITIONS.

No. I.—We hope to publish a selection of the best "best values," together with the winner's definition, next month.

No. II.—A fair number had the list quite right, especially in Class II. Good substitutes for No. II. were "Night and Morning," and "In the Middle Watch;" for No. VI. "Vice-Versa," and "Looking Backward;" and for Nos. X and XII, "The Haunted House," and "Oliver Twist." The correct list will be found on an advertisement page.

III.—The "Egyptian Puzzle" proved somewhat difficult, although capable of more than one solution, the prizes being awarded to the senders of the most neatly executed solutions.

No. IV.—The Editor's List of "The Six Most Popular Living Englishmen," is as follows:—H.M. Thé King, Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Roberts, Sir Thomas Lipton, Sir Henry Irving, Mr. C. B. Fry. Only one competitor had the list

Crabbe, Alf. H. Paul, G. N. Rigg, A. L. Adams, Agnes James, W. A. Oldfield, L. King, John W. Taylor, T. G. Newcomen, A. H. Cort, Edward A. Luff, A. W. Longstaff.

No. V.—"Six Best Features in 'The Captain.'"

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF LINDNER'S "FAMILY" PRINTING OUTFIT: Ernest Neels, 123 Grange Park Road, Leyton, Essex.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: George C. Anne, Château du Hert, près Boulogne-sur-Mer, France; H. W. Port, 48 Middle Street, Brighton; Henry Inman, 52 Mawbey Road, Old Kent Road, S.E.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNERS OF PRINTING OUTFIT as above: H. Everson, 136 Bensham Lane, Thornton Heath, Surrey; Arthur S. Martin, Fair View, Camberley, Surrey.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Harold V. Love, 5 Brandon Road, Southsea, Hants.; R. G. Davis, 54 Melody Road, West Side, Wandsworth Common, S.W.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF PRINTING OUTFIT as above: R. S. B. Porter, The New Beacon, Sevenoaks, Kent.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: Gerald Beard, Arden House, Henley-in-Arden, Warwickshire.

No. VI.—"Photographic Competition."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF "HOBBIES" 30s. CAMERA: Frank Buzard, 2 Primrose Hill Road, N.W.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: John Brooks, Newlands, Avenue Road, Doncaster; John Gray, Greenfield Cottage, Alloway, Ayr, N.B.; Charles Allan, 458 Gallowgate, Glasgow; Cyril U. Whitney, 21 Nicosia Road, Wandsworth Common, S.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: May O. Simpson, R. M. Esam, D. Robertson, John Polson, T. H. Walker, J. A. Humphreys, Rennie Hopper, J. Richardson, E. Arthur Miller.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNERS OF 10s. "SCOUT" CAMERAS: C. L. Graham, Manor House, Tonbridge; W. J. Jones, 14 Telford Avenue, Stratham Hill, S.W.; Angus Mennie, 22 Lancefield Street, Glasgow.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. M. Bateman, H. Ratcliffe, Nellie Bancroft, T. Harold Chester, Mary Chilton, H. Taylor, Claude H. Barfield, J. E. Hargrave, J. F. Iredale, Alas Poland, W. L. Taylor, W. Bennet Clark.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fourteen.)

WINNERS OF 10s. BROWNIE CAMERAS: Hubert Haward, Woodstock Corner, Bedford Park, Chiswick, W.; Frank R. Howe, 11 Culmstock Street, Clapham Common, S.W.; Alan B. Peck, 3 Rawlinson Road, Southampton.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Fred. Lindley, W. Pryce Jones, C. H. Grantham, Theo. White, S. G. Turner, H. Beattie, G. S. Neal, Jack Brooks, R. E. Dickinson, E. J. Robinson, B. N. Singleton.

"Foreign and Colonial Readers." (FEBRUARY 1908.)

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF 5s.: C. V. Hamilton, Cottlesloe, Battery Point, Hobart, Tasmania.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF 5s.: Dallas F. Grahame, 12 Lorne Crescent, Montreal, Canada.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. Goodbrand (Natal).

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

5s. DIVIDED BETWEEN: Rupert Scott, Annabrae House, Brisbane Road, Launceston, Tasmania; and Brian Harris, Oak Cottage, Naini Tal, Kumaon, India.

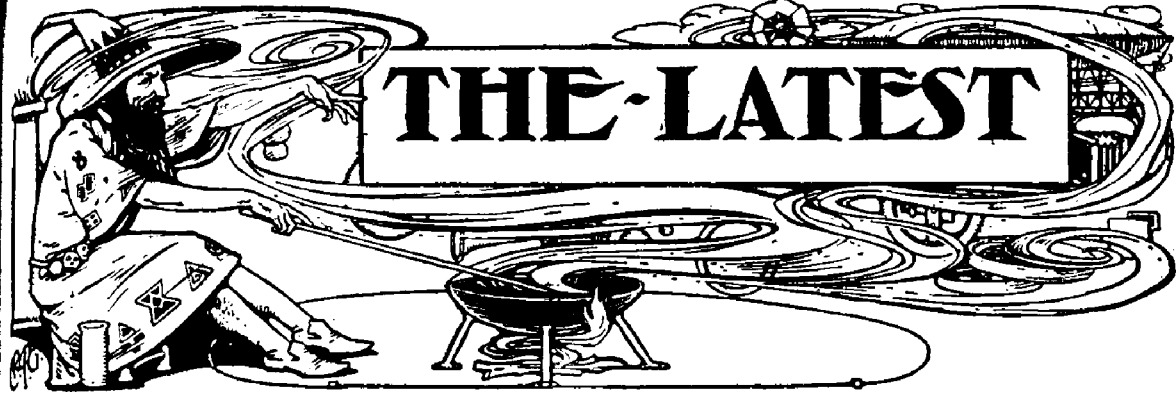
HONOURABLE MENTION: Digby Gordon Harris (India), Frederick James Daglish (Byculla, India), Frank Brierly (Trinidad), E. F. Lepplatrier (Australia).

entirely right, but a great many had only one wrong, so neatness counted considerably.

No. V.—The winning list, decided by vote, is as follows:—The Long 'Un, The Athletic Corner, The Run of the Charter Car, Lower School Yarns, The Will and the Deed, The Isle of Fortune. Next on the list came Dulwich College, the Competitions, and "My Run for Life." A good many competitors had the voted list quite right, so that neatness had again to be taken into consideration.

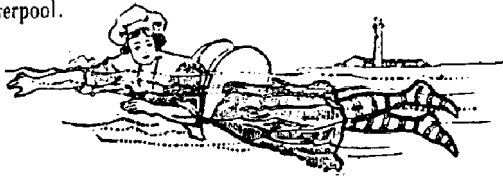
VI.—Some exceptionally good artistic effects were submitted in Class I., while the photographs in Classes II. and III. were quite up to the average.

FOREIGN AND COLONIAL READERS' COMPETITION: A photograph was successful in Class I., and in Class II. a pen and ink sketch obtained the prize, while in Class III. the award was divided between the senders of a photograph and an essay respectively. This Competition is now discontinued.



The Latest for Bathers.

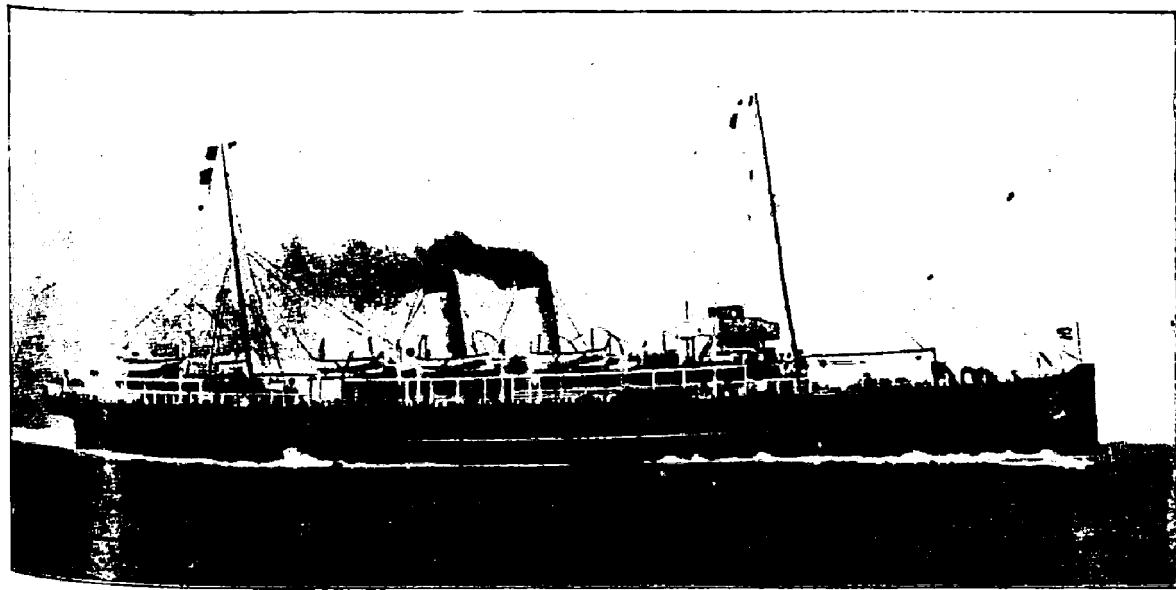
Just now everyone's thoughts are of the sea, the glorious sea. Bathers will find that "Ayyad Water Wings" afford ample opportunities for sport in the water. Moreover, they give confidence to non-swimmers, and enable them to learn quickly. They can be carried in one's pocket, and when inflated will support anyone in the water. They are to be obtained of Messrs. Molleson Hughes and Co., 27 Almond-street, Liverpool.



THE AYYAD WATER WINGS.

Turbine Steamers for the Channel Services.

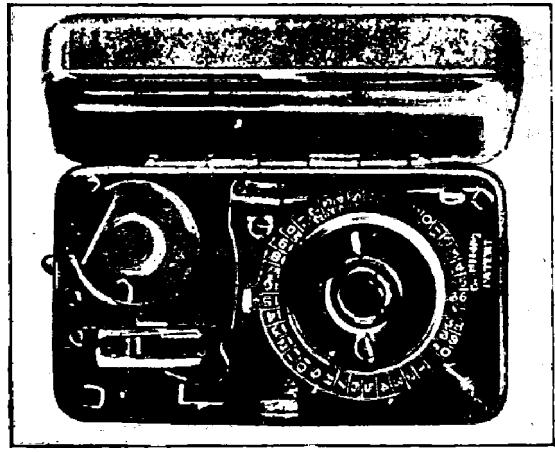
Messrs. Denny Bros., the noted shipbuilders of Dumbarton, have kindly sent THE CAPTAIN the accompanying photo of the new "turbine" steamer, which they recently built for the South Eastern and Chatham Railway. A similar vessel is now being run by the Brighton company.



THE SOUTH EASTERN AND CHATHAM RAILWAY'S NEW TURBINE STEAMER FOR THE CHANNEL SERVICES.

To Save Trouble in Saving.

By means of the "Empire" Savings Bank Money Box, recently introduced by Messrs. A. W. Gamage, Ltd., you can save any given number

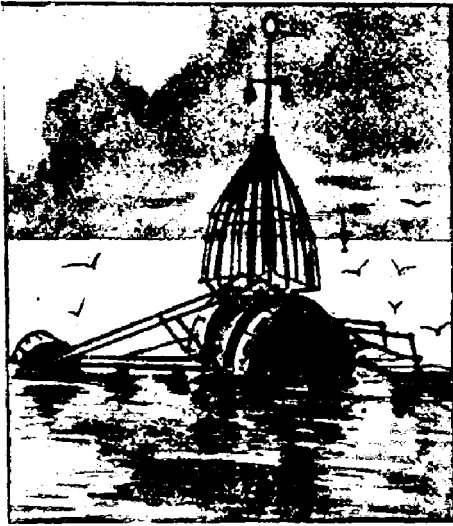


AN INGENUOUS MONEY-BOX.

of sixpences up to 40. You must make up your mind before closing the lid, for, once closed, the bank cannot be opened until it contains the requisite number. The money box costs 6d.

The Latest in Buoys.

A series of interesting experiments is now taking place in certain German harbours in connection with an electric buoy, which is lighted by an electric current generated by the action of the waves. This will be a great improvement



AN ELECTRIC BUOY.

on all existing types of electric buoys, as the wires connecting with the power house on shore are thus dispensed with. The motion of the waves is utilised to operate a small dynamo, which in turn feeds the current into a storage battery, and by this means the supply for the lamp is kept uniform, even during long spells of the calmest of weather. Bells are also attached to the buoy, so that, in the event of fog, ships may still be warned of its whereabouts.

The Coming of the Motor 'Bus.

Nineteen out of twenty Americans will tell you that one of the sights that strikes them

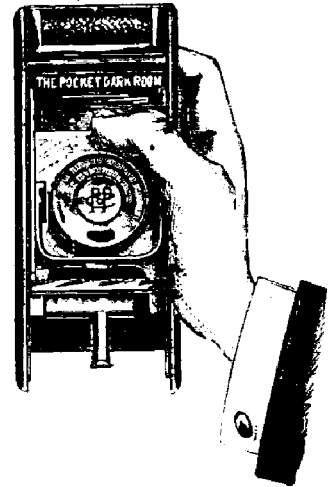


THIS TYPE OF MOTOR 'BUS WILL SOON BE A FAMILIAR SIGHT IN LONDON STREETS.

most when first visiting London is our "queer horse-drawn car"—meaning, of course, the typical London 'bus, which, in its thousands, rumbles and jolts through our principal thoroughfares. In the heart of the metropolis the street tram, such as is used to so large an extent in our provincial cities and in the U.S.A., has never been allowed to run. Consequently, the horse-drawn 'bus has multiplied and flourished. But "Tube" competition has forced the 'bus companies to look round and improve their methods of working, and one of the first results will be the use of the motor instead of the horse. Already numbers of motor 'buses, designed on what is known as the Fischer system, are being constructed for the London omnibus companies, and one of the first of these is shown in the accompanying snapshot.

The Pocket Dark Room.

Daylight loading cameras, now so popular, have at last been followed by the Pocket Dark-Room, which, in conjunction with the folding pocket-camera, completes what is aptly called "pocket-photography"; so that it is now possible for one to carry about one's person all that is required for the production of a photographic negative, the orthodox dark room being quite dispensed with.



The Pocket Dark-Room possesses several advantages over most daylight developing machines; as, in addition to the developer being inserted in daylight, each negative is treated separately, and the process of development may be observed and is fully under control. On account of its extreme portability, the Pocket Dark-Room should find great favour with cyclo-photographers, to whom weight and space are considerations. It is made by the Pocket Photography Company, Ltd., 56 Gracechurch Street, E.C., where it may be seen in operation any day between 9 a.m. and 7 p.m. The No. 1 size, now on the market, only costs 25s., and both plates and films may be developed in it.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.



MEMBER OF THE S.P.C.A. (touring in Spain): "Ha! I must make a note of this."
Drawn by Tom Browne, R.I.



THE CHIEF PERFORMER WAS A BIG, SILVER-TIP BEAR, WEDGED TIGHTLY INTO A MOLASSES BARREL.



OUR UNINVITED GUEST.

By **FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS.**

Illustrated by **E. F. SKINNER.**

IF my brother were not a very good shot with the rifle, I should not be living to tell this true story.

I am seventeen years old. We live on a horse ranch about twenty miles from Jackson's Hole, which I suppose pretty nearly everybody knows about. The country is very wild and rugged around our ranch. Great scraggly mountains that always wear white ribbons of snow in summer, stick up against the sky like thunder-heads, and some of them would be about as difficult to climb.

The adventure which befell Ferdinand and me—principally me—happened at our logging-camp in Two-Owe-Tee Pass. Last autumn father bought a large herd of Oregon half-breeds, and new corrals and winter sheds had to be built; and we had, besides, to replace our old ones. As this building would take a great many waggon-loads of pine logs, and as, in these parts, no one could be hired to handle an axe, we had to do the work ourselves; Ferdinand being a good chopper, the job of felling the timber was given to him. I was sent to help.

We went to work on the first of October. The best pine timber here grows well up on the mountains and we made camp at the edge of a belt six miles from home. We built a small pole cabin, enclosed on three sides, and stretched some ropes across the

opening to keep out horses, cattle, and wild animals.

It was what we called a "rickety" place to get down logs. The trees grew upon a steep hillside and had to be skidded down forty or fifty rods into a gulch before they could be loaded on a waggon. I helped skid the timbers and did the hauling with a four-mule team. Doing our best, we could manage only one load each day.

At our camp, built upon a flat-iron bench, we passed the evenings pleasantly. After a hard day's work we certainly enjoyed our meals, at which we had always fried venison or pine hen, with plenty of thick treacle, which we both liked to spread on our bread. Our treacle-barrel, with two or three inches of candied syrup at the bottom, was set outside the cabin with our water-barrel, and both were covered with planks which were held in place by big stones.

Cattle and horses seldom range so high in the autumn, and they did not trouble us; but at first we were bothered a good deal by bobcats. There was a big family of these familiar "stump-tails" up in the gulch, and they raided our meat on several occasions. One night two of the hungry rascals got overbold, came inside the cabin and tore down some fresh venison which we had hung up to dry. We were roused from sleep and pretty well frightened by the racket, but they scampered away with the meat before we could interfere.

That made Ferdinand angry enough. The next day he worked with unusual speed chopping in the forenoon, and so got time after dinner to go after the cats. He found four near their den. They were lying upon some rocks sunning themselves, and he shot them as fast as he could work the lever of his gun. Ferdinand is what sportsmen call a "snapshot."

The next day he killed two more cats, after watching some time for them, and a few days later he shot another that was lurking about the cabin at sunset. His good shooting rid us of the bobcats. We spent some evenings in tanning their skins, which were made into a fine lap-robe and afterwards sold for twelve dollars.

There were plenty of silver-tips and grizzlies in the pass and on the mountains, but we were not afraid of them. If bears are let alone they will not attack people. But where we were, close to the National Park, where they are not only not hunted but are allowed to forage about the government camps, they are likely to be troublesome to campers who leave things lying about. It was chiefly to keep away these big fellows, that are afraid of anything resembling a snare, that we stretched the ropes across our wide doorway.

We saw fresh bear signs now and then, but for more than three weeks not one came near our cabin. Then one morning a young silver-tip came up out of the gulch and coolly looked us over while we were working with the skids. We watched the fellow for a minute, and then Ferdinand ran for his Bullard rifle. Seeing him run down the hill, the bear ran, too, and so escaped any harm. We knew then there was a family of bears somewhere near and that we might expect a call from Mrs. Ephraim at any time.

I saw her first; and I have some scars to certify to the fact; but at the outset my sight of her was merely comical. I was made aware of the she-bear's arrival by the

bucking of my lead mules. Just as I was driving out of the chaparral to our bench these mules, "Long Tom" and "Whitey," began to jump furiously. They were out of their traces and into the bushes in a trice. The big, steady wheelers, however, brought them to a standstill.

I soon discovered what had frightened them so. On the bench a few rods from the cabin a bear was doing tumbling that surprised me more than anything of the sort that I saw in Hagenback's Menagerie at the World's Fair.

My bear was not on a barrel, but *in one*; and in trying to get out she was bobbing and rolling round, every now and then breaking into a frantic, wobbling dance, so funny that it made me scream with delight. I got my team hitched among the bush and ran to take part in a "circus" which I think no boy could have resisted. The chief performer was a big silver-tip bear, whose head and shoulders were wedged tightly into a treacle barrel stout enough to resist tons of pressure. So long as the barrel held together the bear was perfectly helpless to do any harm, so I had no fear in going as close as I could get and watching the free performance. It was easy to guess what had happened.

Mrs. Ephraim had overturned our treacle barrel and gone into it after the sweets. She had forced herself into the barrel until she could reach the bottom with her snout, and had quickly licked up the last grain of treacle. Then she had tried to back out, and the barrel, of course, had backed with her. Then, getting frightened, she had begun to rear, with the result that her bulging shoulders were hooped tighter than a drum.

I started to run to the cabin to get Ferdinand's rifle; but just then the bear was tumbling about close to a pitch of the gulch, and I was afraid she would fall over. I did not want the sport to end so soon; and, besides, I saw a chance to get a good bear-skin robe without much effort. So I ran in behind her, kicked her legs hard, and shouted like a Shoshone Indian in order to turn her back.

She turned and went a little way back from the edge of the gulch then, but, not being able to see, tripped over a root and lost her footing.

When the confused animal fell upon her side I rolled the barrel toward the cabin until she set her hind claws into the ground and got the best of me. In the excitement I got my boot-leg torn and a skin-scratch on

the calf, but I had a great deal of fun getting her back to the cabin.

Then I went inside for the gun, but found that Ferdinand had taken it up on the mountain. So I shouted to him to come quick and bring the rifle. By this time the bear was wobbling and tumbling toward the gulch again.

I shouted and jerked this way and that, in the struggle to keep the bear up on the level ground. Her whoopings and gruntings in the barrel sounded like a big dog barking in a bass drum. In my excitement I felt no fear, but enjoyed the performance and laughed till my sides ached. I believed that I had discovered a sure way to trap grizzlies,



SHE ROLLED ME OVER AND THRUST HER UGLY MUZZLE RIGHT IN MY FACE.

As quickly as I could I got a rope and managed to tangle it about one of her free legs. My lariat was too short to manage both legs, or I could have upset her completely. I did not dare throw it over the barrel, for fear of liberating her, so—she at one end of the rope, I at the other—we swung round like an Italian with a dancing bear.

and resolved that I would put out molasses-barrels all over the mountains.

But, in spite of all my pulling and hauling, the bear pretty soon began to go downhill. Then there was an exciting time. Bear and barrel would fall and roll over and over until my tugging at the rope brought their heads downhill. Then the bear's legs would

work like piston-rods until she swung herself round and rolled again. But she could not get upon her feet. All this time, I suppose, she was growing more and more angry, but as her forefeet and legs were tightly covered by the barrel, she had no way of showing her rage except by dancing more and more frantically and bellowing into the barrel.

At last we tumbled down into a pocket in the midst of a growth of young quaking-asps. Most of the trees were small, and there was a good deal of underbrush; but some of the young aspens were several inches in diameter and able to offer a very fair leverage. Still, I did not see any more danger there than on the higher ground; and as it lessened the chances of the bear's going over the side of the gulch, I was rather glad she had dropped into the pocket.

Here, however, the bear got to her legs again and tore round frightfully. The way she thrashed among the bushes was wonderful, and she seemed to know what she was doing, too. Before I had time to think, she caught the chimes of the barrel between two trees in a squeeze that burst it open and set her free to face me as I stood there empty-handed. The tables were turned, indeed!

Her first motion after she was free was to cuff the barrel, and she sent what was left of it—a big, forty-gallon cask—twirling over the tops of the bushes as a boy would fling a humming-top. Then rearing, she clawed at my face. The sight she presented, with head and shoulders smeared with molasses, might have made more fun for me if matters had not suddenly become so serious.

As it was, I turned to run; but the bear caught me with a blow on the shoulder that threw me headlong to the ground. I fell upon my breast, and instinct, as I think, made me instantly bury my face in my arms and draw in my head like a turtle.

The bear charged savagely and set her teeth into my right shoulder. That was an awful minute. I felt her terrible tusks going through my clothes and into my flesh; and heard my collar-bone break as plainly as I could have heard the snapping of a stick under foot.

In spite of wanting to scream with the pain, I had sense enough to set my teeth and pretend to be dead. The savage old she-bear shook me for a few seconds, and it is a fact that the shaking seemed to paralyse me and lessen my suffering—just as Doctor Livingstone was affected when the lion shook him in Africa—but I still knew quite well what was going on. Finding my body limp like a

dead thing, the bear loosened her jaws and sniffed me over, as if to determine whether her prey were good to eat.

She growled savagely and "whoofed" two or three times, as if daring me to stir and show myself alive; then she rolled me over with her snout and thrust her ugly muzzle right into my face. Ugh! I can feel that cold, sticky nose yet, whenever I think about it, and the remembrance makes the shivers run down my back.

I dared not stir a muscle. I held my breath till she turned to look up toward the cabin. She seemed to be considering whether it were best to stay in that vicinity any longer. Any one can imagine how fervently I hoped she would decide to retreat.

She did retreat, but she took me with her. First, however, she walked all round me several times, sniffing at me every time. Then she walked a few steps away, to the place where the staves of the wrecked molasses-barrel lay. These she pawed over and sniffed, as if she wanted to find out what it was that had held her prisoner so long; or perhaps she thought there might be some live thing hidden there.

All this time I lay perfectly still, watching her out of the corner of my eye, and hoping every minute she would start for her den and her young ones.

Instead of that, she came back to me. I felt the grip of her jaws upon my arm, and the next instant she was dragging me down through the bushes into the cañon. I cannot tell all that I thought in that awful time. I tried not to think, but only to hang from the bear's jaws a dead-weight, and so to save my life as long as possible.

I knew perfectly well that the beast was dragging me away to some den or safe retreat, where she and her cubs could devour me at leisure. My only hope of escape was the chance that she might drop me somewhere for dead and go to find her young ones.

Down through the chaparral the old beast dragged me. The brush scratched my face and hands and now and then she caught her claws in my coat and tore them out, pinching my arm dreadfully as she pulled. I suppose I know how it feels to have an arm roughly amputated, for the paralysis of feeling was passing off and I was in horrible pain.

I was glad when we reached the dry bed of the cañon, for there the bear dragged me easily over the sand. She carried me up the bed now, going at a shuffling half-trot, just as a hog carries a chicken by the wing and with as little trouble.

The pain in my arm and shoulder got worse and worse, and that, with my fright, must have made me half-delirious, for about all I can remember of thinking, near the end of the terrible half-mile over which the brute dragged me, was no thinking at all, but just a foolish rhyme that ran buzzing in my brain:—

See-saw, teteraw,
Eat 'em raw,
Eat 'em raw.

Just these silly verses jangled in my mind as I was lugged like a bedraggled chicken over the sand.

I felt neither surprise nor elation when I saw Ferdinand running on the trail behind us; but I remember that his face, almost black with exertion, had a tense and terrible look which gave me a curious thrill, and that when he shouted at the bear there was something awful in the tone.

When she dropped me to look back and threaten the new enemy, I ventured to raise my head. I saw my brother stop and fling his gun up exactly as he does in shooting at blacktail deer on the run; and as the bear stood over me it seemed to me that I was

looking straight into the muzzle of his rifle. There was a puff of smoke, the sharp "whang!" of the gun, and before my mind had sufficiently recovered from its daze, so that I could fully realise what was going on, Ferdinand lifted me up and began rocking me back and forth in his arms.

"Oh, you poor boy, you poor, dear boy!" he kept saying, not knowing that he was hurting my wounded arm and shoulder. He cried like a whipped child.

He could not realise at first that I was neither dead nor dying. He had heard my shouts, but had been a long way up the mountain. He had come at a run, discovered quickly what had happened, and followed us as fast as he could.

His practice at snap-shooting very likely saved both our lives, for the bear was stoned, with a bullet shot true to the brain.

I had to be carried all the way back to the cabin, and when Ferdinand got me home I was in a high state of fever. I was ill for about three weeks. I wish I could say that we had saved that old she-bear's skin, but I cannot, for the wolves had torn her all to pieces when Ferdinand went back to the cañon.



THE IRONY OF FATE.

By SYBIL REID.

LOUIS A. JOHNS.

THE editor leant back in his chair and turned over the typewritten sheets with a contented grunt.

"Good work," he said, and

groped for a cigarette on the table, while his eyes still followed the words before him.

"Good work—and straight out of the workshop, with the smell of the wood-shavings about it, too."

He found a cigarette and lit it.

"More, more, more about yourself, my unknown friend," he said.

He was a lean, middle-aged man, with the dim wraith of past hard training under an open sky still about him—an alert quickness of eye and turn of shoulder that were never bred among pens and ink.

He wore the air of a suave commissioner of Bond Street who hands you into your cab with the medals of other days and other manners upon his breast.

He was the editor of a weekly which dealt with field sports and whose standard was admittedly high.

"I wonder," he said confidentially to his cigarette—"I wonder what sort of chap John Buxton is. I think I can guess. He writes of cricket as if he'd been there, and knew every turn of the game without any of that familiarity and introspection that gives most writers' work away. By no stretch of imagination could you call this man a writer and nothing more. One—two—three, if not four, 'ands' in three lines! Rank bad construction, but you forgive it all. He's a biggish hard-fisted fellow with a large voice and a general atmosphere of grass and peat smoke about him."

He laid the article down and gave a little sigh. He had been like that himself five-and-twenty years ago.

He sighed again as he thought of his son at home—a delicate, difficult child of twelve, who fulfilled none of his father's unspoken dreams, and for whom that father was working day and night.

He began to write a letter to John Buxton.

"Perhaps," he said, "John Buxton is none of these things. Perhaps John Buxton is a young woman."

He laughed, and returned to the letter with renewed zest.

"It remains to be seen," he said, as he signed his name, "whether the bait will be taken."

The letter was to ask the unknown writer who had caught the editor's fancy to give the editor a call.

Two days later an answer came, written in an ambiguous hand that might hail from either sex.

John Buxton was sorry, but he was unavoidably absent from town. He was glad the editor liked his first article and was sending another.

"Hum," said the editor.

Later on he ran through the article, and found it so much to his liking that he wrote suggestions for more, which came in due course.

"This isn't a woman," said the editor. "This chap isn't a woman. They don't turn their sentences so, bless them!"

He dropped John Buxton's latest contribution and looked up at the square of drab sky above his head. "*Magdalen elms and Trinity limes,*" he quoted softly—"I must meet this chap. He brings things back. Arthur will like him. He is really quite keen on his things: keener than I have seen him for some time. Only, poor little chap,

he said last night, 'He's strong and well, and perhaps I shall hate him. Only I'll try not to. Ask him to come and see me.'"

He took up his pen.

"I suppose we are both busy men," he wrote, "but I may get an hour or two off on the first day of Gentlemen v. Players. I hope we may meet in the pavilion."

John Buxton's reply was terse but cordial.

He would in all probability be sitting at the south corner near the flagstaff, and should be glad if they came across each other.

Twice on that hot afternoon the editor accosted limber brown-faced youths, who grinned cheerily and said: "No—I'm not John Buxton. That's all right!"—and let them go again.

The day waned. The advancing shadow of the pavilion swallowed up grateful "long on"—the shaft of sun at the corner of Block D crept round and went out.

The hardest hitter in England was batting, and old gentlemen, whose spurs—won on the same green field—were long rusted, chuckled and crowed and beat adjacent substances with umbrellas, while a pleasant hum went up all round the ground.

The editor looked at the clock resentfully, and slowly picked up his stick. He had forgotten John Buxton in that last merry half-hour, but now he cast one more glance over the benches.

A pale deformed man, between thirty and forty, blocked his course to the gangway.

The editor tripped a little over a pair of crutches and apologised with real regret.

Then he suddenly paused and sat down again.

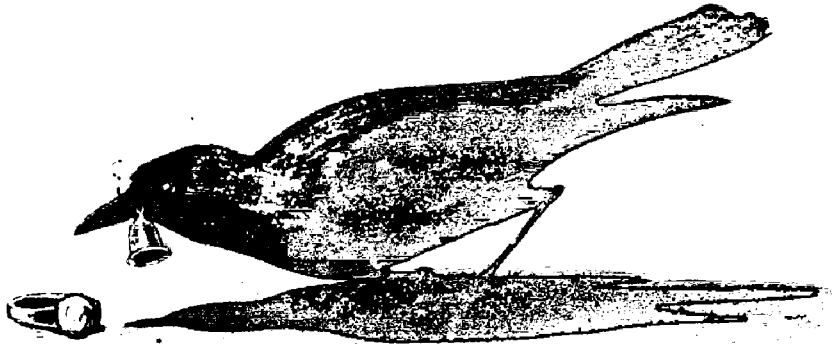
"Mr. Buxton?" he said, quite as if he had expected it all along, and to his last hour he will be glad there was no ring of surprise in his voice.

"Yes," said the cripple, rather slowly and faintly, but with a smile—"I am."

It was not what the editor had expected: it was absolutely and unspeakably different.

This white-faced man with the twisted figure and tired, old man's voice presented no conceivable suggestion of that strong virile writing—that had brought a gleam of light—"a sun of other days"—into a grey editorial office.

Nevertheless, it was with a contented mind that the editor, half-an-hour later, drove back to his only son with John Buxton and his crutches beside him.



COWAH'S REVENGE

by E. Cockburn Reynolds

IT was an Indian spring. The air sang with life. Scent of mangoe, orange, and sirris blossoms came in one delightful blending to the senses; scarcely a tree or bush that was not a mass of bloom, while myriads of butterflies floated through the air like flowers flying from tree to tree. Green parrots flung across the sky like emeralds from a sling. The purple sun-bird dazzled the eye, rapidly darting to and fro; and against the dark mangoe green the orioles flashed their gold. Nature's living gems and fairest raiment clothed the world, for it was spring and the love time of the year; every bird knew it, from Koel, the cuckoo, whose love-song rose in sweet crescendo, now far, now near, to Cowah, the crow, whose hoarse croak was just as musical to his mate, and full of the joy of life. For, the time being suitable, Cowah was building his nest; he had built others; but for Cowah's wife this was the first. It was her first season, and she had never experienced anything like the thrill of pride that filled her as she sat on the top rail of a fence and watched Cowah fight six fierce battles for the honour of being her mate. And when he had sent the sixth combatant sick and hopeless from the field, she put her head under his neck to show that he was her chosen lord and that she submitted to him. Thus their simple marriage ceremony was completed. Then with quick, skilful touches she pulled out the torn, broken feathers, and put his plumage straight; and bringing sweet water from the well in her craw gave him to drink.

Cowah was a robber, a looting pindaree, a pirate of the air. This was not his fault. Nature chose his profession for him, and, finding it agreeable, Cowah made no objection.

He had seen all the towns that lay between Lahore and Benares, and had had adventures by the score. So the bold Buccaneer, like Othello of old, won the admiration of his wife by tales of travel and derring do. And she, to whom all the world was new, sat on her nest drinking in every word, happy in the thought that she had found so valiant a champion for a mate.

Feeling he was a great hero in the eyes of another made Cowah anxious to show off his valour on all occasions. Soon the whole garden knew that Cowah had a nest in the sirris tree, for he would allow none to approach it. He had ripped feathers off the back of Chiel the kite; almost worried to death a Koel, which had come round with an egg in her beak, anxious to find a foster-mother; and torn clawfuls of hair out of the head of a little English boy who would have climbed up for the five speckled eggs of which Cowah and his wife were so proud.

The sirris tree, with its scented powder-puffs, had been well chosen, for it was in the corner of the commissioner's garden, and almost at its roots lay the cook-house. From thence many a tit-bit was thrown to the birds of the air, and Cowah, living next door, so to speak, was always first in the field. When the days got warmer it was hard work flying round to the bazaar and the cantonments looking for loot. Also, the five blue eggs

gave place to five very large mouths that clamoured all day, and could not be satisfied. So the bold pindaree looted the cook-house, and taught his wife to assist him in his wickedness. Watch them now trying to circumvent the much-harassed cook. Seated on the threshold of the kitchen, they have ascertained that the cook is too busy to notice them. Cowah's wife makes a pretence of trying to fly away with a bag of flour, and when the cook turns in her direction Cowah pounces on the real object of their raid, the egg-basket, and, before the cook can prevent him, is flying out of the room with an egg in his bill, cleverly dodging the chopper that is flung at his head. So enraged is the cook at the robbery that he does not notice till too late that the other crow has returned through the window and is now making off with another egg to the nest in the sirris tree, from which they will croak derisively at the man as they feast upon their plunder.

The cook glares at the nest with a muttered vow of vengeance, and slowly re-enters his smoky den.

But Kareem, the cook, was not a man to be played with. Black-browed, morose, and silent, even the head, Khansama, stood a little in awe of him. He was a solitary man without wife or child, nor any friend among the servants. And many were the stories in crow-land of the cruelties he had practised on crows.

The day after, Cowah and his wife came again, intent on plunder. The five little Cowahs were putting on feathers, and this seemed to make them hungrier than ever, and their fond parents had to work hard.

Cowah settled on the windowsill, and his wife on the threshold. The cook was busy and took no notice. On the block were lying a few pieces of mutton, while some more of the meat lay minced up beside it in a most tempting pile. The two crows looked at the cook, then at the meat, and then, with an intelligent glance at each other, quietly sidled towards the meat block till they were near enough to make a dash for it. So far, the cook did not seem to know what was going on behind him, but kept bending over his cooking-pots and playing with a piece of string which seemed tied to a beam. Cowah had already seized a piece of meat when there was a little click, click, like something falling. Both crows dashed for the nearest opening. Too late! alas! A cleverly-hung net had fallen over both door and window, and they were prisoners. The cook-house was not big,

and the wild chase round the room soon ended in the capture of Cowah. His wife had knocked her head against a beam, and fell stunned to the floor. The cook disregarded her for a minute or two, which was her saving, for from her lowly position she discovered she lay close to a hole in the wall, a drain for waste water. Without loss of time she crept through it like a rat, and was free once more. The cook, having placed his captive under a basket, commenced to look for Cowah's wife under saucepans and behind boxes; her mysterious disappearance was a sore puzzle to him. Even when his eye fell upon the water-hole he could not believe that a bird as large as a crow could get through such a tiny rat-hole of a drain.

Poor Cowah lay under the basket, which had been carefully weighted above, and conjured up all the horrible deaths that he had heard human beings had dealt out to crows, and shivered when he thought of the awful reputation of the cook. He was soon taken out of the basket, and the fiendish grin on the face of the man nearly made Cowah faint, for it seemed to imply that some new and ingenious method of torture had suggested itself. Slowly the cook undid a small coil of brass wire and then snipped off a piece with a pair of shears; the sound of that snip made Cowah's blood run colder still, if that were possible. Then from a shelf he took a tiny brass bell, tiny to a man but monstrous to a crow, and this he attached to the upper part of the bill of the crow, using the nostrils as a convenient gap to pass the wire through. At sight of the bell and wire the hopes of Cowah revived. Then he was not going to die a horrible death after all.

The cook knew well a dead crow is soon forgotten, but a living crow with a bell attached to his bill would warn others to beware of the cook; and the tinkling would herald the presence of this stealthy thief should he have the audacity to try and steal again.

Cowah spread his broad wings in the sun and rejoiced to have got off so lightly. True, there was the dead-weight of the bell and its worrying tinkle as he flew, but what mattered that so long as he was alive and unmaimed and could have revenge! *revenge!!*

Then, as he flew, another thought occurred to him, and he dived into the dark foliage of a mango tree. Should his brother crows see him in this disfigured state they would swarm in hundreds to hear the details of his story, and put him to death if they thought he was really maimed or hurt. But

for a wonder his ever-watchful brothers did not catch sight of this disfigured crow.

And he sat reviewing the situation gloomily for a few minutes. Suddenly came piercing cries of sore distress from the sirris tree. Surely that was not the little wife crying for help! Some awful danger must menace her and the five sweet little Cowahs. Forgetting his own ludicrous appearance, Cowah, with a few strong strokes of the wing, soon reached the sirris tree. There was no doubt of the danger being real. Ha'f-way up the tree was the cook with a long bamboo-making savage thrusts at the nest which contained all that was precious in this world to Cowah and his wife.

Now was the time to show valour, and Cowah was not found wanting.

With a battle cry of "To the rescue, Brothers!" he swooped down on the enemy and tore away his turban and some hair in his claws. Again and again he swooped and scratched and tore at Kareem, but the man, with a fiendish grin, kept stabbing at the nest with the bamboo; and in spite of the battalion of crows which launched themselves on the air at Cowah's battle cry, and helped all they could to discomfort and bewilder the cook, the man succeeded in breaking up the nest. And the five little Cowahs, one after another, dropped fifty feet to the ground below. They were ugly little beggars, covered with quills, like some species of porcupine; yet Cowah and his wife had loved them very, very much, and it was with heavy hearts they left their little lifeless bodies to the swarm of red ants that poured out of their nest at the root of the tree.

Then Cowah had to run the gauntlet of many enquiries about his bell. They would



have made fun of him, no doubt, but for his great trouble. The tinkle of the bell maddened him at times, and also frightened his wife. So he spent the intervals between hunting for loot in planning a revenge on the cook. A grand comprehensive revenge that would satisfy two bereaved parents.

He had noticed the cook shut himself up within the cook-house after he had sent up tiffin, or the midday meal. No doubt it was to sleep, as most natives do; but Cowah determined to watch.

One day he crept into a space between the walls of the cook-house and the tiles, and lay there watching. The cook, having cleaned up his pots and pans, lay on his bed in meditation, but just when Cowah thought he was dropping off to sleep he got up, and going to another part of the wall he climbed up and pulled out of a recess at the top a small bag or reticule called a butwa, which he opened and commenced to examine. It was full of jewels, rings, bracelets, ear and nose ornaments; but conspicuous among these was a ring with a huge green emerald set in it, which shone like a green electric light in the darkness of the cook-room. Only once



CLEVERLY DODGING THE CHOPPER THAT IS FLUNG AT HIS HEAD.

before had Cowah seen such a gem, but he could not remember where. How the cook fondled that gem! He laughed at it, he kissed it, called it love names, and hid it in his bosom. Three times he put it away, and as often he drew it out again to take one last glance at it. Then he put the butwa away reluctantly, and lay down for a little sleep.

gem, and also found time to thrash a few young hooligans of crows who were chivvying an old owl.

It was morning. The cook sat outside his den in the sunshine: he had just bathed at the well, and was anointing his locks with cocoanut oil, with the help of a small round mirror and a wooden comb.

He heard a slight tinkle, and looking up saw a crow a few paces away with a bell hanging from its beak. He recognised his enemy, and grinned his shark-like grin.

"Ha, ha! Thou art no longer the stealthy thief thou wast. Now thy bell like the town-crier's tells all of your arrival! That was a good day's work. I shall buy some more bells, for there are——"

He suddenly stopped talking, his gaze riveted and his features as rigid as stone; for the crow had something else in his beak besides the bell. It was a ring with a large green emerald that flashed like living fire in the morning sun.

Surely it could not be the——

He dashed his comb and glass aside and rushed into the cook-room. In half a minute he returned with the wild look of a madman. The ring was gone, there could be no mistake about that. But how the bird had got it was a mystery.

Ten paces away the crow played with the jewel, then dropped it indifferently on the

ground and began turning over pebbles for insects.

The cook dashed forward to regain his gem, but the bird was quicker than he, and picking it up in his bill flew away to the well curb. The cook gave chase with wild cries



AGAIN AND AGAIN HE SWOOPED AND SCRATCHED AND TORE AT KAREEM.

When he was quite asleep, Cowah flew across the room with as little tinkle as possible, opened the loosely-tied bag, abstracted the ring, and stealthily withdrew to an old tamarind tree near by, full of holes, owls and flying foxes. He found a hiding place for his

and hooting, hoping to scare the bird into dropping the gem.

The crow flew again and sat on the cross-bar of the well, and the cook stopped still, his face a deathly colour under his dark skin. What if the bird should drop the ring into that pit of blackness sixty feet deep! His heart stood still.

The crow put down the gem on the cross-bar, and began pecking the wood with its bill. Then something small and shining fell into the well. The cook reached the well at a bound and craned his neck over the edge. So quick was he that he heard an echo of the faint splash of the something that had fallen into the water. The bird had gone. He quivered and palpitated with excitement.

"Ah!" he sobbed, "perhaps it is safer in the well than in the bill of that devil bird. Perhaps I shall be able to drag the well without knowledge of others—but what if I do not find it? Ahi! Ram, Ram, I shall go mad."

But there was no time for madness; the breakfast and dinner had to be cooked for the sahib. Yet the cook sat on the well curb, a cloth over his head and face, stupefied with grief. The Khansama came in search of him, but he could not cook, he was ill, a substitute would have to be found. All day long the cook sat on the well, and at evening pretended to go to sleep on the curb, and at night, when others were asleep, he commenced his dragging operations with a brass vessel tied to a rope. In the dim moonlight he sifted the mud slowly through his trembling fingers, every now and again glancing over his shoulder to see no one was watching him.

Every time the night watchman on his beat came round the bungalow in his direction, he pretended to be asleep under the cloth.

Through many weary hours he toiled with frenzied haste, but found nothing. Now and again something glinted in the moonlight, and he snatched at it, only to find it was a piece of broken glass. Would he never find the ring? A cloud swallowed up the moon and plunged him in darkness—he swore, but did not cease from groping in the pulp of mud and dead leaves. Glass cut his fingers; strange loathsome things that live in well bottoms crawled over his hands, but he heeded them not. The morning light began to show in the sky when he paused from his labours. The well curb was a mass of filth, which he made haste to throw back into the

well again, as it was the only way he could get rid of it before the others were up. Then he drew water and washed the place down.

"The Bhistee will wonder why his well is so muddy," he said to himself with a mirthless grin, as he crawled to his cook-house and tried to sleep.

As for Cowah, his dreams were full of plans for revenge. But something woke him up rather rudely. It was an owl. This annoyed him very much, because he was sure he was in for a fight in semi-darkness.

"Do not fear me, O my enemy," said the owl. "It was you who saved me from the young crows yesterday; I know you by the bell in your nose. I have come to give you thanks, that is all."

"Then I wish you had chosen the daytime for your visit."

"Remember my infirmities, O Cowah. I cannot see in the sunlight. Thus I was almost killed that day, but for your help. You, too, have been in the hands of your enemies. Hoot! Hoooo!"

"Go," said Cowah, angrily. "I would sleep."

"I go," said Ooloo, the owl. "But he is a bad man, that cook. Could men see the strange things I see at night they would put him away from their midst with irons on his wrists. Hoot! Hooo! Farewell."

"Stay awhile," cried Cowah, now wide-awake and much interested. "What have you seen him do?"

"Hoot! Hooo!" laughed the owl. "I have seen him creep out of the compound when all the servants were asleep, and I have seen him break into the houses of the rich and come away with gems, beautiful gems, in his hands."

"Ha! can you mention one such house?"

"The house of the banker, Pearee Lall, was the last he robbed, about a month ago. Hoot! Hooo! I have watched. Hoot! Hooo! I see many things."

"Now I remember where I saw that emerald ring before," thought Cowah. "It was on the finger of the banker, to be sure." But he said nothing aloud, only thanked the owl for his information.

"It is nothing! It is nothing!" said Ooloo. "Many are the strange sights I see at night. Hoot! Hoot!" And with a weird chuckle Ooloo departed on his noiseless wings.

For that day Cowah had a great plan in which his wife was to help. So he took the

ring, which he had only pretended to drop down the well, and flew to the top of the cook-house, where he waited patiently. At last his wife joined him.

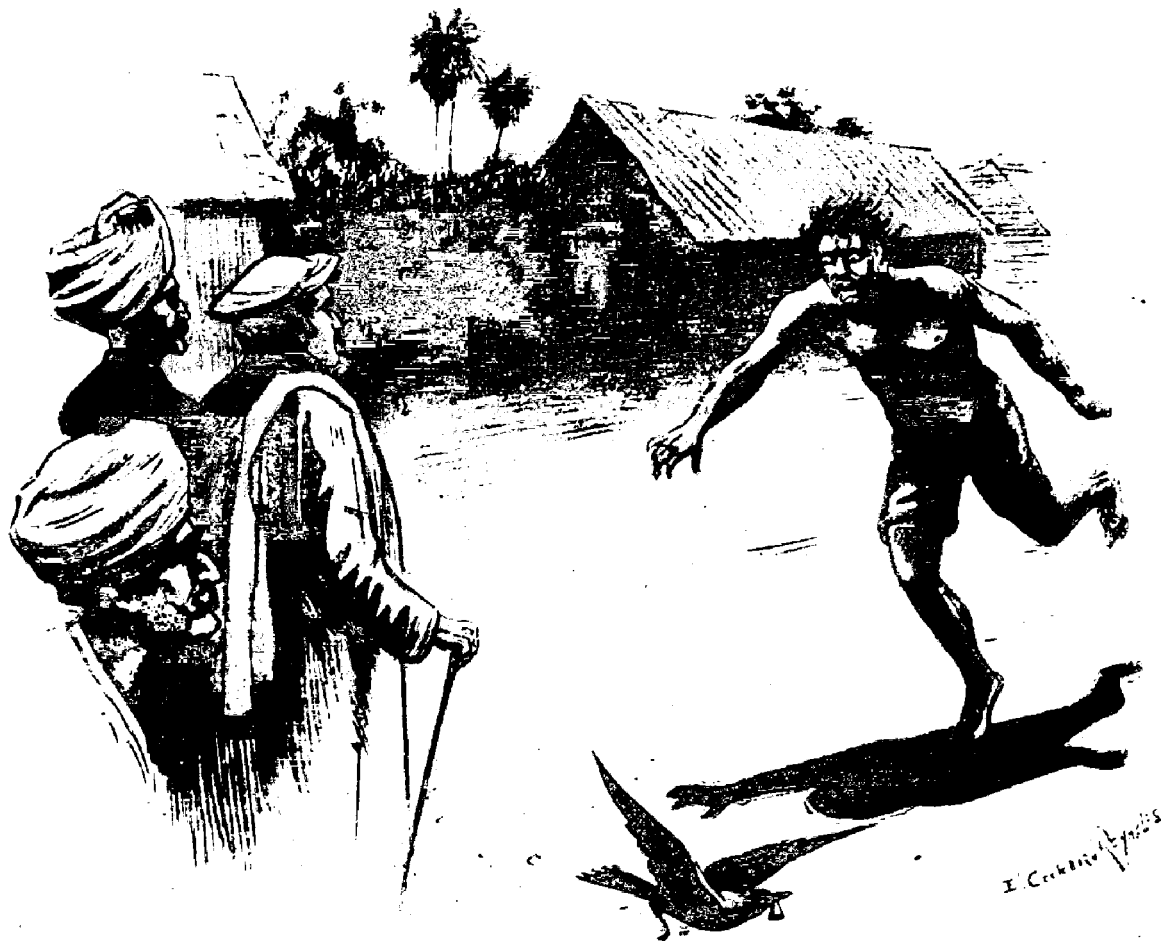
"Has he started?"

"Yes."

The cook was dishing up breakfast—assisted by both Khansamas, for his master was in a hurry—when he heard the tinkle of a bell outside and moved to the door. The next instant he had dropped a plate, and with wild cries was giving chase to a crow.

his great astonishment he saw the object of his wrath, the cook, turbanless and coatless, with wildly dishevelled locks, chasing a crow with a bell in its beak instead of sending up the breakfast for which he had made so many urgent demands. He shouted to him, but the man took no heed; only chased the bird, which flew a little distance and settled on the ground till the cook drew near, when he would fly again a little further, and yet again a little further.

Pearce Lall, the banker, was coming down



KAREEM RUSHED UP WILDLY WITH EYES FOR NOTHING BUT THE GEM.

"Brother, hast thou ever seen madness?" asked the head Khansama of the other.

"Think you he is mad?"

"Or touched with sun. Else why should he leave his work to chase crows? Look at him now. Hear him begging the crow to return his property—a bell he bought for a pice."

The commissioner strode angrily up and down the verandah, for breakfast was late and he wanted to be away on business. To

the road with two stalwart jowans following him, his bodyguard and money-bearers. Suddenly he perceived one, to all appearances mad, who ran wildly after a crow, cursing and praying it to relinquish something. The bird, which had a bell hanging from its beak, alighted a few yards in front of the banker, put something on the ground, and flew away. It was a ring with a great emerald set in it, and Pearce Lall recognised it instantly as the one which had

been stolen from him. He was about to pick it up when Kareem rushed up wildly, and, with eyes for nothing but the gem, flung himself upon it, calling it his child, his lost love, his recovered beauty.

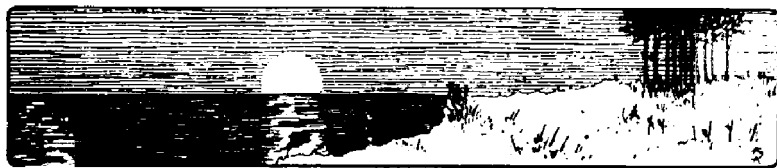
Then he came to himself, as the banker sternly demanded whence he had got the gem. Slowly he raised his eyes, and seemed for the first time to comprehend that there were others present. The banker repeated his question, but Kareem stared dumbly at him. Then said Pearee Lall:—

"Where such a beautiful gem comes from there may be more. Ho! Chowkedar, you

policemen are good at finding hidden treasure—let us go to this man's house and see if we can find some more gems like this, which is so strangely like one of mine."

In the end the cruel cook was found to be also a great thief, and was put away from amongst men with irons on his wrists, even as Ooloo said.

And the year being still young Cowah and his wife built another nest in the sirris tree, and were very happy; for now there was, in the cook-house, a fat, ease-loving cook, who hardly troubled to drive the crows from the ghee pot and the rice deckchy.



"THE INSTITUTE OF BANKERS" EXAMINATIONS.

TO those readers of *THE CAPTAIN* who are destined to experience the joys and discomforts of a bank clerk's life, perhaps a short description of these examinations may not be unwelcome.

The tests of knowledge in question are held annually in April at centres deemed suitable by the "Institute" authorities; there are now over 130 centres at which candidates may sit, and as these are distributed over almost every district in England, all bank clerks have easy access to the examination rooms.

Under the existing regulations, the examinations are divided into two parts, embracing a preliminary stage, and another (final) of a more advanced character, and consist of political economy, practical banking, commercial law, book-keeping, and two optional subjects, viz., French and German, together with two subjects, arithmetic and algebra, and commercial history and geography, which are completed by one examination. Members have the option, a valuable option, too, of taking up one subject or more as they choose at one exam., and completing the course at subsequent examinations. Each year they continue to attract an increasing number of candidates, and there is no doubt that they have won a greater prestige than any other commercial examination held in this country; this is proved by the active co-operation of the Manchester and Liverpool Institutes, and by the vastly increased attention given them

by many public educational bodies, such as the City of London College and the London School Board. Almost all the large banks in the United Kingdom attach great importance to the passing of these examinations, which probably will become compulsory, and recognise the success of candidates when considering matters of promotion, rises in salary, etc. Moreover, the majority encourage their clerks to enter, in various ways, often by rewarding them with cash presents at the time of passing, and by providing libraries of books necessary and suitable for the required study. Each year prizes are awarded by the Institute, and certificates are given both for the preliminary and final stages; also lecturers are sent to many of our large towns to hold classes, free to members, in subjects instructive and interesting to the banking community. At the end of the course the lecturer holds an examination, and many prizes are given to successful candidates. The subscription to the Institute is 10s. 6d. per annum, and frequently the banks pay their clerks' subscriptions. A journal, nine parts to the year, is published, free to members, full of interesting and useful information. Most bank clerks have some spare time, and I am certain that they cannot do better than devote part of it to studying for these exams.; it is simply converting spare time into capital.

The Institute's offices are 34, Clement's Lane, E.C.

W. A. OLDFIELD.



By CAPTAIN CHARLES PRÓTHEROE.

ILLUSTRATED BY E. S. HODGSON.

JIM HARVEY ships as mate of the *Aurora*, of which the notorious "Bully" Harker is skipper. A word and a blow is Jim's character. He is no respecter of persons, as "Bully" Harker learns to his great discomfiture soon after setting sail. Thenceforth Harker watches him with a malignant eye. One of the crew, Tom Nichols, relates the story of the strange disappearance in the Solomons of Jim's predecessor, who was given out by Harker as kidnapped by natives. Rather than fall a victim to Harker's hate, Jim leaves the ship one night in an open boat, and drifts in the direction of New Guinea. He reaches an island, and establishes himself in great authority with the natives through driving off some of their belligerent neighbours with the aid of his rifle. The island chief makes friends with him, but he incurs the jealousy of Gawan, a native, who is in love with the old chief's daughter. Visiting a neighbouring island with the old chief and his daughter, Jim makes a great find of pearls. By keeping his discovery secret, he sees his way to amassing a big fortune out of these pearls. The chief and his daughter help him. When Jim has got together a good number of pearls, he returns to Sydney, purchases a small cutter, and again goes pearl-fishing. In all, he makes four visits to the "Isle of Fortune," and at last finds he has obtained about all the pearls to be had there. Sail is therefore set for home by way of the Solomons, and, as fate ordains it, lying off the very island where his predecessor was reported to have been kidnapped, Harvey comes plump upon Harker's ship, the *Aurora*.

CHAPTER XVI.

"THE BEST LAID SCHEMES O' MICE AND MEN
GANG AFT AGLEY."

THE mild suggestion of the Parson's that we might want our guns seemed reasonable enough, and, as we headed up to pass round the reef, each man had his Winchester lying on the deck, ready to snatch up at an instant's notice.

I was gazing long and earnestly at the old *Aurora*, to see if I could find premonitory symptoms of a warm reception, when a curious event caused me to start with surprise. The deck which, a moment ago, had been empty, was now crowded with natives.

"Look! look!" I cried, "there's something wrong aboard that craft, or I'm a Dutchman. Not a white man to be seen, and the niggers all over her like flies."

True enough there was something ominous in this, for it's not the custom to let natives run riot over you in the "Islands," and the only conclusion we could draw was that they were there without an invitation. Disturbed by our appearance on the scene, they now seemed in a desperate hurry to be off, scrambling into their canoes and paddling away. Others, not waiting for this, were taking headers from the rail and swimming hand over hand for the shore.

"Cast the lashings off that boat on the main-hatch," I shouted, "and have her ready to be put in the water as soon as the anchor's gone."

I think the boat must have been in the water before the anchor reached the bottom, and in a few minutes we were pulling for the *Aurora*.

Now, the last man I wished to meet a short time before was Bully Harker, but the knowledge that something serious had taken place banished any thought like that from my mind. As we sheared alongside, I was the first man on

deck, leaving anybody else to look after the boat and make her fast. I made my way aft, and the first thing I came across as I looked down the companion, which was facing astern, was the dead body of a native. He was half in and half out of the entrance, his body being on deck, his legs hanging limply down the steps that led into the cabin. Death in the shape of a revolver bullet had overtaken him, evidently as he was in the act of making for the deck. He was stone dead, and, as he lay where he had fallen, the blood had trickled and run in a thin stream to leeward, where it terminated in a pool, hardly yet dried by the sun. I knew by this that not long had elapsed since the shot that killed him had been fired—probably just before, or soon after, daylight. With the aid of one of the others, who had by this time made the boat fast and come aft, I pulled the body out of the way, and then we descended into the cabin. I hope I shall never view a scene like that again; it was not a sight for any one gifted with a weak stomach. I can only compare it to a shambles, blood being everywhere, and that a severe struggle had taken place was only too evident. We stood for fully a minute looking on this grim scene, the only sound being made by a small clock, which was ticking away merrily.

In critical moments, the mind sometimes has a knack of reverting to trivial things in no way connected with the situation. For the space of sixty seconds or so I couldn't for the life of me withdraw my attention from the clock, and that it indicated ten minutes to eight seemed to me the only fact in existence. Every tick seemed like the beat of a hammer, and in the stillness which prevailed, the little timepiece appeared to make noise out of all proportion to its size. Somebody stirred, and the spell was broken. My eyes, which had been glued on the little clock, now wandered round the cabin in search of Bully Harker. As my gaze rested upon him, I knew I could afford to forgive the dastardly injury he had intended me, for I saw at once that he was as dead as Queen Anne, and that the ability to harm anybody again had been taken from him for ever. Dressed in pyjamas, he had evidently jumped directly from his bunk to defend himself. He lay with his head and one shoulder against the bulkhead, and in his hand was still grasped a revolver, every chamber of which, I ascertained afterwards, was empty. He could not have lived long after receiving the fearful gash he had in his head, and it must have been delivered with force enough to kill an ox. He had fought hard before they got in the blow that finished him, having shot three natives. One we had pulled out of the com-

panion; another was huddled in a corner, as dead as a herring. The third, who had fallen partly under the table, we proceeded to haul out, and then I got the start of my life. Although he was dressed just in the same manner as a native, with simply a loin cloth on, and his skin was tanned by exposure to the sun, I saw at once, as we pulled him into view, that he was a white man. He was not dead, but it required little surgical knowledge to know he was wounded beyond mortal help. I sat him up in the easiest position I could think of, and applied a restorative in the shape of brandy, taken from a bottle which reposed in the swinging tray over the cabin table. Having done what I could for him, I left him in charge of one of the others and went on deck, for I wanted a whiff of God's fresh air to take the taste of blood out of my mouth.

We made a good search for'ard, hoping to find that some of the crew, at least, had escaped massacre, but not a living mother's son did we discover. Surprised in their sleep, and without a chance of retaliation, they had, to all appearance, been slaughtered to a man. Some of the main-hatches were off, and I swung myself into the hold, for I wanted to see what sort of a cargo she had stowed away. I found she had a goodly amount of island produce aboard, comprising copra in bags and loose, ivory nuts, bêche-de-mer, and, standing on their ends, lashed to the stringers along the sides, a dozen or so of big casks for oil. I was taking a mental inventory of all this, and making a rough calculation of its value, for even after the scenes of horror I had witnessed commercial instinct asserted itself, when the top of one of the casks fell with a clatter. As I turned with a start to see what had caused it, I observed the head and shoulders of a man rise from one of them, for all the world like a jack-in-the-box. The next moment I had recognised old Tom Nichol. His face was haggard and pale, while his thin grey hair, bathed in perspiration, clinging to his scalp like wet seaming-twine, gave him an appearance at once grotesque and painful.

"Water for the love of God," he gasped.

I saw that he was in a bad way, so decided to supply him with the liquid he craved before extracting him from his awkward position.

One of the others, at my request, passed a dipper full of water down, and this he swallowed greedily, transferring it from the vessel to his inside in a remarkably short space of time, and gaining new life at every gulp.

"It is you then, Mr. Harvey, and not your ghost?" said he, at last, "for that's what I took you for when I lifted the head of the cask and saw you in front of me. Knowing I had left



out of the cask, and he had recovered somewhat, "how on earth do you come to be here? You're astonished to see me, but how about my surprise at seeing you, and of all places in the world aboard the *Aurora*! According to my theory you were drowned two months ago."

"It was like this, Mr. Harvey," he answered, rubbing his legs vigorously to restore circulation, "I had gone ashore from the *Mary Ann* and was doing the town with a pal or two. We called

THE NEXT MOMENT I HAD RECOGNISED OLD TOM NICHOL.

you hundreds of miles from here, I thought, when I clapped eyes on your jib, that my mind was wandering, but since you are not a ghost, for mercy's sake lift me out of this, for I'm as stiff as a frozen haddock."

"Now," said I, after I had lifted the old fellow

into the Black Dog for a parting drink, but I must confess, I'd 'a' been better without it, for I had had enough already."

"Tom, Tom," said I, reproachfully, "why don't you give it up and take to tea? There's nothing like it."

"I left my friends there," he went on, "and started to come down on board. I was almost in sight of the vessel when two fellows pounced on me. One of them clapped something in my mouth, whilst the other rove a sack over my head. I thought robbery was their game, so struck out right and left, but you can't expect a man to put up a good fight with his head in a bag, can you? Presently one of them rapped me over the head with something hard, and that's about all I remember of it.

"When I came to myself I found I was at sea, but what craft it was, or why I was there, I couldn't imagine. Some time through the day a red-headed chap came and opened the door. 'Now then,' said he, 'tumble up' lively—the skipper wants to see you.'

"I'll soon find out all about it now," thought I, and so I did.

"He shoved me before him along an alley way, until we came to a door which opened into the main cabin. 'Here we are, skipper,' said he, thrusting me through and following, 'here's your talking parrot.'

"I looked up. Three men were seated at the cabin table, and the man at the head of it was Bully Harker. I went cold.

"He seemed in a good humour with himself. 'You see,' he was saying, as I entered, 'the thing's as simple as ABC. I just ask this old bird a few questions, and the job 's done.

"'Now,' said he, sternly, turning to me 'suppose you take us into your confidence, and tell us all you know about this pearling business.'

"I was silent, for I had made up my mind not to answer him.

"'Come, come,' said he, 'time is valuable—out with it!' But still I didn't reply.

"'Oh, my!' laughed one of the others, boisterously, as though pleased at Bully Harker's discomfiture, 'the skipper's caught a parrot that won't talk.'

"Bully Harker eyed him viciously. 'Won't talk, won't it?' said he, savagely, 'don't you run away with that idea. By thunder, if I set my mind to it, I could make a dumb man talk, let alone a fellow with a decent tongue in his head.'

"But he couldn't, Mr. Harvey. I'd nothing to say, and I said it.

"Seeing it was no go, he told the red-headed chap to take me away again. 'Look here,' said he, as I was leaving, 'if you wish to save yourself a lot of unpleasantness, you'd better open that mouth of yours, and be quick about it, too. I'll loosen your tongue if it's only to pluck it out of you.'

"Well, he got furious at last, and tried everything to make me speak. They starved me,

and trussed me up in the rigging until I thought I was going to die, but I kept my mouth shut.

"I wasn't built for a 'ero, Mr. Harvey, for I 'ate pain, and most of the 'eroes I ever read about seemed to like it. Anyway, I'd made up my mind that Bully Harker might cut me into pieces sooner than I'd 'a' given you away."

"I called you an old fool once, Tom," said I, humbly, "and I'm sorry, for if any man is a hero, you come as near the real thing as it's possible to get outside of 'a shilling shocker."

"They'd given me a little better time for the last week or two," he continued, "so what Bully Harker had in his mind, I don't know. Three days ago we came in here for water. I pretty well had the run of the ship, for they knew I couldn't escape them here. Last night I was sleeping on deck, for'ard, right in the eyes of her, for it was too hot for anything down below. Just before daylight I was roused by a commotion, and it was some time before I understood I wasn't dreaming. The niggers were all over her then, and I saw the game was up, so I just made a bee-line for the fore-hatch, which, by good luck, happened to be open. I dropped down, not knowing exactly what I was going to do, when I ran foul of one of these casks. Just the very thing, thinks I, and in I popped, pulling the head of the cask over me as a covering, but by glory! Mr. Harvey, until a minute or two ago, I thought I had popped into my coffin. I've heard of men's hair turning white in a single night, and if I hadn't a been white-headed already, I'm sure that's what would 'a' happened to me. When I first jumped into that cask I prided myself on having done a smart thing. After I'd been there about an hour, and had time to think the matter over a bit, I wasn't so sure that I had made any great headway towards saving my life. I had time to remember that when the natives were done looting, they would very likely set fire to the vessel to hide all traces of what they'd been up to. Here was I in the cask, and I knew that for the life of me I couldn't get out again without assistance, for I was as stiff as a crutch. You can guess what I felt, knowing that when they fired the ship I should be unable to free myself, and be roasted like a pea-nut in an oven. I've had time to think of some of the good advice my old Dad threw away on me, when first I went out into the world to get some of the rough corners rubbed off myself. If I had remembered some of the things he told me, I mightn't 'a' been so spry getting into that cask, for he often said: 'Look here, my boy, never shove your head into a hole unless you've first of all reckoned up how you're going to get it out again.'

"Well, you may thank your lucky star, it saved

your skin, anyhow," said I. "I'll just help you on deck, for I have a little business aft. When you have recovered the use of your legs, and feel fit, just come along, for I want you."

CHAPTER XVII.

"VENGEANCE IS MINE : I WILL REPAY."



AS I descended into the cabin again, I found the man we had pulled from under the table, conscious. Breathing heavily, he was still sitting in the same position, and as I approached, the agitation on his countenance made evident his wish to impart something, and you may be sure I was just as keen as mustard to hear what it was.

"I suppose," he began, "you wonder why you see me, a white man, here in the garb of a native? I'll tell you. He," pointing to the body of Bully Harker, "is responsible for that. My name is Johnson, and twelve months ago, as near as I can reckon, I was mate of the same vessel we're on now. Bully Harker led me a dog's life, and one day, thinking he was going to strike me, I snatched an iron belaying pin from the rail, and swore I'd lay him out with it if he put his hand on me. I would have done so, too, for he had stretched my patience so far that it had at last reached breaking point. That was not quite all, for foolishly, as I had good reason to find out afterwards, I let him know I was acquainted with an incident in his life, which, if known, would prove an awkward affair for himself should he be called upon to answer for it. I haven't time, even if I wished, to go into the circumstances now, but it had to do with the casting away of his ship some years before. The vessel, an old rattletrap, and cargo which had no existence, were heavily insured, and it was out of the proceeds of this robbery that he bought and fitted out the present vessel *Aurora*. When I made the accusation, it was in the white heat of anger, and I could see I had hit him hard, for he winced and went as white as a sheet. Although I was morally certain it was true, I hadn't the slightest intention of trying to sheet it home to him, for to accuse a man is one thing, the difficulties in the way of proving it, quite another. Things went a bit better after this, and I had forgotten all about it. That Bully Harker hadn't let it slip from his memory I soon had lively proof, and you can judge for yourself what manner of man he was when I tell you what happened. He had sent me ashore with three hands in the boat, to take the last of some stuff off the beach. We had put it on board, and were just going to shove off, when the natives

suddenly seized me. Before I could make much resistance, half a dozen of them were on top of me. They bound my feet and hands together, rove a small pole through them, and two natives lifting the ends upon their shoulders, I was carried away. I remembered seeing the boat floating out in the deep water, the three hands I had brought ashore with me still in her. It didn't strike me that I was indebted to Bully Harker for this, but I wondered why they had singled me out and let the others go free. Anyhow, I couldn't think in circles just then, the pain I was suffering giving me all the thought I had any use for. If you want to know what agony is, just try that. Let someone lash your hands and feet together, reeve a pole through, and carry you over a rough path. It was excruciating, and I couldn't have gone far before mercifully I swooned. I had no means of telling if it were days or weeks before I regained my reason. No doubt it was to this I owed my life, for I suppose I was delirious, and while that lasted I was safe among them. When I recovered I expect they had become used to me, and instead of knocking me on the head, as most undoubtedly they would have done had I retained my senses, the rough edge of their lust having worn off in that time, I was allowed to live. Existence was no pleasure to me, and I didn't thank them, for I wanted to die badly at that time, but when I found out the manner in which I came there, it gave me something to live for.

"The first idea of foul play was suggested to me by seeing the large quantity of 'trade' possessed by my captors. In answer to my questions as to how it was obtained, they were shy at first, but finally, knowing I was in their power, openly boasted of the way in which they became owners of it. A nefarious and dastardly plot was revealed to me, for it was evident that Bully Harker had bribed them to kidnap and carry me away. I couldn't believe, I didn't want to believe, that the man breathed who could be guilty of such a deed, and what for? A quarrel I had forgotten a day or two after it had happened. But everything pointed in that one direction—the native assertion—the possession of property—the way they had singled me out from among the others, there was no alternative—and at last I believed. My gorge rose, and I swore I would live for the opportunity to square matters with him, even should it be deferred until I was a white-headed and tottering old man. and that in the end I swung for it. How I have carried out that oath you can see for yourself, and although I shall not swing, it amounts to the same thing, for I have given my life to accomplish it."

I gave him a sip of brandy, for I could see he was sinking fast, and I was afraid he would slip his cable before he could tell me all I wished to know of this tragic and extraordinary yarn.

The brandy revived him, and presently he continued: "I gradually got better, but it was some time before I could walk, or use my hands properly, the flexible creeper with which they had bound them having cut into the very bone. During this time the natives simply tolerated me, but by-and-by, as I grew stronger and showed them many useful methods of doing things, I slowly gained in favour, increasing their desire to keep me at all cost among them. A few days ago, as I stood brooding over my fate, and looking down on the sea, I saw in the distance what I knew to be the white sails of a vessel. The hope of escape filled my breast as I saw she was steering directly for the island, and I started to think out a plan whereby I could reach her and gain my liberty, for the natives had seen her also, and never allowed me out of their sight. As she brought up, all my wishes to evade them and gain my freedom vanished, giving way to despair, for I knew that could I even reach the beach my effort would be useless. In the vessel that had just dropped her anchor, I recognised the *Aurora*. The sight of her snatched from me the only hope I had, and turning my face away I buried it in my hands, a maddened and despairing man. All other thoughts but the wrong I had suffered and the man responsible for it were blotted from my mind, and in all the world I saw but one person, and that—Bully Harker! Suddenly, like a bad dream, the thought crept into my mind, that here, close to my hand, was the chance of the revenge I was longing for. Why not use in turn the very means he had relied upon for my destruction? The fitness of the thing took hold of me, and if I could only wake it into life, I saw it would place in my hand the very thing of all others I wished for.

"That night I gathered the natives around me, talking to them, for hours in a strain best suited to my purpose. Pointing to the vessel below us, I played on their cupidity by telling them she contained 'trade' enough to make them happy for the remainder of their lives, and all they had to do was to take it.

"At first they listened with suspicion, thinking it some scheme of escape, for although I had fired their imagination with visions of loot they were cautious. I grew excited and spoke of the revenge I wanted, and then I carried them with me, that being a language they could understand. They became excited themselves, this latter argument convincing them I was in earnest, such a sentiment being readily comprehended by them. It was arranged that I should lead them to seize

the vessel, and that after my vengeance was complete they should do as they liked with her.

"Every time I looked down upon the *Aurora* next day, a savage joy shook me, for most surely was Bully Harker delivered into my hand.

"On the word of a dying man, the thought that the crew would suffer never entered my head. I had forgotten them until too late. In my mind, half demented as I was by my sense of wrong, was the image of one man alone.

"I had a moment of sanity as my foot reached the deck, and I thought of the rest of the crew, but the lust of possession which I had aroused in the natives, had seized them with both hands, and they were beyond my control. Easier might I have stilled a hurricane with my voice, or a raging torrent with my hand.

"This morning, about a couple of hours before daylight, we filed down to the beach, manned the canoes, and paddled silently to where the *Aurora* was lying at anchor. The watch, if any was kept, must have been asleep, for we had gained the deck without an alarm being given. Followed by a few natives, I made my way aft to where I knew Bully Harker's sleeping berth was situated. Some of the islanders were armed with tower muskets obtained from vessels that traded them for produce. A tomahawk made in Sheffield I thought a much better weapon for the close quarters I intended.

"When I descended into the cabin, Bully Harker was standing near his bunk, and seemed as though he had tumbled out in a hurry. Never large, his eyes looked smaller than ever, for he had not yet got the sleep out of them. He recognised me at once, and they opened then wide enough, a look of deadly fear coming into them, for he knew I had come to reckon up with him.

"The moment I had hoped and never ceased to pray for had come, and as I made for him, a furious madman, my one wish was to see the colour of his blood. He fired shot after shot in rapid succession, but the sight of me, whom he thought dead long ago, had flurried and unnerved him, and his fire was not so fatal as it might have been. One bullet ploughed the flesh off my shoulder, and killed the man behind me. Then I closed in upon him, for I was utterly desperate, and although I felt myself wounded in several places, my resolve to kill him kept me on my feet. You know the rest. I attained it, yet somehow, as I lie here with, at the best, a few hours of life left me, it doesn't seem the same thing that I have hugged to my breast for months, nor yield the satisfaction I once thought it would. Not that I am sorry for his sake, nor for my own, but that the innocent have suffered with the guilty, and I wish to God the accursed thing was



left undone. Yet, as God will be my judge, in my madness it never entered my head until my foot was on the deck, and it was then too late." In fewer words and with many pauses, such was the dark tale I listened to, and he unfolded.

Just then old Tom Nichol came shuffling down the companion ladder. He looked at the man propped up against the bulkhead, then back to me with eyes like saucers, and exclaimed :

HE KNEW I HAD COME TO RECKON UP WITH HIM, AND FIRED SHOT AFTER SHOT.

"What on earth does it mean, Mr. Harvey? First I see you aboard this craft as if you had dropped from the clouds, then I come down below, and see mate number one. What does it mean?"

"It means this, old Tom Nichol," I replied, "that although you seem to think you are not good at guessing, you were perfectly right when you said Bully Harker had bribed the natives to kidnap the mate, for there is the mate himself who has proved it."

CHAPTER XVIII.

MY COLLECTION OF OLD MASTERS.

THE following week was occupied getting the *Mary Ann* into good trim again, but with plenty of gear now at our disposal, this was a matter of little difficulty.

Johnson died the morning after our arrival, and was buried with the man who had betrayed him, outside the reef in sixty fathoms of water, the finest grave he could have wished for.

"Poor chap!" said the Parson, as the body disappeared from sight, and who, on the strength of his title, had read the burial service, "I don't think he need have worried about the slaughter of innocents, for, according to the way they played up with old Tom, they were all very much tarred with the same brush, and there wasn't a pin to choose between them."

It's not for us to judge a man after he is dead, but I hope, and think, that when Johnson stands before a higher tribunal than man's, he will be let down easily, for surely was he grievously sinned against.

As for Bully Harker, that the crime he had committed should recoil upon himself seemed but justice, and appeared to me a clear case in point of a man's sin finding him out.

Finally, one morning we set sail for Sydney. Old Tom Nichol and myself were in the *Aurora*, but being terribly short-handed made no effort to use square sail, having to be content with what we could get out of her under fore and aft canvas.

However, luck was with us all through the piece, for three days out we dropped across a vessel, and, making known our predicament, the skipper lent us a couple of hands, which settled that difficulty, much to my satisfaction. A month later the *Aurora* was safely anchored in Sydney Harbour, and I lost no time in handing her over to the proper authorities.

Our venture was ended. Well, we had a good innings, and were satisfied; at least, I can answer for myself, the result being much more than I required for my own use, although at that time I may have had some rather extravagant notions

regarding money and the way to circulate it. I can't for the life of me see any points in having more than one knows what to do with, or see any use in stowing quids away on their edges just for the pleasure of looking at them. However, that's only the opinion of an old shellback, the most improvident animal in the whole world, and anyhow, right or wrong, that's how I feel about it.

As I tell this yarn and the incidents connected with it come back to my mind, they make me remember that twenty-five years have slipped by since that time. Carrying on top-ropes and painting towns vermilion have ceased to have any attraction for me, and I've given that unprofitable game up long ago, and am more devoted to tea than ever.

In place of it I've started a peculiar hobby, which was put into my head by a conversation I once had with old Tom Nichol. As he remarked on that occasion, some people collect old paintings and old china, and seem to get enjoyment out of them. I didn't care much for pictures, or know anything about them, and the only use I had for china was to eat my victuals off it, yet I made up my mind to go in for old masters, and see if I could get some enjoyment out of that.

I have a fine collection at the present time, and you'd be surprised how many there were about, and how easily I gathered them. I'm afraid my lot are not worth much from a commercial point of view, for they consist of master mariners, and I've built a home for them where they get something more than standing room, which you may remember old Tom Nichol said was so hard to find when a man reached a certain age.

Well, every one to his taste. For my part, when I start collecting I like to see something for my money, and although the assortment I have are not considered valuable, in fact, by most people worthless, and would nowhere fetch fancy prices, my living old masters give me more pleasure than any dead ones are ever likely to do.

I shouldn't think of closing this story without telling you what became of the *Mary Ann*. I had no idea that there was a soft spot in my heart for the old lady, until one day a fellow offered to buy her from me—wanted to put her in the firewood trade. "What!" thought I, "after carrying us through all and serving us such a good turn, honest, seaworthy *Mary Ann* break her dear old back running firewood? never!" So I told him he might go to Halifax, which he didn't do, as I saw the fellow frequently for years afterwards.

If you care to take a trip across Sydney harbour in one of the ferry boats, the *Mary Ann* may be seen at any time lying snugly at anchor in Lavender Bay, looking as smart as paint can make her. The only mission she has in life, is when some of my collection care to trip the anchor and give her a spin down the harbour and outside the Heads, which, I believe, she enjoys as much as they do, whilst seated on the deck they criticise the new order of sailors and shipping, tell each other tall yarns, and fight their battles all over again.

The British flag was hoisted in New Guinea some years after we made our last trip, and as islands go, down that way, our latest possession seems to have a future before it.

There's a steamer running down there now, and a short time ago, just to renew my acquaintance with some of the old places, I took a trip

round in her. Near the Island of Sanaroa, I found a large mission station had been erected, and the head of this undertaking, who knew his business, had gathered the inhabitants into the fold from miles around. In place of head hunting, the natives have developed a taste for tobacco and taparora (church going), and have generally settled down into peaceful and comparatively harmless subjects of the King.

If any of you who read this, having a few hundred pounds to your name, and a desire for more room to spread yourselves in, and also don't mind being shaken out of your boots occasionally with malarial fever and ague, my advice is, go to New Guinea. If, on the other hand, you are not the happy possessor of the former, and have no particular hankering after the latter, then the best counsel I can give you is Punch's "Don't!"

THE



END.

FAGGING AND SLANG AT WESTMINSTER.

[Owing to lack of space we had to hold over this particular part of Mr. Johnson's recent article on Westminster School.—ED. CAPTAIN.]

FAGGING has survived the many and radical alterations wrought in the school customs during Dr. Rutherford's time, but in a modified form; and the power to fag is now confined to monitors only. Interesting survivals of the ancient duties of fags are the functions of "Tenner," "Call," and "Watch," which are now discharged in turn by different juniors. "Tenner," whose title is supposed to be derived from "Tenth Hour," when it would be his duty to put the lights out in dormitory, is entrusted with the task of warning the seniors of the time five minutes before the morning "Abbey"; and "Call" is required to give upon demand the time in dormitory. "Watch" has a curious duty to discharge. On whole school days, when fourth school commences at 3.30 p.m., a second election, known as "Mon. Os." (Monitor Ostime) takes post at the door of College, while "Watch" stations himself upon the steps at the other end of the building. As soon as the headmaster appears, Mon. Os. gives vent to a warning shout of "Gow's coming!" The cry is taken up by "Watch," who repeats the admonition from his end of College.

The Westminster vocabulary is fairly extensive, and includes several words and idioms not met with elsewhere. The most notable idiom is the invariable substitution of "up" or "down" for "to" (e.g., "up-fields"). All servants of the school are called "John" indiscriminately, and a street cad is known as a "ski,"—from the days, it is believed, when street fights were common, and the Westminster boys, nick-naming themselves "Romani," used to term their opponents "Volsci." "Greeze," "tanning," and "handing" we have already met with, as well as the "boxes" and "houses" of College. Corresponding to these latter may be mentioned the "Chiswicks" of Grant's, the studies in that house having been built, it is said, with the proceeds of the sale of the college house at Chiswick. In them, boys who may happen to be of studious bent "muzz" over their work. A King's Scholar wearing a new gown is clad in a "bosky," the pendent sleeve of which is a "bully," while you and I, gentle reader, were we to visit Westminster in other than an Eton jacket or "tails," would be commented upon as wearing a "shag" coat.

THE MANOEUVRES OF CHARTERIS.

BY P. C. WODEHOUSE.



(Author of "The Pot Hunters" and "A Prefect's Uncle.")

ILLUSTRATED BY T. M. R. WHITWELL.

taking preparation, and the sixth form Merevalians had assembled in Welch's study to talk about things in general. It was after a pause of some moments that had followed upon a lively discussion of the house's prospects in the forthcoming final, that Charteris had spoken.

"I shall go," he said.

"Go where?" asked Tony from inside a deck chair.

"Babe knows."

The Babe turned to the company and explained.

"The lunatic says he's going in for the Strangers' Mile or some other equally futile race at some sports at Rutton next week. He'll get booked for a cert. He can't see that. I never saw such a man."

"Rally round," said Charteris, "and reason with me. I'll listen. Tony, what do you think about it?"

Tony expressed his opinion tersely, and Charteris thanked him. Welch, who had been reading a book, now awoke to the fact that a discussion was in progress, and asked for details. The Babe explained once more, and Welch heartily corroborated Tony's remarks. Charteris thanked him, too.

"You aren't really going, are you?" asked Welch.

"Rather."

"The Old Man won't give you leave."

"I shan't worry the Old Man about it."

"But it's miles out of bounds. Stapleton station is out of bounds, to begin with. It's against rules to go in a train, and Rutton is even more out of bounds than Stapleton."

"And as there are sports there," said Tony, "the Old Man is certain to put Rutton specially out of bounds for that day. He always bars a St. Austin's chap going to a place when there's anything of that sort on there."

"Don't care. What have I to do with the Old

CHARTERIS, of St. Austin's, takes a fantastic pleasure in breaking "bounds," and rules generally. The fact that, if caught, he will be severely punished, adds an enormous zest to his expeditions. He determines to enter for the Strangers' Mile, at Rutton Sports, Rutton being a village distant some nine miles from the school. The "Babe," Charteris's chum, endeavours to dissuade him, but Charteris refuses to be intimidated, although the risk will be great.

IV.

"SHALL go, Babe," said Charteris, on the following night.

The Sixth form had a slack day before them on the morrow, there being that temporary lull in the form-work which occurred about once a week, when there was no composition of any kind to be done. The Sixth did four compositions a week, two Greek and two Latin, and except for these did not bother itself much about overnight preparation. The Latin authors which the form was doing this term were Vergil and Livy, and when either of these was on the next day's programme, most of the Sixth considered that they were justified in taking a night off. They relied on their ability to translate either of the authors at sight and without previous acquaintance. The popular notion that Vergil is hard rarely appeals to a member of a public school. There are two ways of translating Vergil, the conscientious and the other. He chooses the other.

On this particular night, therefore, work was "off." Merevale was over at the Great Hall,

Man's petty prejudices? Now, let me get at my time-table. Here we are. Now then."

"Don't be a fool," said Tony.

"As if I should. Look here, there is a train that starts from Stapleton at three. I can catch that all right. Gets to Rutton at three-twenty. Sports begin at three-fifteen. At least, they are supposed to. Over before five, I should think. At any rate, my race ought to be. Though—I was forgetting—I must stop to see the Oldest Inhabitant's nevy win the egg and spoon canter. But that ought to come on before the Strangers' race. Train back at a quarter past five. Arrives at a quarter to six. Lock up six fifteen. That gives me half an hour to get here from Stapleton. What more do you want? Consider the thing done. And I should think the odds against my being booked are twenty-five to one, at which price, if any gent present cares to deposit his money, I am willing to take him."

"You won't go," said Welch. "I'll bet you anything you like you won't go."

That settled Charteris. The visit to Rutton, hitherto looked upon as more or less of a pleasure, became now a solemn duty. One of Charteris' mottoes for everyday use was "Let not thyself be scored off by Welch."

"That's all right," he said, "of course I shall go."

The day of the sports arrived, and the Babe, meeting Charteris at Merevale's gate, made a last attempt to head him off from his purpose.

"How are you going to take your things?" he asked. "You can't carry a bag. The first beak you met would ask questions."

Charteris patted a bloated coat pocket.

"Bags," he said, laconically. "Vest," he added, doing the same to the other pocket. "Shoes," he concluded, "you will observe I am carrying in a handy brown paper parcel, and if anybody wants to know what's in it, I shall tell him it's acid drops. Sure you won't come, too?"

"I'm not such an ass," quoth the Babe.

"All right. So long, then. Be good while I'm gone."

And he passed on down the road to Stapleton.

The Rutton New Recreation Grounds presented, as the *Stapleton Herald* justly remarked in its next week's issue, "a gay and animated appearance." There was a larger crowd than Charteris had expected. He made his way through them, resisting without difficulty the entreaties of a hoarse gentleman in a check suit to have three to two on 'Enery Something for the hundred yards, and came at last to the dressing tent.

At this point it occurred to him that it would be judicious to find out when his race was to

start. It was rather a chilly day, and the less of it that he spent in the undress uniform of shorts the better. He bought a correct card for twopence, and scanned it. The Strangers' Mile was down for four-fifty. There was no need to change for an hour yet. He wished the authorities could have managed to date the event earlier. Four-fifty was running it rather fine. The race would be over, allowing for unpunctuality, by about five to five, and it was a walk of some ten minutes to the station, less if he hurried. That would give him ten minutes for recovering from the effects of the race, and changing back into his ordinary clothes again. It would be quick work. But the trains on that line were always late—it was one of the metropolitan improvements which had recently been introduced into Arcadia—and, having come so far, he was not inclined to go back without running in the race. He would never be able to hold up his head again if he did that. He left the dressing-tent, and started on a tour of the field.

The scene was quite different from anything he had ever witnessed before in the way of sports. The sports at St. Austin's were decorous to a degree. These leaned more to the rollickingly convivial. It was like an ordinary country race-meeting, except that men were running instead of horses. Rutton was a quiet little place for the majority of the year, but on this day it woke up, and was evidently out to enjoy itself. The Rural Hooligan was a good deal in evidence, and though he was comparatively quiet just at present, the frequency with which he visited the various refreshment stalls that dotted the ground gave promise of livelier times in the future. Charteris felt that the afternoon would not be dull. The hour soon passed, and Charteris, having first seen the Oldest Inhabitant's nevy romp home in the egg and spoon event, took himself off to the dressing tent, and began to get into his running-clothes. The bell for the race was just ringing when he left the tent. He trotted over to the starting-place. Apparently there was not a very large "field." Two weedy youths of Charteris' age had put in an appearance, and a very tall, thin man, dressed in blushing pink, came up immediately afterwards. Charteris had just removed his coat, and was about to get to his place on the line, when another competitor arrived, and to judge by the applause that greeted his advent he was evidently a favourite in the locality. It was with a shock that Charteris recognised his old acquaintance, the Bargees' secretary.

He was clad in running clothes of a bright orange and a smile of conscious superiority, and when somebody in the crowd called out "Go it, Jarge," he accepted the tribute as his due, and

raised a condescending hand in the speaker's direction.

Some moments elapsed before he caught sight of Charteris, and the latter had time to decide on his line of action. If he attempted concealment in any way, the man would recognise that on this occasion, at any rate, he had, to use an adequate if unclassical expression, got the halge, and then there would be trouble. By brazening things out, however, there was just a chance that he might make him imagine that there was more in the matter than met the eye, and that in some way he had actually obtained leave to visit Rutton that day. After all, the man didn't know very much about school rules, and the recollection of the recent fiasco in which he had taken part would make him think twice about playing the amateur policeman again, especially in connection with Charteris.

So he smiled genially, and expressed a hope that the man enjoyed robust health.

The man replied by glaring in a simple and unaffected manner.

"Looked up the headmaster lately?" asked Charteris.

"What are you doing here?"

"I'm going to run. Hope you don't mind."

"You're out of bounds."

"That's what you said before. You'd better enquire a bit before you make rash statements. Otherwise there's no knowing what may not happen. Perhaps Mr. Dacre has given me leave."

The man said something oburgatory under his breath, but forebore to continue the discussion. He was wondering, as Charteris had expected

that he would, whether the latter had really got leave or not. It was a difficult problem. Whether such a result was due to his mental struggles or whether it was simply to be attributed to his poor running is open to question, but the fact remains that the secretary of the Old Crockfordians did not shine in the Strangers'

Mile. He came in last but one, vanquishing the pink sportsman by a foot. Charteris, after a hot finish, was beaten on the tape by one of the weedy youths, who exhibited astonishing powers of sprinting in the last hundred and fifty yards, overhauling Charteris, who had led all the time, in fine style, and scoring what the *Stapleton Herald* described as a "highly popular victory."

As soon as he had recovered his normal stock



"BAGS, VEST, SHOES," HE SAID, LACONICALLY.

of wind—which was not immediately—it was borne in upon Charteris that if he wanted to catch the five-fifteen back to Stapleton, he had better be beginning to change. He went to the dressing-tent, and on examining his watch was horrified to find that he had just ten minutes in which to do everything. And the walk to the

station, he reflected, was a long five minutes. He hurled himself into his clothes, and, disregarding the Bargee, who had entered the tent and seemed to wish to continue the conversation at the point at which they had left off, shot away towards the nearest gate. He had exactly four minutes and twenty-five seconds for the journey, and he had just run a mile.

V.

FORTUNATELY the road was mainly level. On the other hand, he was handicapped by an overcoat. After the first hundred yards he took this off, and carried it in an unwieldy parcel. This, he found, was an improvement and running became easier. He had worked the stiffness out of his legs by this time, and was going well. Three hundred yards from the station it was anybody's race. The exact position of the other competitor, the train, could not be defined. It was, at any rate, not within earshot, which meant that it had still a quarter of a mile to go. Charteris considered that he had earned a rest. He slowed down to a walk, but after proceeding at this pace for a few yards thought that he heard a distant whistle, and dashed on again. Suddenly a raucous bellow of laughter greeted his ears from a spot in front of him, hidden from his sight by a bend in the road.

"Somebody slightly tight," thought he, rapidly diagnosing the case. "By Jove, if he comes rotting about with me, I'll kill him and jump on his body." Having to do anything in a desperate hurry always upset Charteris' temper. He turned the corner at a sharp trot, and came upon two youths who seemed to be engaged in the harmless occupation of trying to ride a bicycle. They were of the type which he held in especial aversion, the Rural Hooligan type, and one at least of the two had evidently been present at a recent circulation of the festive bowl. He was wheeling the bicycle about the road in an aimless way, and looked as if he wondered what was the matter with it, in that it would not keep still for two consecutive seconds. The other youth was apparently of the "Charles-his-friend" variety, content to look on and applaud, and generally play chorus to his companion's "lead." He was standing at the side of the road smiling broadly in a way that argued feebleness of mind. Charteris was not sure which of the two he hated most at sight. He was inclined to call it a tie. However, there seemed to be nothing particularly lawless in what they were doing now. If they were content to let him pass without hindrance, he for his part was prepared generously to overlook

the insult they offered him by existing at all, and to maintain a state of truce.

But, as he drew nearer, he saw that there was more in the business than the casual spectator might at first have supposed. A second and keener inspection of the reptiles revealed fresh phenomena. In the first place, the bicycle which Hooligan number one was playing with was a lady's bicycle, and a small one at that. Now, up to the age of fourteen and the weight of ten stone, a beginner at cycling often finds it more convenient to learn to ride on a lady's machine than on a gentleman's. The former offers greater facilities for dismounting, a quality not to be despised in the earlier stages of initiation. But, though this was undoubtedly the case, and though Charteris knew that it was so, yet he felt instinctively that there was something wrong here. Hooligans of eighteen years and twelve stone do not learn to ride on small ladies' machines. Or, if they do, it is probably without the permission and approval of the small ladies who own the same. Valuable as his time was, Charteris felt that it behoved him to devote a thoughtful minute or two to the examining of this affair. He slowed down once again to a walk, and as he did so his eye fell upon the one character in the drama whose absence had puzzled him—the owner of the bicycle. And he came to the conclusion that life would be a hollow mockery if he failed to fall upon those revellers, and slay them. She stood by the hedge on the right, a forlorn little figure in grey, and she gazed sadly and hopelessly at the manoeuvres that were going on in the middle of the road. Her age Charteris estimated at a venture at twelve—a correct guess. Her state of mind he also conjectured. She was letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would," like the late M'Beth, the cat i' the adage, and other celebrities. She evidently had plenty of remarks to make on the subject in hand, but refrained from motives of prudence.

Charteris had no such scruples. The feeling of fatigue that had been upon him had vanished, and his temper, which had been growing more and more villainous for some twenty minutes, now boiled over enthusiastically at the sight of something tangible to work itself off upon. Even without a cause he detested the Rural Hooligan. Now that a real, registered motive for this antipathy had been supplied, he felt capable of dealing with a whole regiment of the breed. He would have liked to have committed a murder, but assault and battery would do at a pinch.

The being with the bicycle had just let it fall with a crash to the ground, when Charteris went for him low, in the style which the Babe

always insisted on seeing in members of the first fifteen on the football field, and hove him without comment into a damp ditch. "Charles-his-friend" uttered a shout of disapproval, and rushed into the fray. Charteris gave him the straight left, of the type to which the great John Jackson is said to have owed so much in the days of the old Prize Ring, and Charles, taking it between the eyes, stopped in a discontented and discouraged manner, and began to rub the place. Whereupon Charteris dashed in, and, to use an expression suitable to the deed, "swung his right at the mark." The "mark," it may be explained for the benefit of the non-pugilistic, is that portion of the human form divine which lies hid behind the third button of the waistcoat. It covers—in a most inadequate way—the wind, and even a gentle tap in the locality is apt to produce a fleeting sense of discomfort. A genuine flush hit on the spot, shrewdly administered by a muscular arm with the weight of the body behind it, causes the passive agent in the transaction to wish fervently, as far as he is at the moment physically capable of wishing anything, that he had never been born. Charles collapsed like an empty sack, and Charteris, getting a grip of the outlying portions of his costume, rolled him into the ditch on top of his companion, who had just recovered sufficiently to be thinking of getting out again.

Charteris picked up the bicycle, and gave it a cursory examination. The enamel was a good deal scratched, but no material damage had been done. He wheeled it across to its owner. He would have felt more like a St. George after an interview with the Dragon if he had not, in tackling Hooligan number one, contrived to cover his face with rich mud from the ditch. He could not help feeling that it detracted from the general romance of the thing.

"It isn't much hurt," he said, as they walked on together down the road; "bit scratched, that' all."

"Thanks, *awfully*," said the small lady.

"Oh, not at all," said Charteris, "I enjoyed it." (He felt that he had said the correct thing here.) "I'm sorry those chaps frightened you."

"They did rather. But"—triumphantly—"I didn't cry."

"Rather not," said Charteris, "you were awfully plucky. I noticed at the time. But hadn't you better ride on? Which way were you going?"

"I wanted to get to Stapleton."

"Oh. That's simple enough. You've merely got to go straight on down this road. As straight as ever you can go. But, look here, you kuow,

you shouldn't be out alone like this. It isn't safe. Why did they let you?"

The lady avoided his eye. She bent down and inspected the left pedal.

"They shouldn't have sent you out alone," said Charteris; "why did they?"

"They didn't. I came."

There was a world of meaning in the phrase. Charteris was in the same case. They had not let him. He had come. Here was a kindred spirit, another revolutionary soul, scorning the fetters of convention and the so-called authority of self-constituted rulers, aha! Bureaucrats!

"Shake hands," he said, "I'm in just the same way."

They shook hands gravely.

"You know," said the lady, "I'm awfully sorry I did it now. It was very naughty."

"I'm not sorry yet," said Charteris, "but I expect I shall be soon."

"Will you be sent to bed?"

"I don't think so."

"Will you have to learn beastly poetry?"

"I hope not."

She would probably have gone on to investigate things further, but at that moment there came the faint sound of a whistle. Then another, closer this time. Then a faint rumbling, which increased in volume steadily.

Charteris looked back. The line ran by the side of the road. He could see the smoke of a train through the trees. It was quite close now. And he was still nearly two hundred yards from the station gates.

"I say," he said, "Great Scott, here comes my train. I must rush. Goodbye. You keep straight on."

His legs had had time to grow stiff again. For the first few strides running was painful. But his joints soon adapted themselves to the strain, and in ten seconds he was running as fast as he had ever run off the track. When he had travelled a quarter of the distance, the small cyclist overtook him.

"Be quick," she said. "It's just in sight."

Charteris quickened his stride, and, paced by the bicycle, spun along in fine style. Forty yards from the station the train passed him. He saw it roll into the station. There were still twenty yards to go, exclusive of the station steps, and he was already running as fast as he knew how. Now there were only ten. Now five. And at last, with a hurried farewell to his companion, he bounded up the steps and on to the platform. At the end of the platform the line took a sharp curve to the right. Round that curve the tail-end of the guard's van was just disappearing.

"Missed it, sir," said the solitary porter who managed things at Rutton, cheerfully. He



CHARTERIS DASHED IN, AND "SWUNG HIS RIGHT AT THE MARK."

as if he wore congratulating Charteris on having done something remarkably clever.

"What's the next?"

"Eight-thirty," was the porter's appalling

For a moment Charteris felt quite ill. No train till eight-thirty! Then was he, indeed, But it couldn't be true. There must be some sort of a train between now and then.

"Are you certain?" he said; "surely there's a train before that."

"Why, yes, sir," said the porter, gleefully, "but they be all uxpresses. Eight-thirty be the one 'un what starps at Rooton."

"Thanks," said Charteris, with marked gloom, "I don't think that will be much good to me. My aunt, what a hole I'm in."

The porter made a sympathetic and interrogative noise at the back of his throat, as if inviting him to confess all. But Charteris felt unequal to the intellectual pressure of conversations with porters. There are moments when one wants to be alone.

He went down the steps again. When he got to the road, his small cycling friend had vanished. He envied her. She was doing the journey comfortably on a bicycle. He would have to walk it. Walk it! He didn't believe he could. The Strangers' Mile, followed by the Homeric combat with the two Bargees, and the ghostly sprint to wind up with, had left him unfit for further feats of pedestrianism. And it was eight miles to Stapleton, if it was a yard, and another mile from Stapleton to St. Austin's. Charteris, having once more invoked the name of his aunt, pulled himself together with an effort and limped gallantly in the direction of Stapleton.

But Fate, so long hostile, at last relented. A rattle of wheels approached him from behind. A thrill of hope shot through him at the sound. There was a prospect of a lift. He stopped, and waited for the dogcart—it sounded like a dogcart—to arrive. Then he uttered a yell of triumph, and began to wave his arms like a semaphore. The man in the dog-cart was Adamson.

"Hallo, Charteris," said the doctor, pulling up, "what are you doing here? What's happened to your face? It's in a shocking state."

"Only mud," said Charteris; "good, honest English mud, borrowed from a local ditch. It's a long yarn. Can I get up?"

"Come along. Plenty of room."

Charteris climbed up, and sank on to the cushioned seat with a sigh of pleasure. What glorious comfort. He had seldom enjoyed anything so much in his life.

"I'm nearly dead," he said, as the dog-cart

went on again, "This is how it all happened. You see, it was this way——"

And he began forthwith upon a brief synopsis of his adventures.

VI.

BY special request the doctor dropped Charteris within a hundred yards of Merevale's door.

"Good-night," he said. "I don't suppose you value my advice at all, but you may have it for what it is worth. I recommend you to stop this sort of game. Next time something will happen."

"By Jove, yes," said Charteris, climbing painfully down from his seat. "I'll take that advice. I'm a reformed character from now onwards. It isn't good enough. Hullo, there's the bell for lock-up. Good-night, doctor, and thanks most awfully for the lift. It was awfully kind of you."

"Don't mention it," said Dr. Adamson. "It is always a privilege to be in your company. When are you coming to tea with me again?"

"Whenever you'll have me. I shall get leave this time. It will be quite a novel experience."

"Yes. By the way, how's Graham? It is Graham, isn't it? The youth who broke his collarbone."

"Oh, he's getting on splendidly. But I must be off. Good-night."

"Good-night. Come next Monday, if you can."

"Right. Thanks awfully."

He hobbled in at Merevale's gate, and went up to his study. The Babe was in there talking to Welch. You could generally reckon on finding the Babe talking to someone. He was of a sociable disposition.

"Hullo," he said. "Here's Charteris."

"What's left of him," said Charteris.

"How did it go off?"

"Don't talk about it."

"Did you win?" asked Welch.

"No. Second. By a yard. Jove! I'm dead."

"Hot race?"

"Rather. It wasn't that, though. I had to sprint all the way to the station, and missed my train by a couple of seconds at the end of it all."

"Then how did you get here?"

"That was my one stroke of luck. I started to walk back, and after I'd gone about a quarter of a mile, Adamson caught me up in his dog-cart. I suggested that it would be a Christian act on his part to give me a lift, and he did. I shall remember Adamson in my will."

"How did you lose?" enquired the Babe.

"The other man beat me. But for that I

should have won hands down. Oh, I say, guess who I met at Rutton?"

"Not a master?"

"Almost as bad. The Bargee man who paced me from Stapleton. (Have I ever told you about that affair?) Man who crooked Tony, you know."

"Great Scott," said the Babe, "did he recognise you?"

"Rather. We had a long and very pleasant conversation."

"If he reports you—" began the Babe.

"Who's that?"

Tony had entered the study.

"Hullo, Tony. Adamson told me to remember him to you."

"So you've got back?"

Charteris confirmed the hasty guess.

"But what are you talking about, Babe?" said Tony. "Who's going to be reported, and who's going to report?"

The Babe briefly explained the situation.

"If the man," he said, "reports Charteris, he may get run in to-morrow, and then we shall have both our halves away against Dacre's. Charteris, you are an ass to go rotting about out of bounds like this."

"Nay, dry the starting tear," said Charteris, cheerfully. "In the first place I shouldn't get kept in on a Thursday, were it ever so. I should get shoved into extra on Saturday. Also I shrewdly conveyed to the Bargee the impression that I was at Rutton by special permission."

"He's bound to know that can't be true," said Tony.

"Well, I told him to think it over. You see, he got so badly left last time he tried to drop on me—have I told you about that business, by the way?—that I shouldn't be a bit surprised if he let me alone this trip."

"Let's hope so," said the Babe with gloom.

"That's right, Babby," remarked Charteris encouragingly, "you buck up and keep looking on the bright side. It'll be all right, you see if it won't. If there's any running in to be done, I shall do it. I shall be frightfully fit to-morrow after all this dashing about to-day. I haven't an ounce of adipose deposit on me. Upon my word, it seems to me unpardonable vanity, and worse than that, to call one's fat an adipose deposit. I'm a fine, strapping specimen of sturdy young English manhood. And I'm going to play a *very* selfish game to-morrow, Babe."

"Oh, my dear chap, you mustn't." The Babe's face wore an expression of pain and horror. The success of the house team in the final was very near to his heart. He could not understand anyone jesting on the subject. Charteris respected his anguish, and relieved it speedily.

"I was only ragging," he said; "considering that we've got no chance of winning except through our three-quarters, I'm not likely to keep the ball from them, if I get a chance of getting it out. Make your mind easy, Babe."

The final house match was always a warlike game. The rivalry between the various houses was great, and the football cup especially was fought for with immense keenness. Also, the match was the last fixture of the season, and there was a certain feeling in the teams that if they *did* happen to injure a man or two it would not much matter. The disabled sportsmen would not be needed for school match purposes for another six months. As a result of which philosophical reflection the tackling ruled slightly energetic, and the handing-off was done with vigour.

This year, to add a sort of finishing touch there was just a little ill-feeling between Dacre's and Merevale's. The cause of it was the Babe. Until the beginning of the term he had been a day-boy. Then the news began to circulate that he was going to become a boarder, either at Dacre's or at Merevale's. He chose the latter, and Dacre's felt aggrieved. Some of the less sportsmanlike members of the house had proposed that a protest should be made against his being allowed to play, but, fortunately for the credit of the house, Prescott, the captain of Dacre's fifteen, had put his foot down with an emphatic bang at the suggestion. As he had sagely pointed out, there were some things which were bad form, and this was one of them. If the team wanted to express their disapproval, said he, let them do it on the field by tackling their very hardest. He personally was going to do his best in that direction, and he advised them to do the same.

The rumour of this bad blood had got about the school, and when Swift, Merevale's only first fifteen forward, kicked off up hill, a large crowd was lining the ropes. It was evident from the first that it would be a good game. Dacre's were the better side as a team. They had no really weak spot. But Merevale's extraordinarily strong three-quarter line made up for an inferior scrum. And the fact that the Babe was in the centre was worth much.

Dacre's pressed at first. Their pack was unusually heavy for a house-team, and they made full use of it. They took the ball down the field in short rushes till they were in Merevale's twenty-five. Then they began to heel, and if things had been more or less exciting for the Merevalians before, they became doubly so now. The ground was dry, and so was the ball, and the game consequently waxed fast. Time after time the ball went along Dacre's three-quarter line, only to end by finding itself hurled, with

the wing who was carrying it, into touch. Occasionally the centres, instead of feeding their wings, would try to get through themselves. And that was where the Babe came in. He was admittedly the best tackler in the school, but on this occasion he excelled himself. His normally placid temper had been ruffled early in the game by his being brought down by Prescott, and this had added a finish to his methods. His man never had a chance of getting past.

At last a lofty kick into touch over the heads of the spectators gave the teams a few seconds rest.

The Babe went up to Charteris.

"Look here," he said, "it's risky, but I think we'll try having the ball out a bit."

"In our own twenty-five?"

"Wherever we are. I believe it will come off all right. Anyway, we'll try it. Tell the forwards."

So Charteris informed the forwards that they were to let it out, an operation which, for forwards playing against a pack much heavier than themselves, it is easier to talk about than perform. The first half-dozen times that Merevale's scrum tried to heel, they were shoved off their feet, and it was on the enemy's side that the ball came out. But the seventh attempt succeeded. Out it came, cleanly and speedily. Daintree, who was playing half instead of Tony, switched it across to Charteris. Charteris dodged the half who was marking him, and ran. Heeling and passing in one's own twenty-five is like smoking—an excellent habit if indulged in in moderation. On this occasion it answered perfectly. Charteris ran to the half-way line, and handed the ball on to the Babe. The Babe was tackled from behind, and passed to Thomson. Thomson dodged his man, and passed to Welch. Welch was the fastest sprinter in the school. It was a pleasure—if you did not happen to be on the opposing side—to see him race down the touch-line. He was off like an arrow. Dacre's back made a futile attempt to get at him. Welch could have given him twelve yards in a hundred. He ran round him in a large semicircle, and, amidst howls of rapture from the Merevalians in the audience, scored between the posts. The Babe took the kick, and converted without difficulty. Five minutes afterwards the whistle blew for half-time.

The remainder of the game was fought out on the same lines. Dacre's pressed nearly all the time, and scored an unconverted try, but twice the ball came out on Merevale's side and went down their line. Once it was the Babe, who scored with a run from his own goal-line, and once Charteris, who got it from halfway, dodging through the whole team. The last ten minutes

of the match was marked by a slight excess of energy on both sides. Dacre's forwards were in a murderous frame of mind, and fought like demons to get through, and Merevale's played up to them with spirit. The Babe seemed continually to be precipitating himself at the feet of rushing forwards, and Charteris felt as if at least a dozen bones were broken in various parts of his body. The game ended on Merevale's line, but they had won the match and the cup by two goals and a try to a try.

Charteris limped off the field, cheerful but damaged. He ached all over, and there was a large bruise on his left cheek-bone, a souvenir of a forward rush in the first half. Also he was very certain that he was not going to do a stroke of work that night.

He and the Babe were going to the house, when they were aware that the Headmaster was beckoning to them.

"Well, MacArthur, and what was the result of the match?"

"We won, sir," beamed the Babe. "Two goals and a try to a try."

"You have hurt your cheek, Charteris."

"Yes, sir."

"How did you do that?"

"I got a kick, sir, in one of the rushes."

"Ah. I should bathe it, Charteris. Bathe it well. I hope it will not be painful. Bathe it well in warm water."

He walked on.

"You know," said Charteris to the Babe, as they went into the house, "the Old Man isn't such a bad sort, after all. He has his points, don't you think so?"

The Babe said that he did.

"I'm going to reform, you know," said Charteris, confidentially.

"It's about time. You can have the first bath, if you like. Only buck up."

Charteris boiled himself for ten minutes, and then dragged his weary limbs to his study. It was while he was sitting in a deck-chair, eating mixed biscuits, that Master Crowinshaw, his fog, appeared.

"Well?" said Charteris.

"The Head told me to tell you that he wanted to see you at the School House as soon as you can go."

"All right," said Charteris; "thanks."

"Now what," he continued to himself, "does the Old Man want to see me for? Perhaps he wants to make certain that I've bathed my cheek in warm water. Anyhow, I suppose I must go."

A few minutes later he presented himself at the Headmagisterial door. The sedate Parker, the Head's butler, who always filled Charteris with a desire to dig him hard in the

ribs just to see what would happen, ushered him to the study.

The Headmaster was reading by the light of a lamp when Charteris came in. He laid down his book, and motioned him to a seat. After which there was an awkward pause.

"I have just received," began the Head at last, "a most unpleasant communication. Most unpleasant. From whom it comes I do not know. It is, in fact—er—anonymous. I am sorry that I ever read it."

He paused. Charteris made no comment. He

you were breaking the school rules by going there, Charteris?"

"Yes, sir."

There was another pause.

"This is very serious," said the Headmaster. "I cannot overlook this. I——"

There was a slight scuffle of feet outside in the passage, and a noise as if somebody was groping for the handle. The door flew open vigorously, and a young lady entered. Charteris recognised her in an instant as his acquaintance of the previous afternoon.

"Uncle," she said, "have you seen my book anywhere? *Hullo!*" she broke off as she caught sight of Charteris.

"Hullo," said Charteris, affably, not to be outdone in the courtesies.

"Did you catch your train?"

"No. Missed it."

"Hullo, what's the matter with your cheek?"

"I got a kick on it."

"Oh, does it hurt?"

"Not much, thanks."

Here the Headmaster, feeling perhaps a little out of it, put in his oar.

"Dorothy, you must not come here now. I am busy. But how, may I ask, do you and Charteris come to be acquainted?"

"Why, he's him," said Dorothy lucidly

guessed what was coming. He, too, was sorry that the Head had ever read the letter.

"The writer says that he saw you, that he actually spoke to you at the athletic sports at Rutton, yesterday. I have called you in to tell me if that is true."

He fastened an accusing eye on his companion.

"It is quite true, sir," said Charteris, steadily.

"What," said the Head, sharply, "you were at Rutton?"

"Yes, sir."

"You were perfectly aware, I suppose, that

The Head looked puzzled.

"Him, the man, you know."

It is greatly to the credit of the Head's intelligence that he grasped the meaning of these words. Long study of the classics had quickened his faculty of seeing sense in passages where there was none. The situation dawned upon him.

"Do you mean to tell me, Dorothy, that it was Charteris who came to your assistance yesterday?"

Dorothy nodded energetically. Charteris began to feel exactly like a side-show.



"HULLO!" SHE BROKE OFF AS SHE CAUGHT SIGHT OF CHARTERIS.

"He gave the men beans," she said.

"Dorothy," said her uncle, "run away to bed" (a suggestion which she treated with scorn, it wanting a clear two hours to her legal bedtime). "I must speak to your mother about your deplorable habit of using slang. Dear me, I must certainly speak to her."

Dorothy retired in good order. The Head was silent for a few minutes after she had gone. Then he turned to Charteris again. "You must understand, Charteris, that I cannot allow myself to be influenced in any way by what I have just learned. I cannot overlook your offence. I have my duty as a headmaster to consider. You have committed a very serious breach of school rules, and I must punish you for it. You will, therefore, write me out—er—ten lines of Vergil by to-morrow evening, Charteris."

"Yes, sir."

"Latin and English," continued the relentless pedagogue."

"Yes, sir."

"And, Charteris—I am speaking now—er—unofficially: not as a headmaster, you understand—if in future you would cease to break school rules simply as a matter of principle—for that, I fancy, is what it amounts to—I—er—well, I think we should get on better together, Charteris. Which I think would be a very pleasant state of things. Good-night, Charteris."

"Good-night, sir."

The Head extended a hand. Charteris took it, and his departure. The Headmaster, opening his book again, turned over a new leaf.

So did Charteris.

THE END.

WINTER v. SUMMER.

ASSUMING, for a moment, that attitude of thought which determines the value of a thing by the amount of pleasure or profit its affords *oneself*, I unhesitatingly declare for Winter, simply because the delights peculiar to that season appeal to my particular tastes more forcibly than do those of Summer. Having, however, made this assertion—which, after all, is merely an indication of my likes and dislikes, and cannot possibly affect the claims of either season to superiority—I would look at the matter from a higher plane of thought and feeling, namely, the ideal.

It is to be attained by the simple expedient of sinking all *personal* considerations in a genuine effort to see from the view-point of the *universal* good; and a little reflection will convince that this is the *only* attitude compatible with a fair judgment upon the question in hand. Such matters as cricket v. football, rowing v. skating, etc., whilst claiming a perfectly natural and pardonable precedence in the essays of schoolboys, must surely give place to weightier considerations in the minds of those who have arrived at years of discretion and thoughtfulness.

To such, the perfect alternations of Win-

ter's cold and Summer's heat must afford a fine exemplification of those wonderful compensatory laws which pervade all Nature.

For instance, Summer brings warmth and abundance of life, but she is scarcely less prolific of fever and pestilence, which nothing but the *frosts and snows* of Winter can effectually dissipate.

This style of argument might be applied indefinitely, all along the line, to prove that the opposite seasons are as essential to each other as the two faces of a coin, and possess an absolute equality of place and value in Nature's infallible economy.

But more than this. He who is wise will not fail to recognise, behind the visible workings of these laws in Nature, the presence of that Supreme Intelligence, whose love promotes, and whose wisdom dispenses them. Then, even as the sun's rays, falling upon the fire in the hearth, have a tendency to absorb and extinguish the lesser flame, so shall these loftier considerations cutweigh all personal idiosyncrasies; and, placing the claims of these rival seasons in the scale of our judgment, we shall perceive the perfect balance disturbed not by so much as a hair's breadth.

HARRY PAYNE.

"The Captain" Photographic Gallery.

Being a Selection of Photographs entered for our Competitions.



KITTENS.
By Charles Allen, Glasgow.



THE WALKING MATCH.—DUNDEE TO PERTH.
By Alex. McGarry, Dundee.



"WHEN THE HEART IS YOUNG."
By Winifred Wise, Limpfield.



By THE LIFEBOAT. A Reader.



"SCUTCHING."

By W. J. Jones, Streatham Hill, S.W.



MUTTON.

By J. A. Humphreys, Dulwich College.



TRAINING BRIG "ENDEAVOUR," AT THE L.C.C.
INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, FELTHAM, MIDDLESEX.
By Eustace H. Laycock.



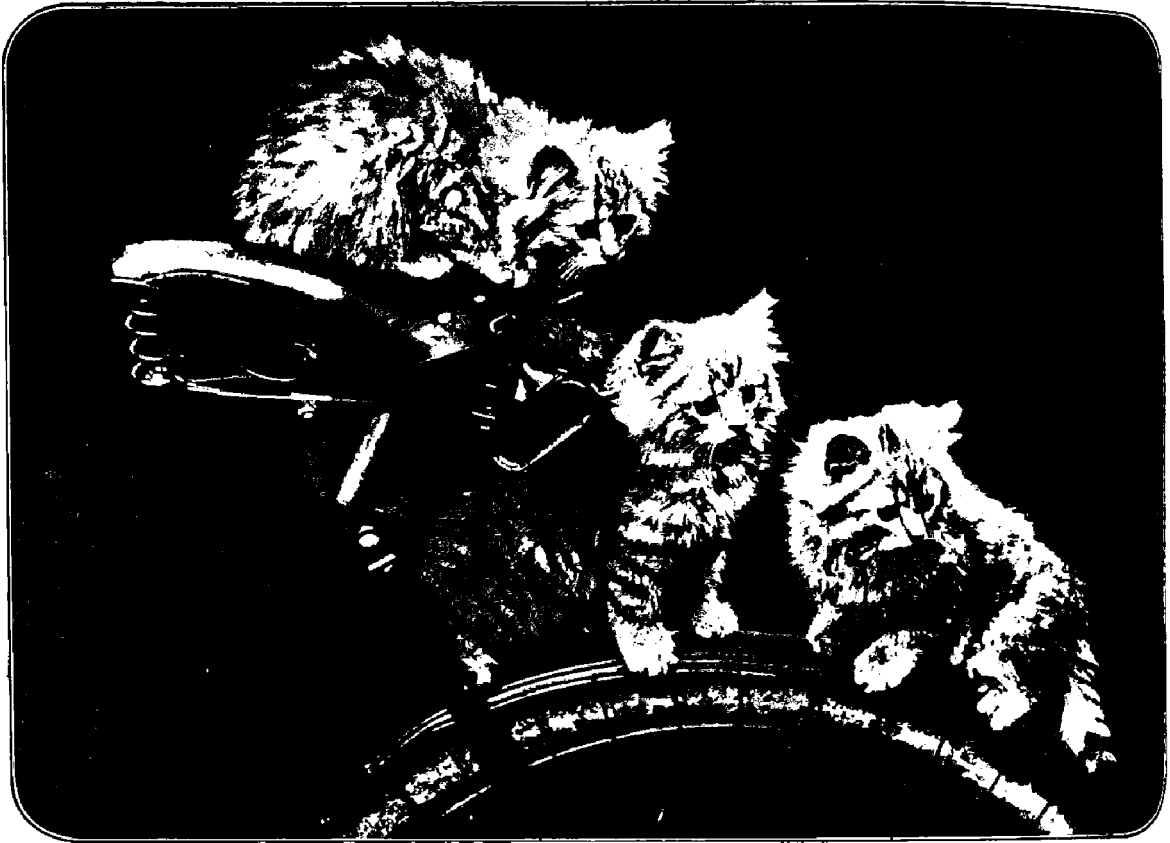
By Rennie Hopper.

A WATERFALL IN WINTER,

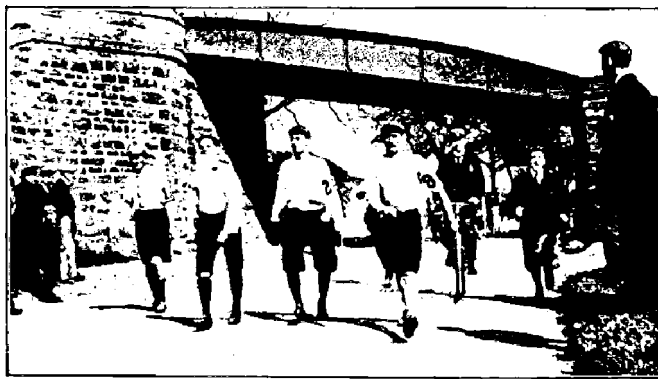
Nelson, Lanca.

"The Captain" Photographic Gallery.

Being a Selection of Photographs entered for our Competitions.



KITIENS.
By Charles Allen, Glasgow.



THE WALKING MATCH.—DUNDEE TO PERTH.
By Alex. McGarry, Dundee.



By

THE LIFEBOAT.

A Reader.



"WHEN THE HEART IS YOUNG."
By Winifred Wise, Limsfield.



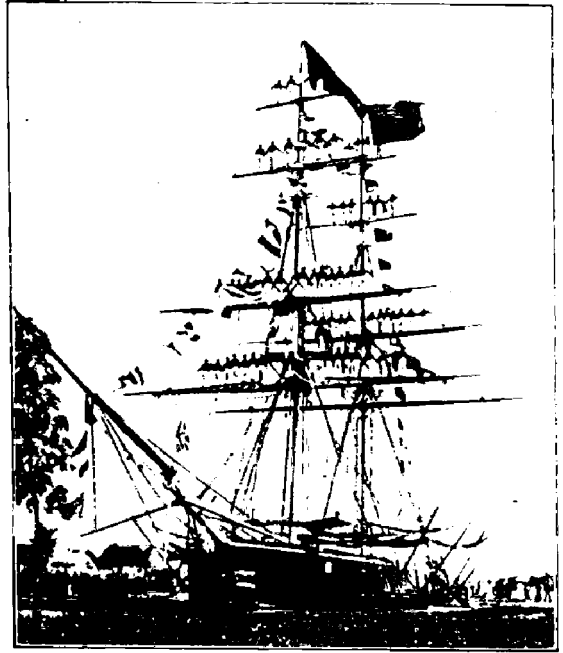
"SCUTCHING."

By W. J. Jones, Streatham Hill, S.W.



MUTTON.

By J. A. Humphreys, Dulwich College.



TRAINING BRIG "ENDEAVOUR," AT THE L.C.C.
INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, FELTHAM, MIDDLESEX.
By Eustace H. Laycock.



By Rennie Hopper.

A WATERFALL IN WINTER,

Nelson, Lancs.

DICK GOLDIE'S

ELEPHANT

By ALFRED CLARK.

Illustrated by J. MACFARLANE.

I.

HIS Majesty's ship *Anadyomene*, 74 guns, with the pennon of Admiral Sir William Durward flying at her mast-head, lay at anchor in the inner harbour at Trincomalie, Ceylon.

Seated on a locker in a dark stifling cabin, deep in the vast hold of the flag-ship, was a boy of fourteen whose short jacket, tight pants, little cocked hat, and pigmy pig-tail showed to be a midshipman. Dick Goldie, commonly called "Bantam" by his shipmates, on account of the pluck he had several times shown, and his perky way of carrying himself, was a general favourite. He was on his first voyage, having left school only a few months before. He had entered the Royal Navy at an unusually early age through the influence of his father, an officer high in his Majesty's service. Though small for his age, with a very boyish face, he considered himself, by virtue of his position, to be a man, and did his best to imitate the ways and talk of his elders, often with comical effect. His diminutive stature and youth saved him from the rough treatment and brutal bullying then common in the Navy, and he was allowed to do and say things which would not have been tolerated from any one else.

Dick sat, that hot afternoon, gazing lovingly at something that lay on his lap. It was a long, single-barrelled fowling-piece on the newly invented percussion cap principle, given to him by his father, and the possession he prized most in the world. He was never tired of cleaning and polishing it, and would sit for hours, heedless of his companions' chaff, holding it in his



I've got it sir I've shot the rogue!

hand, sunk in delicious day dreams in which he shot, in fancy, hecatombs of wild beasts. The boy was a born sportsman, and longed ardently for the day when he could track down the mighty elephant, the ferocious leopard, and the surly bear, and lay them low with his treasured gun.

It was a long time, however, before he was able to use the weapon, for he had no opportunity during the voyage of the *Anadyomene*, and for some weeks after her arrival could not get leave ashore, for which his soul craved.

The great day for which Dick had been hoping and longing at length came, and he got an opportunity of trying his beloved gun. The flag-lieutenant, a good-natured man, got leave for a day's shooting, and took the boy with him. Dick's delight as he left the ship with his companion, hugging his gun and supplied with enough ammunition for a campaign, was intense. An hour's ride in a bullock cart brought

them to the place where they hoped to find sport. They had been creeping cautiously about for some time, looking for game, when the lieutenant was startled by seeing Dick, who, in his eagerness, had hurried ahead of his companion, come running back with a face full of pleasurable excitement.

"Elephants, Mr. Douglas, elephants!" he cried, delightedly, but in a low voice.

Knowing that wild elephants were sometimes seen in that neighbourhood, the lieutenant, piloted by Dick, went forward cautiously till they reached an open spot in the forest. The boy pointed eagerly to something standing there, and began to fumble with his gun, evidently almost unable to restrain his desire to open fire. Douglas stood for some seconds staring before him with blank amazement in his face; then he burst into a roar of laughter.

"You silly young ass!—they're *buffaloes!*" he cried, choking with merriment.

When they got back to the ship in the evening and the lieutenant related the joke, there was much laughter. Dick was chaffed unmercifully, but without his equanimity being upset in the least. From that day buffaloes were always spoken of by his messmates as "Bantam's elephants."

Soon after this an unfortunate accident befell the boy, which threatened to cut short his career as a sportsman. The Admiral was very fond of snipe-shooting, and, in an evil day for himself, took Dick, whose father was well known to him, for a day's sport. All went well for a time, for the boy, greatly flattered and pleased by the great man's condescension, took very good care not to fire anywhere in his direction. But, late in the afternoon, as ill-luck would have it, a snipe rose at Dick's feet just as the Admiral disappeared from view for a moment behind a tuft of tall reeds in front; and the boy, on the impulse of the moment, fired. The bird fell, and Dick, after splashing through the mud towards it in huge delight, was about to pick it up when he saw a terrible sight. The Admiral, with his red face contorted with fury, was hopping wildly about on the ridge of a paddy-field, clutching each of his legs alternately in a paroxysm of pain and surprise. What had happened was only too plain to the horror-struck boy—he had shot the Admiral!

For some moments the old gentleman was speechless with rage; then, seeing Dick coming towards him, he addressed him in language almost calculated to reduce him to cinders. He was, however, a good-hearted man, and when the smarting of his wounds began to subside, and he saw the boy's white face full of penitence and distress, he felt ashamed of his outbreak, and

gruffly but kindly told him not to take to heart what he had said in his anger.

"But, look here, youngster," he added, "I must take that gun from you. You really cannot be allowed to go on endangering people's lives with it. I was a fool to bring you with me, after what I had heard of your reckless use of it, and have nobody to blame but myself that I got shot."

Dick said nothing, but the Admiral's words pierced his heart like a knife.

Sir William limped across the fields to the village, and, seating himself on a paddy-mortar, tucked up his blood-spotted trousers and took off his shoes and stockings. Some water was brought, and Dick, by his directions, bathed his legs. Then they got into the bullock cart waiting for them, and drove back to Trincomahie. Dick sat beside his victim with pale face and hanging head. The Admiral saw how deeply the threatened seizure of his gun had affected the boy, and his heart relented. As they entered the town, he turned to him and said:—

"There, there, my boy, don't look so miserable! You shall have your gun again if you will give me your word of honour that you will be more careful with it in future. But, mind me, if I hear of any more wild firing, I will order it to be taken from you!"

"Oh, thank you, sir, thank you! I will take care, indeed I will!" cried Dick, bursting into tears of gratitude and joy.

When the Chief Surgeon, who had been summoned to Admiralty House to extract the pellets from Sir William's legs, returned to the ship with the news of what had happened, there was much excitement on board. Dick was seized and, much against his will, forced to relate, amid roars of laughter, the particulars of his feat. Fresh relays of shipmates came in every few minutes to hear the wonderful story till the boy was tired of telling it. He did not tire, however, of singing the Admiral's praises. "Oh, he's such a brick!" he kept repeating earnestly every time he thought of the great man's kindness in allowing him to keep his gun.

Dick never heard the last of this untoward accident, and the chaffing he got would have soured a less spirited, happy nature. The poet of the ship composed a song on the incident, only to be sung when Sir William was not within ear-shot. If Dick ventured to differ from any opinion expressed by a shipmate, the retort invariably was—"You shut up, Bantam! Who shot the Admiral?" He was not spared even by the crew, for more than once, when pacing the deck in the dark, he heard a gruff voice aloft whisper—"Say, Bill!"—"Wha-at?"—"Oo shot the admiral?"

All this banter, however, did not abate the boy's ardour in the least, and he remained as keen a sportsman as ever.

II

BESSIE MALWOOD, the daughter of Major Malwood, who was in command of a detachment of sepoy's quartered at Fort Ostenburg, was the belle of Trincomalie.



THE ADMIRAL WAS SPEECHLESS FROM RAGE.

Every unmarried man in the garrison, and every bachelor whom business or pleasure brought to Trincomalie, from old Colonel Bollair to the midshipmen on the warships, made love to her. Great was the sensation, therefore, when it was announced one day that Bessie Malwood was

engaged to be married, and greater still the surprise and disgust when it was known that the happy man who had won her heart was Ronald Skinner, lieutenant of marines on the *Anadyomene*, for Skinner was about the most unpopular man on the flag-ship.

Amongst the most ardent of the young lady's admirers was little Dick Goldie. He was a frequent visitor at the house in Fort Ostenburg where the Malwoods lived, and never failed at each visit to bring some pretty little present of fur or feathers for his charmer. Bessie liked

the bright-faced, handsome boy, and was very good friends with him.

One evening Dick presented himself at the house and found the young lady sitting reading in the verandah. She looked up with a smile as he entered.

"Oh, Miss Malwood!" he burst out with sparkling eyes, "they say that the rogue elephant which killed the tappal-runner last month is now in the Andankulam Jungle—and I've got a day's leave, day after to-morrow!"

"But surely you don't intend to go after the dreadful creature, Mr. Goldie?"

"Ra—ther, Miss Malwood! I shall never have such a chance again."

"You are not going alone, of course?"

"Nobody will go with me," returned the boy ruefully.

"Oh, but you mustn't go alone, you really mustn't! I must ask the Admiral not to let you."

"Miss Malwood!" exclaimed Dick, with such astonishment, consternation and reproach in his

voice that the girl hastened to soothe his wounded feelings.

"I didn't mean that, Mr. Goldie, but really it makes me quite unhappy to think of your going alone after such a monster. It will be dreadfully dangerous!"

"Not a bit, Miss Malwood!" returned the boy cheerfully, and he went on to demonstrate to her how simple it was to creep up through the jungle and shoot the huge beast dead before it was even aware that any human being was near. Before Dick left he promised to present her with a foot-stool made of one of the rogue's forefeet, which she laughingly thanked him for in anticipation.

As the boy strutted off in the funny little consequential way which had earned him his nickname of "Bantam," he met his shipmate and successful rival, Lieutenant Ronald Skinner. The young officer passed him with a slight nod and an expression on his face which showed that he was not pleased to see him coming out of the house. He was evidently in a bad temper, for when he had entered the verandah he said impatiently,

"Why do you let that fellow I met just now hang about you, Bessie? You will make yourself ridiculous."

"He is only a boy, Ronald, but he is a little gentleman, and will not, I am sure, do anything that would make himself or me look foolish."

"He is a cheeky young cub, and wants licking into shape badly."

"I like him, Ronald, and do not wish to hear anything unkind said of him."

In the course of the conversation that followed Bessie told her lover of Dick Goldie's intended hunt after the rogue-elephant.

"The conceited young idiot!" he exclaimed, laughing unpleasantly. "He thinks himself, with that blessed gun of his, good enough to face anything. He'll get smashed to a jelly by the brute."

"Oh, he mustn't be allowed to go, Ronald! You must speak to the Admiral!" cried Bessie, on hearing this.

"You needn't alarm yourself. It's a hundred chances to one that he never sees the beast, and, if he does, it will probably only result in his getting a scold which will do him a world of good." But he took the young man a considerable time to persuade the girl that it was not her duty to write and ask the Admiral to forbid the boy going after the "rogue" alone.

Skinner did not stay long talking with the young lady, as he had business to attend to at the dockyard. As he was leaving, Bessie begged him to try and persuade Dick Goldie not to attempt to go elephant-shooting alone, and he promised to do his best. As he passed the Spa Ground, near Admiralty House, he caught sight of a small crowd watching a huge elephant engaged in dragging logs of timber out of the water. The instant he saw the great beast, an idea occurred to him which made him grin de-

lightedly. He stood for some minutes looking at the elephant, and turning the idea over in his mind.

"Rajah," for that was the elephant's name, was the property of old Rámaswámi, the mess-contractor, and was one of the institutions of Trincomalie. It was said to be over one hundred years old, and to have been in the service of the Dutch for many years before Ceylon was ceded to the British. It was a tuskless, bull-elephant of unusual size, whose huge gaunt frame, on which its thick skin hung in folds, hollow temples and sunken cheeks showed its great age. Though feeble and half blind, it could still do light work, but its principal duty was to figure in the numerous heathen festivals and marriage processions which paraded the streets of Trincomalie.

"By Jove, it would be rare sport!" muttered Skinner, gazing at the elephant with eyes twinkling maliciously, "I'll be hanged if I don't do it. It will make the young cub the laughing-stock of the place, and he'll be too much cut up to go fooling after Bessie for some time at any rate."

So muttering, the lieutenant turned and retraced his steps into the town till he came to a native house in a narrow street. On entering the garden he caught sight of a portly native lolling in a very dirty lounge chair, with only a thin cloth wrapped round his loins.

"Good morning, Rámaswámi!"

"Good mornin', sar! Anything you wanting, Mr. Skinner?" The mess-contractor knew the young officer well, having had some small dealings with him.

"I have come to see you about your elephant, Rámaswámi."

"What for you wanting my elephant, Mr. Skinner? Want to take board-ship and make little pet? Ho! ho! ha! ha!" laughed the fat mess-contractor.

"Don't be an ass, Rámaswámi," responded Skinner testily. He then made a proposal which caused the owner of the elephant to goggle and gasp with surprise. It was that the mess-contractor should allow old "Rajah" to be tied up next day in the jungle, just outside the town, for young Dick Goldie to have a shot at.

"But I not understan'. What for Mr. Goldie shooting my tame elephant? Why he not go and shoot wild jungle elephant?" demanded Rámaswámi, with uplifted hands.

The lieutenant explained that a joke was to be played on the boy, who was to be led to believe that Rajah was a ferocious rogue-elephant.

"But suppose Mr. Goldie kill elephant?" objected the mess-contractor.

"Oh, there's no fear of that. The fellow's an awful duffer with a gun, and couldn't hit a hay-stack. He will just fire one shot on seeing Rajah, and then bolt like a rabbit."

"But if he fire he will make hole in elephant!"

"Oh, well, if the fellow wounds it I am willing to pay for the damage. Come now, what's your figure for the hire of the beast for one day?"

It was with much difficulty and after a long talk that the lieutenant persuaded the mess-contractor to consent to Rajah being tied up in the jungle next day for young Goldie to fire at. The mess-contractor was a man of business, and insisted on the agreement being in writing, and Skinner, though he refused for a time, eventually signed the memorandum.

Saying that he would come again next morning to settle the exact place in the jungle where Rajah was to be tethered, and to make all other arrangements, he left the house. As he walked towards the boat jetty, he chuckled over the capital joke he was going to play on young Goldie.

"They'll chaff his skin off!" he thought, gleefully.

Early next morning Skinner went ashore and hired a small ramshackle bullock-hackeri to take him out of the town. At the first mile post on the road to Kandy, Skinner found the mahout of the elephant Rajah waiting for him. Dismounting from his creaking conveyance the young man led the way into the forest by an old half-overgrown timber-cutter's path, followed by the mahout. When they had gone about a quarter of a mile, Skinner stopped at a small open spot among the trees and looked round. "This'll do, I think," he muttered, and then turning to his companion said in pidgin English,

"Look here, you bring along one piecy elephant, night-time coming, and moor him to this tree. You sabe?"

The mahout swung his head from side to side to express comprehension, but there was a grin on his bearded face, and a twinkle in his eye, which made the young officer gaze at him suspiciously.

III.



ON his return to the ship, Skinner went in search of Dick Goldie, and found him on deck gazing over the harbour at the distant forest-clad hills.

"I hear that you're going after the rogue that has been seen in the neighbourhood of the town, youngster. I was driving along the Kandy road

this morning, and it strikes me that you are likely to have some sport," he said to the boy with a sneering smile.

"Oh, Mr. Skinner, did you see his tracks?" gasped Dick, trying hard not to appear excited, but betraying by his flushed face and sparkling eyes his joy at the news.

"Well, no—I didn't," was the slow reply, "but I saw sufficient to make me think that you are certain to get a shot to-morrow."

"Where do you think he will be in the morning, Mr. Skinner?"

"It's impossible to say, but if I were you I would make for the first mile-post out of the town and turn into the jungle to the north along the cart track you will find there. You are bound to come on the brute before you have gone far."

"Thank you, Mr. Skinner," responded Dick, gratefully, and hurried below to get out his spotlessly clean gun and give it another rub in preparation for the morrow's expedition.

Skinner went ashore again late in the evening and walked out of the town to the spot where he had met the mahout in the morning. On the way he noticed on the dusty road the great round footprints of an elephant, and saw that Rajah's owner and the mahout had carried out their agreement with him. It was by this time getting dark, and Skinner, who was of a nervous disposition, was unpleasantly impressed by the silence and gloom of the forest-path he wished to enter. While he was standing irresolute, more than half inclined to be satisfied with the evidence he had already seen of Rajah having been taken to the forest, he heard a shout and saw some one coming along the road towards him. It was Douglas, the flag-lieutenant, who was returning alone after a day's snipe-shooting.

"Hullo! what are you doing here, Skinner!" he exclaimed.

"I'm just going into the jungle to see if an order I gave has been attended to. Do you care to come with me? It will take only a few minutes."

A few minutes' walk brought them to the spot where Skinner had arranged to have Rajah tethered—but the elephant was not there!

"Hanged if I didn't suspect as much! The rascal has humbugged me after all," muttered the young man angrily.

"What's up?" asked Douglas, hearing his ship-mate's wrathful mutterings.

Skinner did not reply, for, just at that moment, he heard in the forest ahead of them the unmistakable sounds made by an elephant feeding. His face cleared, for he at once concluded



THE ELEPHANT UTTERED A SHRILL TRUMPET, WHICH SEEMED TO THEM THE MOST AWFUL SOUND THEY HAD EVER HEARD.

that the mahout had either tied up the elephant in the wrong place, or that it had slipped its tethering chain, and had strayed away from the spot where it had been left tied as ordered.

"Do you mind coming on a bit further, Douglas?" he asked.

"Go ahead," responded his companion, shortly.

When they had gone a few paces further Douglas stopped.

"Listen!" he said. "Isn't that an elephant in the jungle ahead of us?"

"Yes, but it is only old Rajah!" returned Skinner, without vouchsafing any further explanation. Douglas looked puzzled, but said nothing.

There was still a good deal of light in the sky when the two men reached the spot where the elephant was feeding. It stood in the path with its broad hindquarters to them, but, on hearing their steps, it quickly turned and, frigid as a rock, faced them with cocked ears and extended trunk.

"Why, hang it!—that's not Rámaswámi's old elephant! By heaven, it's a wild one!" whispered Douglas in a tone of alarm.

"It's the rogue! Let's run!" gasped Skinner.

As the two men turned, the elephant made a sudden step forward, and uttered a shrill trumpet which seemed to them the most horrible sound they had ever heard. They had scarcely gone twenty yards when Douglas tripped over a tree-root and fell, dropping his gun. Hearing the elephant coming on behind, he scrambled to his feet and continued his flight, leaving the weapon lying on the ground.

"Great Scott, he'll catch us!" he exclaimed on overtaking his companion. "A tree is our only chance. Thank Heaven, here's one!"

It was a many-branched *véri* tree which stood on the side of the cart-track. Urged by terror, the two men ran up the tree with the nimbleness of monkeys. It was well for them that they were accustomed to climbing, for while they were still scrambling madly up, the rogue-elephant in chase of them stopped under the tree. The brute evidently heard their movements above, for it stood listening intently, while its intended victims, panting with excitement, looked down on its broad back. Presently, lowering its huge head, it placed the base of its trunk against the tree, and pushed with all its might. Every branch and twig quivered, but the tree was too strong and deep-rooted to be overturned by even the tremendous pressure applied to it. Uttering a deep rumbling sound, and with flapping ears and stiffened tail, the rogue went round the tree and tried to push it over from the other side, but was unsuccessful. After a time it

moved off a few yards and began to feed again, but it was soon obvious to the unfortunate men in the tree that the brute was keeping an eye on them.

Meanwhile Douglas' wrath had been slowly rising, and it at length broke out in words.

"Perhaps you will be so good as to tell me what all this means, Skinner," he exclaimed, angrily. "You ask me to come into the jungle in order, apparently, to show me Rámaswámi's tame elephant, though what for, goodness only knows. But instead of showing me Rajah, you introduce me to a rogue elephant, which promptly attacks us and trees us. You may know what you are about, but I'll be hanged if I do!"

"I was as much surprised as you were on finding it was not Rámaswámi's elephant," returned his companion, hesitatingly.

"Look here, Skinner, I can see there's something queer in this business. You have got me into a mess as well as yourself, and I am entitled to know how it came about. You had better tell me exactly what brought you here this evening."

After a good deal of pressure, Skinner confessed the trick he had intended to play on Dick Goldie.

"By heavens, you deserve to be kicked!" exclaimed Douglas, indignantly, on realising the cruelty and want of good feeling involved in the "joke," as its originator termed it. He spoke so loudly that the rogue stopped feeding and sauntered up to the tree to see whether its victims were attempting to escape and to make another unsuccessful attempt to push down the tree, after which it moved off and began to feed again in the vicinity.

After an hour or two had passed the two listening men simultaneously noticed that the sound of breaking branches and the scrunch of huge jaws had ceased. They determined to descend from the tree and to make their way through the forest in the direction of the town, hoping to strike the road, which could not be far off. They descended as noiselessly as they could and began to creep through the dark forest. They had been laboriously making their way, as they hoped, towards the road for about half an hour and were drenched with perspiration and panting with their exertions, when they simultaneously stopped. Only a few yards ahead of them they heard a sound which struck them with terror. It was the flapping of an elephant's ears! They had obviously come upon the rogue again, and were so close to it that they momentarily expected to hear it come crashing through the forest at them. There was nothing for it but to take to the trees again. Luckily one with

low branches stood near, and into this the two men clambered as quietly as they could.

The hours that followed were about the most miserable they had ever passed.

"Thank heaven!" muttered Douglas fervently, but hoarsely, when the brightening of the eastern sky showed that day was about to dawn. His companion was incapable of speech from weariness and want of sleep. When the light was strong enough for them to see all their surroundings clearly, they observed that the elephant was still in the same place where it had been all night. It was evidently awake; nevertheless the two men, after interrogative glances at each other, resolved to descend from the tree and try to escape. On reaching the ground they at once crept away as quickly and as noiselessly as they could, and soon found themselves on the main road, which was only about two hundred paces from the spot where they had spent the night. Here they stopped to stretch themselves and to rub their aching legs.

As they stood there silently congratulating themselves on their escape from the rogue, they were startled by the loud report of a gun in the forest close by. A few seconds later they heard another sound which caused them, after exchanging horrified glances, to set off running at top speed towards the town. The sound was caused by some huge animal crashing through the jungle towards them. When they had run a short distance, Douglas glanced over his shoulder.

"Heavens! it's that awful brute again!" he exclaimed, and fled down the road at a pace that soon enabled him to overtake his companion.

It was, indeed, the elephant. The terrible creature rushed out of the forest, throwing down a small tree across the road as it emerged. It stood for one moment flapping its ears furiously, and then, with a trumpet, came shuffling along the road after the two men, apparently in pursuit of them. Horror-struck on seeing this, Douglas and Skinner ran as they had not run since they were boys at school. Neither of them was in good training, and by the time they reached Yard Cove their high-stepping pace and laboured breathing showed that they were exhausted and winded. Meanwhile the elephant came on, six feet at every stride, and was rapidly overtaking them. The sound of the monster's mighty feet ploughing through the shallow water of the Cove forced them to put on a spurt, and they made good time over Orr's Hill. When they reached the Inner Harbour they thought their last hour was come, for the elephant was close behind, and neither of them felt able to run a dozen yards further. Just at this moment they came on a small native hut on the road side,

and into this frail place of refuge they both rushed, tumbling over one another in their fear. A few moments of agonizing suspense followed, for they expected that the hut would be broken down over them and that they would be dragged out and trampled to death. A couple of minutes passed, however, and nothing happened. When Douglas, panting for breath, and hardly able to see from the perspiration streaming into his eyes, peeped cautiously out of the door, he was intensely relieved to find that the elephant was not in sight. On coming out of the hut, however, he was horrified to see by the foot-prints of the animal on the road that it had gone towards the town.

"Good heavens, Skinner! The mad brute is making for the town. We ought to call the military out to shoot it, or it will be killing the niggers like ants!"

The expression of Skinner's face showed that the danger the people of the town were in disturbed him very little, but he followed his comrade when Douglas started off in the wake of the elephant. They proceeded at a rapid pace along the Harbour Road following the huge foot-prints. Near the town they came on a portion of road which was hard and smooth, and the great round footmarks ceased to be visible. There was nothing to show whether the elephant had turned eastward towards the native town or had gone straight on towards Fort Ostenburg. They decided to go at once and report what had happened to the authorities.

A few minutes later the two men were at Admiralty House, and their disordered clothes, dirty and haggard faces, and excited manner caused some commotion among the officers and others in attendance when they announced that they had something important to tell Sir William Durward.

"Beg pardon, sir!" exclaimed Douglas, when they were admitted to the Admiral's presence, "but that rogue elephant, which, they say, is such a murderous brute, has come into the town and is probably, at this moment, killing people in the bazaar!"

"We came on it in the jungle yesterday evening, sir, and we only escaped it by climbing a tree, in which we sat all night, and this morning it chivvied us into the town!" added Skinner.

A few questions enabled Sir William to understand what had happened. He at once ordered the flag-ship to be signalled to send ashore an armed boat's crew, and sent notes to the officers commanding at Fort Friedrich and Fort Ostenburg informing them of the presence in the town of the mad elephant. He then, accompanied by Douglas and Skinner, hurried to the place where the rogue had last been seen. From the spot

where its huge footprints ceased to be visible they went along the road making enquiries as they went. To their great surprise every person they met stated that they had not seen anything of the brute. One or two men said that they had seen Rámaswámi's tame elephant going to its stable near its owner's house, but laughed when asked whether it was not the rogue elephant which they had seen.

"Have we not known Rajah since we were children, and did not our fathers and grand-fathers know him before us?" they exclaimed, evidently thinking that the three officers who were looking for a rogue-elephant in the streets of Trincomalie must be either mad or drunk.

Having had the footprints of the animal pointed out to him by Douglas and Skinner, the Admiral had no doubt whatever of the truth of their story, but was, nevertheless, much perplexed. On reaching Admiralty Flats without seeing or hearing anything of the elephant, the three men stopped to discuss what was to be done. As they talked they saw coming towards them at the double the boat's crew which the Admiral had signalled for, armed with muskets and powder and ball. A few minutes later half a company of sepoys, wearing sandles, shiny shakos, cross belts and stiff stocks, appeared marching down from Fort Ostenburg, led by Major Malwood. Almost simultaneously a number of officers from Fort Fredrich and also several civilians arrived, armed with guns of every sort, and all demanding eagerly where the rogue-elephant was.

"To tell you the truth, gentlemen, we don't know," replied the Admiral to these enquiries. "That the brute has come into the town is beyond doubt, but whither it has betaken itself we have yet to find out."

"It has probably turned back to the jungle by the coast road," remarked one of the officers.

"Or taken shelter in the jungle below Dutch Point," suggested another.

"It has, more likely, gone round by Chapel Rocks to the jungle at the back of Ostenburg Hill," said a third.

A discussion, which lasted several minutes, followed. A plan of action for a systematic search for the hiding rogue-elephant had just been decided on when an exclamation from Major Malwood caused all assembled to turn and look in the direction in which he was gazing.

"Who is it?"—"It's young Goldie"—"What's the matter with the boy?"—"What in the world has he got there?"

It was, indeed, Dick Goldie, covered with dust and streaming with perspiration, his face flushed with heat and happiness, and his blue eyes dancing with delight.

His long-barrelled fowling-piece was slung across his back; in his right hand he held an elephant's tail, and with his left he dragged along a huge amputated elephant's ear.

"I've got it, sir—I've shot the rogue!" he gasped, addressing the Admiral, and hardly able to articulate the words through excitement.

"Well done, my boy, well done!" replied Sir William heartily, "but where did you shoot it?"

"Through the head, sir; one shot killed it."

"I mean at what place?"

"In the jungle, sir, about a mile out of the town."

"A mile out of the town! at what time did you shoot it?"

"Just after daybreak, sir."

"Bless my soul! this is very extraordinary, gentlemen!" exclaimed the Admiral, turning to Douglas and Skinner. Before either of them could reply, and while all present were staring at each other in silence, trying to understand what was taking place, a loud voice was heard crying in wheezy, tearful tones.

"Where Mr. Skinner? Please gentlemen, Mr. Skinner here? I got terrible thing to tell."

The speaker was Rámaswámi, the mess-contractor, whose fat face wore a most lugubrious expression.

"Here he is, Rámaswámi. What's up?" exclaimed one of the bystanders.

"Oh, Mr. Skinner, what for you kill my elephant? He come running from the jungle to his stable this morning, and then lying down and dying. Aiyó! Aiyó! how I can lose my elephant?" cried the mess-contractor on seeing the young officer.

"Hang your elephant—I didn't kill it," growled Skinner with a blank face, for the explanation of all that had happened since the evening before began to dawn on him.

Meanwhile Douglas, who had been gazing round with expressionless face at his shipmates, and at the officers of the garrison standing round, mutely appealing for some explanation of the mystery, on hearing Rámaswámi's pathetic announcement of the death of his old elephant, suddenly clasped his hands in front of him and bent himself double, roaring with laughter.

"What's the joke, Mr. Douglas?" asked the Admiral.

"It was—Rámaswámi's old tame elephant—which treed us last night—and which chased us into the town this morning!"

There was a shout of laughter from everybody standing within hearing, for not one of them had failed to see the joke and to appreciate it to the full. All the sailors and sepoys grinned in sympathy with the hilarity of their officers.

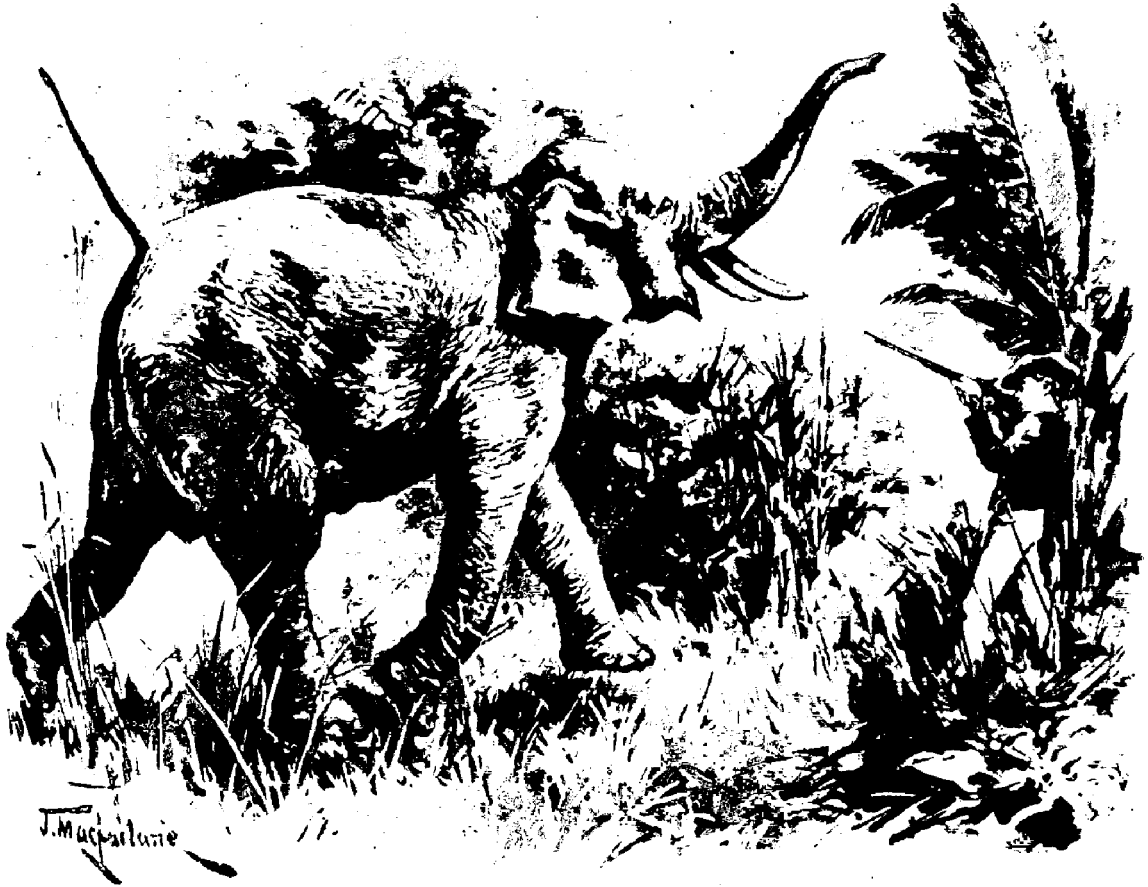
Then Douglas related all that had happened to Skinner and himself during the night. When he had finished, some questions were asked of Rámaswámi, whose replies made everything perfectly clear. The elephant to which Skinner had introduced Douglas was the dreaded rogue itself, which had made its appearance unexpectedly in the neighbourhood. The elephant they had come on when trying to make their way to the road was old Rajah, which had been purposely tethered by the mahout in a different place to that pointed out by

animal, and on reaching its home it had lain down and died.

Mingled with the laughter which followed Douglas' story were a number of strong expressions of disapproval and disgust at Skinner's conduct.

For some time Skinner received very cold treatment from his brother officers, and colder treatment still from Bessie Malwood, who, disgusted by his jealousy of a mere lad, broke off her engagement with him.

And Skinner's pocket suffered, as well as his



DICK GOLDIE, BY GREAT GOOD LUCK, KILLED IT AT THE FIRST SHOT.

Skinner. Dick Goldie had started on his solitary hunt after the rogue before daylight, and had come on it just after sun-rise, and by great good luck had killed it at the first shot. Old Rajah, who was tethered close by, had been so alarmed by the report of the gun that it had broken its tethering chain and bolted back to the town. It was, in fact, making for its stable at the time the two officers mistook it for the rogue, and thought it was in pursuit of them. The unwonted exertion and excitement had been too much for the ancient, decrepit

pride, for Rámaswámi, the mess-contractor, demanded payment of one thousand rupees, the value of his elephant—done to death, as he asserted, by Skinner; and on the young man's refusing to pay, on the ground that young Goldie had not fired at the beast, laid the matter before the Admiral.

Sir William sent for the lieutenant.

"I do not know which is the more extraordinary, sir—your idea of a joke, or your conception of the obligation attaching to a written bond.—You will pay Rámaswámi at once."

NATURALISTS' CORNER.

Conducted by EDWARD STEP, F.L.S.

Chameleon.—P. J. (Aberdeen) asks "how one may get a chameleon sent home from South Africa." If P. J. has any friend out there, there does not appear to be any difficulty in getting this done; but if not I should suppose the simplest and cheapest method would be to purchase one from an animal dealer in his own country. By this method all risk of the creature dying on the voyage is avoided.

Newts.—I am asked by "R. R." (Inellan), if newts are water lizards. It is quite a common error to regard them as such, on account of some similarity of shape. In no other respect, however, do newts and lizards resemble each other, and their relationship is very distant. Newts are soft-skinned creatures, like their near relations the frogs and toads, and, like these, begin life in the water as legless tadpoles. Lizards are lizards from their earliest hours, and live entirely on land. Their skins are dry and completely covered with overlapping scales. Lizards are true reptiles, but the newts, frogs, and toads constitute a separate class (Batrachians) intermediate between the reptiles and the fishes. In answer to "R. R.'s" further questions: (1) The term triton is an alternative name applied to all newts. (2) The Alpine Spotted Newt differs from our British newts in having the sides streaked with white, on which are black spots. The crest also is white with black spots, and in the breeding season the male has a bright blue band along each side. It is a native of Central Europe. (3) All newts may be fed upon live worms and smooth caterpillars.—"R. C. W." (Crieff), also has some newt queries. If the aquarium is liberally supplied with growing water-weeds, the water will only require changing when it becomes fouled by the decay of uneaten food, but this will not happen if the food (see 3 above) is not given in excessive quantities. Newts are not aquatic animals except in their infantile stages and during the breeding season (spring). When they show a desire to escape from the aquarium they should be placed in a fern-case with land plants.—Yet another of "ours" is troubled about newts. "Enquirer" (Harringay) says: "I had two large spotted Alpine Newts in the aquarium, and both have disappeared, notwithstanding that the sides, which are of cement, are very steep; also the top is covered with small-mesh wire netting. . . . Could you tell me the reason of it? Also, can water-newts and lizards live out of water, and should they have a grass-bank near to come out on if they feel disposed?" I think "Enquirer" will find all these questions answered in the replies given to "R. R." and "R. C. W." above. For other queries see below.

Aquarium Matters.—Your aquarium is

evidently not conducted on right principles. You must copy Nature if you wish to succeed. An aquarium is really an artificial pond; therefore think of the conditions of pond-life. The water is not constantly changed, yet in ponds where fish and other tolerably large forms of life exist the water is clear. This is due to the presence of growing weeds in abundance which absorb the (to animals) deadly carbonic acid gas and give off the vitalising oxygen. If this process is going on in the aquarium, the water will remain of sparkling brightness, and even with minute forms of life, upon which the fish will largely support themselves. First cleanse your aquarium thoroughly to get rid of any germs of the fungoid parasite that has killed your goldfish: then refill with fresh water and plant in the gravel several vigorous plants of Water Thyme (*Elodea canadense*). When these have become well established and are giving off bubbles of oxygen introduce goldfish or carp afresh, and a few small pond-snails. Feed with small earthworms, blood-worms, "ants' eggs," and raw meat chopped fine. Only as much food as will be consumed at once should be given, and any left unconsumed should be removed, or it will foul the water and cause trouble.

Dytiscus or Dyticus?—R. P. H. Hick (Macclesfield) has a controversy with a friend as to which is the correct way of spelling the name of this water-beetle. R. P. H. H. favours *Dytiscus* because it is derived from the Greek *δυτικός* a diver, and because the late Rev. J. G. Wood, and Mr. Bennett in the *B.O.P.*, say that is the correct word. His friendly opponent, on the other hand, quotes Dr. Sharp in the Cambridge Natural History. All these things are true, but the real point is that Linnæus, who was the beetle's scientific sponsor, called it *Dytiscus*. We may criticise Linnæus and say that he ought to have called it *Dytikos* or *Dyticus*, but he called it *Dytiscus*, and therefore Dr. Sharp and all the other authorities are right in using that spelling. There are many other scientific words derived from Greek or Latin roots that cannot be defended on purely philological lines, but it is generally agreed among the highest authorities to adhere to the names as given by those who originated them. If my parents had named me Ted or Ned, I should have had to be content with that as my cognomen, though I should have known that Edward was the correct form. Other queries: (1) Hoffmann and Kirby's *Beetle Collector's Handbook* (Sonnenschein, 4s. 6d.), (2) Swainsland's *Familiar Wild Birds* is very good.

Waltzing Mice.—In answer to C. J. Fear field (Nottingham), these mice cost from 5s. to 12s. 6d. per pair. They are not really Japanese, but only ordinary white mice that are suffering from a

form of brain disease which produces the queer movements that are dignified with the name of waltzing. I do not think the keeping or purchasing of such diseased animals is to be commended, because if they were not purchased the dealers would not breed them; and surely there is no real pleasure to be got by watching the giddy walking of creatures so afflicted. Respecting size of cage, it must be sufficiently large to allow of the so-called waltzing, which is really a running in a circle of about three inches diameter. The book you want is *Fancy Mice* (L. Upcott Gill, 1s.).

Black and White Rats.—From fancy mice to fancy rats is an easy transition. G. T. Shaw (Tavistock) has a black and white doe which he showed to a white buck, who very ungallantly attempted to bite her. As he wished them to be-

Co.). This is a large and expensive work, but you might be able to see it in a free library.—“Shamrock” (Corbridge): *Beetle Collector's Handbook*, by Hoffmann and Kirby (Sonnenschein and Co, 4s. 6d.), contains coloured figures of 500 European species.—F. Bagshaw (Hornsey): *Webster's Book of Bee-Keeping* (L. Upcott Gill, 1s.), is a good practical illustrated handbook.

Great Spotted Woodpecker.—A. Gordon Neale (Wealdstone), has been making observations on this interesting wild bird at Pinner, and as a result sends me some notes, which I should have pleasure in printing in this corner if space permitted. Judging by the amount of correspondence I get, the “Corner” appears to supply a want, and the answers to queries require so much space that there is no room for contributions from readers.



ROOKS AND NEST.

come friends, this was disappointing. Well, G. T. S., I should continue to place their cages together until he exhibits as friendly a spirit as the doe, which I fancy will not take long. For the change of food you desire, give her occasionally one or more of the following (in addition to those you mention): nuts, oats, peas, beans, carrots, and the lean of boiled meat, chopped fine.

Books Wanted.—J. Andrews (Balham): There is a capital little illustrated work on *Butterfly and Moth Collecting*, published by L. Upcott Gill, price 1s.—R. L. F. (Lewisham): I am not acquainted with a book on the birds of Kent, but there is a chapter on the subject in the Kent volume of the “Victoria County Histories” (Constable and

Rooks or Crows?—G. Tomlin (Willesden) has had a discussion with a chum who persists in describing the nests that are so frequent in elm-tops in London suburbs as crows' nests, G. T. asserting that they are rooks' nests. You are quite right, G. T.; but your chum's error is excusable and very natural, because to nineteen persons out of twenty the bird is the crow, and they do not appear to know of a bird called a rook. Crows do not show any partiality for London; moreover, they are solitary birds, whilst the rook likes company, flying in flocks, and half-a-dozen pairs, or more, building nests in one tree. The adult rook can always be distinguished from a crow by the forehead and cheeks being bare of feathers.



HOW TO CHOOSE AN ENGLAND TEAM.

HERE is no subject upon which people entertain such diverse opinions as the composition of their ideal England cricket eleven. The question "who is going to Australia?" is a matter of mere fact which eventually we can all discover for ourselves in the columns of the daily newspapers. But the question, "who ought to be chosen to go?" is vastly different: and it is never settled to the satisfaction of every one. However, we will have a chat about it and perhaps learn a thing or two by the way.

To begin with, there are two totally distinct points of view on the matter; first, that of the general public which judges almost entirely by current form as embodied in the batting and bowling averages; secondly, that of the connoisseur of cricket who judges batsmen and bowlers not so much by their statistical performances as by the methods and form by which these statistical performances are achieved.

A MAN'S METHOD.

For batsmen and bowlers differ very much more in their real value than can be gathered from mere statistics. Often you see two men about equal in the batting averages: yet, if you know the game of cricket at all, you can very likely say at once that one is a great player who is fit to make 150 not out in a test match, while the other, though a good player, has a method which, though successful enough in ordinary county cricket, scarcely promises good results against the best Australian bowling. Of course, the man who consistently makes big scores against the best English bowlers is equally likely to make runs against the Australian bowlers. But there are many batsmen with high averages who achieve this elevated position by scoring heavily against the weaker counties. A man

who makes high scores against any bowling must have some considerable skill and merit. But the connoisseur judges him. Archie Maclaren judges him not merely by his scores but by the way in which he bats in making these scores. In fact, the man who knows judges not only by results but by the character of the means by which these results are achieved.

THE TRUE TEST OF A BATSMAN'S CLASS.

The chief criterion of a batsman's class is whether or not in making scores he knows what he is doing all the time; whether, that is, in making his strokes he makes them knowing all about them. This criterion narrows down the number of really high-class batsmen to very narrow limits. Indeed, I do not think that, taking all sorts of wickets into consideration, there are more than about a dozen, if as many, first-class batsmen who thoroughly satisfy this extreme test. Of course, no good judge of batting estimates a man on his "out-of-form" form. A batsman out of form is just like a racehorse which is unwell. You do not judge a flyer like Sceptre by her performances when she is unfit.

When a batsman of proved tip-top class is making only small scores, the reason may be one of two things; he may be unwell and out-of-gear, and, in consequence, may be playing badly for the time being; or, he may be playing as well as ever, but yet, by the curious chances of the game, may be quite unsuccessful. It is very strange how the best players are sometimes in their best form, yet have a run of small scores on plumb, dry, fast pitches. Even W. G. has had this experience, not once or twice, but often, in his unequalled career. A first-rate top-sawyer batsman in form does not require luck to help him against the bowler, but he does need an

absence of bad luck—a very different matter, if you think of it.

AN EXAMPLE.

An excellent example of the last point occurred last year. When the English team for the first test match was being chosen, there was some discussion about whether Tyldesley ought to be included because he had not been making many runs up to that date. Maclaren, who had seen Tyldesley making unobtrusive 20's and 30's, was sure the splendid little player was, despite his small scores, in excellent form. Tyldesley was chosen, and made 138 in the test match.

It is a sound principle never to leave out a man of proved and established worth, just because he is making small scores, in favour of a man of less skill who is scoring heavily, unless you are sure that the former is really out of form.

VARIETY IN BOWLING.

With regard to bowlers, statistics are a much more helpful guide than in the case of batsmen. But figures do not tell the whole tale. The best means of finding out the real value of a bowler is to consult a number of the best batsmen who have played against him. Any first-rate batsman will tell you that there are several bowlers by no means at the top of the average tables who are really the most difficult to play. Even allowing for the personal peculiarities of each batsman, this is really the most valuable source of information about the relative merits of bowlers.

WANTED: THE BEST COMBINATION.

A point about the selection of bowlers which is often neglected by the critic in the crowd is this: as a general principle, you do not want the four best bowlers for an England eleven—at least, not necessarily; what you want is the four best bowlers each of his kind. For instance, suppose Bobby Peel, Johnny Briggs, Rhodes, and Hargreave were now all playing and were by common consent and in fact the four best bowlers in England. Would you play them all? No; for then you would have four slow, medium left-handers on your side. Probably you would choose only one of them, or, at most, two; then you could include the best fast right-hander, the best medium pace right-hander, and the best fast left-hander, or the best leg-breaker, or any other combination of bowlers which would give you not only class but variety. It is the best combination of bowlers, rather than the four or five best bowlers, that is needed. It might happen that two bowlers of the same kind might be so good as to

counter-balance variety. Or even three! For instance, a captain of an England side would not, I fancy, object to having Arthur Mold, Tom Richardson, and Lockwood (all at their best) on his side. But in general you need variety. There is such a thing as having a tip-top bowler and yet not being able to use him.

These points are rather general, but, I hope, not uninteresting to you. At any rate, these and similar considerations are those kept in view when experts like the English selection committee meet and deliberate, and precisely those left out of view by the average critic of test match teams.

Now, suppose you and I are choosing a team of fourteen to go to Australia in the autumn. How shall we do it?

OUR WICKET-KEEPERS.

First, we must have two wicket-keepers: one, the best wicket-keeper we know of, the other, either the next best we know of or the best wicket-keeper who can, in addition, bat well. It is so important, especially on fast, good wickets like those in Australia, to have the best wicket-keeper, irrespective of his batting, that we must think only of wicket-keeping and nothing else in choosing our first "stumper." But, of course, if there is equality in this, we choose the better bat. General opinion in county cricket favours Lilley, of Warwickshire, Humphries, of Derbyshire, Strudwick, of Surrey, and H. Martyn, of Somerset, as the four best wicket-keepers. But some people favour Huish, of Kent. Personally, I cannot say anything about Humphries, for I have not seen him; and Strudwick I have only seen once. Unless you have any decided opinion, we had better take Lilley and Martyn. Luckily, both are also good batsmen. But really we ought to see Humphries, because some good judges vote him distinctly the best in the country.

By the way, we do not consider the possibility of any of our choices refusing our invitation. In this we resemble the critic in the crowd; he never imagines any cricketer has anything to stop him going to the extreme ends of the earth!

OUR BOWLERS.

Well, now we want our bowlers. First, a fast right-hander. Here there is no doubt. Lockwood is really in a class by himself for big matches. In his case we will disregard current form altogether.—He is so much the best fast bowler that we will take him on the chance of his being at his best in Australia in spite of the perfect wickets and great heat.

And we will nurse him well so as to keep him fresh for the test matches.

Then we want a medium pace right-hander who bowls well on plumb wickets. Here our choice may be rather unexpected. Unless you object, we will have Relf, of Sussex. He is a remarkable plumb-wicket bowler and clean bowls the best batsmen in their best form on the best fast wickets. It may be agreed that we want a right-hand, sticky wicket bowler; and Relf does not bowl as well as one might expect on sticky wickets. He is essentially a fast wicket bowler. But I fancy him on plumb Australian wickets. Besides, it so happens that we have a good medium pace right-hander in one of our all-round men.

This is Arnold, of Worcestershire. He is probably as good a bowler as there is of his pace and style. He can bowl sides out on a sticky wicket and also bowl well on a dry pitch. And he is a good class batsman.

THE BOWLER-BATSMAN.

Now we want two left-handers, a fast and a slow. As luck has it, we can get two who are also batsmen—the two famous Yorkshiremen, Rhodes and Hirst. We want Rhodes in any case, because we must have the best sticky wicket, medium pace left-hander. Luckily, he can bat well; so that even if we have no sticky wickets we lose nothing by including him; besides, he is as likely as, if not more likely than, any other slow medium left-hander, to get men out on plumb wickets. Even if we are wrong in the last point, and even if Hargreave, of Warwickshire, or Blythe, of Kent, is better on a plumb wicket, still, taking everything into account, Rhodes is undoubtedly our man.

About Hirst we have no trouble. He has no rival as a fast left-hand bowler, and is good enough to go for his batting alone.

For variety we need a leg-break bowler. Here we are in luck: for in Braund we have a fine bat who is also the best leg-breaker.

OUR BATSMEN.

Before choosing any batsmen pure and simple, let us see what we have now got:—Lilley, Martyn, Lockwood, Relf, Rhodes, Arnold, Hirst, and Braund. Eight of our fourteen. Of these, two are picked purely as stumpers, four purely as bowlers, and two as all-rounders, with an eye chiefly to their bowling. Yet every one of them is a batsman of excellent ability. Every one is good enough for 50 in a test match, and several of them would cause no surprise by making 100. All the bowlers, too, are good fieldsmen: four of them exceptional fieldsmen.

For our best eleven we only want one wicket-keeper. Probably we shall fight shy of leaving more than one of our bowlers out; perhaps we shall include them all in our test match eleven. Anyway, let us say we have a wicket-keeper and five bowlers, including Hirst, who is a very high-class batsman, for our best eleven. We now want the five best batsmen available, including the best pure hitter if he is good enough. Our hitter is ready to hand, and most distinctly he is good enough: G. L. Jessop. Then we have four places—A. C. Maclaren is certainly one, F. S. Jackson another, Ranjitsinhji another, and, for the fourth place, Tyldesley, L. C. H. Palaret, and Hayward. Of these three we shall probably have room for two when we discover, in trial matches against the Colonies, that we do not need all our bowlers. Otherwise we must pick the man who is in the best form at the time.

OUR FIELD.

Note, too, that though we have not studied fielding—an all-important point—we have a fielding side of the very best. Say Lockwood is bowling. Then we have Lilley at the wicket, Braund and Maclaren in the slips. Tyldesley for third man and out-field, Hirst for mid-off, Jessop for extra cover, Rhodes for cover, Ranjitsinhji for point or third slip, Arnold for mid-on or point, Relf for any place except, perhaps, slip, Jackson for cover or extra cover or mid-on, Palaret and Hayward for almost anywhere, and certainly for third man and the country. In fact, there is no position in the field we cannot fill just about as well as it can be filled from among English cricketers.

A. C. Maclaren, if only because of his unrivalled experience of Australian cricket and test matches, will be our captain.

We want a business manager who can play at a pinch and write an account of the tour for THE CAPTAIN. That will be just C. B. F.—self-elected, with your leave. And, as in return I shall not object to your coming-friend reader, to carry the bags and to shout bravo, your leave, I am sure, will be forthcoming. So now we have settled the affairs of the whole Empire!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Labor.—The entrance exams. for Oxford are not very stiff. In the first place, you have to pass an exam. to matriculate to the college to which you wish to go. This is a college not a University exam. Then most colleges require their men to pass the first University exam. before coming into residence—at least, I believe so. This exam. is called Responsions, and is not very difficult. If you can

manage it, you had better go to a coach at once. Otherwise, I think your plan of taking a mastership, if possible, and reading meanwhile is good. It is a great advantage to a schoolmaster to have a University degree. I am not sure Cambridge would not suit you better than Oxford. Having decided what college at Oxford or Cambridge you wish to go to, you should write to the dean of that college and state your case. He will tell you whether he can put your name down, and if so what knowledge is required of you, etc.

Bowler.—Though keen to offer you advice, I fear I cannot diagnose your case without seeing you play. If you have played much on bad wickets and have never studied the correct methods of batting, I can quite understand your tendency to "slog with a bit o' pull." You must try to learn to hit with a straight bat in such a manner that your bat swings down the line of the direction of your hit. I see no reason why the change to good wickets should make it difficult for you to bowl accurately. As to your being bowled when you cut, you must be picking the wrong ball to cut. The ball to cut is about a foot outside the off stump. Your measurements are all right and proper.

P. J. Little.—My method of training for short races is precisely as I have described it in back numbers of *THE CAPTAIN*. I used to run about four days a week, and do a good deal of walking. I used to practise principally short full speed dashes of about forty yards, starting to a pistol and racing to a tape. Then I used occasionally to run through three-quarters of the racing distance, say, three times a week; and still more occasionally the full distance. The Isthmian Library volume on *Athletics* gives first-rate advice. You must not do too much work on the track at first, or you'll knock your legs to pieces. Be sure to get some first-class shoes; it is possible, made to measure.

New Centurion (Jamaica).—Whether the umpire's decisions were bad or good is beside the question. His decisions in any case are absolute and cannot be questioned. Your adversaries have no right to dispute the umpire's decisions. If, however, it can be proved that the umpire was bribed, then your adversaries certainly have a right to cancel the match. If your club can be proved to have bribed the umpire, then you cannot complain if you are removed from the competition. But the question is, "Was the umpire bribed?" not "Were his decisions correct?" I am sorry to hear of the state of things as regards the coloured players.

A. G. B.—As a matter of fact, if the one bail is blown off before the ball is bowled or while it is in the air the umpire ought to call attention to the bail being off and cancel that ball. I do not think the rules cover your point; but I do not fancy any umpire would give the batsman out even if the remaining bail were dislodged by the ball.

A. W. Hall.—In order to become an expert

wicket-keeper you must learn to take the ball with as little movement as possible and without the least flinching. Let the ball come into your hands: do not snatch at it. You should go and see a first-class wicket-keeper and study his style. The great tip is to let your hands stay open till the ball enters them, and, so to speak, let the impact of the ball close your fingers round it.

Admirer.—The bowler may not throw at the wicket of the batsman, even if the batsman runs out before the ball is bowled. The umpire was right to call no-ball. You see, properly, the ball is dead from the time the bowler goes back with it for his run until he has bowled it again.

Ambitious.—When you come to England you will have no difficulty in finding a football club near your home. I cannot judge of your skill without seeing you; but if you are keen you are nearly sure to succeed. I wish you good luck.

A. Scriven.—You should get "Swimming," by M. A. Holbein, price 1s. This little book gives you all information. A good book on training is "Training for Athletics," by H. Andrews.

E. M. B.—I will oblige with pleasure about the card. I will find out about the moss, and answer you next month. I know moss can be eradicated, but I forget the medicine.

Frank Strutton.—Pleased to hear of the success of your school. When runs are scored from a no-ball the runs are scored to the batsman and entered against his name.

F. S. R.—If cold baths suit you by all means take them. If they suit your health they, *ipso facto*, suit your athletics. Many thanks for your kind remarks.

C. E. B.—No, the wicket-keeper must knock the bails off with his hand or hands containing the ball. It is not out if he breaks the wicket with his foot or knee.

Clothes Prop.—What a name! There is no correct weight for a hockey stick. You should use one of the weight that suits you: too light rather than too heavy.

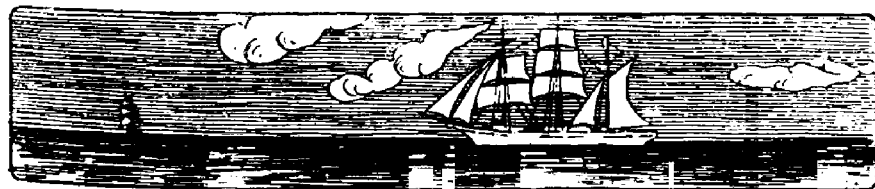
R. Craddock.—John Gunn bats and bowls left-handed. It is not advisable to run the mile and half-mile during the week preceding the sports.

T. H. W.—Sorry to say I have not by me a comparative table of school records for athletic sports. But the results are not valuable.

J. W., and Many Others.—Congratulations about run-getting gratefully acknowledged.

D. O. Evans.—Many thanks for your congratulations.

C. H. Fry



LOWER SCHOOL YARNS

By HAROLD BURROWS.
AUTHOR OF "TOLD ON THE JUNIOR SIDE"



Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.

No. VI.—JOEY'S REVENGE.

I.

FEW things are more disconcerting to the youthful worshipper than the little weaknesses of the great. And when the weakness in question is of so unromantic a character as to be concerned with the delicacies of the table, astonishment is apt to develop into contempt. Nevertheless, a love of good living has proved fatal to many a historic hero. The first Henry, for example, derived a flattering sobriquet from his love of learning and ruled wisely and well over a turbulent kingdom; and yet, according to the story generally accepted in my youth, he had so little command over his own appetite that he died of a surfeit of lampreys. History, however, as written by modern scribes, is a fearful and wonderful thing, and possibly the libel has gone the way of many another legend which was accepted without enquiry in a less sceptical age. Yet one is constrained to admit that an appetite for the good things of life has not infrequently gone hand in hand with undoubted ability. And Joey, who esteemed himself a personage of some importance, also suffered from this infirmity of the great.

Now of the art of Joey in administering delicate hints to those who might otherwise have overlooked his claims to merit and reward, mention has already been made in these pages. Many and varied were the opportunities he made or found for putting his skill to proof, but a time when he invari-

ably took occasion to exercise his gentle art was on Wednesday afternoon, when an old pieman was permitted to enter our gates, there to find many eager customers amongst those of the lower school whose age or record forbade their obtaining much leave. Looking at the butler's mahogany face, few would have suspected him of a sweet tooth. Yet, as has been said, the severest ascetic has usually a weak joint in his armour, and Joey's was a love of chocolate cream. Almost as soon as the itinerant vendor had taken up his stand, the shadow of a familiar form would fall upon his customers; and the butler would saunter by, seemingly unconscious of what was going on, yet ever careful to keep within hail of the proceedings. Did we take no notice of his presence, a deferential cough would endeavour to attract our attention. Did this fail in its purpose, the butler would draw near and hazard sundry critical remarks upon the contents of the pieman's basket. Eventually one of us would succumb, and with an air of surprised condescension Joey would protest that he was not hungry and really did not know what to have.

"And what is the choice to-day, Rogers!"

"Well, Mr. Wilkins," would the pieman reply, as he pointed to his wares, "there is thises, and theses, and this here, and that there, and them, and thoses."

Joey would graciously ponder over the stock, but his choice invariably fell upon a supply of chocolate cream; solemnly and slowly munching which he would return to his quarters.

Now it chanced one day that young Lewis, whose throat was occasionally a little shaky, had been the recipient from the matron of a packet of lozenges, which we all concurred in condemning as simply beastly. Bannister and I both arrived at that conclusion by simply licking one; but Carter, who had rashly crunched one up under the impression that young Lewis was offering him a sweet, said we really did not know how vile they were. Then Lewis, who had watched his

spluttering convulsions with a sweet and child-like smile of wondering enquiry, produced from his pocket half-a-dozen magnificent specimens of full-sized chocolate creams and propounded to us his scheme. Gleefully we fell in with his suggestion, delicately we cut round and removed the bottom of the sweets and scooped out the cream inside. Gingerly we placed a lozenge in each shell, made it secure with some of the paste, and trimly replaced the outer part. Two of the sweets came to grief in the process, but four remained, seemingly untampered with and untouched; a pleasure to the eye, and a triumph for our art.

"Joey," said Lewis meditatively, "has a nasty habit of filling his mouth too full. I should not wonder if he took the lot."

"If he gets three between his teeth it will be enough," quoth Carter, with a grimace of shuddering reminiscence.

Lewis smiled his sweet, seraphic smile.

And Joey did take three between his teeth. Nay, so inviting in appearance were the sweets, and so shrewd his appetite, that, bearing his palm to his capacious mouth, he took the four. We had been prepared for some expression of pained surprise, but even the most hopeful of us had scarcely anticipated the scene that followed. Spluttering, gasping, and coughing, the usually dignified butler danced round the playground giving vent to sundry unintelligible ejaculations. The boys, for the most part genuinely astonished, rushed to enquire into the cause of the phenomenon.

"What is the matter, Joey?"

"Poison! poison!" cried that worthy, as, clasping his hands over his stomach, he rolled on the ground in agony. "Oh! I am dead, I am dead!"

"Rubbish!" quoth the Junior Classic, who had been attracted to the scene by the outcry. "What is the matter, Carter?"

Carter shook his head judicially. "Something wrong with the sweets, I should think."

"Wrong with my sweets?" shrieked the pie-man, "why, I never had a bad sweet on my tray in all my life. Here! taste 'em, taste 'em!"

A fresh howl from Joey rendered most of the boys chary of accepting the invitation; but the ever docile Lewis helped himself liberally and proceeded to munch the spoils with solemn deliberation.

"They seem all right," said he.

Bannister and I followed suit, and readily acquiesced in the verdict. The Junior Classic eyed us with grim suspicion, but he was a man of deeds, not words. Grasping the fallen

butler by the collar, he jerked him to his feet and ran him off at a smart pace to the kitchen. He slammed the door behind them; but, creeping as near as we dared, we heard the master admonish the butler in stentorian tones not to make a fool of himself, and to choose instantly as a remedy between an emetic and a glass of beer. I believe Joey took the latter.

And from that time forth the butler almost shook with rage at the very sight of young Lewis. That youth went serenely on his way, as outwardly innocent of guile and imperturbable as ever. But Joey nursed his wrath and abided his opportunity. He had a long score to work off against his young tormentor, and felt assured that his day would dawn at last. Meantime, he contented himself with vague moralisings on the decadence of things in general and of the school in particular. "Things," he opined, "are not as they used to be afore you was not."

II.

WE had been rather disposed to scoff at Joey's view of general decadence, and yet the following term found not only ourselves but practically the whole school inclining to the same opinion. It happened in this wise. From time immemorial the fifth of November had been observed at the school as one of the gala days of the year. We were, in fact, renowned for the manner in which we celebrated the occasion, and not only parents and old boys, but many visitors from the countryside were wont to assemble in our grounds to witness the display. Many unauthorised visitors from the town were also invariably attracted by the occasion; and it was these that brought about the termination of the custom. The night of the celebration had ever brought about divers spirited encounters between members of the lower school, and the small fry of the town, who ventured, in their desire to witness the scene, to invade our sacred precincts. But this never led to any very serious consequences, and was usually winked at by the authorities. On the occasion, however, of my first winter term, matters had taken a rather more serious turn. A group of the rougher element in the town had gone to the rescue of some of their youthful relatives, who were being chivvied from the field by the amateur police of the lower school. The latter might have been rather severely handled had not some of the elder boys rushed to the rescue. Reinforcements arrived on the other side; and at last monitors

and old boys, and even masters, were drawn into the fray. Something like a riot ensued, and considerable alarm was occasioned amongst the visitors of the fairer sex ere the intruders were finally driven from the field. These untoward proceedings came as a great shock to the Head, ever keenly sensitive

No fifth of November festivities! Such a thing was unparalleled in the annals of the school. Even the seniors displayed uncommonly long faces at the announcement, and I believe the Sixth presented a unanimous petition for the reconsideration of the decision. But the Head was obdurate. If, however,



"POISON! POISON!"

about anything that touched the reputation of the school. We juniors rather regarded the matter as excellent fun; but a great shock was in turn in store for us. It came at the commencement of the following winter term, when the Head announced that the old custom was to be discontinued and that there would be no celebration that year.

the Sixth were chagrined, words could not express the unbounded indignation of the lower school.

"Why," declaimed Bannister to a sympathetic audience, "if we stand this he will think about abolishing Christmas next."

For once even Walters was in accord with the general feeling. In his opinion, delivered

with the assurance of one who knew, the Head had exceeded his powers, and we were entitled, as a matter of right, to celebrate the day. Carter quite agreed that we had the right, but how were we to enforce it? Walters shook his head sagely, and repeated that the Head had no power to stop us. If, so he declared, we had the pluck to indulge in a display, no master on earth could punish us. It was not legal.

"Then," put in the ever practical Bannister; "if we get the fireworks, will you let them off?"

Walters thought not. He did not care about fireworks himself. He had a mind above such little matters. He could tell us what our rights were, but if we had not the pluck to enforce them that was *our* look-out. Bannister snorted in derision, but no one seemed inclined to bell the cat. The general impression prevailed that, whatever the merits of the case might be, it was ill arguing with one who possessed not only the symbol of authority, but also an uncommonly stout arm to wield it. The conference broke up in mutual recrimination; and Carter, Bannister, and I, accompanied by young Lewis, went our way to discuss again in private the untoward event, and to deplore the tyranny of the powers that be.

And so we paced round the playground endeavouring to outvie one another in the loudness of our lamentation and our denunciation of the Head's decision. Young Lewis felt especially aggrieved. He had not been an inmate of the school on the previous fifth of November; and, in his opinion, his case was the hardest of all. We rather differed. Having had experience of the delights of the occasion we looked upon the recent edict as an invasion of vested interests which did not so much affect new-comers. But Lewis held strongly to the view that it was better to have had some fun and lost, than never to have had any fun at all; and he was not prepared to stand it. Whereat we pricked up our ears. We had never supposed that Walters' vapourings would lead to anything. But when Lewis was in revolt, we generally witnessed some very practical outcome. Still, we were a little sceptical.

"I do not exactly see what there is we can do, you know," said Carter argumentatively. "Of course we could get some squibs and things sent here. *That* is easy enough. But who is going to let them off?"

"It would be something to indulge in even a solitary cracker," added Bannister, mournfully. "But after the way the Head spoke

this morning even that would be rather risky."

Lewis suddenly halted, and commenced to address us at the top of his voice.

"What is the use of letting off a few squibs and things!" he cried, contemptuously. "We want something that would illuminate the whole house."

We also halted, and stared at our usually soft-spoken companion in amazement. Had his sense of injury temporarily deprived him of all other senses?

"The whole house!" ejaculated Carter.

"The whole school, then!" said Lewis, still speaking in loud, defiant accents. "We will have such a fifth of November as has not been seen here for many a long day—if you are game to assist."

"I won't back down," said Bannister, stirring a little uneasily, "but you needn't make such a song about it."

Lewis raised his voice to a higher pitch than ever.

"Who cares?" cried he. "You just come with me and I will tell you what to do. But as a commencement we must square Joey."

"That is usually fairly easy;" said I. "But for goodness' sake don't stand shouting here where any one might overhear us. Let's go into the field and get into a corner by ourselves."

Lewis complied; and we hastened to make tracks to an unfrequented nook.

"And now," said Carter, first glancing round to make sure no one was in earshot; "pray tell us what it is you are so excited about? What is your little game?"

"Joey," returned Lewis, laconically, in his usual dulcet accents.

"Yes, I know," said Carter, impatiently. "But what about him?"

"He was sneaking along behind us in the shadow of the wall."

"Then he must have overheard every word you were saying!" cried Bannister, in dismay.

"Precisely," quoth Lewis, and bestowed on us a knowing wink.

"O—o—o!" said Carter.

III.

JOEY stood majestically in his pantry and regarded the juvenile embassy before him with an air of suspicion, not to say disfavour.

"So you wants me to bring you the parcel on Thursday morning as soon as it comes, does you?" he interrogated. "And I'm to be sure and not let any one see it or know

what I'm a-doin' of? That's the ticket, ain't it?"

"Quite right, Joey," cried Carter, approvingly. "You've hit the bull's-eye the first time."

"Oh, I have, have I?" quoth Joey, aggressively. "Then I'll let you know that if *that's* your little game I am not a-goin' to do it. 'Cos why? Thursday is the fifth of November, ain't it?"

"What has the fifth of November to do with it?" enquired Lewis, innocently.

Joey guffawed derisively. "That's what I want to know," said he. "You wouldn't mind a-mentioning what there might be in that 'ere little parcel, I suppose?" And he bestowed on young Lewis a knowing leer.

"I don't see what the contents have to do with you, Joey," expostulated Bannister, mildly, as Lewis took refuge in a dignified silence. "If we don't tell you—why, you won't know, you know."

"That's true," mused Joey, meditatively. "There might, you see, be fireworks in that 'ere little parcel. Likewise there might not. There ain't no knowin', and 'tain't for me to have suspicions. Master Lewis sez as 'ow he wants me to bring him his parcel, and I brings him his parcel. There ain't no 'arm in bringing the young gents their parcels, I 'ope?"

"None at all, Joey," cried Carter. "I should have thought it was your place to do so. But if a little trifle for your extra trouble——"

But for once in his career the butler waived the proffered bribe away. "No," said he, "I ain't a-goin' to take a tip for a little thing like that. I'll do it for you for nothink, an' very pleased at that."

"Oh, thank you, Joey," we cried in chorus, and hastily departed lest the butler should suddenly repent his unaccustomed generosity. It must, however, have been an excellent bargain that had been driven, for Joey spent the remainder of the afternoon in chuckling over his share of the compact. So did we.

And at eventide, when the approach of the close of the day brought a little remission in his labours, Joey, after much cogitation as to the best market to which to carry his wares, sought out Leutenegger. He had thought of going to the Senior Classic, but rather feared that the house master might interfere too soon and proceed to investigate the plot before matters were fully developed. Joey was eager for us to be taken red-handed; and the German seemed to him to be the man for the job. Moreover, ever since the cycling episode, of which I have previously written, Leuteneg-

ger had looked but coldly on Joey, and on one or two occasions had gone out of his way to make things particularly nasty for the unfortunate butler. Here at last was an opportunity both to conciliate the master, and also to take full revenge upon the most prominent of his youthful tormentors. Joey slapped his thigh with delight.

Leutenegger received the butler's first advances with suspicion, but soon warmed to the matter as Joey proceeded to unfold his tale; and the latter used every art to inflame the master's wrathful indignation.

"'Tain't only a few squibs and crackers as the young warmints are a-orderin' of," declaimed the fervent butler; "it's illuminatin' the whole 'ouse they are arter. Such a fifth of November as has never been seen afore in this 'ere school they means to have. Them was their very words, they was. And though it ain't my place to speak, sir, I say as 'ow it's a thing they didn't ought to be a-doin' of."

Leutenegger quite agreed with the butler as to the heinousness of the offence, and also acquiesced in his scheme for entrapping us, like so many Guy Fawkeses, with the actual implements in our hands. He thought he should just mention to the Senior Classic that he had his suspicions. Oh, no! he should not betray the butler's confidence. He should just say enough to cause the house master to make further enquiry of him later; and so avoid the possibility of any third party stepping in and hushing up the matter. He did not mean to be balked of his prey this time. He would take care to be close at hand when Joey handed over the parcel. Together they would stalk us until we sat down unsuspectingly to unfasten its contents. Then they would pounce down upon us and carry both the parcel and ourselves in triumph to the Senior Classic, and then—

Then! Leutenegger rubbed his palms with an oily but keen delight, and Joey laughed aloud in his anticipation of what would follow.

IV.

THE fifth of November resembled the Ides of March in that it had come—and with it came young Lewis's long expected parcel. The small boy received it from the butler with an engaging smile; and Carter and Bannister and I joined with him in expressing effusive thanks for Joey's kind assistance. The butler on his side was equally affable in disclaiming any undue claim to gratitude; and so, with mutual protests of goodwill, we parted.

"Where shall we open it?" enquired Carter of the others in tones of suspicious loudness.

"We had better go where there's no chance of any one seeing us," said Bannister in equally clear accents. "You never know what beastly sneaks may not be spying upon you."

"The Junior Classic is in his study," said I.

"Oh! the Junior Classic is all right," said Carter. "He is a gentleman, you see, and does not go about creeping on his hands and knees to catch us."

A stifled exclamation fell upon our ears, but to all appearance we were deaf to the alarm.

"Well, we can't open it here," said Lewis decidedly. "Let's go and find a safe place for the job."

It took us a long time to find that safe place. First we went out into the field and sat down in a corner as if about to inspect our treasure. Then, with a loud voice, Carter suddenly announced it would be safer after all to open it indoors; and springing to our feet we seized the parcel and prepared to retrace our steps. In so doing we almost cannoned against Leutenegger, who, suddenly becoming interested in the aspect of the sky, affected to be unconscious of our presence. And, skulking close by the side of the hedge, we noticed the crouching form of the butler. Back to the school we went, but were scarcely

seated in one of the class rooms when Bannister protested that he believed the field was safest after all. We gathered up our burden again and departed from the room, seemingly too wrapt in conversation to notice Leutenegger slip hastily behind the door, or to be aware of the butler sauntering off down

the passage with a brave air of unconcern. This time we took our way to the farthest corner of the field, but scarcely had we arrived there when Lewis proclaimed that the spot was too open for our purpose, and that we must return to the school once more. Carter expostulated in tones of seeming indignation, but Lewis was firm. It was his parcel, and he did not see why he should not open it where he pleased. So back to the school we went, still shadowed by the relentless pursuit; but no sooner had we arrived there than I uplifted my voice and proclaimed that we had missed the best spot after all. Surely we should be safest at the back of the pavilion? Crouched in its friendly shadow, we should cer-



"BOY, IT IS NOT THAT I SUSPECT—I KNOW."

tainly escape any unfriendly observation. Away we went again, turning so suddenly that Leutenegger had no time to get out of our way; and so embarrassed was the master at the encounter that he quite omitted to reply to our unanimous, "Good morning, sir." Arrived at the pavilion,

Lewis again developed qualms at the thought of opening the parcel in the open air. "Why not the bedroom?" he enquired. "The very place," said Carter. "They don't start making the beds till morning school; and no one will dream of looking there." So off to the dormitory we went.

We left the door just slightly ajar, sat down in a semi-circle with the parcel in our midst, and then gave vent to ecstatic exclamations which could scarcely miss the ears of those stationed just outside the portal.

"Oh! how splendid!" said Carter.

"Jolly!" proclaimed Bannister.

"Scrumptious!" announced I.

"Wasn't I right in pitching on the bedroom?" enquired Lewis. "Suppose we had gone where you said, we should have met Leutenegger."

"Seems to me Leutenegger was all over the place this morning," commented Carter; "he cannot suspect anything, I suppose?"

"Boy, it is not that I suspect," cried a triumphant voice, "I know." And Leutenegger rushed into the room followed by the butler.

Carter, Bannister, and I leapt simultaneously to our feet, but Lewis, with great seeming presence of mind, sat down upon the parcel and concealed it from view. But the eagle eye of the German was not to be deceived. Not deigning to remonstrate, he seized Lewis roughly by the collar, and jerked him to his feet. But a slight shock awaited his expectant gaze. To his evident disappointment, the parcel was apparently unopened, and its strings uncut. Suspecting a snare, Leutenegger turned the parcel over with his foot, but the contents remained intact. Evidently we had either been wondrously quick in refastening the parcel, or its contents had not yet been inspected, and our ejaculations had been anticipatory only. The German could scarcely conceal his chagrin.

"You, Lewis," he demanded sternly, "what is there in this hamper you have?"

Lewis trembled perceptibly in every limb.

"Oh, sir! how can I tell? I have not opened it yet, sir."

"Is it not the fireworks that is there?"

"Fireworks, sir? Oh, sir! Fireworks are forbidden you know, sir."

"Will you not immediately this parcel open?"

"Please, sir, I would rather not, sir. It is against the rules to open such a thing in the bedroom, sir!"

This was too much for the German, already

lashed to fury by his long pursuit. "Butler, take this parcel to the house master. You, sirs, immediately to the school return. At twelve o'clock you shall hear more of this matter."

The triumphant Joey picked up the parcel with a malicious leer and departed with alacrity upon his mission. Closely followed by the angry master, who rated us at every step, we returned to the school, where the sounding of the nine o'clock bell drew us off to our respective classes, and for the moment suspended further enquiry into the matter.

V.

THE school clock chimed the hour of twelve, that dread moment which, whilst releasing the majority from work, sent so many an unhappy wight to the Head and his doom. The Senior Classic, whose appearance in the Lower School at that hour was ever an ill-omened portent, rose from the centre desk with a preliminary cough and lifted up his hand as a signal to the boys to remain in their places. A dead silence ensued and many glances were shot in our direction, some sympathetic, a few malicious, but for the most part expressive of gleeful curiosity. Through that mysterious telepathy prevalent in schools, rumours of our escapade had in some manner spread amongst the fellows; and, as is also not uncommon, the tale had in the course of its circulation accumulated many wild additions to its original form. The general opinion was that we were in for it, and, certainly, there was nothing in the appearance of the quartette to modify this view as, in obedience to the house master's mandate, we filed slowly from our places and stood with a dejected mien before him. The Junior Classic looked up from his desk and darted at us a glance of reproach not unmixed with a certain compassion. Leutenegger also looked up from his place, but there was no pretence of sympathy in the air of malicious triumph with which he gloated over our shrinking forms. Yet on the whole the gaze of the former master boded as little good for us as that of the latter.

The Senior Classic placed on the desk before him the parcel which had been delivered to him by the perfidious butler, and, after another preliminary cough commenced an ad-

dress couched in the usual formula, appropriate for rebuking a flagrant breach of discipline. He began by referring to the decision of the Head, a decision which, nowever unpalatable it might be to the boys generally, was only taken after anxious reflection and in the best interests of the school. It was a decision which should have met with loyal and ready acceptance, and it was a pain and surprise to him that there were boys ready to set it at nought and subordinate all questions of honour and discipline to the gratification of their own caprice. Then quitting the field of general admonition, he proceeded to turn his thunder upon us personally.

"You, sirs," he remarked, in tones of severity to Carter, Bannister, and myself, "have ever been conspicuous amongst the boys of the Lower School for unruly levity of behaviour, and will richly deserve the severe punishment that the Head Master will doubtless mete out to you. But however careless you might be for yourselves, you might, I should have thought, have shrunk from inveigling into mischief that young and innocent lad by your side, whose very countenance is sufficient guarantee that he could entertain no thought of ill deeds unless misled by the example of those who ought to know better." (At this the Junior Classic could scarce repress a smirk.)

"I regret to see that you have not even had the common manliness to have this parcel addressed to one of yourselves. Doubtless you thought to evade punishment by casting the blame in this matter on your younger and less experienced companion. This parcel, Lewis, is addressed to you."

"Yes, sir," piped Lewis, in shrill treble accents, "it *is* my parcel, sir."

"It is a manly thing on your part," said the Senior Classic in milder accents, "to endeavour thus to appropriate the blame to yourself. Your conduct shines all the brighter by contrast with that of your companions. I need hardly ask you, I fear, if you are aware what the parcel contains? And yet I would fain be assured, if possible, of your own innocence in this matter."

"Please, sir," piped Lewis, "I did not know there was any harm in the parcel."

"Nor I, sir," cried Carter, and Bannister, and I in chorus.

The Senior Classic frowned sternly at what

he obviously regarded as a barefaced attempt at prevarication.

"Do you pretend to assert that you are not aware the Head Master had prohibited any display of fireworks?"

"Please, sir," responded Lewis, "I do not think my mamma would send me any fireworks. She thinks it is dangerous for boys to play with fire, sir."

"Your mamma!" repeated the master. "Do you tell me, sir, that this parcel was sent by your mother?"

Lewis replied in the affirmative.

"Undo this parcel instantly," said the Senior Classic, sternly, "and let me see its contents."

Lewis proceeded to reply, and the fellows, and even the masters, craned their necks in eager curiosity to witness the result. Solemnly the small boy undid the strings, and amidst an audible titter produced, first, a large woollen comforter, and then a pair of white woollen mittens. The remaining articles, if of a more edible, were of an equally innocent, character. Scarcely believing his eyes, the Senior Classic peered closely at the display and turned over the articles suspiciously in vain search of anything contraband.

Finally he turned with a look of reproach and perplexity to the German master, who had watched the proceedings mute with confusion and amazement.

"If you knew this parcel only contained such articles, why were you so anxious to open it in secret?" enquired the Senior Classic, removing his glance from his colleague and looking suspiciously at the angel-faced one.

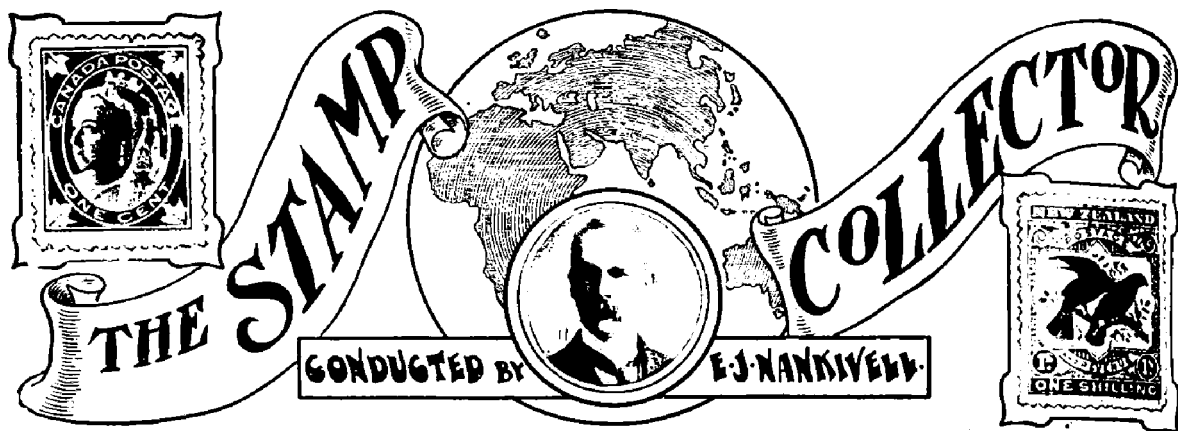
Lewis looked the picture of open-eyed innocence.

"Please, sir, I don't like to be called delicate; and if they saw the comforter I thought the other boys might laugh, sir. But I knew my friends here wouldn't laugh, sir, because they are *always* kind to me."

The Senior Classic sat down abruptly. "Boys," said he, "you may go."

And young Lewis, still prattling artlessly about his fond mamma, gathered up his belongings and went.

"Fireworks," quoth Carter, softly, as we passed by Leutenegger's desk, "not uncommonly end in a fizzle."



Notable New Issues.

THERE are promises of a rich harvest of interesting new issues for the coming season. To begin with, there are to be new Australians all round. It will be some three years yet before the Commonwealth one issue for all the States can be issued, but meanwhile there is to be a design common to all, but with the name of each State to distinguish the separate issues. This means a new series for each of the Australian States. If reports be true, the first of these new series should be issued in a few weeks. Serbia, of course, as the result of the murder of King Alexander and the coronation of King Peter, will have a new series. A new series with a new portrait of the late King had been prepared for issue, but before it could be issued the King was disposed of, and a new King sat in his place. The new series has, therefore, had its portrait obliterated with the arms of Serbia, and will have to do duty till a series with the new King's portrait can be engraved. Siam, we are told, also proposes to send us a new series. Some of the new Canadians with the long-talked-of new portrait of the King have been received, and are sure to give rise to considerable discussion, because it is no secret that the profile of the King on our own stamps is disliked in the highest quarters, whilst the Canadian portrait was specially selected by the King.

Canada.—A few of the new Canadians with the royally approved portrait of the King have been received. From our illustration it will be seen that the portrait is a very much more faithful one than the much-abused portrait on our English stamps. Indeed, loyal Canada may be congratulated upon being the only Colony to produce an acceptable portrait of the King, and in



a setting at once simple and effective. It is to be hoped that this excellent portrait will soon displace the ugly profile in general use.

Ceylon.—4c. and 30c. stamps with King's heads have been issued. We illustrate the de-



signs. These are the first of the King's heads issued for this colony.

Wmk. Cr. CA. Perf. 14.

4c. orange, value in blue.
30c. violet, value in green.

Barbados.—The 2s. 6d. value of the small type series of 1892-9, which is the current type, has been changed in colour from black and orange to violet and emerald-green.

Wmk. Cr. CA. Perf. 14.

2s. 6d. violet, name in emerald green.

British Somaliland.—The long expected stamps for this very unsettled territory have at last been issued. Indian Queen's head stamps have been overprinted in black with the words "British—Somaliland" in two lines. The values issued are as follows:—

Wmk. Star. Perf. 14.

Indian stamps, Queen's heads.

- 1a. pea green.
- 1a. carmine.
- 2a. pale violet.
- 21a. ultramarine.
- 3a. brown orange.
- 4a. slate green.
- 6a. bistre.
- 8a. mauve.
- 12a. purple on red.
- 1r. carmine and green.
- 2r. yellow, brown, and carmine.
- 3r. green and brown.
- 5r. violet and ultramarine.

Hong Kong.—High values of King's head design have been added to the series. 30c., 50c.,

1d., and 2d. make the King's head series issued up to date as follows:—

Wmk. Cr. CA. Perf. 14.

- 1c. brown and purple.
- 2c. green.
- 4c. brown on salmon.
- 5c. orange and green.
- 10c. blue and mauve.
- 20c. brown and black.
- 30c. black and light green.
- 50c. magenta and green.
- 1d. pale green and purple.
- 2d. carmine and grey black.

New Zealand.—Further values have been issued on the current NZ and star watermarked paper. The latest additions are the 2d., 2½d., 5d., 9d., and 2s. Up to date the list stands thus:—

Wmk. NZ and Star.

- 1d. green, perf. 14 and 11.
- 1d. carmine, perf. 14 and 11.
- 2d. mauve, perf. 14.
- 2½d. blue, perf. 11.
- 3d. brown, perf. 11.
- 4d. blue and brown, perf. 14 and 11.
- 5d. brown, perf. 11.
- 6d. rose, perf. 11.
- 8d. blue, perf. 11.
- 9d. purple, perf. 11.
- 1s. red, perf. 11.
- 2s. green, perf. 11.

Niue.—The 1s. stamp overprinted in error "Tahae sileni," as explained in the August number, has been issued with the overprint corrected to "Taha e sileni."

New Zealand current 1s.

- 1s. red, sur. "Taha e sileni."

St. Helena.—This colony has issued some pictorial designs, one lot having a view of Government House and the other lot a view of the Wharf, with the King's head over the picture in each case. The stamps are of the large size of our 5s. English stamp:—

Wmk. Cr. CC. Perf. 14.

View of Government House.

View of the Wharf.



- 1d. green, view in brown.
- 2d. yellow brown, view in black.
- 1s. orange, view brown.

- 1d. carmine, view black.
- 8d. brown, view black.
- 2s. mauve, view black.

Seychelles.—The whole series for this colony has been changed from Queen's heads to King's heads. There is no alteration in the current

design beyond the substitution of the King's for the Queen's head.

Wmk. Cr. CA. Perf. 14.

King's head.

- 2c. orange and brown.
- 3c. green.
- 6c. carmine.
- 12c. sepia and green.
- 15c. ultramarine.
- 18c. olive, green, and carmine.
- 30c. violet and green.
- 45c. brown and carmine.
- 75c. yellow and violet.
- 1r. 50c. black and carmine.
- 2r. 25c. violet and green.

St. Kitts and Nevis.—As my readers are aware, there have been rumours for some time of a return to separate issues for some of the West Indian Islands that were in 1890 deprived of their separate issues by an issue common to the group under the name of Leeward Islands. And at last we have a separate issue for St. Kitts and Nevis. There are two designs, one of Columbus spying out the new land with a telescope. As the telescope was not invented till more than a hundred years after Columbus discovered America, the designers will have to explain where the great Spaniard got hold of his instrument. The other design is a female group familiar to collectors of early Nevis stamps.



Wmk. Cr. CA. Perf. 14.

Columbus with Telescope.

- 1d. green, centre purple.
- 1d. carmine, centre black.
- 2d. brown, centre purple.
- 2½d. blue, centre black.
- 6d. mauve, centre black.
- 1s. orange, centre green.
- 2s. 6d. violet, centre black.

Female Group.

- 3d. orange, centre green.
- 2s. black, centre green.
- 5s. yellow green, centre lilac.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

We are indebted to the following firms for early copies of new issues:—

Messrs. Peckitt, for British Somaliland, complete set.

Messrs. Whitfield King & Co. for Ceylon, 4c. and 30c., Hong Kong, high values, New Zealand, N.Z., 2d. 2½d., 5d., 9d., and 2s., Niue, 1s., St. Helena, pictorial set, St. Kitts, complete set.

Messrs. Stanley Gibbons, Ltd., Canada, King's Heads.

SCHOOL MAGAZINES



"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

(These reviews were held over from our last number.)

The Ardingly Annals (Hayward's Heath) with the May issue reaches its 100th number. The Annals have appeared uninterruptedly from the year 1871, when, clad in blue and consisting of nothing more than school lists and balance sheets, with a page of school news, they first made their bow to the public. Now the little thing is over thirty years old, and lies before us to-day in bright yellow, fat and well-liking with its 50 pages or so of contents. Among these we are delighted with the reminiscences of Ardingly cricketers. We learn that Newham, Blackman, Brann, Moore, Thompson, Smith, Coles, and Cartwright—at one time and another representatives of Sussex County—learned their cricket at Ardingly. There is a sympathetic note about the late provost, Dr. Lyttelton, who died at the age of 51, and a valedictory reference to the Rev. T. H. M. Williams, who has taken a curacy at Uckfield, after 20 years' association with the school. His managership of the Tuckshop was most praiseworthy. He was a sound bat and a good half.

The Cadet (Schoolship, H.M.S. *Conway*, Liverpool).—Old Conways will appreciate the sympathetic notice by H. W. Broadbent of the late Captain A. T. Miller, who took command of the *Conway* in '81, in succession to Rear-Admiral E. B. H. Franklin. He established this paper, and initiated the *Conway v. Worcester* boat race. Captain Miller instituted boxing and fencing classes, greatly improved the dietary, and wrote pamphlets on "Master Mariners," and cognate subjects. The sections dealing with cricket, old boys, and correspondence are very healthy. There are full details of the boat race crews and various articles, and news items of special interest to cadets.

The Hurst Johnian (Hurstpierpoint).—The number before us has much to say about the commemoration of the school's Jubilee. The dates in the school history are:—1st August, 1848, foundation of the Society of S. Nicolas College; 1849, at Shoreham, 25th January, 1850, migration to Hurst-pierpoint village; 25th June, 1851, foundation-stone of school laid; 21st June, 1853, dedication of the buildings; 17th September, 1861, foundation-stone of chapel laid; 17th October, 1865, dedication of the chapel.

The Malvernian (June).—The school seems to have outgrown its equipment in an alarming way, and its present requirements form an interesting problem for solution. From 200 boys in 1886, they are now housing 480. Among the most imperative of its needs are: a good gymnasium, a second racquet court, a fives court for each House, more cricket ground, school stores, a rifle range close to the school, and better accommodation for the cadet corps, involving an estimated outlay of about £9,000. The committee of O.M.'s can count on £600 a year, thus

allowing 5 per cent. interest on £9,000, and £150 a year sinking fund. About £4,000 has been promised in the way of £100 debentures by O.M.'s. The school is doing well at racquets and made a plucky fight for the Public Schools Cup. G. N. Foster and W. P. Cowie were beaten by the winners in the semi-final by the odd point only. The scheme of filling the chapel windows with stained glass has been advanced another stage.

The Owlet (New College, Eastbourne).—The issues before us are most creditable. The four little pictures of the upper ground with cycle track, the avenue, the wood, and the sanatorium, are nicely reproduced, and so also is the full page of the school buildings. Mr. Pirie's offer of a prize for an original short story, essay, or poem is sure to produce a glut of "copy," and the Editor's wail will die away in a land of plenty. We are glad to notice his strenuous efforts to keep in touch with the doings of Old Boys. They will strengthen the magazine and strengthen the Old Boys in the world without. Often firm anchorage to the old school gives a boy ballast and reliance in manhood. Much is expected of an Old Boy by governors and masters, and the new generation is taught to watch So and So. Cricket and swimming and the Natural Science Society seem to be in a very flourishing state. Success to Mr. Skrimshire in his work as Editor!

The Wyvern (Queen's College, Taunton).—The Editor delivers a little homily on writing, and endeavours to lure on his readers to send him "copy" by suggesting the perusal of four books each term as examples of style. To begin with, he says, try *Robinson Crusoe* (Defoe), *The Treasure Island* (Stevenson), *Ivanhoe* (Sir Walter Scott), and *The Pilgrim's Progress* (John Bunyan). There is much interesting and useful reading in the general pages. Music and debates seem in a very healthy state. A correspondent grumbles about the way the fives court is monopolised, and threatens to camp out on the court with his dinner in order to get "first call," unless better arrangements are made. Another correspondent has endeavoured to illustrate the daily round by quotations from *King Henry I.* thus:—

8.0 a.m. Eat your victuals. . . I pray you fall to.
1.0 p.m. Give them great meals of beef.
7.15 to 9.15 p.m. This most dreadful preparation. What a long night is this.

The Isis.—The latest Isis Idols are Mr. W. R. G. Bond (New College), Lord Tiverton (New College, President Oxford University Dramatic Society); Mr. R. C. W. Burn (Oriol, O.U.C.C.); Mr. A. K. Graham (Balliol, O.U.B.C.); and Mr. J. R. P. Sandford (Exeter, O.U.R.U.F.C.). We also note a change of cover for the Eights' week number, and wish that the editor of *The Isis* could have secured

an artist with a greater knowledge of anatomy for depicting the figures of the athletes. In an amusing leaderette the editor talks round the subject of "What shall we do with ourselves?" and promises a brochure upon "What shall we do with our sons?" Commemoration has induced a special number. We agree that Oxford is not herself at this season. Personally we think that both Oxford and Cambridge appeal to the stranger more impressively and exercise their subtle influence much more acutely in the Long Vac. than at any other time. The stranger is not distracted by festivity. He can browse on the beauties of the towers of Magdalen or King's Chapel. The quads. and courts and gardens contrast very peacefully with the world he has left behind.

Stanley House School Magazine (Bridge of Allan, N.B.).—Frankly, we think it is possible to have too many articles in a school mag. It seems to us that the ideal school mag. should be light and pleasant and gossipy. It ought not to attempt to teach, for we imagine its readers receive sufficient instruction in school hours. It should deal exhaustively with sports and school functions, and should take a lively interest in the doings of old boys. The magazine before us seems overloaded with heavy fare such as the story of a piece of coal, a review of Mr. Crosland's much-talked-of book, *The Unspeakable Scot*, and a prosaic dissertation entitled "Getting below the Surface." The article on "Hobbies" is more in place, but our fair friends will object to the following:—"Attending bazaars is a very prevalent and apparently delightful way for ladies to meet and create schools for scandal at the present day."

Allen Glen's Monthly (Glasgow).—We welcome this little magazine for the special attention it devotes to engineering. It has just lost the services from the editorial of Mr. Andrew Marshall Downie, who, after a brilliant career as a student of Allen Glen's School, entered the engineering works of Messrs. D. Stewart and Co., Ltd., Glasgow, as an apprentice. While in that capacity, he came out top in the kingdom in Applied Mechanics, gained the Whitworth Exhibition, and took his B.Sc. at Glasgow University. He is now a director of D. Stewart and Co., Ltd. The thirteenth annual sports were a huge success. 261, exclusive of the tug-of-war, entered. There were 51 entries in events open to former pupils. R. Jolly winning the 100 yards flat, with G. Paton second and R. Gillespie third. R. Barron won the 100 yards; J. A. Campbell won the 220 yards flat; J. R. Kerr won the mile and the three furlongs cycle events. In the school events A. Weir's sprinting and high jump (4ft. 5in.) were most promising among the juniors. In the Scottish Inter-Scholastic Championship Sports Allen Glen's was third, with Dollar first and Glasgow Academy second.

City of London (edited by F. A. Briggs and J. A. Chapman).—There is an abundance of matter in No. 163 vol. xxvii. which compensates for its late arrival. Echoes of G. W. Steevens and the journalistic class founded in his memory are occasionally heard through the 55 pages before us. We congratulate W. F. K. Hardman on winning the championship in the athletics and A. G. Berry on gaining second place; also W. Rabjohns on winning Mr. Forbes Robertson's prize and a copy of Shakespeare for the clearest articulation in the recitations. K. D. Leslie did very well with the bat in the early part of the season, and was well supported by Knight, Briggs, and Bliss. The bowling has been shared by Gill, Kenny, Leslie, Alexander, and

Knight. We very much regret to note that the fielding leaves much to be desired, and that the throwing-in is extremely feeble. The display of the Australians last season in this respect ought to be a lesson to all English boys. School motto, "Faber fabrum adjuvet."

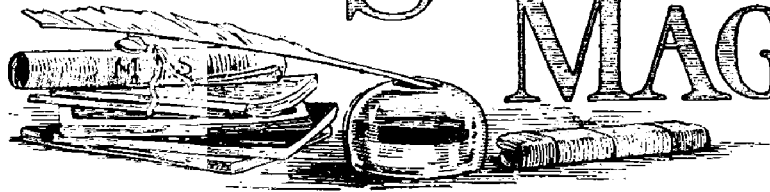
The Quernmorian.—We gather from the issue before us that Quernmorian have been doing great things at cricket. They beat Merchant Taylors' Colts XI., Battersea Grammar School, Forest Hill School, and City of London 2nd XI. They just succumbed to Guy's Hospital. Tucker has batted very well, and Patrickson has been most successful amongst the bowlers. We regret to hear that such a thing as funk can be mentioned in the same breath with Quernmore.

The Tollingtonian (the Tollington Schools, North London).—This is a new magazine that promises to appear three times a year. It is very nicely produced in a modest grey cover with a classical illustration. There is a great deal of informing matter in its pages; in fact, without wishing in any way to disparage the editors, who have done their work very well, we think the *Tollingtonian* is too informing. Small talk is much more important to a school magazine than all the scientific and learned lore in the world. This can be found elsewhere, and in a much more digestible form than in the pages of a school magazine. Gossip and personal matter and the doings of the school, however apparently trivial, are the salt of life to boys and old boys.

The Tonbridgian.—As we are engaged on these reviews, the news of the great victory of the Tonbridge VIII. at Bisley is in the air. We turn hastily to the Volunteer Notes and find a very modest statement about the training of the VIII. They were hard pressed for ammunition, and welcomed a present of 1,000 rounds from Mr. E. Gearing, of Leeds Forge. As they feared the 500 yards range as a grave danger to their possible success, Colonel Rogers and Second Lieut. Dain devoted all their energies to correcting this weakness. How well all braced themselves to the task is now common knowledge. It does seem regrettable when everybody, from Lord Roberts down, wails about our general inability with the rifle, that the Government should be stinting a school like Tonbridge in the matter of ammunition. Mr. Gearing deserves all the more thanks, therefore, for his present. On page 583 we reproduce a photograph of the winners of the Ashburton Shield.

The Nelsonian (Nelson, New Zealand).—We are delighted to stretch hands across the sea with Nelsonians and feel afresh what a world-wide Commonwealth we are. The magazines before us are a wonderful instance of Colonial enterprise. A pretty cover in blue and gold binds up an interesting *résumé* of school news, a set of four double-page pictures of the Old Boys' Team, the Nelson College XI., the First XV., and Nelson College Prefects, some members of the Board of Governors, and a full-page of William Justin Ford, M.A., Principal of Nelson (1886–89). The latter is an old Reptonian, afterwards at Cambridge, and learned his teaching experience at Lancaster and Marlborough. He belongs to the famous family of cricketers. Of the letterpress, it is gratifying to note the very full Old Boys' column, particularly the commercial and miscellaneous. This recognition might be followed at home. There is far too little recognition of the commercial

SCHOOL MAGAZINES



"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

(These reviews were held over from our last number.)

The Ardingly Annals (Hayward's Heath) with the May issue reaches its 100th number. The Annals have appeared uninterruptedly from the year 1871, when, clad in blue and consisting of nothing more than school lists and balance sheets, with a page of school news, they first made their bow to the public. Now the little thing is over thirty years old, and lies before us to-day in bright yellow, fat and well-liking with its 50 pages or so of contents. Among these we are delighted with the reminiscences of Ardingly cricketers. We learn that Newham, Blackman, Brann, Moore, Thompson, Smith, Coles, and Cartwright—at one time and another representatives of Sussex County—learned their cricket at Ardingly. There is a sympathetic note about the late provost, Dr. Lyttelton, who died at the age of 51, and a valedictory reference to the Rev. T. H. M. Williams, who has taken a curacy at Uckfield, after 20 years' association with the school. His managership of the Tuckshop was most praiseworthy. He was a sound bat and a good half.

The Cadet (Schoolship, H.M.S. Conway, Liverpool).—Old Conways will appreciate the sympathetic notice by H. W. Broadbent of the late Captain A. T. Miller, who took command of the Conway in '81, in succession to Rear-Admiral E. B. H. Franklin. He established this paper, and initiated the Conway v. Worcester boat race. Captain Miller instituted boxing and fencing classes, greatly improved the dietary, and wrote pamphlets on "Master Mariners," and cognate subjects. The sections dealing with cricket, old boys, and correspondence are very healthy. There are full details of the boat race crews and various articles, and news items of special interest to cadets.

The Hurst Johnian (Hurstpierpoint).—The number before us has much to say about the commemoration of the school's Jubilee. The dates in the school history are:—1st August, 1848, foundation of the Society of S. Nicolas College; 1849, at Shoreham, 25th January, 1850, migration to Hurstpierpoint village; 25th June, 1851, foundation-stone of school laid; 21st June, 1853, dedication of the buildings; 17th September, 1861, foundation-stone of chapel laid; 17th October, 1865, dedication of the chapel.

The Malvernian (June).—The school seems to have outgrown its equipment in an alarming way, and its present requirements form an interesting problem for solution. From 200 boys in 1886, they are now housing 480. Among the most imperative of its needs are: a good gymnasium, a second racket court, a fives court for each House, more cricket ground, school stores, a rifle range close to the school, and better accommodation for the cadet corps, involving an estimated outlay of about £9,000. The committee of O.M.'s can count on £600 a year, thus

allowing 5 per cent. interest on £9,000, and £150 a year sinking fund. About £4,000 has been promised in the way of £100 debentures by O.M.'s. The school is doing well at racquets and made a plucky fight for the Public Schools Cup. G. N. Foster and W. P. Cowie were beaten by the winners in the semi-final by the odd point only. The scheme of filling the chapel windows with stained glass has been advanced another stage.

The Owlet (New College, Eastbourne).—The issues before us are most creditable. The four little pictures of the upper ground with cycle track, the avenue, the wood, and the sanatorium, are nicely reproduced, and so also is the full page of the school buildings. Mr. Pirie's offer of a prize for an original short story, essay, or poem is sure to produce a glut of "copy," and the Editor's wail will die away in a land of plenty. We are glad to notice his strenuous efforts to keep in touch with the doings of Old Boys. They will strengthen the magazine and strengthen the Old Boys in the world without. Often firm anchorage to the old school gives a boy ballast and reliance in manhood. Much is expected of an Old Boy by governors and masters, and the new generation is taught to watch So and So. Cricket and swimming and the Natural Science Society seem to be in a very flourishing state. Success to Mr. Skrimshire in his work as Editor!

The Wyvern (Queen's College, Taunton).—The Editor delivers a little homily on writing, and endeavours to lure on his readers to send him "copy" by suggesting the perusal of four books each term as examples of style. To begin with, he says, try *Robinson Crusoe* (Defoe), *The Treasure Island* (Stevenson), *Ivanhoe* (Sir Walter Scott), and *The Pilgrim's Progress* (John Bunyan). There is much interesting and useful reading in the general pages. Music and debates seem in a very healthy state. A correspondent grumbles about the way the fives court is monopolised, and threatens to camp out on the court with his dinner in order to get "first call," unless better arrangements are made. Another correspondent has endeavoured to illustrate the daily round by quotations from *King Henry V.* thus:—

8.0 a.m. Eat your victuals. . . . I pray you fall to.
1.0 p.m. Give them great meals of beef.
7.15 to 9.15 p.m. This most dreadful preparation. What a long night is this.

The Isis.—The latest Isis Idols are Mr. W. R. G. Bond (New College), Lord Tiverton (New College, President Oxford University Dramatic Society), Mr. R. C. W. Burn (Oriel, O.U.C.C.), Mr. A. K. Graham (Balliol, O.U.B.C.), and Mr. J. R. P. Sandford (Exeter, O.U.R.U.F.C.). We also note a change of cover for the Eights' week number, and wish that the editor of *The Isis* could have secured

an artist with a greater knowledge of anatomy for depicting the figures of the athletes. In an amusing leaderette the editor talks round the subject of "What shall we do with ourselves?" and promises a brochure upon "What shall we do with our sons?" Commemoration has induced a special number. We agree that Oxford is not herself at this season. Personally we think that both Oxford and Cambridge appeal to the stranger more impressively and exercise their subtle influence much more acutely in the Long Vac. than at any other time. The stranger is not distracted by festivity. He can browse on the beauties of the towers of Magdalen or King's Chapel. The quads, and courts and gardens contrast very peacefully with the world he has left behind.

Stanley House School Magazine (Bridge of Allan, N.B.).—Frankly, we think it is possible to have too many articles in a school mag. It seems to us that the ideal school mag. should be light and pleasant and gossipy. It ought not to attempt to teach, for we imagine its readers receive sufficient instruction in school hours. It should deal exhaustively with sports and school functions, and should take a lively interest in the doings of old boys. The magazine before us seems overloaded with heavy fare such as the story of a piece of coal, a review of Mr. Crosland's much-talked-of book, *The Unspeakable Scot*, and a prosaic dissertation entitled "Getting below the Surface." The article on "Hobbies" is more in place, but our fair friends will object to the following:—"Attending bazaars is a very prevalent and apparently delightful way for ladies to meet and create schools for scandal at the present day."

Allen Glen's Monthly (Glasgow).—We welcome this little magazine for the special attention it devotes to engineering. It has just lost the services from the editorial of Mr. Andrew Marshall Downie, who, after a brilliant career as a student of Allen Glen's School, entered the engineering works of Messrs. D. Stewart and Co., Ltd., Glasgow, as an apprentice. While in that capacity, he came out top in the kingdom in Applied Mechanics, gained the Whitworth Exhibition, and took his B.Sc. at Glasgow University. He is now a director of D. Stewart and Co., Ltd. The thirteenth annual sports were a huge success. 261, exclusive of the tug-of-war, entered. There were 51 entries in events open to former pupils. R. Jolly winning the 100 yards flat, with G. Paton second and B. Gillespie third. R. Barron won the 100 yards; J. A. Campbell won the 220 yards flat; J. R. Kerr won the mile and the three furlongs cycle events. In the school events A. Weir's sprinting and high jump (4ft. 5in.) were most promising among the juniors. In the Scottish Inter-Scholastic Championship Sports Allen Glen's was third, with Dollar first and Glasgow Academy second.

City of London (edited by F. A. Briggs and J. A. Chapman).—There is an abundance of matter in No. 163 vol. xxvii. which compensates for its late arrival. Echoes of G. W. Stevens and the journalistic class founded in his memory are occasionally heard through the 55 pages before us. We congratulate W. F. K. Hardman on winning the championship in the athletics and A. G. Berry on gaining second place; also W. Rabjohns on winning Mr. Forbes Robertson's prize and a copy of Shakespeare for the clearest articulation in the recitations. K. D. Leslie did very well with the bat in the early part of the season, and was well supported by Knight, Briggs, and Bliss. The bowling has been shared by Gill, Kenny, Leslie, Alexander, and

Knight. We very much regret to note that the fielding leaves much to be desired, and that the throwing-in is extremely feeble. The display of the Australians last season in this respect ought to be a lesson to all English boys. School motto, "Faber fabrum adjuvet."

The Quernmorian.—We gather from the issue before us that Quernmorianians have been doing great things at cricket. They beat Merchant Taylors' Colts XI., Battersea Grammar School, Forest Hill School, and City of London 2nd XI. They just succumbed to Guy's Hospital. Tucker has batted very well, and Patrickson has been most successful amongst the bowlers. We regret to hear that such a thing as funk can be mentioned in the same breath with Quernmore.

The Tollingtonian (the Tollington Schools, North London).—This is a new magazine that promises to appear three times a year. It is very nicely produced in a modest grey cover with a classical illustration. There is a great deal of informing matter in its pages; in fact, without wishing in any way to disparage the editors, who have done their work very well, we think the *Tollingtonian* is too informing. Small talk is much more important to a school magazine than all the scientific and learned lore in the world. This can be found elsewhere, and in a much more digestible form than in the pages of a school magazine. Gossip and personal matter and the doings of the school, however apparently trivial, are the salt of life to boys and old boys.

The Tonbridgian.—As we are engaged on these reviews, the news of the great victory of the Tonbridge VIII. at Bisley is in the air. We turn hastily to the Volunteer Notes and find a very modest statement about the training of the VIII. They were hard pressed for ammunition, and welcomed a present of 1,000 rounds from Mr. E. Gearing, of Leeds Forge. As they feared the 500 yards range as a grave danger to their possible success, Colonel Rogers and Second Lieut. Dain devoted all their energies to correcting this weakness. How well all braced themselves to the task is now common knowledge. It does seem regrettable when everybody, from Lord Roberts down, wails about our general inability with the rifle, that the Government should be stinting a school like Tonbridge in the matter of ammunition. Mr. Gearing deserves all the more thanks, therefore, for his present. On page 583 we reproduce a photograph of the winners of the Ashburton Shield.

The Nelsonian (Nelson, New Zealand).—We are delighted to stretch hands across the sea with Nelsonians and feel afresh what a world-wide Commonwealth we are. The magazines before us are a wonderful instance of Colonial enterprise. A pretty cover in blue and gold binds up an interesting résumé of school news, a set of four double-page pictures of the Old Boys' Team, the Nelson College XI., the First XV., and Nelson College Prefects, some members of the Board of Governors, and a full-page of William Justin Ford, M.A., Principal of Nelson (1886—89). The latter is an old Reptonian, afterwards at Cambridge, and learned his teaching experience at Lancaster and Marlborough. He belongs to the famous family of cricketers. Of the letterpress, it is gratifying to note the very full Old Boys' column, particularly the commercial and miscellaneous. This recognition might be followed at home. There is far too little recognition of the commercial

and non-professional side in the home magazines. To preserve and maintain the link with the old school would improve business morality enormously. Of the rest of the Nelsonian, we can only mention the health of the Cadet Corps, and the preference shown for a game called "Gobo," which seems allied in some way to gastronomy. A remarkable number of Nelsonians come to this country

to qualify for medicine, law, the church, engineering, etc.

We have also to acknowledge receipt of the following:—South African College Magazine (quarterly), the Reflector (valedictory number), Ousef, Sedberghian, Cranleighian, Lorettonian, Haileyburian, Lyonian (Harrow Lower School), Johnian, Collegian (Baptist Students' Union).

THE CYCLING CORNER.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Pedal.—Any of the best grade machines, such as Lea and Francis, Beeston Humber, Enfield, Triumph, or Rover. All are equally good, provided you have the best quality. They are the cheapest in the long run.

S. C. Heerjee (India).—It is impossible for a really reliable bicycle to be made, much less sold, at the price you quote, at a profit. If it were so, is it likely that the first class makers would find a market for their best goods at £20 or more? It is not safe to ride a free-wheel machine with only one brake, as, if anything goes wrong with it, the rider is helpless. The only method of stopping such machines is with brakes, or, if the brakes fail, by pressing the foot on the front tyre; but this, at its best, is a very risky proceeding, and should never be attempted excepting in cases of emergency.

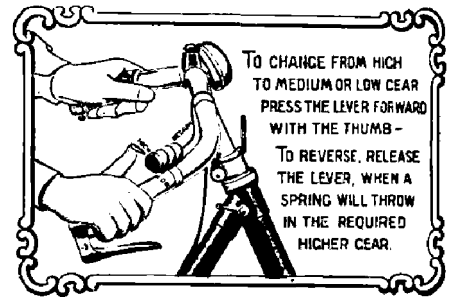
Winner (Forest Gate).—Your saddle will get softer with wear, but a little soft soap rubbed on underneath the leather will help. Too much, or oil, will soon make the leather stretch out of shape. A puncture can readily be detected by inflating the air tube and then drawing it slowly past your face. A well-known rider of our acquaintance invariably puts about a dessert-spoonful of rouge into each air tube, and by this means the small puncture is readily located. The rouge is easily passed in by means of a small funnel through the valve stalk. As you say, in some parts of the country clean water is not always procurable.

Puzzled.—In many respects there is no better value on the market than the Juno cycles, manufactured by the Metropolitan Machinists' Company, in Bishopsgate Street Without, and Piccadilly Circus. These machines seem very durable and well fitted, and range in price from 8 to 11 guineas; or they can be had on easy terms.

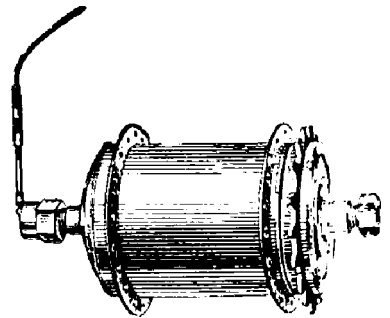
Amateur Motorist.—In reply to your inquiry respecting the comparative merits of British and Continental-made cars, it is matter for regret that an English-made car did not win the Gordon-Bennett Cup in the great International race. This failure, however, affords no sufficient reason for assuming that British-made cars are inferior to Continental or American-made cars. For example, it was demonstrated in the Phoenix Park trials that the 20 h.p. Humber tourist car was faster than higher-powered and higher-priced cars. At the Castlewellan contest, for the Graphic Trophy, the Humber 20 h.p. car again demonstrated its superiority, starting from scratch and defeating cars of higher nominal horse-power.

Three-Speed Gear (Adelphi, W.C.).—The great advantage of the three-speed gear is that the rider can choose any normal gear that suits him. Hitherto, with variable speed gears, which give only two changes, the rider must compromise by having his high gear a little too high, or his low gear a little too low.

The change of gears is effected with the utmost facility by means of a small lever on the handlebar of the bicycle, working on a ratchet having three teeth. On the middle tooth is the normal gear. When the lever is released it flies back to the bottom tooth, giving high gear; when pushed



over to the furthest tooth it gives low gear. The actuating cable running from the lever to the hub is a combination of stranded wire cable, and the Bowden mechanism. The accompanying pictures will assist you to understand the mechanism. The value of the low gear, in rendering hill-climbing easy, cannot be over-estimated, while the delightful sensation of driving a really high gear down hill, before the wind, needs to be experienced to be appreciated. An automatic free wheel is provided on each speed. The Raleigh Cycle Company is



responsible for introducing the three-speed gear to the public.

Critic (Bromsgrove).—If we read your letter aright, the laws which you condemn as unnecessary are those provided for in the Highway Acts, and apply equally to all kinds of vehicular traffic. The only method of escaping from a runaway horse is to get out of its way as quickly as possible. It is better to chance a spill by whipping quickly round a sharp corner than to be run down. In such cases presence of mind may save you from a bad accident.

THE LONG 'UN.

By R. S. Warren Bell.

Author of "Bachelorland," "J. O. Jones,"
"Love the Laggard," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON BROWNE, R.I.

the police, and after a desperate battle with six of them is arrested and eventually fined forty shillings. His grandfather, hearing of this, carries out his threat, and Jim has thenceforth to depend on his own exertions for a living. By the instrumentality of Sir Savile Smart, a famous specialist, Jim is put in temporary charge of a surgery in Mount-street, Blackfriars, a district infested by gangs of Hooligans. Sir Savile recommends him to some lodgings near the surgery in what turns out to be Dora Maybury's home. Here also are two other boarders named Miss Bird and Mr. Cleave. On Jim's first evening in his new quarters, he meets Mr. Jefferson, a young stockbroker, who is also an admirer of Dora's, and appears to be regarded with favour by her. At the end of Jim's first day at the surgery, Dr. Taplow—the proprietor of the place—disposes with his services, he having appointed another doctor to the post. By disposing of some of the old and valuable books he has collected, Koko raises fifty pounds, and with this sum Jim opens a surgery in Mount-street in opposition to the "bearded man." Dr. Taplow has installed in the Long 'Un's place. Owing to his rough usage of their chief, Jim incurs the hatred of the local Hooligans, who determine to pay him back with interest when a favourable opportunity presents itself. Jim, therefore, has to keep a sharp look-out whilst attending patients in the neighbouring courts. Christmas comes, and on Boxing Night, after the theatre, Dora informs Mr. Maybury that she has promised to marry Harold Jefferson within a month of that date. Preparations for the marriage proceed apace. On the eve of the wedding, Jim is summoned down to Threeways to perform an operation on the Earl of Lingfield, one of his grandfather's patients. He meets his grandfather, who does not, however, make any overtures that might lead to a reconciliation. Jim performs the operation with complete success. When he returns to town that evening, he finds a note at his surgery asking him to call at "No. 8 Pine-court," to see "Mrs. Murphy's baby." On entering the place he discovers, when it is too late to retreat, that he has been decoyed into an empty house by Hooligans, one of whom stuns him with a belt buckle.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE VULTURES.

FOR a moment the Hooligan stood motionless, as if surprised by the ease with which he had accomplished his revenge.

For a moment only, however. Approaching the prostrate form of the young doctor, he gave Jim a savage kick in the side. Jim did not move or speak.

"We've got 'im this time, boys," exclaimed the rough. "He's done."

But here there was an unlooked-for interruption. The woman whose voice had lured Jim to his destruction ran forward and confronted the leader of the gang.

She was a flower-seller, and had the healthy complexion common to her open-air calling. A thick mane of black hair hung over her eyes,



JAMES MORTIMER (the "Long 'Un"), a young doctor, is grandson and heir to Dr. John Mortimer, a man of wealth and position. Owing to Jim's frequent escapades, Dr. Mortimer warns him that, if he indulges in any more riotous conduct, he will disown him. On returning to town after this conversation, Jim makes the acquaintance, by the agency of his friend George Somers ("Koko"), of a young lady named Dora Maybury, with whom he falls violently in love. So excited does he become in consequence of his introduction to Miss Maybury, that, on the same evening, he falls foul of

and she was ill-kempt and shabby, but she was not wholly without grace of form or feature.

"You said it was an old gent coming up for rent. You lied. It's the tall doctor."

The Hooligan glared at her.

"Well—wot then?"

"If I'd known it was 'im, I'd 'ave warned 'im, that's wot! 'E saved my baby's life. You shan't touch 'im again."

The Hooligan waved her off without ceremony.

"Shut your silly mouth, will you! It's done now. Get back over there, or I'll treat you as I've treated 'im."

Appalled by his tone, the woman shrank back to the gloomy corner whence she had emerged.

The others laughed coarsely. The room was dimly illumined by the light that came from the lamp-post in the court without, but this was sufficient to show them that their victim was unconscious, if not dead.

"See wot's on 'im," said one, a hunchback.

They crowded round the still figure, and commenced a quick search of Jim's pockets. The bandaged man—not without some wrangling—was allowed to retain the Long 'Un's watch and chain; the hunchback greedily possessed himself of the coins he extracted from Jim's pockets—two half-sovereigns, some silver, and a few coppers; another of the gang annexed Jim's cuff-links and studs.

The other three savagely demanded that the money, at least, should be divided up amongst them, and were assured that they would get their share. They received this promise with remarks that indicated that there was little honour among these thieves, and it looked as if a struggle for the booty would ensue, when the hunchback made a discovery which rendered the other finds insignificant in comparison.

"'Ere's a cheque."

So saying, he struck a match with feverish haste.

"Undred pounds! My Sam! This is a bit of luck. 'E didn't get this out of Mount Street, I'll wager."

"Let's 'ave a squint at it," said the bandaged man; "aye," he continued, after examining the pink and white slip, "this is a bit of orl right. 'Undred pounds! That'll be nearly twenty pound each."

"A bit o' paper like that ain't no good to us," growled one of the gang; "'ow can we change it? 'Ooever does it will be nabbed."

The hunchback interposed. "Don't you make any mistake, Jerry. We can change it. Gentleman 'Arry'll do it. 'E can get up just like a toff—'e wasn't a valit six years for nuthink. It ain't crossed, and so he can get cash over the counter. 'E's told me that when 'e was

in service 'e often changed cheques for the nobs wot employed 'im."

Thereupon the bandaged man arranged with the hunchback that "Gentleman 'Arry" was to be approached on the subject that night, and promised five pounds if he changed the cheque first thing in the morning.

"There ain't nuthink else on 'im, is there?" inquired the bandaged man, when this matter had been settled.

The hunchback went all through Jim's pockets again, but his search only yielded some keys, a pocket handkerchief, and a few letters.

"No, nuthink else, mates."

"Then we'll clear."

As they all rose to their feet, the woman again confronted the leader.

"'Ow about me?" she demanded, "didn't I get 'im in 'ere? 'E'd 'ave cottoned someth'g was wrong if 'e 'adn't been answered by a woman."

The Hooligans grinned at each other. The bandaged man had arranged with the girl to do this. It was no business of the others.

"Oh, you shall 'ave a new 'at, Sally," the bandaged man assured her, with a leer.

"Wot else?"

"Anyfink yer like, Sally. But I thought you did it out o' friendship for me, because I was so kind to your 'usband before they nabbed 'im," added the Hooligan, with an unpleasant grimace.

"I'll see I get my share," said the girl, showing her white teeth.

"Wot! Would you take the kind doctor's 'ard-earned welf? 'Im wot was so good to yore baby! For shame, Sally!"

"'E's done for now, and it doesn't matter to 'im. I'll 'ave my share or know the reason why!"

"You'll split on us?"

"Yes, on the whole lot of yer! I don't join in a dirty job like this for love. I've a baby to keep at 'ome, and I want money, so you watch it!"

The bandaged man winked at his *confères*. "That'll be orl right," he said. "It's on'y 'er way. Well, let's get out o' this, boys."

As the others moved towards the door, the bandaged man and the girl stayed by Jim's side. As the former gazed upon the prostrate and silent figure, an evil smile distorted his countenance. "We're quits now," he muttered, shaking his fist at the white face, "you an' me. You 'urt me, an' now I've 'urt you."

A twinge in the wound which he had come by through Jim's agency made him wince. He uttered an appalling oath.

"No, we ain't quite quits! I'll spoil your beauty for you, to end with, my pretty doctor."

He raised his iron-shod heel above Jim's face.

but, ere the foot could descend, the flower-girl pushed the Hooligan aside with such force that he reeled against the wall.

"Leave 'em alone--ain't you satisfied?" she exclaimed sharply.

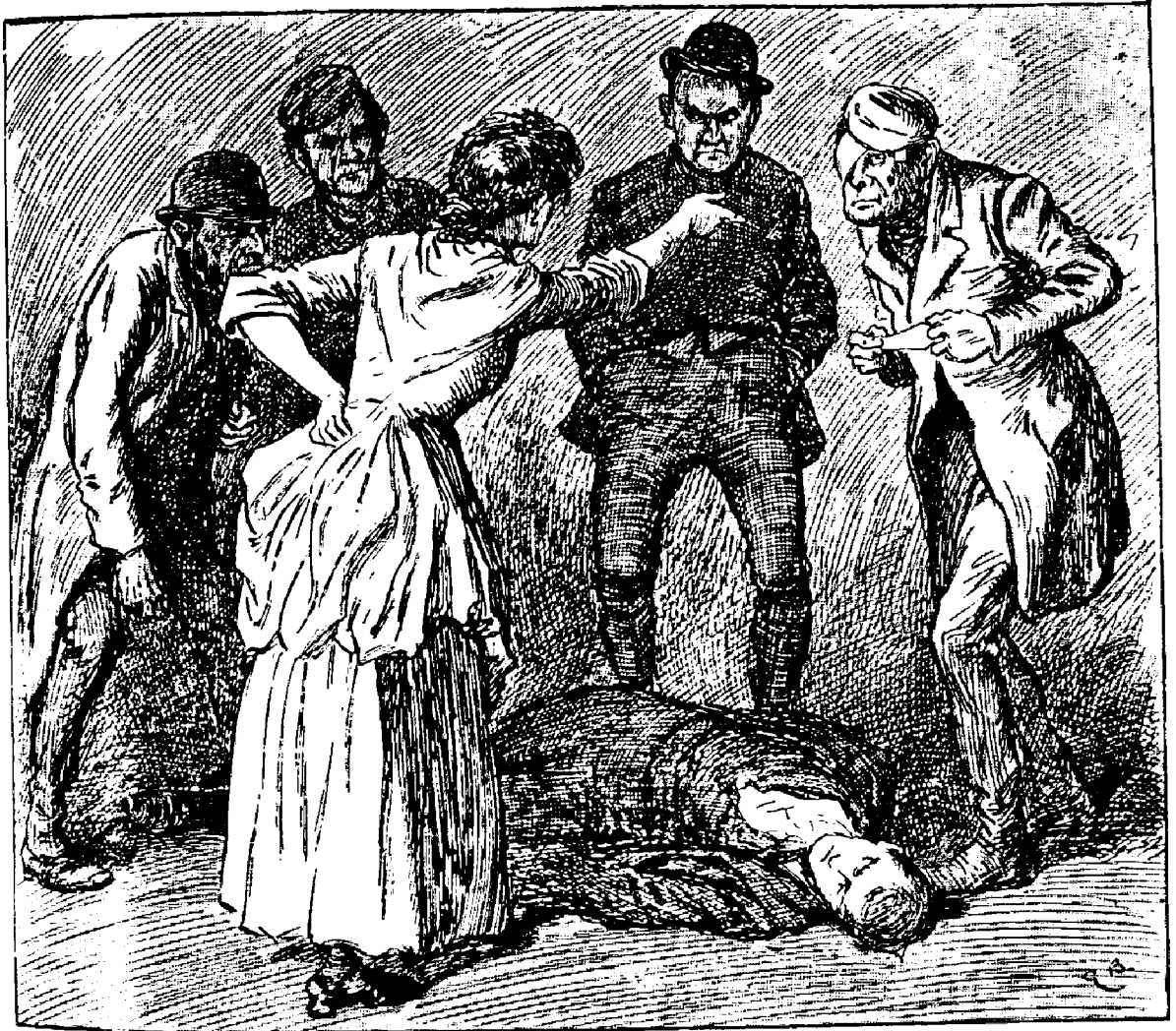
The man recovered himself with another oath, and smacked the girl across the face with his open hand.

"That's for you, you interferin' cat."

With a snarl worthy of the creature she had

while the Hooligan kicked and struck both at herself and Jim with ungovernable fury. Time and again he tried to drag her away, but she held staunch to her post in spite of his blows and execrations.

By this time the Hooligan had worked himself into a state of frenzy. Seeing that he could not get the girl away, he drew a knife from his belt, but, even as he poised it to strike, the door was kicked open and a man appeared.



"OW ABOUT ME?" SHE DEMANDED.

been likened to, the girl hurled herself at her aggressor, and clawed his face with venomous finger-nails. In the struggle the Hooligan's bandage came off, revealing an unhealed wound. Crying out with pain, the rough threw the girl off with all his might, and, turning quickly, was hacking at Jim's head and body, when the girl, regaining her balance, flung herself across the motionless figure on the floor, and there remained

Then a voice rang out commandingly: George Somers—for Koko it was—had never spoken so in his life before.

"Drop that knife or I fire!"

With the howl of a maddened animal the Hooligan sprang to his feet and bounded forward. The blade flashed ominously in the lamplight. As it swept downwards towards Koko's heart, there was a sharp report, followed by a shriek from the

Hooligan, who swayed, clawing at the air, and then toppled forward in a heap, shot through the brain.

Simultaneously came sounds of heavy footsteps on the stairs. The other members of the gang made a dash for the doorway, but as they reached it several stalwart forms barred their exit. The Hooligans, realising their position, fought like tigers to escape, but the police, having been forewarned of trouble by old Harris, had their truncheons ready, and used them without stint. Two of the Hooligans dropped to the floor; another, a big fellow, closed with one of the constables, and they went swinging and stumbling into the passage without. Taking his opportunity, the hunchback crept out on to the dark staircase, and was softly descending when suddenly two bony hands clutched him by the neck, and next moment he and old Harris were rolling over and over down the rotten stairs, the Jew dealer hanging on to the half-strangled dwarf with a certain nervous strength which the other could not overcome, beat and tear as he would. Halfway down the stairs the writhing pair were met by another couple of policemen, by whom the hunchback was quickly secured and handcuffed.

The reinforcing police speedily settled the matter, and all the Hooligans were soon in custody.

When at length the police were able to draw breath more easily and look around, they found Koko kneeling by his friend. By Jim's side lay the insensible form of the flower-seller who had befriended him with such strange suddenness.

"Jim, old chap, Jim!" cried Koko, "Jim, speak to me!"

No sound came from Jim's lips. He lay as he had fallen, with his white face upturned to the ceiling. But that face was without a mark, so well shielded had it been by the woman.

"Here, sir, try this," said one of the police, holding out a pocket-flask.

Quickly Koko unscrewed the top and forced the mouth of the flask between his friend's lips. The raw spirit trickled down Jim's throat, and, to Koko's unspeakable relief, Mortimer opened his eyes.

"Is that—you—old man?"

"Yes, Jim! Here, swallow some more. Oh, Jim," he added, in a trembling voice, "I'm so glad! I thought—you were dead!"

Jim gave a little sigh. "I think they've done for me. I can't move—they've hurt my back. . . ."

Koko shivered, for he knew what Jim meant.

"We'll take you to the hospital, old man," he said, "and you'll soon be all right."

Jim's lips moved in reply, and Koko put down his ear.

"Not—hospital," said Jim, faintly. "Take me home. I want—to see—Dora."

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE HOME-COMING.



On the day preceding that fixed for her wedding, Dora Maybury purposely went down to breakfast later than usual, as she wished to be alone during the meal. She did not want to meet the prying eyes of her elder sister or answer her still more prying questions.

Miss H. R. Maybury, however, was not easily put off. This was the last day that the two sisters would be spending under the same roof for some time to come, and H. R. intended to make the most of it.

When, therefore, Dora reached the breakfast-room, she found her sister seated behind the coffee-urn.

"It is rather provoking of you to be so late. Dora," said H. R.; "we have had to keep breakfast on the table for an hour, just on your account."

"You needn't have done that," replied Dora coldly; "I only want a cup of tea and some bread and butter."

"You won't look much like a bride to-morrow if you starve yourself to-day," observed H. R.

Dora made no rejoinder, but took her seat at the table.

"There isn't any tea—won't coffee do?" enquired H. R.

"Anything will do," said Dora, shortly.

"Dear me!" cried H. R., "I hope you will be in a nicer mood when you sit down to breakfast for the first time with Harold."

"I expect he'll say pleasanter things to me than you do," returned Dora.

H. R. was taken somewhat aback. "Here is some coffee," she said, more amicably; "there is a plate of bacon and eggs for you in the fender," she added.

"I couldn't touch them!" cried Dora.

"I don't see why you should lose your appetite because you're going to be married to-morrow," said H. R.

"Don't you? Well, perhaps you'll understand my feelings better when you find yourself on the eve of your wedding-day!" snapped Dora.

H. R., having no reply ready, pretended to read the morning paper.

At length something occurred to her.

"Oh, by the way, dear," she said, when Dora had sipped her coffee and nibbled a few mouthfuls

of bread-and-butter, "some more presents have come for you."

"Oh!" said Dora, indifferently.

"They are on the hall table—shall I get them for you?"

"If you like. I am in no hurry."

But H. R. had recognised Jim's writing on one parcel and wanted to watch her sister's face when Dora opened the packet. Jim, it should be added, had placed the presents from Koko and himself on the hall table very late on the previous night.

H. R. left the breakfast room, and presently returned bearing three parcels in her arms.

"I think there must be one from Frank, too; he was wrapping up something very mysteriously before he went to school this morning."

Dora turned over the three parcels which H. R. set down on the table before her. After scrutinising the writing on each, she opened that addressed to her in Frank's irregular round-hand. Frank's present proved to be a volume of Tennyson's works in a handsome morocco leather cover.

"Dear Frank! What a nice present!" cried Dora. "He must have saved up his pocket-money for *months!*"

"He gets a good many tips," said H. R., drily.

"Pretty girls' brothers generally do," observed a harsh voice at the door.

Following the remark came Miss Bird herself. The maiden lady duly admired the Tennyson.

"The other two presents," said H. R., "are from Mr. Somers and Dr. Mortimer, and Dora won't open them because she knows I'm burning to see them."

"And to make nasty remarks about them when you've seen them?" suggested Miss Bird.

Before H. R. could think of a suitable retort, Dora had drawn Koko's present from its enclosing wrappers.

"A *workbox*—full of things!" she said, laughing; "everything I can possibly want, even down to matches!"

The three ladies all agreed that it was a very nice workbox.

"And now for the third parcel," said H. R., watching her sister's face.

"It is a fan," said Dora, quietly opening Jim's parcel,—"an ivory one."

She passed it on to Miss Bird.

"A beautiful present, my dear," said that lady. "I admire Dr. Mortimer's taste."

"And look!" cried H. R., who next inspected the fan, "it has a sprig of rosemary upon it. How very sentimental! That means remembrance, doesn't it? Dora, I do believe Dr. Mortimer likes you more than he cares to admit."

"Please don't talk such nonsense, H. R.," said Dora, holding out her hand for the fan.

"Come, now," said H. R., spreading out the fan and peeping over it, "tell me! Don't you think I'm right?"

"Right about what?" asked Dora, with trembling lips; "oh, please give me my fan!"

"Give the child her fan and don't tease her," rasped out Miss Bird, who saw through the deliberate malice of H. R.'s question.

"Why doesn't she answer, then?" said H. R., examining the sprig of rosemary with renewed interest; "anybody would think that she liked *him* by the way she goes on."

The blood rushed into Dora's face.

"She how she is blushing!" added H. R., unsparingly.

"I'm not blushing," cried Dora, whose cheeks sadly belied her words.

"You are—I believe you *do* like him!"

Dora rose from her chair. The blood had died out of her face, and she was very white.

"And why," she demanded, her eyes flashing ominously, "*shouldn't* I like him? Is there any sin in it? When he came you all condemned him, but he has been quite patient and nice and gentlemanly all the time, in spite of the things that have been said to him. Yes, I *do* like him, and I shall always value this present from him. Please give it to me."

H. R. handed her the fan. "In *that* case, Dora, dear," she said, sweetly, "it seems a pity that you are marrying Mr. Jefferson tomorrow."

Dora closed the fan and held it tightly to her side. Her sister's final remark had brought the blood surging into her face again. "Oh," she cried, "how I *hate* you, H. R.—yes, *hate* you!" And with that she gave a piteous little cry and ran out of the room.

For a moment there was silence, and then Miss Bird turned her stern, lined face towards the elder sister. "Miss Maybury," she said, "I am ashamed of you."

"Your opinion of me," said H. R., with a forced lightness of tone, "does not concern me at all."

"To think," Miss Bird went on, "that you should taunt that poor child with a fact that has been patent to every woman in this house for *weeks* past! You have seen it—you know it. I repeat, I am heartily ashamed of you."

"Please spare me your lectures, Miss Bird."

"I will spare you nothing. I tell you to your face that you are a cruel, jealous woman. Dora is much younger than you, but is being married before you, and that is rankling in your mind. And so you bully her and tax her with liking Dr. Mortimer when you *know* she likes him—aye,

likes him far better than she likes the man she is marrying."

"But," interrupted H. R., "Mr. Jefferson happens to be very well off, and so our dear little innocent Dora does not see her way to give him up."

Miss Bird rose from her seat and walked up to where H. R. was sitting.

"Do you really *know* why Dora is marrying this young stockbroker?" she said.

"Because she is tired of working in the post-office, and wants to have a good time, I suppose," replied H. R.

"Oh! you suppose that! Well, I will tell you why. She is marrying him because she wishes to make your father's position secure in the Jeffersons' office, and, if possible, to improve it. She is deliberately marrying young Mr. Jefferson with that object in view."

"Then she is very silly," said H. R., scornfully.

"*Silly!* Yes, she is silly! But how old is she?—*nineteen!* And at nineteen aren't many girls very silly—aren't their heads full of romantic ideas of self-sacrifice, and other nonsense! Yes, she is silly! If she were your age—twenty-eight—she would be marrying Mr. Jefferson for her own sake, but she is only nineteen, and so she is marrying him for her father's sake. Now you understand!"

"I simply don't believe you," said H. R.

"It matters little whether you believe me or not. I have told you the truth. I am a very much older woman than you, and it has been my recreation all my life—for want of a better—to watch the people round me and dissect their motives. Old maids are good judges of character. You yourself will find you are a better judge of character in a few years' time than you are now."

And so, with this final lash from her tongue, Miss Bird stalked out of the room, while Miss H. R. Maybury, feeling considerably crestfallen, made her way downstairs to commence her household duties.

Somehow or other Dora got through this miserable day. At lunch and tea and dinner she hardly spoke a word, but she brightened up when her father got home from the office, where he had been working later than usual in order to be free the next day. He had brought an evening paper with him, and read out the latest bulletin concerning the Earl of Lingfield's health.

"So," added the ex-merchant, "our friend Dr. Mortimer was not sent for merely to assist. According to this bulletin he actually performed the operation—a very perilous one, I am told."

"It will make him," said Miss Bird, laying down her knitting needles.

"Yes," agreed Mr. Maybury, "a man possessed of his nerve and skill will be in great demand. I am sorry in one way, because it will mean that he will leave us. No doubt he will go to Harley Street."

"I hope this success won't turn his head and drive him back to his vicious courses," said Mrs. Maybury, somewhat severely.

Mr. Cleave was scanning the new number of his favourite weekly.

"I should not be surprised," he conjectured, in his quavering tenor, "if alcohol proved Mortimer's stumbling-block in life. There is a sad case in the *Abstainer's* list this week of a Northamptonshire doctor who has lately lost his practice on account of his habitual drunkenness."

Miss Bird cast a lowering eye on her fellow-boarder, but before she could make any remark the door was opened with unexpected suddenness, and Mary came in.

"Oh, if you please, mum," she said, addressing Mrs. Maybury, "there's some policemen at the door, and Mr. Somers, and they've brought Dr. Mortimer—"

But here the little maid broke down and burst into tears. Fortunately Koko appeared at this juncture to complete the announcement.

"Jim has been hurt by Hooligans," he said, quietly. "At first I wanted to take him to a hospital, but he told me he would like to be brought here."

"Is he badly hurt?"

"Yes," said Koko, "very seriously hurt. The police fetched a doctor—"

He paused, for he noticed that Dora had risen to her feet, and, white as death, was awaiting the doctor's verdict.

"The doctor pronounced him to be suffering from concussion of the brain and a fracture of the spine."

Mr. Maybury walked out of the room, closing the door after him. The police ambulance containing Jim's unconscious form had been set down in the hall. By the ambulance stood Dr. Taplow's representative—the bearded man.

"Please follow me," said Mr. Maybury, and those in the drawing-room could hear ominously heavy footsteps on the stairs as the policemen bore their burden up to Jim's little room on the second landing. Koko slipped out of the drawing-room after giving Mrs. Maybury and the others further details concerning the affair. Dora made as if to follow him.

"You had better stay in here, dear," said Mrs. Maybury; "anybody else will only be in the way at present."

"I am only going into the dining-room," said

Dora.

How long she waited in the dining-room, Dora never knew. It seemed like a lifetime. She heard the police go out and shut the front door after them, and later she heard the front door opened and closed again, and yet again. At length, after what seemed an interminable period, Mr. Maybury came into the dining-room. His face was very grave.

"Father—tell me the truth!"

Dora was looking at him with beseeching eyes that would brook no subterfuge.

"The doctor says," replied Mr. Maybury, "that he will not live more than twenty-four hours."

Dora hid her face on his shoulder.

"Oh, father, father," she sobbed, "if he dies my heart will break!"

Mr. Maybury gently disengaged himself from her embrace, and looked steadily into her face.

"Dora, tell me! Do you love him?"

She buried her face again in the kind shoulder.

"Yes," she said, "with all my heart."

For a long, tense minute no word was spoken.

Then Mr. Maybury broke the silence.

"If that is so," he said, "you must not marry Mr. Jefferson, and I must go and tell him so."

Dora raised her head. Her eyes shone like stars because of the great love she bore for Jim Mortimer.

"Go, then," she said, "and I promise you I will be brave—now, and until the end."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A DELICATE MISSION.

MR. HAROLD JEFFERSON lived in the Albany, where a long succession of well-to-do bachelors, good and bad, have occupied chambers since the days of the later Georges. The bachelor nests in the Temple—so beloved of young bar students fresh from the 'Varsity—was insignificant in comparison with the lofty, depressing spaciousness which characterises Albany Chambers. The rents, too, differ widely, for whereas a man may cut quite a tenemental dash in the Temple for fifty or sixty pounds a year, in the Albany one's rental may run into anything between a hundred and forty and four hundred per annum.

A quaint nook is this Albany. As one paces the stone-flagged footway in the contemplative stillness which broods over the place, it is an easy feat of the imagination to put the clock back a hundred years, to people the lettered houses with bucks and bloods in Regency attire, and, with the fall of night, to set the gaunt old

place ablaze with candles, and listen to the flick and rattle of cards and dice, the popping of corks, and the sound of those old-fashioned oaths which it was thought fit that gentlemen should use freely in the days when Byron and Macaulay lived in this aristocratic bachelor precinct.

But new times bring new men, and Harold Jefferson was of the newest. He lived in the Albany for the same reason that he drove a motor-car, ploughed the Thames in a steam-launch, and frequented fashionable restaurants at fashionable hours—because it was expensive.

On this particular night—the eve of his wedding-day—Jefferson was superintending the packing of his various possessions. This was his last night in the Albany, so much had to be done. Albert, his valet, was moving here and there with dapper, noiseless steps, folding, arranging, pressing down, strapping and locking. Albert was, on the whole, a good valet. He was punctual, obsequious, diplomatic, and only stole odd sixpences and shillings, for his was a mean little nature, content with little thefts.

Albert put up with abuse that no honest man would have listened to in silence. Therefore he suited Jefferson. True, he had no respect whatever for his master, but Jefferson paid him more liberally than, say, a military gentleman would have done, so he stayed on with Jefferson, wore his left-off suits, annexed his small change, and was quite contented with himself in his negative, unambitious way.

Harold, this evening, was in a high good-humour. Everything had fallen out as he had desired that it should do. He was marrying a lovely girl, and would be envied for his prize far and wide. He would dress her in the prettiest attire obtainable for money, deck her out in costly jewels, and constantly bask in the reflected glory of her beauty. When they came back, he promised himself he would take precious good care she didn't pay many calls at Number Nine or have her starveling relations to see her more than twice a year.

At ten o'clock Albert, having completed his tasks, left the Albany. At 11 p.m. Jefferson was due at a farewell supper-party which was to be given in his honour that night by some of his bachelor friends at the famous Whittingham restaurant, where they charge you eighteen pence simply for hanging your hat up. The price of food and wine, reckoned on a similar scale, may be imagined. But then, Mr. Jefferson and his friends set little store by a meal that did not cost them about six times more than it was worth.

Harold had adjusted his tie and put on his overcoat, preparatory to sallying forth, when there came a knock at his door. Albert having

departed, he was obliged to answer the summons himself.

"Mr. Maybury!"

Harold's tone smacked more of surprise than cordiality.

"Yes, I am sorry to disturb you, Mr. Jefferson, but my errand is an important one. May I come in?"

"Of course, of course! I am afraid I cannot ask you to stay very long, as I have to be at the Whittingham at eleven. Some of my friends are giving me a send-off. Will you have a glass of champagne?"

"No, thank you."

"A cigar, then?"

"Again, no thank you. Such things would not harmonise with my errand, for I have come, Mr. Jefferson, to break some very unpleasant news to you."

"I hope nothing is wrong with Dora?"

"My visit concerns Dora. To come to the point at once, I am afraid that this marriage arranged for to-morrow cannot take place."

Jefferson stared at him aghast.

"In the name of goodness—*why* not?"

Jefferson had seated himself on the table, one slippers foot just touching the floor. Mr. Maybury walked up to him.

"I am exceedingly sorry to have to bring you this news. Believe me, I feel for your position. The truth of the matter is, Dora loves another man, and therefore it would be most wrong on my part to allow your marriage with her to take place."

Jefferson stared at his visitor in amazement.

"Are you quite sober, sir?" he demanded.

"Yes, I am absolutely sober."

"Then allow me to tell you that you are talking so much tomfoolery! Of course the marriage must take place! How on earth can you have allowed yourself to come here with such a suggestion? I suppose Dora is in a state of nervousness that borders on hysteria, and so has got some foolish fancy into her head that she doesn't like me enough. For Heaven's sake, man, go home and reason with her and don't delay me any longer with such a wild-goose tale."

The ex-merchant regarded Jefferson with a cool and resolute gaze.

"This is not a wild-goose tale. Dora is not hysterical. Nor is this a foolish fancy of hers. She prefers young Mortimer to you, and it would be an unpardonable crime on my part to allow her to marry you."

"Mortimer!—*that* bounder!"

"She loves Mortimer—and he is not, I may add, a bounder. He is as good a gentleman as I have ever met."

The situation was getting serious. Jefferson took off his overcoat and lit a cigarette. Then—

by way of steadying his own nerves—he swallowed a glass of champagne. Finally he came to a halt opposite his visitor, and as he did so his lips set in an ugly and determined line.

"Now, look here, Maybury," he said, blowing a column of smoke ceilingwards, "let us talk sense. Dora likes this Mortimer—I have known that for a long time. To-night his name is in every mouth—yes, I have read in the evening papers of what he has done. And so it suddenly occurs to her that she would like to be the wife of a brilliant young surgeon rather than the wife of a—well—of a not very brilliant young stockbroker."

Mr. Maybury held up his hand, but Jefferson would not be silenced.

"She comes to you in tears, declaring she cannot marry me. You, not knowing women as I do, are convinced by her tears, and come straight off to me to say the marriage can't take place. You are, if you will excuse me for saying so, a fool. I will marry Dora to-morrow, and afterwards I will prove to you that I am as good a man as any common cad of a surgeon you may please to take into your house as a lodger!"

Jefferson's eyes were blazing with fury. The champagne had done its work.

"I have already told you," returned Mr. Maybury, in even, quiet tones, "that I feel very much for you. The abandonment of this match will put you in a very awkward position, but I must repeat that the marriage cannot and *shall* not take place."

"And I say," shouted Jefferson, "that I will not be bested by Mortimer. He shall not marry Dora. I look to her to keep her promise. Mortimer shall never have her!"

"No, he never will," said Mr. Maybury.

"What! You said just now that she prefers him to me!"

"She will never marry him," Mr. Maybury resumed, "because in all probability he will be dead within four-and-twenty hours!"

"*Dead!*" Jefferson's face lit up with renewed hope.

"Yes, he has been severely mauled by a gang of South London roughs. The medical man who has seen him declares that his case is hopeless."

Jefferson did not speak for a few moments. Then he burst into a laugh.

"I see—I see it all! Mortimer is brought in unconscious and Dora promptly faints. She is inclined to be sentimental, as I know. And so you come here and tell me I mustn't marry her. Did ever man set out on such a preposterous errand! My good Maybury, I shall be at the church to-morrow, and if you and your daughter are not there you will never set foot in my office again."

"We shall certainly not be there," replied Mr. Maybury.

"We shall see. You've got a night to sleep on it. My father is ill, and is away on the Continent. I am head of the firm during his absence. Fail to keep your contract to-morrow afternoon, and you need never show your face in my office again. Were my father in London he would support me, for he will not see me insulted in this manner. I will telegraph to him if you like."

"You need not do that," said Mr. Maybury, moving towards the door; "I accept my dismissal at your hands."

Jefferson laughed again. "I really think you cannot be quite sober. Just reflect on what you are doing. Can you afford to throw up your job with us?"

Mr. Maybury turned fiercely upon the young man.

"Afford! Listen to me, Mr. Jefferson. My child's happiness is to me a matter of higher importance than my post in your firm. I am a poor man Heaven knows!—and want every penny I earn as your book-keeper, but that fact will not deter me from doing what I conceive to be my duty. I say my child shall *not* marry you!"

And without another word Dora's father turned on his heel and went his way.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE DOCTOR VISITS MOUNT STREET.

WHEN Koko left Number Nine, after seeing Jim put to bed, he went straight to Taplow's surgery, and was lucky enough to find that the bearded man

was still there.

"Doctor, I want you to spend the night with Mortimer," said Koko.

"Impossible," said the bearded man; "I have an urgent case which will keep me up till four."

"What's to be done, then?"

"Get a trained nurse—I'll give you the address of a place in the West End where about two hundred of them live when they have no case on. Telephone the manageress, and say you want a nurse sent to Number Nine, Derby Crescent, to-night. I'll look in at breakfast time."

He gave Koko the address of the Nurses' Home.

"Right!" said Koko. "Now, doctor, tell me candidly has Mortimer got a chance?"

"Not a ghost of one," said the bearded man; "even if he pulled through he would be paralysed for the rest of his life, but he *won't* pull through. The mischief is in the spine—where he was kicked."

"I shot the fellow," said Koko, between his teeth.

"Did you? Well, I don't suppose he will be much loss. If the police were allowed to carry revolvers we shouldn't hear much more of this Hooliganism."

Koko paced restlessly up and down the surgery, and then turned abruptly to the bearded man.

"Look here, doctor," he exclaimed, "I don't want to hurt your feelings, but is it possible that you're mistaken about my friend Mortimer?"

"Time will show," said the bearded man coldly. "I give him twenty-four hours. Now, if you're ready, I'll turn the gas out. I must be off."

With a sorrowful heart Koko hailed a cab and drove to the Nurses' Home. He had experienced too many of the telephone's delays. At the Home he promptly engaged a nurse, waited while she packed her box, and then conveyed her to Number Nine, where he confided her to the care of Mrs. Maybury.

After this Koko made his way to a telegraph office in the Strand, and enquired whether he could wire to Threeways. He was told that he was too late. He therefore wrote out a telegram, briefly informing old Dr. Mortimer of what had happened, and left it with the clerk at the counter to be dispatched directly the office opened on the following morning.

Then Koko, worn out, sought his bed. At ten the next morning he had to appear at the Blackfriars Police Court to answer the charge of "causing the death" of the bandaged Hooligan, and also to give evidence against the five roughs in custody.

About eleven the next morning Dr. Mortimer arrived at Number Nine and was ushered up to Jim's bedroom. A glance showed him that his grandson was desperately ill, and so without delay he drove to Harley Street and alighted at the door of Trefusis, the first authority on spine trouble. Dr. Trefusis promised to proceed to Derby Crescent immediately. A few doors lower down lived Sir Savile Smart. Dr. Mortimer was so fortunate as to find him in.

"Smart, I want you to come and look at my boy."

"Jim! What's wrong?"

"The Hooligans have been at him. I want you to meet Trefusis and give an opinion. Brain and spine injuries. You'll come?"

"My shoulder hurts, but I'll come with pleasure."

By one o'clock Jim had been examined by the two great surgeons. During their examination they both looked grave, but at the end of it Sir Savile drew a deep breath of relief,

"He's a tough young dog. We shall pull him through, Trefusis?"

The spine man looked doubtful.

"We may. He'll be unconscious for a week. When he comes round we shall be able to tell better."

Then the specialist turned to Dr. Mortimer.

"I will do my best for your boy, sir. He may live. I cannot say with certainty. A great deal depends on the nursing. I'll come to-morrow. Good-day."

Soon after the two surgeons had driven off, Koko arrived at Number Nine. He had satisfied the magistrate that he had shot the Hooligan because his own life was threatened, and had subsequently given some solid evidence against

"Jim calls me Koko because I am rather bald," explained Koko, meekly.

"And you saved Jim's life last night?"

"I shot——"

"Yes, I read about that in the paper. Will you shake hands with me again? . . . and now please take me round to my boy's surgery. I've only seen a photograph of it up to the present."

Side by side the wealthy Southfolk doctor and



SO THIS WAS JIM'S SURGERY!

the five prisoners, all of whom were committed for trial. Koko, however, had still to attend the inquest on the dead Hooligan, to be held two days later, and exonerate himself from all blame.

Mr. Maybury introduced Koko to Dr. Mortimer.

"This is your grandson's great friend—Mr. Somers."

They shook hands.

"I thought your name was Coke," said the old doctor.

the little sporting reporter walked out of Derby Crescent into the bustling Blackfriars Road, and presently wheeled out of that thoroughfare into Mount Street.

"What a detestable district!" exclaimed Dr. Mortimer, as they were passing the Nathans' fried fish shop, from which proceeded a by no means delectable odour of hissing horse-fat.

"It's Jim's country," said Koko.

"Is he popular round here?"

"They love him," said Koko.

The old doctor's face just then was a study.

He may have been thinking of Threeways, where he had resided for so many years without endearing himself to a single soul.

"What sort of a living has my grandson made here?" he asked, presently.

"Oh, he has scraped along."

Dr. Mortimer cleared his throat.

"When he was at Matthew's he used to run up very extravagant tailors' bills—indeed, he ran up extravagant bills of all kinds."

"I know he did," said Koko.

"I expect," continued the old doctor, "he has rather missed that sort of thing over here."

"He hasn't had any new things since he's been here," said Koko.

The doctor cleared his throat again. "I presume—er—I presume he had sufficient clothes?"

"Oh, yes—but last winter's things had to do, you know."

The Doctor was silent for some moments. The Jim who could make old things do was not the Jim he had known. Jim, up to last September, had always been fastidious about the cut of his coats and most partial to fancy waistcoats. Not that the Doctor had really minded paying for them—in fact, he had liked to see Jim well-turned-out. What he had objected to was Jim's utter disregard of even moderation in expenditure. And to think that this same Jim had been making last winter's things "do"!

The Doctor reflected a good deal on Koko's replies. It occurred to him that if he had tried to understand Jim better in the past, this split would never have occurred. He had thundered rebukes at Jim, much as an army colonel would upbraid a refractory subaltern, and Jim, in return, had simply been cheeky. Now, supposing he had reasoned with the lad in a kindly, gentle manner, would that not have proved more effectual than inditing fierce epistles to his grandson, when the latter was in town, or shouting a lecture to him across the telephone, as on that September morning of vivid remembrance!

Jim had never known a mother's care. He had been brought up by his grandfather, who had taken a pride in him such as a man takes in a handsome horse or dog. And so Jim ran wild, and, in the end, was expelled from Threeways.

Such were the thoughts that coursed through the old Doctor's mind as he paced down Mount Street by the side of George Somers.

"Here's the surgery," said Koko at length.

So this was Jim's surgery! The old Doctor halted and stared at the shabby-looking corner building. This was where Jim had been getting his living since he had been barred from the old roost in Southfolk!

"Did he rent the entire building?" enquired Dr. Mortimer.

"Yes. It was a pawnbroker's place before Jim took it!"

"Great heavens! And why did he allow these abominable placards to be pasted on his walls?"

"The old chap who let him the place wanted some money, so Jim made him a present of the outside of the house for advertising purposes," explained Koko.

The Doctor looked amazed.

"Dear! dear! What a quixotic notion! No wonder he had to wear his last winter's clothes!"

"Jim was always like that," said Koko.

The old Doctor bit his lip and again frowned upon the posters. Filling the bill this week at the local theatre was a play in which a steam-roller was the principal attraction. A poster, cunningly attached to Jim's wall just where his red lamp would shine upon it after dusk, depicted the steam-roller descending a narrow hill at top speed, while directly in its track lay a young woman in evening dress, and apparently unconscious. The poster had attracted half the adult population of Mount Street to the theatre.

"Now I come to think of it," said the Doctor, "I remember something of this kind was visible in the photograph of the place which James sent me at Christmas. It represented a man throwing another man—or a woman, possibly a woman—out of a balloon. I suppose these dreadful pictures are changed every week?"

"Yes, something fresh every Monday," said Koko.

"Dear, dear me! To think of it!"

"It didn't matter to Jim," put in Koko; "he was rather amused by the posters."

"And who was the man that prevailed upon James to part with his walls in this philanthropic manner?" enquired the Doctor.

"A provision dealer called Harris."

At that moment Koko felt a touch on his arm, and wheeled round to find old Harris himself at his elbow.

"Mr. Somers, sir, seeing you standin' 'ere, I've come to ask after the Doctor. All Mount Street wants to know 'ow 'e is. Is he like to die?"

"There is hope, but not much. You know yourself how badly he was knocked about."

"Yes, I know that. Yes, and I pretty near pulled that 'unchback's wind-pipe out, so 'elp me!" returned the provision dealer, with a savage chuckle.

"Are you the man mentioned in the newspapers as having fetched the police?" Dr. Mortimer demanded of Mr. Harris.

"Yes, I'm the man," was the answer, "I fetched 'em. You see, last night I goes into

Dr. Mortimer's surgery and swallows vot I took for prussic acid. Yes, 'arf a pint. And vile I vos vaitin' for the end, I fell asleep, and ven I vakes the doctor vos standin' by me. Vell, 'e tells me it vosn't p'ison, and then 'e goes off to Pine Court. Vell, just after, in comes Mr. Somers, and says 'e: 'Vare is the doctor?' an' I says: 'E's gone to vare it meutions in that bit of paper.' 'Pine Court,' says Mr. Somers, 'Mrs. Murphy's.' 'Mrs. Murphy don't live in Pine Court,' says I. 'I knows all the people in these courts.' Mr. Somers 'e looks startled, and reads the note again. 'This looks fishy, 'Arris,' he says; 'this writin's in a disguised 'and.' I gets up and looks at the note, and I sees at once it vos my son Isaac's 'andwritin'—"

"Your son's?" exclaimed Dr. Mortimer; "do the police know that?"

"They don't," replied Mr. Harris, "and for vy? Vy, for becos I says to Mr. Somers: 'This is a trap,' I says, 'and ve'll be after the doctor and save 'im. But I'll 'elp on one condition only.' 'Vot's that?' says Mr. Somers, sharp like. 'That you don't split on Isaac! You agree to that, an' I'll lend you this revolver!' I vos goin' to shoot myself at first, you see, sir, an' then I thought p'ison would be cleaner. 'Agreed,' says Mr. Somers, and off we goes, I to fetch the police and Mr. Somers straight for Pine Court, vith the loaded revolver in 'is pocket."

"And this scoundrel of a son of yours—where is he?" demanded the Doctor.

The old man laughed softly to himself.

"My son Isaac? 'E's bolted! 'E vent at once—without a vord. I says: 'Isaac,' I says, 'you wrote that note. You're in my power. You'll 'ang if I put up my little finger!' And Isaac, 'e just vent right out of the door vithout even puttin' on 'is 'at! 'E von't trouble me no more, but 'e'll always get a livin'. 'E's clever as paint, is Isaac! Yes, 'e vent out like that—never saw a man go out of a 'ouse so quick in my life. So I've altered the name over my shop back to 'Arris and Son—there's the painter just finishin'—and now I'm my own master agen."

And the old dealer snapped his lean fingers for sheer joy.

"Why 'Harris and Son' if your son has run away for good?" asked Dr. Mortimer.

"Becos 'Arris by itself vould cause remark. If any one says: 'Vare's your son, Mr. 'Arris?' I shall say 'E's gone away for 'is 'alth,' and that'll 'ave to satisfy 'em."

And with a leer of the utmost self-complacency Mr. Harris turned on his heel and went back to watch the painter conclude the alteration in the title over the provision shop.

Mrs. Brown, Jim's caretaker, was in, and

admitted Koko and his companion. The old Doctor gazed silently round the surgery. There was Jim's working coat, there was his pipe-rack, there was the quaint Chinaman whose sudden fall forwards—ingeniously contrived by the Long 'Un—used to announce the opening of the street door.

"I should never have thought," murmured the Doctor, "that Jim would have settled down in a place like this."

"He did settle down, though," said Koko, "and he was working it up into a good thing when this horrible plot was laid for him."

"We must keep it going, then," said the Doctor; "do you suppose any of his friends at the Hospital would be willing to act in his place?"

"Sure of it," said Koko. "I think you had better ask Evans—a red-headed man—and Deadwood. They are both friends of Jim's."

"I'll go and see them at once," said the Doctor, "and then I must get back to Three-ways. I have some patients I cannot leave for long."

"What about the hoarding?" asked Koko.

"Well," said the Doctor, "considering the services Mr. Harris rendered last night, I think we ought to let him continue to make money out of Jim's walls."

And so, thereafter, each Monday saw a fresh pictorial embellishment of the surgery's exterior; every Monday the youth of Mount Street was thrilled to the marrow by new scenes of derring-do, of lovely ladies in peril and gallant gentlemen dashing to their assistance, and of virtue triumphing over vice, as always virtue will do so long as there remain in the world good women and honourable men.

And the transpontine drama reaped many sixpences thereby.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE WEEK PASSES.

TRUE to the prognostication of the great Trefusis, Jim Mortimer remained unconscious for seven days. During that time, liquid food—beef extract and milk—was poured down his throat, and thus the lamp of his life was kept alight. At the end of the week, Jim, emaciated and hollow-cheeked, opened his eyes, and the first person he caught sight of and addressed was, appropriately enough, his friend, George Somers.

"Well, young feller!" he said, with a brave attempt to smile in his old, cheery way.

Koko took his hand and pressed it gently.

"You must get well quick now, Jim, old boy."

"It isn't in me," said Jim.

"But you must. Oh, Jim, please buck up and get well!"

Jim tried to shake his head, and the agonising pain which this slight action caused him brought the perspiration out on his face.

"I'm too far gone, dear old chap," he murmured; "I know it."

Koko gently bathed his friend's damp face with a sponge dipped in some cool, soothing lotion. His touch was as soft as a woman's. The trained nurse, when she went out for her daily ride on the top of a 'bus, knew that she was leaving her patient in good hands when she left him with Koko.

"That's great," muttered Jim, and fell into a doze.

As Koko kept watch by his chum's bedside, his kindly brown eyes became dim and misty. Could it be that he was to lose Jim after all, he wondered. Oh, no, that could not be! Surely this great, honest fellow would be spared! He was so young—hardly more than a boy—and had lived such a little time!

Surely, thought Koko, in his simple faith, God would take that into consideration. He would remember how young Jim was, and remember, too, that in spite of all the knocking about and drinking and ragging he had done, Jim had never once been guilty of a dishonourable action. He had lived a clean life, and such errors of conduct as he had been guilty of had been due rather to his careless, happy-go-lucky nature than to vicious inclination. He had knocked policemen down and painted the town blue, but he had been a gentleman through it all. The policemen always seemed to feel that, apart from the apologies and sovereigns he had subsequently applied to their bruises as healing balm of a practical kind.

The matter with Jim had been—until a few months since—that he had always had too liberal a supply of pocket-money to draw upon down at Threeways. Consequently, unscrupulous fellow-students had borrowed from him and never troubled to repay him; consequently, it was always Jim who stood treat; consequently, he had got into disgrace and earned the penalty of banishment.

Such were Koko's sad reflections as he sat by the sick-bed. Presently he looked at his watch, and discovered that he had just forty minutes in which to get his bag from his rooms in the Adelphi, and then catch a north-going express. For that night he was due to referee in a glove fight, at Gateshead, between Micky Brown, the Northumberland middle-weight champion, and Jake Morris, of Bethnal Green. He had also to wire a half-column report of the fight to the *Sporting Mail*.

So he had perforce to leave Jim, not knowing whether he would ever see him alive again. For Trefusis had said that the forty-eight hours following Mortimer's return to consciousness would decide his fate.

Jim was still dozing. One of his hands lay limply upon the coverlet of the bed. Koko laid his right hand upon it and gazed at the white face and the boyish, close-clipped head in its snowy bandages.

"Good-bye, Jim," he murmured, and went softly round to the door. He expected the nurse back about this time. If she had not come in he would have to ask Miss Bird to sit with Jim, as Miss Bird had already taken turns with Koko, Mr. Maybury, and the trained nurse in sick-room duty.

Koko was looking back for the last time at the still form of his friend, the sadness of his heart showing very visibly in his face, when the handle was turned, and the trained nurse came in, fresh and rosy from her ride in the fresh air. She was a bonny Scotswoman—quite a little thing—with blue eyes and flaxen hair.

"Are you going so soon, Mr. Somers?" she said.

"Yes, I haven't a moment to lose. I have to catch a train for Newcastle."

A third person, watching the two faces, would have noticed a shadow of disappointment fall across the little nurse's pretty face. A third person—such as Miss Bird or Dora—would possibly have deducted a certain fact from this shadow. And a third person, watching Koko and Jim's nurse clasp hands, in bidding each other good-bye, would have smiled to herself and looked another way, for it would seem that the parting of these two was not without a touch of feeling which had nothing whatever platonic about it.

Well, Koko caught his train, and ten hours later was the central figure of an almost indescribable inferno. For, as neither man had been knocked out in the twenty rounds to which the contest was limited, Koko, according to rule, had awarded the fight to the London man "on points." Whereupon had arisen such a hurricane of yells and oaths from the miners and shipwrights with which the hall was crammed that a man with less pluck might well have been appalled. But the little bald-headed reporter from London stood his ground, and looked calmly upon the infuriated faces and forest of horny fists that surrounded the ring.

"Jake Morris wins," he said again, during a lull in the storm, "on points."

And again the miners—most of whom had money on the local pet—howled like wolves.

The police inspector standing near Koko whispered a warning.

"Go out by the extra exit," he said; "they won't be looking for you there."

Koko, without looking round, nodded, and, having made certain necessary entries in his note-book, took the inspector's hint and made such good time over the high level bridge into Newcastle that he was safe in the smoking-room of his hotel while a mass of drink-inflamed Northumbrians were still awaiting his appearance at the stage-door.

From the sick-room to this scene of unbridled brute passions—a change indeed! But Koko took it coolly, as part of the day's work—sent off his report, snapped up some supper, and went to bed, and by eight next morning was speeding back to London and Jim, with a sixpenny novel—upside down—on his knees.

During these seven days, events had been treading quickly on each other's heels.

Harold Jefferson, knowing perfectly well that Mr. Maybury thoroughly intended that he should be taken at his word with regard to the marriage, had not attempted to see Dora. As a matter of fact, he had entertained doubts for some time past with regard to Dora's affection for himself, and her father's unexpected call at the Albany that night had made it doubly plain to the young stockbroker that Dora Maybury, even though she might be prevailed upon eventually to marry him, was not likely ever to prove a very affectionate wife.

So Jefferson, instead of putting on his wedding-clothes, informed his best man (the only guest invited on his side) that the marriage had been postponed owing to an illness in Dora's family, and that he (Jefferson) was off to Nice.

To Nice, therefore, he went, expecting to meet his father there and explain the situation to him. But, unfortunately for this plan, Jefferson senior made up his mind that very day to cut his visit short and return to London.

Two days after the date fixed for the wedding, therefore, Mr. Jefferson arrived at his office in Cornhill to find that his cashier had been run over and seriously injured by an omnibus, and also that he was a book-keeper short, "Mr. Harold," before his departure for Nice, having written instructions to the manager that Mr. Maybury had decided to relinquish his post in the firm. "Mr. Harold" gave no reasons—he simply stated the fact. The manager therefore presumed that Mr. Maybury had obtained a better job.

So far from having secured a more lucrative post, Mr. Maybury had been a prey to considerable anxiety. Being his wife's property, he had

no rent to pay for Number Nine, Derby Crescent, and so he was always certain of having a roof over his head. The weekly sums paid by Miss Bird, Mr. Cleave, and Jim went into his wife's pocket for housekeeping purposes. Out of the princely salary of one hundred and fifty a year which he had received from the Jeffersons, Mr. Maybury had had to pay rates and taxes, defray Frank's schooling expenses, and contribute towards his family's clothing bill. It will therefore be readily comprehended that he himself was not able to indulge in a very sumptuous mid-day meal, nor luxuriate in the best brands of tobacco.

When, therefore, the ex-merchant explained to his wife that he was no longer employed by the Jeffersons, and why, such a shower of vicious invective descended upon his unfortunate head that he felt strongly inclined to take a steerage passage to the States and there endeavour—with his extensive knowledge of the cotton trade—to retrieve his fallen fortunes. He was, in point of fact, actually looking through the shipping advertisements with the laudable object of finding the cheapest line by which it was possible to cross the Atlantic, when he received a wire from Jefferson senior, directing him to attend at the office with the least possible delay. When he returned in the evening, Mr. Maybury informed his wife that Mr. Jefferson had appointed him cashier to the firm at a salary of £300 per annum, *vice* the gentleman who had been run over by the omnibus, whose injuries, it appeared, had proved so serious that Mr. Jefferson had decided to pension him off.

"And what did Mr. Jefferson say about Dora?" enquired Mrs. Maybury.

"He said," replied Dora's father, "when I had explained the circumstances to him, that he considered I had acted quite rightly."

"And Harold?"

"Will stay at Nice till the spring."

Thus did the Wheel of Fortune, in its strange revolutions, bring Mr. Maybury once more a modest sufficiency of income. He had not hesitated a moment in accepting the vacant post and the additional salary, for he knew that he was quite capable of doing the work, and that he would not be receiving a penny too much for the responsibility and the trouble his new duties would involve.

"I think," said Mr. Maybury, just before he and his good lady fell asleep that night, "that we might now engage a cook. H. R. deserves a rest."

"Very well, dear," said Mrs. Maybury, quite amicably.

"And then, as to Miss Bird and Mr. Cleave——"

"Oh, they had better stay on," interrupted Mrs. Maybury; "three hundred a year, though magnificent compared to what you have been getting, is not a very great income. Miss Bird and Mr. Cleave will still be a great help."

"I have altered my opinion about Miss Bird," said Mr. Maybury; "I am beginning to like her."

"And do you still consider Mr. Cleave an 'old woman'?" enquired Mrs. Maybury.

"I do," said Mr. Maybury, "an older woman than ever. If he wants to go, I sha'n't beg him to stop."

Curiously enough, within a few days, Mr. Cleave put Mr. Maybury's declaration to the test. For, on the day Jim recovered consciousness, Mr. Cleave informed Mrs. Maybury that he had decided to go and live with some relatives at Norwood. Mrs. Maybury said that she should be sorry to part with Mr. Cleave, but Mr. Maybury preserved a discreet silence on the point.

And it fell out in this wise.

Mr. Cleave had always admired Dora, and had always exerted himself to be agreeable to her. When, therefore, Dora's engagement with Harold Jefferson was broken off, Mr. Cleave began to pay a large amount of attention to his appearance. He bought a new made-up tie and a fashionable turn-up-turn-down collar; also, he had his hair cut and purchased a new pair of button-up boots.

At all meals, thenceforth, he engaged Dora in sprightly conversation, and, one day, meeting her alone in the drawing-room, he handed her a book.

"A little present, Miss Dora," he said.

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Cleave," said Dora, politely.

On examining the work Dora found it to consist of the *Total Abstinence* for the past six months, bound up in a green cover. Glancing casually through it, she suddenly came across a paragraph heavily marked with a blue pencil. The page on which the paragraph occurred was headed "Our Pillory," and directly Dora's eye fell on the paragraph she recognised it as an old friend.

"A pitious example of what over-indulgence in alcohol may bring a man to," ran the paragraph, "was afforded by a case which came before our notice one day last week in the Kensington Police Court. The degraded being who faced the magistrate with an unabashed gaze was a young doctor named Mortimer. —"

Oh, yes! Dora well remembered a certain evening in September when Mr. Cleave read this out to the assembled company in the drawing-room.

"Do you know, Mr. Cleave," she said, sweetly, "I am afraid this book will be rather thrown away on me. I don't drink——"

"There are some excellent tales illustrating the evils——" Cleave was protesting, when Dora interrupted him.

"Yes, but they are hardly the kind of tales girls care to read. It is very kind of you to give me this volume, but I feel you could bestow it better elsewhere."

"As you like—as you like," said Cleave, looking much offended.

"But," said Dora, producing a tiny pair of scissors from her *châtelaine*, "there is one paragraph I should like to cut out, if you don't mind. This one, look. . . ."

Mr. Cleave looked—and turned pale. He had entirely forgotten having marked that report of Jim's wrong-doing.

"You see," explained Dora, a bright flush irradiating her face, which had been very wan and pensive all this week of dire suspense, "I take a great interest in the—the person this paragraph is about."

Then she quickly snipped the paragraph out and put it safely away in her purse.

"Thank you so much, Mr. Cleave," she said, handing back the volume.

And so Mr. Cleave, after giving the matter due reflection, decided that he couldn't do better than go to live with his relatives at Norwood. He had always fancied that they didn't understand him at Number Nine. He felt quite sure about it now.

CHAPTER XXXI.

IN WHICH IT IS SHOWN THAT THE BEARDED MAN HAD MADE ANOTHER MISTAKE.

M

R. EVANS EVANS, of the red hair, and Mr. Deadwood, the truculent and filibustering, having recently (after an eight or nine years' struggle) obtained their qualification, accepted Dr. Mortimer's invitation with alacrity. Yes—certainly they would look after the Long 'Un's practice. Only too pleased. Start at once and share proceeds? Right O!

They were both capable men, and so they found it quite within their power to cope with the work in Mount Street and its environments. True, Mr. Evans did the brunt of the work, but Mr. Deadwood had his uses.

For, taking into consideration the manner in which the Long 'Un and his predecessor had been handled by the Hooligans of the neighbourhood, Mr. Deadwood, after due thought, decided that the thing was to take a strong line with such roughs as might assume a hostile, or even an impertinent, attitude towards himself and his colleague. There were still a good many Hooligans about, and the colour of Mr. Evans's

hair provoked a variety of rude jests from a group of them on the afternoon of the day Messrs. Evans and Deadwood started operations in this district.

The first guffaw had hardly sounded out upon the raw February air when Mr. Evans smote the nearest humorist on his nose, and Mr. Deadwood knocked the principal guffawer's head against the wall that was supporting his idle form. The other Hooligans objecting to this species of rebuke, a spirited free fight was soon in progress. But, after Covent Garden porters, Mr. Deadwood found the weedy louts of Mount Street comparatively mild customers to tackle, and he laid about him with such energy that the group of Hooligans soon decamped with many oaths and much gnashing of such teeth as Jim's deputy had left in their gums.

In brief, Mr. Deadwood, who had been a scrapper from his birth, and who had only been knocked out in fair fight once in his life—his opponent on that occasion being James Mortimer—established what is called a "funk" in Mount Street, for, after his primary bout with the Hooligans, the mere sight of his great shoulders and bull-dog jaw caused such law-breaking vagabonds as he might meet in the course of his rounds to slink off rapidly down dark alleys and tortuous byeways in order to avoid him.

"The fact is," said Mr. Deadwood, one day, "Jim was much too gentle with these chaps. He didn't hurt 'em enough. By George! when I think how he was served, I feel inclined to go for every pub-propper-up I meet."

And, indeed, Mr. Deadwood's countenance wore such a pugilistic expression whenever he walked abroad—which was a good many times daily—that the local Hooligans began to decamp to less perilous quarters, and Mount Street in time came to be quite a respectable thoroughfare for those parts.

Occasionally Messrs. Evans and Deadwood, having finished their day's work, would go to see Jim. The little Scotch nurse took care that they did not talk very much, and so the partners found their visits to Number Nine hardly what one would call lively excursions, though it is true they took a certain pleasure in calling there, for Mr. Evans quickly came to the conclusion that the trained nurse was "a nice little thing," while Mr. Deadwood, after talking to Dora, would fall into a strangely sentimental and melancholy mood. A few pints of bitter ale, however, served to dispel his gloom in the long run, and then he would hie forth and search for Hooligans, and the latter had a bad time if he happened to find them.

One evening, when the partners called at

Number Nine, they were told that they couldn't see Jim, as Dr. Trefusis and Sir Savile Smart were with him. Mr. Evans therefore challenged Miss Bird to a game of draughts, and Mr. Deadwood favoured Dora and Frank with a lurid account of the various battles he had fought during his hospital career. It was not an improving discourse, and as a consequence of it Frank came home the next day with a black eye, the result of having engaged a much larger boy than himself in fistic combat.

The outcome of the specialists' conversation with Messrs. Evans and Deadwood, after a rigorous examination of Jim's injuries, was that Mr. Deadwood called on the bearded man when the latter was discussing tea and crumpets on the following afternoon.

"Oh, how-do-you-do?" said the bearded man, rising from the table.

He had observed the arrival of the partners in Mount Street with some misgivings, but, in view of the ferocious character his patients had given Mr. Deadwood, he thought it would be as well to be civil to him.

"Don't let me disturb you," said Mr. Deadwood; "I have only dropped in to tell you, in the plainest way the mind of man is capable of conceiving, that you are an ass!"

"What reason have you for saying this?" demanded the bearded man, coldly.

"In the sublimity of your ignorance," explained Mr. Deadwood, "added to your conceitedly conceited idea that you know anything whatever about the human frame, you informed a sporting gentleman of my acquaintance that Jim Mortimer would only last twenty-four hours."

"Yes," said the bearded man, "I said that and I meant it. Is he still alive?"

"Man, man!" exclaimed Mr. Deadwood, "it hurts me to think that you come from Matt's, a place that has bred many eminent surgeons, including myself and my friend of the carmine tresses."

"Is Mortimer still alive, then?" reiterated the bearded man.

"He is so alive," returned Mr. Deadwood, "that Trefusis says he will be playing cricket in June! Wherefore, what price *your* diagnosis of his hurts, my whiskered fakir?"

"I am surprised to hear it," said he of the beard.

"Of course you are," exclaimed Mr. Deadwood, "and why? Because you are an ass. Sir, you ought to take a job on an Australian liner. Nothing to do except consume meals and inhale ozone. Going out, possibly there would be a few sick infants, and a gentleman or two afflicted with what is politely called the 'drink

habit! You would help the latter on their way to a watery grave, and no one would mind. Coming home, there might be a soldier or two from Egypt with dog-bite, bound for the Pasteur Institute. You would cut off their legs and think you had cured them. So why not get a liner job, my hairy false prophet?"

"Please moderate your language!" exclaimed the bearded man, shortly.

"Tut! tut! Go to!" replied Mr. Deadwood; "I am only giving you these hints for your good. You ought not to doctor human beings, bar pirates or Esquimaux. Why not turn vet. and specialise in elephants? They take a lot of killing."

"I think you are very rude," protested the bearded man.

"Pulling out horses' teeth isn't a bad-paying business, either," continued Mr. Deadwood; "you use forceps about as large as tongs. They would just suit your delicate touch."

"Everybody is liable to make mistakes," pleaded the bearded one.

"But when a man practising medicine makes the mistakes you do," returned Mr. Deadwood, "he had better set up at once as secret agent—on a liberal salary—to a necropolis company."

But the bearded man was only half-listening to his visitor.

"I can't understand it," he muttered; "he was frightfully injured."

"But he's frightfully tough," rejoined Deadwood, "footer, rowing, cricket—all good for the spine. He'll get well! Ahem! Sorry to have to suggest it myself, but have you got any tea to give away to a thirsty apothecary?"

"Certainly. Sit down and have a cup."

"I will," said Mr. Deadwood. "As I have previously remarked, you're not a bad sort. After all, you can't help being an ass. You condemned Jim to death, and Trefusis has reprieved him. Two lumps and plenty of milk, and the toast is—JIM!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

IN WHICH TWO PEOPLE SET OUT UPON A JOURNEY.

THE Long 'Un lay staring at the wall-paper. How often had he counted that design! Above the window it was repeated seventeen times—over and over again he had counted the pattern to make sure it was repeated seventeen times—eight each side and one odd one in the middle. And again underneath and along each wall ran the design in serricid and monotonous rows. He knew every bend and turn of it by heart. It represented a herb or flower of some kind, the like

of which never was seen by mortal eye in garden, forest, field, or dell.

Almost unceasingly Jim had gazed on this stiff, unnatural growth since he had regained consciousness. He had nothing else to do. He didn't want to talk, and he wasn't encouraged to! All he could do was lie there and stare at the wall-paper.

And when he was not counting the wall-paper pattern, he would close his eyes and picture Dora to himself. He would think of her in the neat coat and skirt she wore to the post-office and back; then simply in the blouse and skirt she dressed in "for the house"; then in the white frock she donned when bound for any entertainment in Jefferson's company. On the whole, Jim most liked to dream of her in the blouse and skirt. He had seen her thus attired most frequently; such was her costume when he first set eyes on her in the A.B.C. shop that memorable August afternoon.

And so he lay with his head in white bandages and his back in plaster of Paris—not able to sit up or to turn even; so he lay and gazed upon the pictures of Dora that floated before his mind's eye.

They had not told him that no marriage had taken place. The matter had been delicately mentioned to the two great surgeons by Mr. Maybury, but they had both set their faces against the idea of saying anything to Jim about it, Trefusis declaring that it would excite his patient too much.

Sir Savile concurring, Mr. Maybury was obliged to submit, although he himself could not help thinking that the intelligence would banish that brooding expression for ever from Jim's eyes. For Dora's father, sitting by the bedside, could see that Jim was suffering from something more than the physical injuries he had sustained in the Silent House.

Mr. Maybury spoke to Koko about it.

"Yes," said Koko, promptly; "I have a good mind to tell Jim, and let the doctors go hang. They only take a scientific view of his case. Shall I?"

"We must obey orders," said Mr. Maybury.

"Well, I don't believe it would do him all that harm and it might do him an awful lot of good."

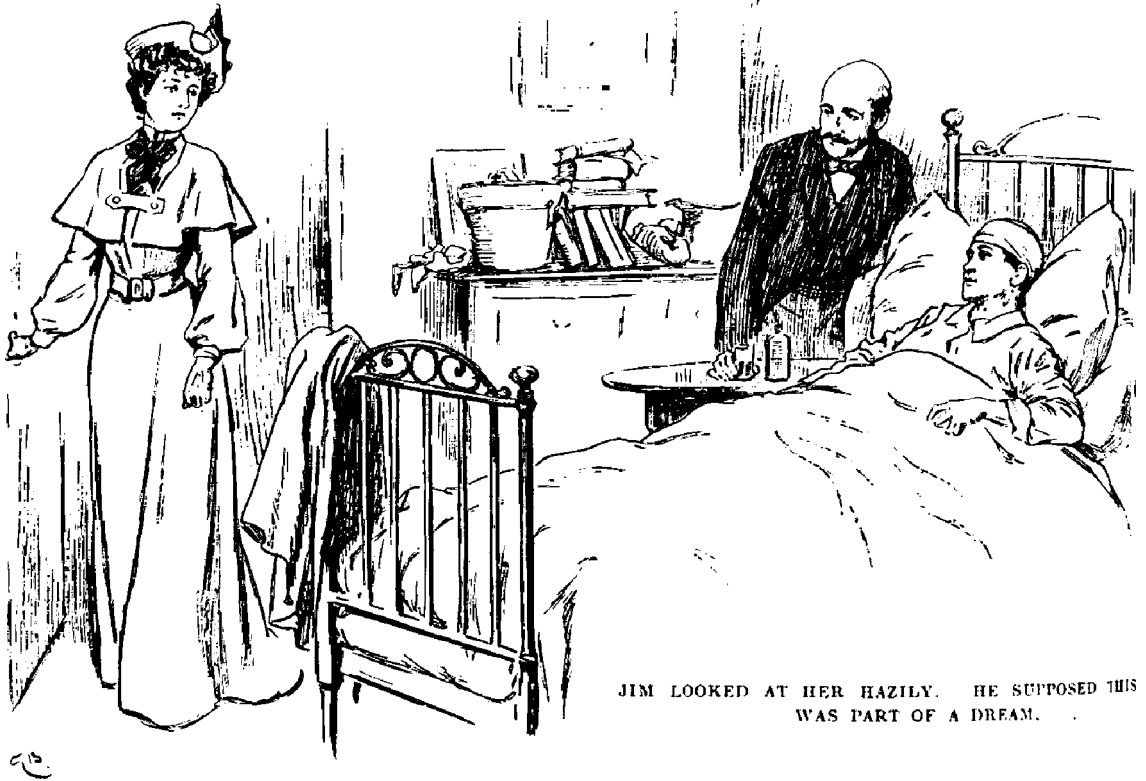
"I think with you," said Mr. Maybury, "but the doctors probably know best."

"All the same, doctors don't know everything," grumbled Koko.

Jim did not make a single inquiry on the subject. He presumed Dora was away honeymooning under the fair blue skies of the Mediterranean. He had no idea she was still at Number Nine, seriously considering the question of

taking a business situation of some sort, since she could not return to the post-office. Her father did not encourage the idea, nor did he oppose it. If Dora would be happier going to a City office every day, well—she had better go. But, on the other hand, he was quite content that she should remain at home, now that he was so much better off.

So stood matters when old Doctor Mortimer stole a couple of days from his wealthy and, in many cases, hypochondriacal patients down at Threeways, and, running up to town to see Jim, pitched his tent in a quiet Arundel Street hotel. In order to reach Mount Street, he had only to make his way along the Embankment to Blackfriars Bridge, whence to Derby Crescent was a



JIM LOOKED AT HER HAZILY. HE SUPPOSED THIS WAS PART OF A DREAM.

smart fifteen minutes' walk. For the doctor always walked if it was fine weather. "It keeps a man alive—walking," the old gentleman told Koko, who lunched with him on the day of his arrival in town. And to be sure it was good to see the doctor's stalwart form striding briskly along the crowded pavements, his fine, clean-cut face, ruddy and wholesome, showing up refreshingly against the pallid cheeks of London wayfarers.

"We must get Jim away to the seaside as soon as possible," he said to Koko, as the latter with some difficulty kept step for step with his big companion; "what he wants is oxygen—oxygen."

During lunch, Koko had given Jim's grand-

father a complete history of the Jefferson episode. He also mentioned that Jim was being kept in ignorance of the closing incident. So, after a short silence, Dr. Mortimer slackened his pace, and said: "She's a nice girl, then, Mr. Somers?"

"She's as nice a girl as you could meet, Doctor."

"Doesn't spend all her time reading silly novels, I trust?"

"Hardly *all* her time, Doctor. She reads a certain number, I suppose."

"She's a good girl—I mean, a girl with religion? I don't believe in your modern young lady who strums waltzes on the piano instead of going to church!"

"Nor do I," said Koko. "Yes," he added. "she's a good girl. She's been looking after the poor flower-seller who saved Jim's face from the Hooligan's boot."

"And so"—the Doctor slackened his pace still more—"and so, if we manage to pull Jim round and make him as strong a man as he ever was, you think this girl will marry him?"

"I'm sure of it," said Koko.

"And you're sure this is no passing fancy of Jim's? You think he will want to marry her?"

"I'd stake my life on it," cried Koko.

"Then," said the Doctor, "the very best medicine the boy can have is a daily visit from Miss—er—"

"Dora," supplied Koko.

"From Miss Dora Maybury," added the doctor, emphatically. "Very good. I'll take the responsibility of the matter on my own shoulders. He shall see her."

Jim was staring at that abominable wall-paper pattern without coming to any decision about the number of times it was repeated over the window. For in every leaf he saw Dora's face—and very soon he would see Dora herself, for he knew now that she hadn't married Jefferson, and that she was coming to tea with him this very day. It was to be, in fact, quite a tea-party. A small one, and a very select one. The little Scotch nurse, who was all-powerful in the sickroom—and had made this fact very clear to everybody by this time—would act as hostess, and the guests would be strictly limited to Dr. Mortimer, Koko, and Dora. It would not do, said the nurse firmly, to have too many people to tea, and the party must only last half-an-hour at the outside. Another day she would invite Mr. Maybury, Miss Bird, and Frank—but they must not come to-day; it would be too many for the little room.

So now Jim was feeling very happy. He and his grandfather had "made it up" completely. In fact, Jim had been astonished by the change that had come over the old gentleman. True, the abrupt manner of speech remained, but behind it was a new gentleness, and a new understanding of Jim.

So they had shaken hands, and the Doctor was now downstairs talking to Koko and Dora.

Presently Koko knocked at the door and asked if he might come in, whereupon the little Scotch nurse, going to the door, took it upon herself to say, almost sharply, that he had better go downstairs again, as her patient must rest quietly till tea-time. But Koko argued the matter in a whisper, and in the course of the argument the little Scotch nurse found herself standing on the landing. The whispering grew more and more confidential, and Jim began to smile grimly.

"So you packed him off?" said Jim, when the

little nurse, looking decidedly pinker than usual, came into the room again.

"Yes, I packed him off," said Nurse; "what a bother he is!"

Jim laughed.

"Why are you laughing?" asked Nurse, looking at her patient shamefacedly.

"Thoughts," said Jim, continuing to smile quietly at the wall-paper.

Then Jim must have dozed off, for when he opened his eyes again the little nurse had vanished, and Koko was standing by his bedside. And in the doorway stood somebody very like Dora.

Jim looked at her hazily. He supposed this was part of a dream. He had forgotten about the tea-party.

A few seconds later, Koko slipped out and shut the door.

A spot of red came into Jim's white cheeks and a bewildered look into his eyes.

"Are you glad to see me?" said Dora, bending over him.

"It's awfully good of you," said Jim. "I—I've been thinking of you."

Dora sat down in the nurse's chair by the bedside. She knew that this was no time for pretence. Jim had already told her that he loved her. Then he was strong and well, and she had chosen to be petulant. Now he was prostrate and helpless, and so why should she try to hide her feelings, when she knew that the knowledge that she loved him would fill him with new life and strength and hope?

With a gentle, soothing touch she smoothed the bandages that encircled his head.

"Poor boy," she whispered. "I am so sorry!"

Jim turned away his face. He felt so entirely happy—so content. But he was very weak, and Dora, seeing the tears on his cheeks, took out a tiny handkerchief and wiped them away.

And then, ever so tenderly, she kissed him—and thus, hand in hand, these two plighted their troth, and so set forth upon the long road by which only faithful lovers may travel.

"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.

Books by CAPTAIN authors are awarded to R. A. Bruce-Pembroke, Olive Green, and W. G. Burt for their respective contributions. Each prize-winner is requested to forward his or her present address, and at the same time to select a book.

A Very "Old Boy."



DOUGHTY old Indian was Pishikee-Ooshkeeshik (Ox-eyed), who died a few years ago at the age of 115. He was long known as having been engaged at the taking of Quebec in 1759. Pishikee-Ooshkeeshik was rather "a mouthful," so his white neighbours called him Abraham Miller.

Miller's vigour at so great an age, the settler says that on the Thursday previous to his death, he saw him cutting down a good-sized maple tree for firewood, and as the settler had his axe with him he assisted in the felling. The accompanying portrait of this "Old Parr" of Canada is from a sketch said to be an excellent likeness. When he was visited for the purpose of this portrait being done, he was found with his two daughters, clothed in their comfortable blankets, the present of the English Government. "And when," his visitor says, "I looked at their slight wigwam, and at the snow to the depth of nearly three feet around us, and remembered that the thermometer this winter had been as low as 12° below zero, I thought it a cruel economy to deprive the poor Indians of their greatest treasure a warm blanket: but such, I



PISHIKEE-OOSHKEESHIK,
AGED 115.



This snapshot, taken by H. Elliott, shows S. F. Edge getting into his famous motor after a trial spin in the Gordon Bennett Cup Race. Sent by J. B. Elliott.

He scaled the cliffs of Quebec with General Wolfe, and his residence in Canada was coincident with British rule in the province.

A Canadian settler states that Abraham Miller and his two daughters pitched their wigwam in the woods near his "clearing," so that he saw a good deal of them. As an instance of

am sorry to say, was the case, for no more will annually be distributed to them as heretofore; and in vain do the poor Indians show their beaded wampum belts, given in years gone by as a pledge of future favours always to be continued."

OLIVE GREEN.

A PUBLIC SCHOOL MEMORIAL.

THE PET OF H.M.S. MILDURA.



On July 4th Charterhouse was the scene of a ceremony of the highest interest to all public schools. The Memorial to the Old Carthusians who fell in the South African War was unveiled by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The first of the accompanying photographs shows the Archbishop addressing the crowd. Standing on the platform are Sir Richard Jebb (on the left), Rt. Hon. J. G. Talbot, Lord Alverstone, the Archbishop of York, and Dr. Bendall, the Headmaster. On the right of the picture is the school choir. The second photograph illustrates the Memorial Tablet in the Cloisters.



"Billy" has a liking for paint, tobacco, cigarettes, and paper. But the goat's special weakness is for fruit and sweets. In this photo the quartermaster is making "Billy" stand up for a bite out of an apple. The goat knows all the crew, and will follow them anywhere. Sent by Percival M. May, H.M.S. *Mildura*, on the Australian Station.

Afghans on the Australian Goldfields.



The Eastern camel-drivers are perhaps the most picturesque figures on the Goldfields, until they spoil themselves, as some of them do, by casting aside their turbans for "bowler" hats, and their flowing drapery for the attire of the whites. But to see an Afghan in a "bowler" hat, and retaining the rest of his native garb, is a truly ludicrous picture.

It is only to be improved upon by the figure of an aboriginal innocent of all dress but a "civilised" waistcoat. Feuds between the Afghans and the whites are not uncommon.

WALKER HODGSON.

"Captain" Club Criticisms.

(LITERARY.)

John Le Pavoux (St. Saviour's, Jersey).—I have read your essay on Napoleon and Wellington. It shows a very good appreciation of the respective merits of these two great generals. I think you will find that the most helpful works yet written on Napoleon are a couple of volumes by Mr. A. J. Rose, an old Cambridge Don. He has had special oppor-



Scat by R. A. Bruce-Pembroke, Saunderites, Charterhouse, Godalming.



"C. H. F." KINDLY STANDS FOR OUR C.C. SNAPSHOTTIST, W. A. S. STATTER, AT SOUTHAMPTON COUNTY GROUND.

tunities of diving into the archives in Paris, and also of the Rolls House in Chancery Lane, London. The information he has been able to give to the world shadows forth Napoleon as a great coloniser in almost every part of the world where Englishmen have been so successful.

"Kentish Town" (London).—Your description of a ramble along the south coast is carefully written and very clear. I do not agree with you about the blackness and dirtiness of Portsmouth. The vicinity of the Town Hall is always neat and well-kept. Only in the old town near the harbour do the buildings appear ramshackle, and even there the weather-stained red roofs do not look unpicturesque. All watering-places like Southsea are naturally trim and neat; the local authorities have little else to concern them.

Denbigh (Dublin).—"Plantation Song" not so good as last. Please address me as the Old Fag. Letters may be sent with contributions, but on no account with competitions. Shall be pleased to consider your article on bee-keeping, and also the account of a Bedouin Sheik's wedding. Only musical comp. we have had did not appeal to a sufficiently large number of readers. Your verses on "The Cairene Arab" have a good swing about them, and I hope I may be able to use one or two, with, of course, apologies to Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

Percy Dixon (Gisborne, New Zealand).—The time has long passed for any description of the Duke of York's tour to be of any use in THE CAPTAIN Club pages. Try and get out of the way of simply enumerating what appears on the day's programme. THE CAPTAIN Club pages are intended to cultivate a literary spirit, and the mere enumeration of events and the times at which they occur, is no better than an auctioneer's catalogue. Do not be discouraged; the greatest writers have only acquired fame by slow and painful steps.

C. W. Kent (Hexham).—I fear your verses, even though founded on fact, contain some very bad metre, and get all mixed up and overlap at the end, so as to contravene all the rules of verse-making. Try and take more pains, and count out your feet in each line.

H. E. S.—I think you would be well advised to devote your time and energy to less sentimental occupations than the writing of poetry.

H. de Shelvi-Smith (Woodford Green).—First verse of your "Firelight Fancies" very good. Slightly incongruous in parts, sentiment a little too strong, but excellent finish. Pray persevere in the same direction.

John D. Le Couteur.—A little picture of Wootton Bassett High-street would have greatly increased the value of your description. You appear to have described everything of moment quite grammatically and in order of importance. Writing might have been rather neater.

Nil Desperandum (Port of Spain, Trinidad).—Hope to use your pretty little legend about the seedless lime tree in a future number.

Walter G. Howse (Tulse Hill Park, S.W.).—Your "Flying Wheel" verses are very racy and swinging, and occasionally happy in phrasing. Persevere, and you will do infinitely better.

Frank B. Morton (Southwark).—Hope to use some portion of the valuable information you have collected. Cannot say when, though.

(ARTISTIC.)

Embryo R.I.—*A Handbook of Illustration*. 3s. (Dawbarn and Ward, Ltd., 6, Farringdon Avenue, E.C.) will give you all the information you require on the different kinds of illustration, reproduction by the half-tone process, how to prepare drawings for the press, materials, and a thousand other items. All drawings are made larger than they appear in THE CAPTAIN.

Lyndulph, D.—(1) Sir Joshua Reynolds was the son of a schoolmaster at Plympton, in Devonshire, and was the first President of the Royal Academy. (2) Yes, there have been ten Presi-



HERE WE HAVE "C. H. F." SMILING FOR OUR CORRESPONDENT, W. G. BURT, AT EASTHOVNE.

dents of the R.A. during the 134 years of its existence, and all have been honoured with a title of some kind, excepting James Wyatt and Benjamin West, the latter of whom was a Quaker.

Tryer (Leeds).—Sketches clever, but not out of the ordinary. Pay more attention to detail, and send jokes with more in them. May reproduce if space permits.

Dyke While (Glasgow).—Pay more attention to single figures and simple objects. Study the line drawings of Mr. Gordon Browne in "The Long 'Un." Sketch of thief (with dog) is good.

F. Geo. Vicker.—J for A was an error. You have been clubbed. You have a good bold style with your work, but less dash with more drawing would improve the latter.

A Constant "Captain" Reader.—Sketch hardly of sufficient interest for publication. Try again; your neatness, printing, and well-written letter do you credit.

J. Johnson (Dundee).—A good composition; more drawing in the foreground figures would have improved it. See October number.

The Tabletizer.—Drawing clever; we don't want public-house jokes.

Corn (Riding-Mill-on-Tyne).—In snapshotting, get the chief object as large as possible. I have forwarded CAPTAIN stamps as requested.

Muriel A. Price.—Your "Frcna" photos



EAST AND WEST.

This photo, taken at Ramsgate with a No. 1 Brownie, by S. Brinkworth, is interesting from the fact that this Chinese nurse has made twenty-five voyages between the Far East and Europe. She is fifty years of age, and a capital sailor.

are good; will see what space we have in the October number; look out for them.

Gerald Proctor (Trinidad).—Pity the snapshots are so dark; we like to hear from Colonial readers.

Pat, C.C. (Twickenham).—Study shape of hands, etc., in various positions in the looking-glass. You want a lot of practice.

Bennett Ede.—What we like, since you ask, is better drawing and more pains taken with the same. Shading too fine.

W. P. Nichols.—An ambitious and worthy composition. Subject not quite the thing for CAPTAIN pages.

Brian Craig (Napier, New Zealand).—Good idea, but hardly strong enough; send something local.

Rex Daggett (Riding-Mill-on-Tyne).—Photos too dark and hardly sharp enough.

Alec M. Johnson (Aberdeen).—Well done in parts. Pay more attention to outline.

Reginald M. Robertson, C.C.—Same as above, only a little better.

Ambitious (S. Norwood).—Not good enough, but have good qualities.

W. H. Thomson (Callander, N.B.).—Shall use as space permitteeth.

R. C. Hargreaves (Wanstead).—Capital joke, that's all.

H. P. Lale.—Will try and use photo in future number.

W. G. Burt.—A very clever snapshot.

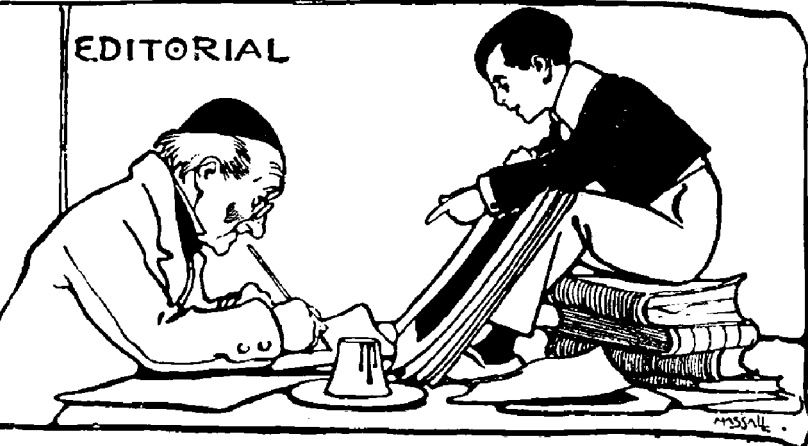
Sketches have also been received from:—"Master Snaps." "Nobody Much," A. J. Todd, W. J. Morton, March, F. L. J., and others, whose contributions will receive attention next month.



THE STAG—A SILVER SNAPSHOT TAKEN AT THE ZOO BY H. STOKES, HAMPSTEAD.

THE OLD FAG

EDITORIAL



12, BURLEIGH STREET,
STRAND, LONDON.

NEW SERIALS

IN

VOLUME X.

"ACROSS THE WILDERNESS,"

BEING THE ADVENTURES OF
AN INDIAN BOY AND GIRL,

BY

FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS.

"THE GOLD BAT,"

A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY.

BY

P. G. WODEHOUSE.

Now, my lads, what about the next volume? Well, I'll tell you one thing—or, rather, two things—(sounds dental that, doesn't it?) about it. So gather round.

"Across the Wilderness," one of the finest yarns I have ever acquired for your lordships' (and ladyships') pleasure, is by the author who was represented in last month's *CAPTAIN* by "The Bullet-Maker's Strategy," and is again to the fore in the present issue with "Our Uninvited Guest"—both rattling good stories. "Across the Wil-

derness" describes how a Sioux boy and girl make their escape from an Ojibwa Camp in Northern Minnesota and travel 800 miles through a hostile country. Mr. Calkins writes from his own rich experiences, and depicts in a most graphic manner the perils that beset the fugitives. Every boy-reader and every girl-reader of *THE CAPTAIN* will make great friends with Zintkala and Etapa, for the Indian lad is as daring a fellow as you could wish for, and his sister is not a whit behind him in resourcefulness and courage. I can assure the many "grown-ups" who read *THE CAPTAIN* that they will be as charmed with "Across the Wilderness" as the younger folk, for this tale isn't a mere crude piling-up of adventures, but a really artistic narrative, written with great feeling and knowledge.

"The Gold Bat." This, our other new serial, is a capital public school story, by P. G. Wodehouse, author of "The Pothunters," "A Prefect's Uncle," "The Manœuvres of Charteris," and many short stories, mostly humorous. A keen sense of humour, indeed, is Mr. Wodehouse's principal characteristic. In the last half-yearly index to *Punch* you will find that Mr. Wodehouse has quite a long list of contributions—in verse and prose—against his name. He also writes frequently for "By the Way" in the *Globe*, probably the most popular column in evening journalism. It will be seen, therefore, that our new serial writer, though still quite a young man, is no novice in letters. "The Gold Bat" has a fine plot, and the interest is kept going strongly up to the very end. The story is peppered, by way of light relief, with many laughable incidents and conversations. That you will all thoroughly enjoy "The Gold Bat" I have "no possible doubt whatever."

"The Best Value for a Penny."

Here are some opinions of competitors on this subject. Mr. Stewart's won the bicycle.

It all depends on circumstances. The hungry man naturally will buy bread, the thirsty man something to drink, the boy sweets or anything he needs at the moment. Thus, in spending a penny, the circumstances under which the would-be spender is existing must be taken into consideration. I am neither hungry nor thirsty. I am bikeless. So, if by buying a packet of CAPTAIN post-cards for one penny, I get a "Hobart," I think I shall have made the best bargain in my life, and if not—well, I have the post-cards, which, I assure you, are jolly good value for the money.—W. WYLIE STEWART (Glasgow).

My opinion of the best value for one penny is best expressed by the following quotation from Messrs. Errington and Martin's stamp catalogue:—"The penny postage stamp at first sight appears to be rather an insignificant article, but consider its power. That square inch of paper, attached to a letter, at once engages the energy of the most powerful and civilising influences of an Empire. The swiftest steamboats, the fastest trains, and a whole army of officials are requisitioned in order that the contract of which that small postage-stamp is the symbol may be faithfully carried out. To send a letter, for instance, to the centre of Africa by any other means than the use of a postage-stamp, would cost probably £100. Yet, by attaching a small label, the letter is promptly carried many thousands of miles under the protection of a powerful Government, and all for the small sum of one penny."—GEORGE WILLIAM WILLIAMSON (Manchester).

A penny stamp, dear Sir? Why, pause for a moment, and think of the pleasure and pain a penny postage-stamp has brought to the countless millions inhabiting this globe, and the question is answered. "The pater is out of danger, and soon will be well again." "If you will call at your earliest opportunity, you will hear of something to your advantage." That is the "one sentence romance" of pleasure. And the pain, ah! we can miss that. Yet the postage-stamp can truly be named our best friend, our messenger of cheery communication and good-will. I have a postage-stamp with a history. 'Tis but a few months ago since I was on the downward path—I confess it with humiliation—and a letter reached me, so sweet and kind, so gentle and good, so hopeful and encouraging, that, well, it made a man of me, it brought me to my senses, and made me diverge from the incline of folly, aye—saved me. I shall ever bless the postage-stamp as the greatest of benefactors. So, Mr. Editor, I heartily plump for the penny postage-stamp.—"A COMPETITOR."

The best value for a penny that I can think of is a 12s. "Hobart" bicycle. All you have to do is to procure a CAPTAIN post-card, value ½d., and thereon write an idea, using 1-16 of a penny bottle of ink, value ¼ of a farthing, 1-80 of a Waterley nib, value 1-40 of a farthing, and five minutes, value 29-40 of a farthing. Affix stamp, value one halfpenny, to the post-card, and send the whole, value one penny, to the Editor of the CAPTAIN, and presto! within the next two months a shining brand new "Hobart" bicycle is deposited at your door, on which you may scour the country for years to come. All this for a penny! And if it isn't good value, I should like to know *what* is.—HOPE PORTREY (Barry, Glam.).

A pennyworth of bread to a starving man I con-

sider to be the most valuable purchase that a penny is capable of effecting.—ERNEST W. KENYON (Huddersfield).

The value for a penny is two halfpenny stamps. With two halfpenny stamps two attempts for CAPTAIN competitions may be sent in; two attempts may win two prizes; two prizes are a twelve guinea bicycle and a selected cricket bat. Therefore, the best value for one penny is a bicycle and a cricket bat.—NOEL EDWARD LEAN (Sheffield).

I think that a penny atlas is the best value one can get for a penny, as one is practically buying the world.—J. BURNARD (Forest Gate, E.).

The smile of a little cripple boy.—F. HUGHES (Alverstoke).

A newspaper such as *The Daily Chronicle*, *The Daily Telegraph*, or *The Standard*.—VICTOR TOWERS (Northwich).

The "best value" to different people would appear to be as follows:—

For general readers, *Tit-Bits*.

For feminine sex, *Woman's Life*.

For smoker, four boxes matches.

For child, sweets or mechanical toy.



P. G. WODEHOUSE, AUTHOR OF OUR NEW PUBLIC SCHOOL SERIAL, "THE GOLD BAT."

For lame man, tram or 'bus ride.

For hungry man, ½d. soup and ½d. bun.

For thirsty lad, bottle of pop.

For gardener, peas, beans, or potatoes (these, of course must be sown, when resulting value will be out of all proportion to outlay).

But best value of all for a penny (½d. post-card and ½d. stamp), will be this bicycle prize—if I am lucky enough to land it!—A. ATHERTON (Preston).

Tit-Bits.—T. J. FISHER (Clifton).

Four farthings.—ERNEST NEELS (Leyton).

The best value for a penny is when it is the means of saving a life. This it did in the late Boer War, when a soldier was shot near the heart, but by good fortune the bullet was stopped by a penny, and so his life was saved.—W. CARTER (Brockley).

I think the best value for a penny is to give it to someone whom you know really needs it more than yourself.—B. BICKERTON (Liverpool).

To see a hungry boy joyfully feeding on a bun bought by your penny.—J. W. DRANSFIELD (Batley).

A raffle, when, of course, you could get anything from a cricket bat to a motor-car.—F. WARDLEY (Buxton).

"Captain" Picture Post-Cards:

(Important Notice).—The Postmaster-General, having received many complaints concerning charges levied upon picture post-cards addressed to places abroad, sends me the following warning:—

A written communication on the address side of a post-card is not objected to in the Inland Service of the United Kingdom, so long as the right-hand half is reserved exclusively for the address; but any communication upon the address side of a post-card for or from a place abroad renders it liable, under the regulations of the Postal Union, to be treated as an insufficiently prepaid letter.

I hope all readers who send CAPTAIN cards abroad will bear this in mind, i.e., that nothing but the address must appear on the address side of the card.

The Children's Country Holidays Fund:

I have received the following appeal, which, I hope, will be responded to generously by my readers. Most of you have games and books you don't want, and you will be giving immense pleasure to your poor little sisters and brothers by sending everything you can to the address mentioned by Miss Barnetts:—

18 Buckingham-street, Strand, W.C.

DEAR SIR.—

Thirty thousand children are every year sent by the Children's Country Holidays Fund from London streets to spend a fortnight with country cottagers. Their pleasure is great, but we learn from their hosts and friends of their sad ignorance of games, and of the good which would follow if town and country children could play together.

We are also informed how immensely books which they could read and lend would increase the enjoyment and profit of the holiday. We would, therefore, earnestly appeal to your readers in the hope that they may help us by sending gifts of games and books.

Cricket bats, stumps and balls, footballs, soft balls for rounders, skipping ropes, and anything else to assist outdoor play would be very welcome. And as wet days are sure to come, we would ask also for draughts, dominoes, paint-boxes, and brushes, and other means of indoor amusement. The books should be suitable for children between the ages of

seven and fourteen; and any dealing with country life and amusements would be especially acceptable.

If any of your readers will send a parcel to the Secretary, The Children's Country Holidays Fund, The Lodge, 28 Commercial-street, E., we will see to the careful distribution, and they will have the knowledge that their gift is adding to the pleasure and good-will of many little people.

I am, faithfully yours,
HENRIETTA O. BARNETTS.

How to Become an Engineer.—

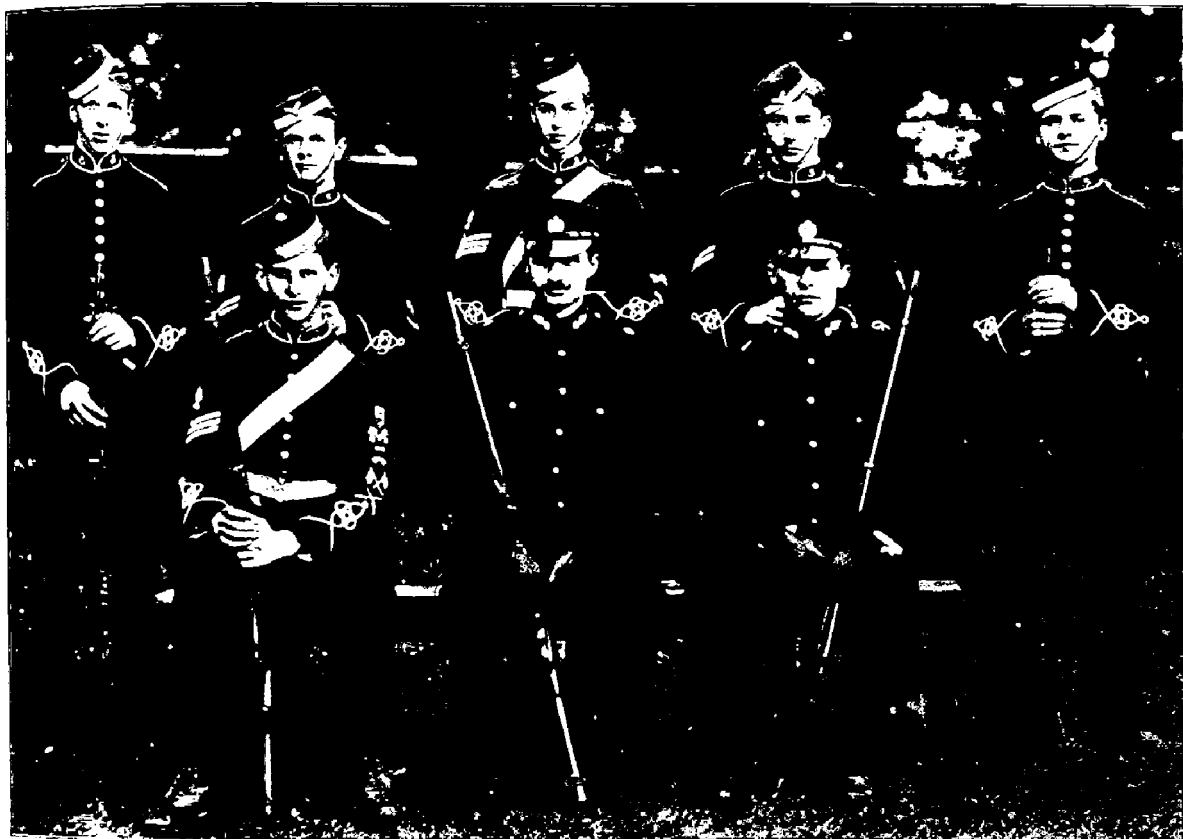
We have had numerous enquiries during the past few months from readers desirous of becoming engineers, naval architects, etc., and at a loss to know what course to adopt. Apart from a fair knowledge of mathematics, we have always recommended intending engineers to go through the shops of a firm of well-known engineers. This, however, requires supplementing by technical classes, to be of real use, so that theory and practice may be carried on side by side. Interest has been greatly accentuated in engineering owing to the recent regulations issued by the Admiralty. The engineer in the Royal Navy now acquires a status he never hitherto possessed. He may even rise to the rank of Admiral. Our correspondents frequently say: Where can we find a firm of engineers and shipbuilders who can offer the course you suggest, and whose certificate of training would be accepted for entry as probationary assistant engineer in the Royal Navy? We admit the difficulty, and have always hesitated to recommend any firm without the fullest enquiry. After much casting about, and inspection of works, foundries, and shipyards, we have been greatly impressed with the facilities offered by Messrs. Cox and Co., engineers and shipbuilders, of Falmouth. The work carried on here appears to be very varied and comprehensive. The terms for premium of apprentices are £100 for engineering students, and £75 for naval architect students.

We are especially glad to find that part of the time of service may be spent in the drawing office. We have always insisted that the most serious weakness in the training of engineers in this country is their ignorance of design in machinery. At Zurich and in Germany and the United States, special attention is paid to this branch. It means all the difference between an engineer who will pursue his work on old lines, and an engineer with a touch of originality for new methods and processes. Students contemplating the life of an engineer or naval architect must bear in mind that so far as Messrs. Cox and

Co. are concerned, the hours whilst they are in the works are 54 per week, with the usual half holiday on Saturday. Work commences at 6 a.m., and ends at 5 p.m., with the customary intervals for meals. The student, while he is at any works, must make it the business of his life, and must not even shirk attendance at evening technical classes, which at Falmouth are well worth the time spent upon them.

books like *Who's Who*. Address your letter to Mr. C. B. Fry, care of this office.

Honor Vincit.—Any boy who likes to send solutions of THE CAPTAIN picture puzzles published by certain papers may do so if he can settle the matter with his conscience; but I may tell you, from the other point of view, that most of the so-called "solutions" are wrong in two or three of the pictures, and as the winners of our prizes get all the pictures right, it is decidedly unsafe to trust to any of these prophets. As for the papers which descend to this kind of business, I can only say that their



THE TONBRIDGE VIII. AT BISLEY,

Who made 500, and won the Ashburton Shield, 1903, with Bradfield 496, Wellington 496, Dulwich 477, Charterhouse 469, and Rugby 465. As the figures indicate, the contest was very keen, and the result is, therefore, all the more creditable to Tonbridge. Numerous paragraphs have appeared in the daily press on the question as to what school bears the palm as winners of this shield. According to the *Times*, Charterhouse has carried off the trophy nine times. So also has Harrow. A reference to our illustrated article on public school boys at Bisley, in the June number, shows at a glance the number of times the shield has been carried off by: Harrow, Charterhouse, Eton, Winchester, Clifton, Cheltenham, Bradfield, Dulwich, Rugby, Rossall, and Marlborough.

Photo by T. A. Flemons.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Owing to pressure on our space we have been unable to give replies to many correspondents. We have a large pile of letters on our desk, a selection from which will be dealt with in future numbers. Readers requiring information within a short period should enclose stamped envelopes.

E. P. Watts.—Your lines are written with sincerity, but rather unevenly. They are not quite up to our standard. I have already told autograph hunters that I cannot publish the private addresses of celebrities. These can always be obtained from

attempted spoil-sport methods are to be regarded with nothing but supreme contempt. Will other correspondents kindly accept this paragraph as a reply to their letters on the same subject?

"Amant des Filles" wants me to tell him of a girl he can "take out for walks, spend money on, &c." I publish this statement just to show what extraordinary things an editor like myself is sometimes requested to perform. Here is an English boy of fifteen years of age, whose mind ought to be taken up with his work, his reading, his play, and other healthy pursuits which please most boys, desirous of aping a young man when he hasn't

got a hair on his face. My correspondent says that the girl he would like to "take out for walks, spend money on, &c.," should be from 13½ to 14 years of age. I suppose he has fixed the age in this way with some matrimonial plan for the future at the back of his head. He evidently thinks, and quite properly, that a man should be somewhat senior to his wife. "Amant des filles" goes on to say that the girls in his neighbourhood are "mediocre," and that is why he writes to me for an introduction to some young lady of a superior type to those who exist in the district which is patronised by such a splendid young gentleman as I presume my correspondent must be. I fear "Amant des filles" must go on putting up with the society of the "mediocre" girls in his neighbourhood, and if he cannot really find one who is worth "taking out, spending money on, &c.," he had better expend his surplus cash on some of the excellent goods advertised in our columns, as, after all, it is a better investment to acquire a good bat, or a good tennis racquet, than to "take out, spend money on, &c.," a "mediocre" girl for whom one has nothing but contempt.

A Member of the C.C.—At present I cannot see my way to provide note-books and diaries for members of THE CAPTAIN Club, although I agree with you that it would be "rather nice" for you to have them. I am not an authority on the best way to remove pimples and freckles from the face. I should think *Woman's Life* could tell you. I believe it is not at all a bad plan to use Pears' soap. Your quickest way would be to go round to a chemist and ask him for something. I suppose you are a young lady, or you wouldn't be bothering about the freckles.

Army Service (Monmouth).—You must address yourself to some dépôt, preferably in London, at the Tower; or, if you cannot manage London, to the nearest dépôt, the name of which you can ascertain by writing to the War Office, Pall Mall, S.W. Of course, it is a mistake for any one to join this branch of the Service with a view to a military career. It is extremely hard work, and you see very little military life. Moreover, the only way to get on in the Army Service Corps is to have special training in some trade like butchering, bakery, &c.

"How to Become an Author" (A. G. C.).—I cannot give you much advice about "becoming" an author. An author writes because he is compelled to; there is something in his brain which calls for expression on paper. You cannot "become an author" as you would become a lawyer or a clergyman. An author is "born." Read my literary criticisms at the end of C.C.C. in back numbers of THE CAPTAIN. Read good authors like George Eliot, Thackeray, &c., but don't imitate them. For hints on a workmanlike style you cannot do better than study Conan Doyle, Marion Crawford, and H. S. Merriman, who are always concise, direct, and artistic. Always be natural, draw from Life, but don't write unless you feel you have something to say in essay form, a story to tell, or thoughts that demand an outlet in verse.

A. P. O'Connor (Dublin).—(1) You can live on an officer's pay, plus £50, in any infantry regiment, but not in the cavalry. (2) The West India Regiment is a cheap regiment, and you can join it from the militia, in the same way as you would join any other; but it is not a regiment most men would choose, on account of the climate on the West Coast of Africa (the White Man's Grave), where it is

stationed, and where the headquarters are. (3) To join the Indian Army, you must go to Sandhurst, and pass out for the Indian Staff Corps, or go through the Militia, or Imperial Yeomanry; after being gazetted 2nd Lieutenant, you are attached to a home regiment for a year before going out. Once in India, you do your whole military service there, unless called for war service anywhere, only coming to England on leave. (4) You will find the daily pay of officers in "Whitaker's Almanack." The pay for the Indian Army is about the same as for the Home Infantry. Leave is granted according to length of service. (5) I should advise you to obtain from the Quartermaster General, War Office, London, S.W., "Regulations for Obtaining Commissions from Militia and Yeomanry into the Army," and also for the R.A.M.C., which you ask about. You can live on your pay in the Army Medical Corps—the pay is fairly good, but the course preparatory to entering is expensive. (6) Promotion goes by examination, and sometimes, to a certain extent, by service. (7) A Captain can live on his pay in the Infantry, as also can a 2nd Lieutenant in the A.S.C. You can join the latter from the Militia and Yeomanry.

T. B. Millar (Larbert).—Send full address for club. (1) "R.I." after the names of the gentlemen you mention means that they are members of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours. (2) No, they are not related to each other.

Robert Black (Oban).—Am deeply sorry to hear of the sad circumstances which necessitated your purchasing THE CAPTAIN yourself, and am obliged to you for showing your appreciation in such a tangible way. I have clubbed you.

A. N. Oldeboye (Passy, Paris).—I suppose THE CAPTAIN is read in most schools. I really cannot give you accurate information on the point. I am not oblivious of the fact that one CAPTAIN has to do service for a large number of readers, for in most schools I have discovered that it is very "dog-eared" by the time everybody has taken his fill of its contents. No estimate, therefore, on the lines you suggest would enable you to work out what percentage of the scholastic world reads THE CAPTAIN.

P. Rigby.—At the present juncture I do not like to say anything about the respective merits of Mr. Dan Leno and Mr. George Robey.

Marine (Okehampton).—See replies to "Royal Marine" (June, 1902), and "Sciens" (August, 1902).

Sammy (Llanfairfechan).—Nineteen or twenty is rather late to enter the Merchant Service with a view to getting a mate's ticket. Still, you might try to get a post as steward on one of our big liners. Why not go to Liverpool and make personal application at the shore steward's office?

An Interested Reader (Dulwich).—No article has appeared in the pages of THE CAPTAIN on Charles Dana Gibson. For specimens of Mr. Gibson's work see *Pictorial Comedy*, price 6d., monthly, and *Snap-Shots*, 1d. weekly.

A Learner (Lennoxton).—The way to learn swimming is to get a good swimmer to teach you. In fact, that is the only way. You can't learn from books. Actual practice is what you want; not printed theory.

McImpet (London).—Please forward pictures of Perranporth for consideration. For a reply to your question, consult "Induction Coils" for

Amateurs." price 7d., post free, from Dawbarn and Ward, Ltd., 6 Farringdon-avenue, E.C.

E. W. J. (Bexhill).—You ought to enter the Merchant Service as a steward or cabin-boy at the age of fourteen, or as near that as possible. Still, you might try, even though you have passed the usual age-limit. Good teeth are not absolutely necessary, but they go a long way towards a boy's fitness.

P. W. Bennett (Balham).—Article still held over.

Eric Alfred Hill (St. Petersburg).—Please consider yourself our Official Representative in St. Petersburg. You can do much by introducing the magazine to your friends, and any information you care to send us will be carefully considered.

A. F. M. E. (Putney, S.W.).—Do you mean the St. John's Ambulance Class, held under the auspices of local medical men in every town of any importance in the Kingdom? If so, the fees vary from half-a-crown to five shillings. The reading required would not take more than from two to four hours a week. As a rule the class is mixed with a large proportion of ladies.

Competitor (Hornsey).—Have noted your suggestions for competitions.

Robert Lloyd (Llanfyllin).—We have got a new clock. Thanks for your offer.

The Enquirer (Sheffield).—(1) Your physical measurements are worthy of the old county. (2) Your writing is very weak, and would never pass for a bank or a good commercial office: it must be strengthened and made more business-like. Buy a *Tit-Bits* Copybook (No. 10), price 3d. post free, and practise, practise, practise. (3) Write to a firm of good cyclometer makers, such as the Veeder (Messrs. Markt and Co.).

Mollie G. (Camden-road, N.).—Mr. Step will be delighted to answer any questions concerning amateur gardening. Would like to run an amateur gardening corner, but this is impossible with all our other corners.

Navarre (Grimsby).—Clubbed. Read "Public Schoolboys at Bisley" in the July number. See also *THE CAPTAIN* for July, 1902, and June, 1901.

L. Douglas Adam (Kobe, Japan).—Thanks for offer, but I fear our Japanese readers are rather limited in number.

Viola (Brentwood, Urinston).—Clubbed. Please submit your essay on De Quincey. Am making

enquiries about cheap edition of "Byron's Letters and Diary."

Addenbroke.—Regret cannot use your article entitled "A Scratch Four at Cambridge."

Ocobo (Monkstown, co. Dublin).—Have no space for golf. Might have a golfing story if we could get one quite good enough. Clubbed.

F. S. Ellis (Gibraltar).—If you will send on your article (with photos, if possible) dealing with barrack-room soldiering, I will give it consideration.

"**A Little Cameo of Low Life.**"—Mr. P. Dacre's article in the May number has called forth the following criticism from R. G. Hugo:—

"I have lived in Upper Tooting, which adjoins Balham, for over nine years, and have never seen such conduct as that referred to in Mr. Dacre's article respecting the ragged woman and the group of coster lads.

"Balham High-road, on a Saturday night, is the centre of a vast amount of marketing of the working classes, but nothing in the nature of rowdiness takes place. There are, naturally enough, hawkers standing in the road selling toys, tie-clips, comic songs, &c., such as one sees in the Strand, Fleet-street, or Ludgate-hill. There is also the man with the tablets of pink wax, and, incidentally, a fortune-teller styling herself Madame Idaho. But such as these one sees in most of our London suburbs.

"I do not wish people to imagine that I desire to represent Balham as an ideal suburb, for it is far from that. Balham is a very busy place on a Saturday night, as that must necessarily be the 'shopping' night of the working classes, but it is by no means the resort of all the cads and cadgers of South London."

Letters, etc., have also been received from: H. Dawson (Chili), Frank L. Cloux, John E. B. May, "E. V. R. R.," C. S. Taylor, "Leander," Arthur Webster (Port Elizabeth), Kenneth Dowie (Montreal), Edgar H. Cross, "Rule Britannia," Frank P. Atkins, R. L. Crysler (Ontario), E. Neels, A. Friedrichs, Pierce Rollo Butler, Ernest Frederick Feurer, "Tynesider," "The Short 'Un" (Notts), Edward T. Fairlie, R. M. O. Cook, Ben Hope, "F. P. A.," Claude M. Rowson, Percy N. Young, Richard Jackson, A. H. Middleton, Cymon, A. N. K. (Jamaica), Sir J. E. Millais, Bart., and others, whose communications will be acknowledged next month.

THE OLD FAG.

Results of July Competitions.

No. I.—"As Others See Us."

WINNER OF £10 10s. "RUDGE-WHITWORTH" BICYCLE: H. C. Bentley, "Merrie-ede," Woodland-road, Haasocks.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Thomas Macquize, 184 Cumberland-street, S.S. Glasgow; C. Grenville Hale, 19 Provost road, Hampstead, N.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Archibald Loy, Alex. Scott, junr., Frank L. Cloux, E. B. Walker, A. Tapply, Annie W. Adams, T. W. Spikin, F. Bellerby, John W. Lewis, Sydney Horne, Edward Studdy, Robert Jackson, H. N. Maitland, Colin A. Arrol, R. Jardine, Cyril A. Thomas, R. M. Cluer, W. Lees, R. C. Woodthorpe, Edith Adams, Constance H. Greaves, Water Simmons, E. G. Thompson, R. Samuels, Frank Hotine, R. T. Rigg, T. Constantines.

No. II.—"Photographic Competition."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF "HORRIES" No. 4 HAND CAMERA: A. E. Radford, Tunnel-road, The Park, Nottingham.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: J. Llewellyn, 40 Park Ridings, Hornsey, N.

HONOURABLE MENTION: F. R. Willis, S. Chicot, Cateau E. Le de Coer, E. Arthur Miller, Olive C. Harbutt, Percy Howard Ford, H. F. Woods, Ernest W. S. Cornish, Clive E. Howell, C. P. Finn, Harold Torr, H. F. Foster, H. A. Gadd (Bromsgrove), George Nott, William J. Watt, W. B. Huntly, J. F. Clarke, E. H. Goodman, junr., C. Turner, William E. F. Clark, Marjory Robinson, Sibyl O'Neill, W. Embry, Kathleen Parr, T. Dixon, Jerardine Byron.

Results continued on next page.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)
WINNERS OF No. 2 "SCOUT" CAMERAS: C. L. Graham, Nethley House, Wigan; Hubert B. Burton, 39 Loughboro' road, Leicester; Vaughan Angus, 13 Fielding-road, West Kensington park, W.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: W. J. Jones, 14 Telford-avenue, Streatham Hill, S.W.; and D. M. Colman, Wick Hall, Hove, Sussex.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. H. Aplin, junr., W. G. Stott, Harry Yordoff Woodhead, W. R. Grant, M. G. Ferguson (Highgate), George W. Harris, A. Cannington (Leys School, Cambridge), H. G. M. Miles (All Saints' School, Bloxham), J. Ineson, Daphne Kenyon-Stow, Reginald Alfred Betts, Clement Breare, D. H. Hobbs, S. M. Hills, H. Giles, Michael F. O'Hea, E. S. Hallett, William Watson (Berlitz School, Haarlem), Chris Pratt, L. Wehrley, Walter T. Isgar, Frank W. Wright, C. Rayner, Wilfrid Morley, O. Kendall, A. M. Denny (Maidstone Grammar School), J. T. Iredale.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fourteen.)
WINNERS OF No. 2 "BROWNIE" CAMERAS: William Moore, 47 Bournemouth-road, Folkestone; Victor Loveridge, Morses, Tibberton, Glos.; Wilfrid Finn, Pontefract-road, Castleford.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: Frank R. Howse, 11 Culmstock-street, Clapham Common, S.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Robert Hutchinson, G. Maddison, Harry Johnson, W. Wells, Alan B. Peck, E. Francis, E. J. Selby, C. Vandermin, W. H. C. Hardy, W. R. Barlow, H. Beattie, O. Hughes-Jones, G. Schunck (Ashton Grammar School, Dunstable), E. D. C. Hunt (Eagle House, Sandhurst).

No. III.—"Popular Cricketers."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)
WINNER OF "GAMAGE" CRICKET BAT: A. J. Rolton, 30 Federation-road, Abbey Wood, Kent.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: W. S. Round, 8 Victoria-terrace, Dudley; Frank Ewart Russell, 30 Annandale-road, East Greenwich, S.E.; E. W. S. Cornish, 66 Henry-road, Gloucester.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Frank B. Morton, Walter Rilely, Lawther Wilson, Sidney C. Downes, Flo. Catton, S. McClure, G. L. Austin, Harry Fritz, W. Saxon, T. W. Morton, A. Wheeler, S. H. Barmby, Victor Towers.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF "GAMAGE" CRICKET BAT: Thomas Scott, 17 Newark Drive, Pollokshields, Glasgow.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: R. C. T. Davies, Trevecca Farm, Talgarth, R.S.O.; C. C. Chitham, 11 Ashburnham-road, Bedford; S. Rylands, 195 Rustlings-road, Sheffield.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Norman Stenning, W. Waller, H. V. Johnson, W. Mitchell, W. Main, T. B. Cranawick, B. Houghton, H. A. Neale, James Chamberlain, E. H. Cockell, F. P. Newbould, B. W. Placey.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)
WINNER OF "GAMAGE" CRICKET BAT: R. A. Watson, Ghyllside, Kendal.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Charlie J. Martin, 21 Streatley road, Brondesbury, N.W.; James Roberts, 29 Jardin-street, Camberwell, S.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. Hood, Charles S. Cockell, F. S. Anderson, Richard Treeth, William A. Burn, David McGhie, Donald Bailey, Leopold Koppenhagen, L. A. Carey, E. G. Hogan.

No. IV.—"Hidden Birds."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)
WINNERS OF PRINTING OUTFITS: R. C. Woodthorpe, Bede-terrace, Whitley, Northumberland; James H. Walker, 502 John Williamson-street, South Shields; P. E. Petter, Aber-tawe, Barnstaple.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Percy J. Auger, John Holliday, Phyllis M. Bodkin, Harold Scholfield, G. S. Walker, A. H. Rintoul, C. Crossley, Arthur S. Atkinson, L. R. W. Gibbons, Norah Simmonds, H. F. Woods, A. Wheeler.

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 following books—"J. O. Jones," "Tales of Greyhounds," "Acton's Feud," "The Heart of the Prairie."

COMMENTS ON THE JULY COMPETITIONS.

No. I.—The winning effort, together with a selection of others, will be found in next month's "Editorial."

No. II.—A little below the average this month perhaps, but consistently good in each class.

No. III.—The winning list—decided by vote—is as follows:—Fry, Ranjitsinhji, Jessop, Grace, Hirst, McLaren; Abel came next on the list. A good many competitors in Classes I. and II. had the list quite right, so that neatness counted considerably. Three competitors in Class III. had also the correct list.

No. IV.—The only competitor who had the list entirely correct was J. S. Tomba, the prizewinner in Class II. A great number had only one wrong, so that neatness was a very considerable point. The most common mistakes were: (2) Field-fare; (6) Yellow-hammer; (7) Blue-tits; (8) Thrush. A correct list will be found on an advertisement page.

No. V.—In this competition Class II. was far and away

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNERS OF PRINTING OUTFITS: J. S. Tomba, The Grammar School, Haverfordwest; H. Freeman, 73 Cotleigh-road, West Hampstead, N.W.; G. F. Leaver, Lisnamoo, Cheltenham.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: Owen C. Harbutt, The Grange, Bathampton, Bath.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Frida Phillips, Charles H. Allen, R. H. Billinghurst, E. A. S. Fox, Richard Babb, W. J. Jones, S. E. Cooper, F. W. Fry.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)
WINNERS OF PRINTING OUTFITS: Guy B. P. Roberts, 2 Craven Park-road, Harlesden, N.W.; A. H. Munro, Alcar Rifle Range, Hightown, Liverpool; F. G. Priestley, The Villa, Victoria-crescent, St. Helier's, Jersey.

HONOURABLE MENTION: F. Ritson, Bruce Knight, F. X. Bennett, G. T. Hick, A. R. Burnett-Hurst, Lionel Lupton, Evelyn G. Sandford, P. A. Ranson, F. H. Bentley, Fred Marsh.

No. V.—"Drawing of an Animal."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)
WINNERS OF POST-CARD ALBUMS: James H. Dowd, 11 Trans place, Broomhall, Sheffield; W. B. Huntly, Rochus Strasse 22, Dusseldorf, Germany.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. Tom Clayton, James S. Ross, Albert Rhodes, Stavert Johnstone Cash, Camma Walford, Frances A. Barton, E. H. Catchpole (Westgate College, William Matthews, George William Bailey, James A. Ramay, Arthur S. Atkinson, G. Boughton, Leonard J. Smith, J. F. Iredale, Annie Wright.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)
WINNERS OF POST-CARD ALBUMS: Olive C. Harbutt, The Grange, Bathampton, Bath; Nora Simmonds, 2 Green-street, Ardwick, Manchester.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Hedley V. Fielding, Lilian Bowyer, G. W. B. Berry, John Jameson, Eva Daniels.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fifteen.)
WINNERS OF POST-CARD ALBUMS: G. Ledward, 8 Mount Park road, Ealing, W.; Nina Murray, The Moat, Charing, Kent.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. Kingscote, Sybil M. Best, Dorothy Cathorne-Hardy, Harry Hill, R. J. McGregor, Ernest Bramhall, Harold Green, Olive Taylor, Yvonne George, William Charles Boswell.

No. VI.—"Omitted Words."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Eighteen.)
WINNER OF "JOHN PIGGOTT" TENNIS RACQUET: Marian G. Gregory, Beech grove, Prestwich, near Manchester.

HONOURABLE MENTION: P. R. Powell, Percy Sweet, G. Estwood, Grita Mackean.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Fourteen.)
WINNER OF TENNIS RACQUET, as above: Aimée Peppercorn, West Horsley, Surrey.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: Wilfrid Peppercorn, West Horsley, Surrey.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Edmund H. Mackenzie, Herbert Williams, G. Steed, Gordon Page, Victor Loveridge.

Extra Competition.—"Newsagents' Addresses."

WINNERS OF SANDOW'S OWN COMBINED DEVELOPERS: W. J. C. Nettleton, 70 George-street, Portman square, W.C.; Thomas Macquire, 184 Cumberland-street, S.S. Glasgow; A. J. For-dyce, 112 Jamaica-road, Bermondsey, S.E.; H. Modlin, 2 Camden-square, Camden Town, N.W.; John William Harre, 13 Speechley-street, Hyson Green, Nottingham; Robert Start, Athelstane Cottage, Downfield, Dundee.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Benjamin Petrie, H. Field, G. T. C. Boswell, C. Evelyn Evanson, W. Maddison, W. B. Haslam, John Clark, F. Laughlin, A. Albrow, A. R. Taylor, W. Reid, Evan Davies, H. G. N. Tucker, J. H. Walker, F. L. Cloot, W. B. Faull, Eustace Berry, James Cumming, Victor Cole.

ahead of either Classes I. or III., the work of James H. Dowd, W. B. Huntly, Camma Walford, W. Tom Clayton, James S. Ross, Albert Rhodes, and Stavert Johnstone Cash being exceptionally well done.

No. VI.—
The day is dying.
The lake has lost the light of afternoon.
Stars shine, and waters shimmer
Round the shadow of the moon.

The omitted words are in italics. None of the competitors had all the missing words right, the best efforts having two wrong.

EXTRA COMPETITION.—This was very successful, and illustrated how very diligent and loyal readers of THE CAPTAIN are. Replies were received from Cornwall right away to the north of Scotland.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

Last day for sending in, September 12th.

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. 12th.

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.—"Of National Interest."—Write on a CAPTAIN post-card, a packet of which can be obtained from this office for 1½d. post free, what you consider to be the six most important events of national interest that have occurred since the beginning of this year. This competition will decide itself by vote, and to the winner we will award a Two Guinea Solid Silver Waltham Watch (as illustrated on THE CAPTAIN Prizes page), which we have been testing in this office for the past three months, and guarantee to be a perfect time-keeper.

No Age limit.

No. 2.—"Hidden Boys' Names."—On one of our advertisement pages you will find twelve pictures. Each picture is supposed to represent a boy's name. Write the name under each, fill in your own name, age, class, and address; tear out the page, and post to us. In the event of a number of competitors sending in correct solutions, the prizes will go to the senders of the most neatly written competitions. Prizes: Three of Messrs. Houghton and Son's

Folding Pocket Scout Cameras, value £1 1s., as illustrated on THE CAPTAIN Prizes page.

Class I. ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 3.—"Interesting Kings."—In the course of your study of English History, what Six Kings have interested you most? They need not necessarily have been good kings. It is entirely a matter of personality. Send the names of the Six Kings on a CAPTAIN post-card. This competition, like No. 1, will decide itself by vote. Prizes: Six of Messrs. C. Lindner's "Family" Printing Outfits, three to each class, as illustrated on CAPTAIN Prizes page.

Class I. ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class II. ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 4.—"Landscape Competition."—To encourage our artistic readers during the holidays we offer four of Messrs. Moulton Brothers No. 2 "Kruno" Cameras and Outfit, as illustrated on THE CAPTAIN Prizes page, to the four competitors (two in each class) who send in the best drawings of a landscape in pen, pencil, or water-colours, to be made out-of-doors, not copied.

Class I. ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class II. ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 5.—"All-Round Development."—What pastime, in your opinion, develops the body most thoroughly? Limit your answer to 200 words. Prizes: Three Sets of the very best D. and M. Boxing Gloves (four to the set), as illustrated on THE CAPTAIN Prizes page.

Class I. ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class III. ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 6.—"Photographic Competition."—Hand or stand camera work. Any subject. Neatness in mounting will be taken into consideration. Prizes: Three "Swan" Fountain Pens, value 10s. 6d. each.

Class I. ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III. ... Age limit: Fourteen.

THE LATEST.

The "Centergraph."

This is absolutely the latest in mathematical instruments, and is so simple and easy to manipulate that, while shortening lengthy operations

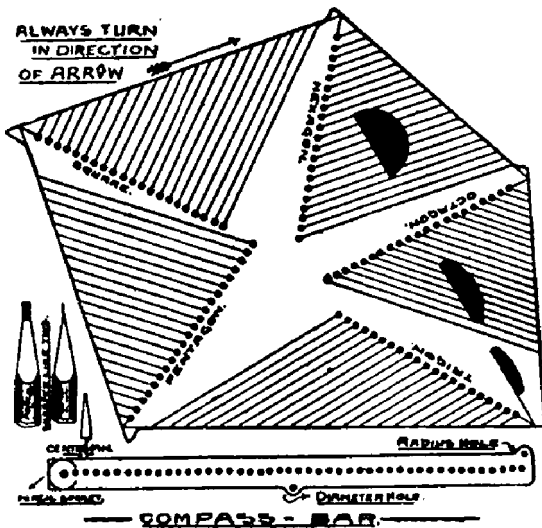
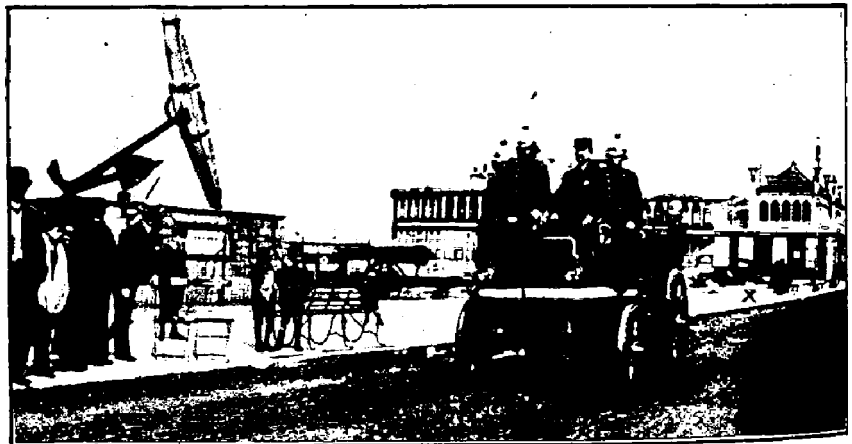
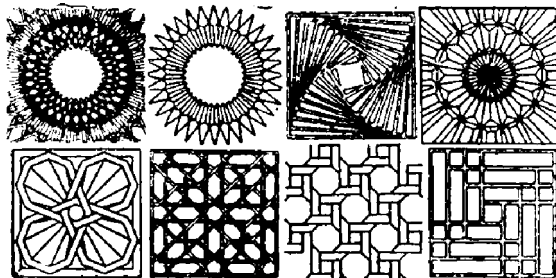


DIAGRAM SHOWING ARRANGEMENT OF "CENTERGRAPH."

to the skilled craftsman or student, it can be used with ease by any one in the production of the most complex designs, such as are shown in one of the accompanying diagrams. The "Centergraph" is made in one piece of nickel-plated metal. It has five rows of holes in it, each row exactly bisecting an angle in the instrument; different shaped figures can be



THE "MOTOR FIRE KING."



DESIGNS WITH "CENTERGRAPH."

drawn by using each row, marked on the instrument accordingly. These holes are all distanced at 1/8th inch centres; this enables each of the figures to be drawn in the same or equal circles;

the lines from each hole to the edge of the instrument determine the length of the side of the figure. The largest size of each figure that can be drawn with the instrument is that inscribed in a circle 5 1/2 inches diameter. This can be enlarged to that inscribed in a circle 11 inches diameter by the use of the compass-bar; and made as much larger as required by extending radial lines, and cutting them off at the required distance. Further particulars of the "Centergraph" can be obtained from Messrs. Richford and Co., Fleet-street, E.C.

The Motor Fire King.

Where speed is such a vital point it seems curious that motor fire-engines have not been more widely adopted in this country. Colonial fire brigades have been more enterprising in this respect. The galloping horses speeding through a crowded city thoroughfare with the old type of fire-engine may make a more inspiring picture, but unfortunately what is gained in effect is lost in speed, and once here the motor fire-engine has come to stay. One of

the finest motor fire-engines extant is that recently built by Messrs. Morryweather and Sons, Ltd., the famous firm of fire-engine builders, to the order of the Portsmouth Corporation for their fire brigade. In addition to the great speed with which it can reach the scene of conflagration, this monarch of the flames has a pumping capacity of 400 gallons per minute with 40 i.h.p. It carries 40 gallons of liquid fuel and 100 gallons of feed water, and runs on solid rubber wired tyres 4in. wide. For country towns motor fire-engines are specially suited owing to the long distances that have to be travelled and the severe hills often encountered en route.

APRIL. "THE LONG 'UN": New Serial by the Author of "J. O. Jones."

"LOWER SCHOOL YARNS."

THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE FOR BOYS & "OLD BOYS."

EDITOR, "THE OLD FAG." ATHLETIC EDITOR, C. B. FRY.

6d

IX. No. 49.

APRIL, 1903.

DUNLOP TYRES

for cycles,
for carriages,
for motors.

DUNLOP TYRES FOR CYCLES.

ready tyres offering a choice of attachment—
wired or wireless edges.

6s. per pair; guaranteed.

to see trade mark (Dunlop's head) on tubes
and covers.



Trade

Mark

All about Dunlop Tyres for 1903,"
A cyclists' illustrated booklet. Post free.

DUNLOP TYRE Co., Ltd., Aston, Birmingham.



FIRST NUMBER OF NEW VOLUME.

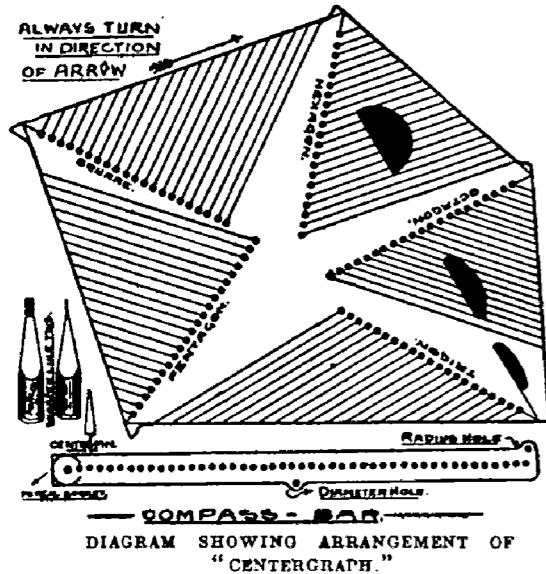
"THE LONG 'UN.'" See New Serial.

Monthly by GEORGE NEWNES, Ltd., 7-12, Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

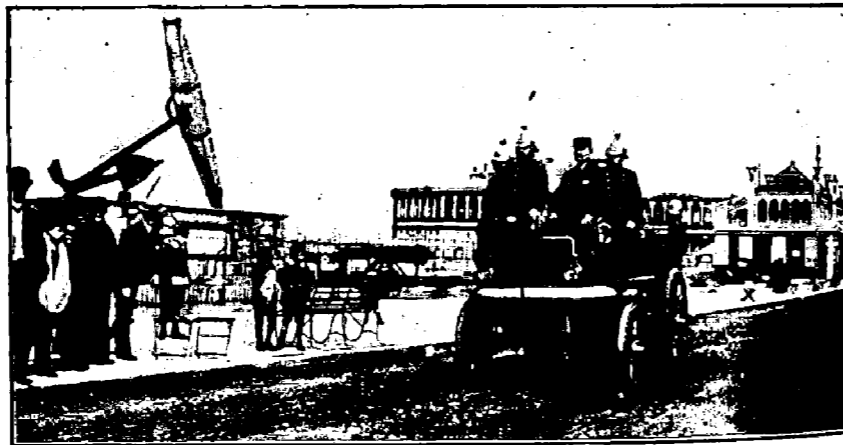
THE LATEST.

The "Centergraph."

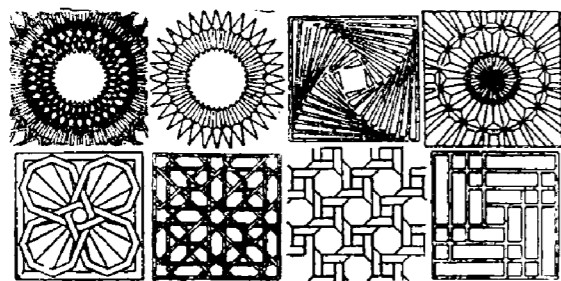
This is absolutely the latest in mathematical instruments, and is so simple and easy to manipulate that, while shortening lengthy operations



to the skilled craftsman or student, it can be used with ease by any one in the production of the most complex designs, such as are shown in one of the accompanying diagrams. The "Centergraph" is made in one piece of nickel-plated metal. It has five rows of holes in it, each row exactly bisecting an angle in the instrument; different shaped figures can be



THE "MOTOR FIRE KING."



DESIGNS WITH "CENTERGRAPH."

drawn by using each row, marked on the instrument accordingly. These holes are all distanced at 1/8th inch centres; this enables each of the figures to be drawn in the same or equal circles;

the lines from each hole to the edge of the instrument determine the length of the side of the figure. The largest size of each figure that can be drawn with the instrument is that inscribed in a circle 5 1/2 inches diameter. This can be enlarged to that inscribed in a circle 11 inches diameter by the use of the compass-bar; and made as much larger as required by extending radial lines, and cutting them off at the required distance. Further particulars of the "Centergraph" can be obtained from Messrs. Richford and Co., Fleet-street, E.C.

The Motor Fire King.

Where speed is such a vital point it seems curious that motor fire-engines have not been more widely adopted in this country. Colonial fire brigades have been more enterprising in this respect. The galloping horses speeding through a crowded city thoroughfare with the old type of fire-engine may make a more inspiring picture, but unfortunately what is gained in effect is lost in speed, and once here the motor fire-engine has come to stay. One of

the finest motor fire-engines extant is that recently built by Messrs. Merryweather and Sons, Ltd., the famous firm of fire-engine builders, to the order of the Portsmouth Corporation for their fire brigade. In addition to the great speed with which it can reach the scene of conflagration, this monarch of the flames has a pumping capacity of 400 gallons per minute with 40 i.h.p. It carries 40 gallons of liquid fuel and 100 gallons of feed water, and runs on solid rubber wired tyres 4in. wide. For country towns motor fire-engines are specially suited owing to the long distances that have to be travelled and the severe hills often encountered en route.

APRIL. "THE LONG 'UN": New Serial by the Author of "J. O. Jones."

"LOWER SCHOOL YARNS."

THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE

FOR BOYS & "OLD BOYS."

EDITOR, "THE OLD FAG." ATHLETIC EDITOR, C. B. FRY.

6d

IX. No. 49.

APRIL, 1903.

DUNLOP TYRES

for cycles,
for carriages,
for motors.

DUNLOP TYRES FOR CYCLES.

only tyres offering a choice of attachment—wired or wireless edges.

10s. per pair; guaranteed.

Always see trade mark (Dunlop's head) on tubes and covers.



Trade

Mark

All about Dunlop Tyres for 1903,"
Cyclists' illustrated booklet. Post free.

DUNLOP TYRE Co., Ltd., Aston, Birmingham.



FIRST NUMBER OF NEW VOLUME.

"THE LONG 'UN." See New Serial.

Published Monthly by GEORGE NEWNES, Ltd., 7-12, Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

THE

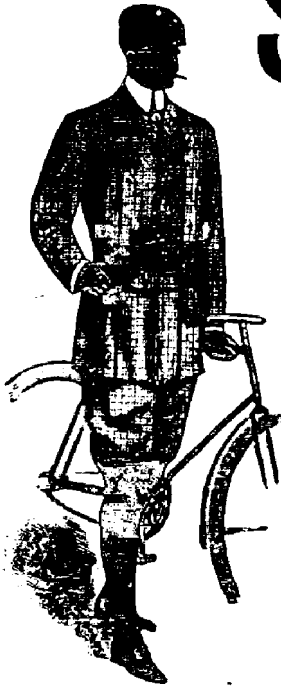
STAMP OF STYLE

Combined with moderation in price, is a special feature of the
Cycling Clothing supplied by

GAMAGE'S of HOLBORN.

There is nothing like Wool

for cycle clothing, and Gamage's all wool clothing IS ALL WOOL, even to the pockets. If your desire is to possess a smart cycling suit, cut by a really competent West-End Cutter, a suit that will prevent you taking a chill, you cannot do better than give us a trial.



A Post Card sent us will bring you a smart range of Patterns and self-measurement forms.

Referee Homespun Cycling Suits, Sanitary Wool lined, Rain but not Air proof, 32/- and 41/6. Cap, 2/- and 2/3.

Norfolk Cycling Suits. Coat and Knickers, 17/6, 20/-, to 53/6. Cap from 1/-.

Cambrian Homespun Cycling Suits, recommended for hard wear, 27/-. Sanitary Wool lined Cap, 2/-.

Featherweight Cycling Suit, Sanitary Wool lined, 26/-. Rain but not Air proof, 31/-. Cap, 2/-.

CYCLING SUITS. Knickers Seamless. Coat and Knickers, 20/-. Knickers only, 8/6. Norfolk Jacket and Knickers, 24/6. Cap, 1/6.

Cheap Tweed Cycling Suits, Coat and Knickers, 9/5 and 13/10. Cap, 1/-, 1/6. Made to Measure, 2/- extra.

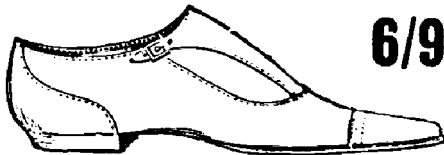
Knitted Wool Racing Suits, high neck, long sleeves, 7/9, 13/11. Stockinette (all Wool, plain colours), short sleeve, 4/-, 7/-, 10/6.

WE KEEP the Finest, Largest and Most Varied Stock in the World of

CYCLING SHOES.

The Perfection of Style. The Maximum of Comfort combined with Moderation in Price.

The 20th Century Shoe.



6/9

For Cycling or Walking. Durable, Smart, and distinctly High Class. Horseskin or Tan Calf, 6/9, 8/6, 10/6, 12/6. Postage 4d.

The Famous "Shorland."



4/11

Cut all in one piece. Horseskin or Tan Calf, 4/11, 6/6, 8/6. "Gamsoo" Leather, 12/6, 18/6. Postage 4d.

The "North Road."



8/6

Combination Shoe. For Walking or Riding. Black or Tan, 8/6, 10/6. Postage 4d.

The "Holborn."



4/11

Hooks and Flexible Waist. Black or Tan. Price 4/11. Postage 4d.

Call on us to-day and we will fit you to your satisfaction.

ORDERS OVER 20/- CARRIAGE PAID
UNLESS OTHERWISE STATED.

LARGEST SELECTION IN THE WORLD
OF LADIES' SMART CYCLING SHOES.

If unable to call, write for our specially Illustrated List, which is sent post free to any address.

A. W. GAMAGE, Ltd., Holborn, London,

BRANCHES: 73, Grafton St., Dublin: Victoria Rd., Aldershot.

E.C.

THE "SCOUT" CAMERA

TAKES
SPLENDID
PICTURES
AND IS
THE
EASIEST
TO USE.

LOADED OR
UNLOADED IN
DAYLIGHT.

The Most Efficient
Cameras ever offered
at such Prices.



The No. 1 "SCOUT."

Takes pictures 2½ by 2½. Fitted with a Rapid Lens and an Everet Shutter, giving either time or instantaneous exposures, and View Finder.

Price Complete, **5/-**

The No. 2 "SCOUT."

Takes pictures 3½ by 2½. Fitted with excellent Rapid Lens, Everet Shutter, and 2 View-Finders.

Price Complete, **10/-**

Complete Developing and Printing Outfit, 4/6

OF ALL PHOTOGRAPHIC DEALERS.

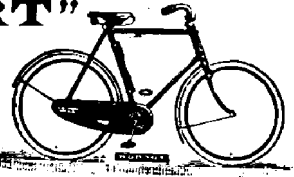
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE POST FREE.

G. HOUGHTON & SON, Ltd.,

88 and 89, High Holborn, LONDON, W.C.

"HOBART" CYCLES

World's Best Free Wheel.
Finest Value Obtainable.



HOBART CYCLES.

New Featherweight X-Frames, 16 guineas.
Elegantes 12
Imperials 10 "

Supplied to Sandringham: Ridden by
Royalty: Eulogised by The Lord Bishop
of Coventry, Lord Northcote, Lord
Guernsey, Lord Byron, &c., &c.

Lists from HOBART WORKS, COVENTRY, and Agents. Est'd 1889

An admirable Food for

Cyclists, Cricketers, Oarsmen,

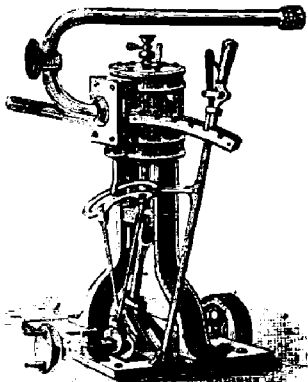
EPPS'S

IS THE BEST

COCOA

and all engaged in outdoor
pursuits.

COMPLETE SETS of CASTINGS of LAUNCH ENGINES



If you want Genuine British-made Models of Dynamos, Electric Motors, Locomotives (built up from solid castings—no sheet-tin foreign rubbish), Marine Engines, Gas Engines, &c., send for our splendid 60 page Illustrated List, price 3d., post free.

The above is our standard type of Launch Engine, specially designed for those who wish for a set with the least possible trouble in fitting together. The power given, and the results obtained, are exactly the same as in the more complicated engines, and with our book of instructions and drawings no one can fail in turning out a good and efficient working engine. The Sets are in best machinery brass, and will wear four times as long as the ordinary brass. Prices as below, with book of instructions and drawings to each Set free. Carriage paid.

No.	Bore	Stroke	Length.	No.	Bore	Stroke	Length.
1	Cylinder, 4in.	4in.	2s. 9d.	5	Cylinder, 14in.	2 in. 10s.	6d. Suit boat 9 ft.
2	" 4in.	4in.	3s. 10d.	"	" 17in.	2½ in. 15s.	6d. " 10½ ft.
3	" 1 in. 14in.	5s. 3d.	" 6 ft. 7	"	" 2 in. 3 in.	22s. 6d.	" 12 ft.
4	" 14in.	4in.	7s. 6d.	"	" 3 in. 3 in.	35s. 0d.	" 15 ft.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—With all Sets ordered before Apr 1st we will bore out cylinder, and machine the ends, cut steam and exhaust ports, bore flywheel and pulley to fit axle, and drill connecting-rods and bearings, thus leaving very little required to be done to complete.

Since introducing these Sets we have sent out over 20,000 in England alone, and hold thousands of letters of appreciation from purchasers.

BRITISH MODELLING AND ELECTRICAL CO., Leek, Staffs.

One of MACKENZIE'S SWEETS

SOUTOUMA THE SOCIETY SWEET

Delicious, creamy flavour.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.
Sole Mfrs., S. J. Mackenzie & Co., Ltd
London, N.E.

GENUINE MILK-CHOCOLATE
IS KNOWN EVERYWHERE AS

PETER'S THE ORIGINAL MILK-CHOCOLATE

Delicately flavoured and absolutely pure, PETER'S Milk-Chocolate is far ahead of all other Chocolates. It is most invigorating and sustaining, and is thus

A TRUE FOOD-SWEET.

Sold Everywhere. 1d., 2d., 3d., 6d., & 1s. Sole Agents (Trade only)
S. J. MACKENZIE & CO., LTD., LONDON, N.E.

REFUSE IMITATIONS. INSIST ON PETERS

"Magna est Veritas et Prevalebit."

In fact it is prevailing now as the following gratuitous testimonials will show, and "Captain" readers are finding out their mistake in not having written for a selection of **MR. BENJAMIN ALL'S** old European or Colonial before. Mr. J. G. Horner of Railway writes Feb. 21st. "Many thanks for the set of Oil Rivers, which is certainly MARVELLOUS for the price, as the stamps were in such perfect condition." Mr. F. Major, of Bisle, Glas., says: "I must say the sheet of Straits' stamps is the best I have ever seen on approval," whilst Mr. John B. Edgar writing from Lockerbie on the 11th Feb. adds: "The stamps are grand specimens, being clean and white and I am very much pleased with them." **MR. A. H. DINGWALL**, of **Westonsuper-Mare**, has just broken up a very fine collection of **15,000** stamps (not 5,000 as erroneously advertised before) and will send selections for the most part at half catalogue prices to anyone sending a good reference or deposit. The stamps are all in exceptionally fine condition, being either "Mint" or picked need specimens, and to anyone buying during April to the value of 10s., Mr. Dingwall will send a fine copy of the No. 1000, 1841 (rare 1d. imperf. on blue paper, new issue Greece, Costa Rica (ships, etc.), Bulgaria (Prince Ferdinand), 2 Japanese, set of 5 Sweden including "Service," Corea, new issue France, Egypt, Italy "Seguataese," India, British Guiana (ship), new issue Hungary, Canada, Norway, Spain, Wurtemberg.

Set of 6 **BRAZIL**, Set of 5 unused **CUBA**, Set of 6 **PORTUGAL**, including picturesque Vasco da Gama issue, etc., etc. 3d. Postage 1d. extra.

Only one packet supplied to each person.

IN ADDITION to Stamps mentioned above, every purchaser of this packet applying for a selection of our "Ideal" Approval Sheets will receive **GRATIS**, a remarkably handsome

THE "SENSATION." 3d. 110 DIFFERENT STAMPS 110

Including **TRANSVAAL COLONY** (King Edward VII.), **STATE OF BORNEO** (Gorilla), **NYASSA** (Giraffe), **MALAY STATES** (Tiger), **SIRMOOR STATE** (Elephant).

Venezuela, Luxemburg, Dutch Indies, W. Australia (swan), Argentine Republic, Gt. Britain 1841 (rare 1d. imperf. on blue paper, new issue Greece, Costa Rica (ships, etc.), Bulgaria (Prince Ferdinand), 2 Japanese, set of 5 Sweden including "Service," Corea, new issue France, Egypt, Italy "Seguataese," India, British Guiana (ship), new issue Hungary, Canada, Norway, Spain, Wurtemberg.

Set of 6 **BRAZIL**, Set of 5 unused **CUBA**, Set of 6 **PORTUGAL**, including picturesque Vasco da Gama issue, etc., etc. 3d. Postage 1d. extra.

Only one packet supplied to each person.

IN ADDITION to Stamps mentioned above, every purchaser of this packet applying for a selection of our "Ideal" Approval Sheets will receive **GRATIS**, a remarkably handsome

SET OF 5 GUATEMALA

Parrot (1882), Picturesque Exhibition issue (1897).

The above packet is offered at a sensational price simply as an advertisement, and in order to circulate our

NEW PRICE LIST FOR 1903.

Post free and gratis to everyone. Undoubtedly the largest, most artistic and best Price List published in the Stamp Trade.

80 pages, splendidly illustrated, and full of genuine bargains.

Sets 2d. to 4s. Packets 3d. to 4s. Albums 6d. to 4 15s. each, etc.

ERRINGTON & MARTIN, SOUTH HACKNEY, LONDON.



An APRIL SHOWER of STAMP BARGAINS.

SETS:—Queen's Heads, 50 different without English, 1s.; 10 Iceland 9d.; 35 Norway, 1s.; 6 Montenegro, 3d.; 12 Gold Coast, 2s.; 12 British Guiana, 1s.; 12 Mauritius, 1s.; 12 Tunis, 9d.; 6 Sarawak, 9d.; 3 Barbados, 3d.; 7 Ecuador Jubilee, 9d.; 30 Cuba, 1s. 3d.; 15 Persia, 9d.; 8 Borneo, 9d.; 8 Egypt, 3d.; 4 St. Vincent, 4d.; 18 Turkey, 6d.; 21 Roumania, 1s. 6d.; 50 Sweden, 1s.; 18 Greece, 6d.; 20 Bulgaria, 6d.; 3 Curacao, 2d.; 5 Trinidad, 2d.; 4 Grenada, 3d.; 50 Australia, 1s.; 50 Colonial, 2s.; 100 Colonial, 2s. 6d.; 2 St. Helena, 3s.; 3 Bermuda, 2d.; 5 Jamaica, 2d.; 20 Finland, 9d.; 25 Denmark, 9d.; 14 Java, 9d.; 100 British Colonials, all different and mostly obsolete, only 2s. 6d.; 100 different Australian Colonials only, a fine collection, price 4s.; 40 different South Australian only, including many scarce surcharges, price 6s.; 25 sets of Foreign and Colonial, 200 varieties, 10d.; 250, 1s. 6d.; 500, 5s.; 1,000, 17s. 6d. Cloth-bound Stamp Album and 1,000 mixed Stamps, 1s. 9d.

LISTS FREE.—All kinds of Foreign and Colonial stamps purchased for cash or taken in exchange for others. Offers accompanied by cost of return postage always considered.

THE MIDLAND STAMP CO., Chylesmore, Coventry.

**TO
BARGAIN
BUYERS
ONLY**

It is a fact that when we sell this packet we make no profit. We want to get into a commission-writing every stamp collector, and we think our best means of doing so is to offer a bargain like this, our **ECLIPSE** Packet. It contains 90 different stamps, and amongst other good ones we shall include a set of 5 Chile, unused **GAMBIA** or **ST. HELENA**, set of 5 Great Britain bearing special surcharges for Government Departments, set of 6 Cape of Good Hope, set of 5 New Zealand, Gwallior, obsolete Victoria, latest issue for West Australia, China, Ceylon, New South Wales pictorial, Canada, Sweden, etc. all United States commemorative issue, obsolete Spain, Jamaica, obsolete Trinidad, Dutch East Indies, new issue for Alexandria, St. Pierre and Miquelon, etc., etc. **PRICE 4d. ONLY. POST FREE.** (Inland extra.) **GILBERT & CO., WESTON-SUPER-MARE.**

THE INVINCIBLE PACKET. No. 143. WORTH 5s. OUR PRICE 6d.

Our April Packet contains **30** genuine, clean, and perfect specimens as follows:—
Falkland Islands (Queen's Head),
Hong Kong 1903 (King's Head),
Set of 4 **Western Australia**,
Southern Canal Trooper,
2 Great Britain "Army Official," East India Company 1865, Trinidad (Britannia), New Zealand Universal Postage, 2 Natal, 2 New South Wales Jubilee, Ceylon, India (King's Head), Malta (Queen's Head), Transvaal Republic, Zanzibar, Peru (Warrior), Chinese Imperial Post, Costa Rica (View), Ita y Seguataese, Japan, Philippine Islands, Martinique, German Imperial Post, and United States One Dollar (War Tax).
Price 6d. Postage 1d. extra (without which no orders can be sent).

GIVEN FREE Packet applying for a selection of our Approval Sheets (5d. in 1/- discount),

A SET OF 8 **MAURITIUS**, including old and obsolete issues, new black issue, and scarce 4d. surcharged on 10d. 1871.

J. STUART & CO., Spring Grove, Isleworth.

NOW READY. THE 5TH ("KING EDWARD") EDITION "A B C" CATALOGUE.

Nearly 900 pages, containing a full List of all Adhesive Stamps, also Envelopes, Post Cards, &c., fully illustrated and Revised to date. All varieties of Type, Perforation, Watermark, and Shades of Colour are given. The most complete Catalogue in the English language.

EVERY COUNTRY IN ONE HANDY VOLUME.
Price 2/6 Complete, or Post-free, 2/10
12 Months after the issue of this Catalogue, viz. in November, 1903, a Supplement will be published, containing an Illustrated and Priced List of all Stamps issued during that period.

This can be Booked at the same time as the above, price 7d. Post free. Approval Sheets, Medium Selections, Special Books of separate Countries. For Stamps in Good Condition, our Prices are Cheaper than those of any other Firm. Novelty List of Sets, Packets, Albums, Accessories, &c., 32 pages, post-free.

BRIGHT & SON, 164 STRAND W.C.

Grand Set 20 U.S.A. FREE.

4d. Including Columbus, Omaha, and Buffalo issues with Packet No. 143. Contains Trinidad scarce Black on red, 1/2, "Universal Postage, Hindoo, Chile Telegraph, India 3 pies 4 annas, Austria (Emperor), high value Brazil, British Guiana, old Cuba, Chinese Imperial Post, Cyprus (Queen-green and carmine, Hyderabad (The Deccan), Dutch Indies (Java), Egypt "Service de Pétrole," Guatemala (Parrot), Italy Seguataese, Jamaica Jubilee, Japan "Imperial Wedding," N.S.W. Jubilee, Spain War Tax, old official Wurtemberg. Price 4d. Postage extra.

THE PREMIER STAMP COMPANY, BRIGHTON.

HALF-CROWN ENGLISH GIVEN AWAY.

To Applicants for Approval Sheets enclosing stamp for postage I will present gratis an **Obsolete English 2/6 stamp** possibly used. The stamp is rapidly becoming scarce, and I only make the offer to attract genuine business. Colonial Correspondence solicited.

GRAHAM MORRIS, The Avenue, St. Margaret's, Twickenham.

STAMPS ON APPROVAL.

New approval sheets. Low prices, liberal discount, fine variety, clean and perfect specimens. Write for a selection to-day.

3d. New Packet, 50 different, including new issue for Cape Colony with head of King Edward, Transvaal (King's head), Tasmania (an historical Jamaica (Lindover), West Australia and other Australian, New Victoria (small 4d. green, Orange River Colony, Barbados, Ceylon, Falkland, Farangay, etc., etc., price 3d., postage 1d. extra and in addition all purchasers asking for a selection of approval sheets receive a set of 4 unissued Perm. Collections and loose stamps purchased. Duplicates exchanged. Exchange desired with Collectors in all British Colonies.

F. G. ROWE (formerly of Bath), 22 DESBOROUGH ROAD PLYMOUTH.

BARGAINS Hundreds of bargains in stamps are advertised in every number of

"**Poole's Monthly Philatelist.**"

Send a postcard for a specimen copy and see for yourself.

B. W. H. POOLE, 6 Rock Terrace, Stamford, Lincs.

BARGAINS.

Packets (Postage extra) of 100 Colonial Stamps, 1/-; 100 United States, 1/-; 50 Australia, 1/-; 50 English, 1/-; 20 Greece, 9d.; 20 India, 9d.; 20 Mexico, 1/-; 100 Bill Stamps, 1/-; 100 South Africa, 1/-; 20 Central America, 2/6; 25 German, 6d.; 25 France, 6d.; 20 Ecuador, 9d.; 30 Ecuador, 1/6; 20 Porto Rico, 1/-; 20 Cuba, 1/-; 25 Brazil, 1/-; 50 Spain, 1/9; 1/- Sweden, 6d. Sheets of Postage or Fiscal Stamps sent on approval, good discount.

SYDNEY VIEW & CO., 64 Northumberland Park, Tottenham, London, N.

THE FOURTH EDITION OF THE UNIVERSAL
- - STANDARD CATALOGUE OF THE - -

POSTAGE STAMPS

OF THE WORLD - - - IS NOW READY

It includes all stamps known to be issued up to FEBRUARY, 1903,
and is the latest published.



1903
EDITION.

NEARLY 3,000 ILLUSTRATIONS. NO MEASUREMENTS OF PERFORATION

The cheapest, simplest, and most easily understood Catalogue in
the world. Price 1s. 3d. post free; cloth gilt, interleaved, 3s. 6d.

NEW 64-PAGE PRICE LIST (1903 Edition) of 1,520 different Packets and Sets of Stamps, sent on
receipt of penny stamp for postage. NEW STAMP ALBUMS FOR 1903, from 1s. 6d. to £12.

WHITFIELD KING & CO., IPSWICH.

GREAT BARGAINS.

5s. worth of Stamps for 4½d.

This Packet is the greatest bargain ever offered, and is simply
to get our Price List before Collectors (only one packet supplied to
each applicant) Every stamp mentioned sent, and all guaranteed
genuine.

Contains 100 Stamps, including following:—Bolivia
(very scarce and catalogued 1s.), Ecuador (rare, catalogued ½l.),
Queensland (1s. violet, very scarce), Labuan (Stag's Head), Cuba,
Porto Rico, Philippines, Hayti (scarce), Columbia, Honduras,
(high value), Roumania, Peru (Llamas, catalogued 6l.), Bulgaria,
Greece, United States (Buffalo Exhibition Stamp), Brazil (very
old), Guatemala, Nyassa (giraffe), Sweden (long official), &c., &c.
Post free, 4½d.

APPROVAL SHEETS—Our sheets are known all over the world for their
marvellous cheapness. All collectors should send for one to inspect. Discount
4½d. in 1s. Also books of Stamps for advanced collectors.

NEW PRICE LIST, 40 Pages. The cheapest in the Trade post
free on application.

STAMP COLLECTORS IN LONDON should call at our Shop
between Tottenham Court Road and Regent Street, where a fine selection of
stamps can be seen at lowest prices.

EDWARD COOPER & CO., 17, Mortimer St., London, W.

BARGAINS!

from many old collections. Write to-day for

APPROVAL SHEETS 50%
DISCOUNT.

PACKETS.—100 Foreign, 4d. 50 British
Colonial, 1s. post free.

Buy while they last. Others will envy you.

J. S. BREEZE,

18, Crosby Road, Birkdale, Southport.

STAFFORD SMITH'S STAMPS always give
satisfaction.

Send for 30 page Stamp Circular, gratis and post free. Ask for
samples of the New Perforated Stamp Hinge (Registered).

H. STAFFORD SMITH & CO., STAMP IMPORTERS, BRIGHTON.

50 British Colonials, 6d.

All different. Postage 1d. extra, without which
the Packet cannot be sent.

MARVELLOUS SUCCESS "ONKAPARINGA"
of the ...

Series of Cheap Approval Books of stamps, from ½d. to 10d.,
Send 1d. for postage, and receive one on approval.

CHEAP SETS. 20 Bulgaria, 10d.; 16 Canada, 4d.;
20 Argentine 6d.; 30 Spain, 6d.;

South Australia New Issue, Large Stamps, 3l., 4l., 6d.,
set of 3 used, 8d.; 13 Hungary, 1/00, 4d. All postage extra.

Exchange wanted with Collectors in BRITISH
COLONIES ONLY.

Business by correspondence only.

L. S. CHARLICK, 55 & 56, Chancery Lane,
London, W.C.

"CAPTAIN" EYE OPENER (April, 6d.) (Quote April when
ordering.) 100 different, 6d., including Argentine, Cyprus, China, Gibraltar,
U.S. Omaha (1 and 2c.), Venezuela, Jamaica rare 3d. g. ren. GRATIS Large List
Sets. 500s. ½d. Stamps upwards 250 Mounts gratis to all who apply for
sheets. 500 different Stamps and Album, 5s. 6d. free inland, abroad 1s. extra;
1,000 for 15s. Bright's Catalogue 2s. 10d. post free. King's 1s. 3d. post free.
A. C. MCAULAN & CO., 30w Bath Street Glasgow.

VENEZUELA PACKET, 3d. (Postage 1d. extra.)

50 different stamps, including set of 3 large Egyptian salt tax (very pretty
stamps, small oblong Egypt (pylons and pyramids), large bicoloured Jamaican
picture stamp (Llandovery Falls), Cape, Russia, set of 5 Japan, Denmark,
U.S.A. (Columbus), Roumania, Argentine, U.S.A. (battleship), Trinidad
(Britannia), &c., &c.

Only one packet will be supplied to each person. In addition, every
purchaser of "Venezuela" packet asking for a selection of our approval sheets
will receive FREE, a rare set of 6 UNUSED VENEZUELA (including
Instruction, Correos, Escuelas, and scarce oblong Map stamp). Write at
once for our new 64-page list of stamps, albums, &c. over 250 illustrations of
stamps. Thousands of bargains. Best value anywhere.

ERNEST WOOD & CO., Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester.

50 STAMPS 6½d. Post free.—Comprising
Mauritius, F. Colonies, Newfoundland,
land, Soudan, &c.

50% APPROVAL BOOKS 50%
AND SHEETS. off marked
prices.
Old collections bought
Picture Postcards 1d. to 4d. each.
off marked prices. PEARCE & STAMFORD, 7 Katharine St., Croydon.

"CAPTAIN" PACKET. 200 varieties, including Newfoundland,
Borneo, Philippine, 5 Cuba, New Spain,
Mexico, Brazil, Venezuela Map, New Greek, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Peru,
Llanos, 4 U. States War, Ecuador Jubilee, Canada Map, Austria 1 Gulden,
Peru, Java, Guatemala, Daloney, Labuan, Honduras, 4 Hind, Fattalia,
South Zambesi, Nyassa, Jamaica Falls, free, 1l.

Cheap Sets of Stamps, all different. 20 Argentine, 6d.; 46 Austria, 8d.;
20 Brazil, 7d.; 20 Ecuador, 8d.; 40 France, 6d.; 25 French Colonies, 6d.; 25
Wurtemberg, 7d.; 30 Holland, 8d.; 20 Honduras, 6d.; 20 Mexico, 6d.; 40
Japan, 6d.; 20 Nicaragua, 9d.; 30 Roumania, 8d.; 21 Russia, 4d.; 18 Finland,
6d.; 20 Salvador, 8d.; 20 Sweden, 5d.; 30 Spain, 4d.; 25 Cuba, 6d.; 14
Philippine, 6d.; 20 Turkey, 6d.; 40 United States, 6d.; 2 Venezuela, 6d. For
hundreds of other Cheap Sets and Packets, send for Price List, free.

MIDLAND STAMP CO., Castle Bromwich, Birmingham

500 Stamp Mounts given free to all applicants for
our Approval Sheets. Good, clean stamps,
4d. in the 1s. discount.

The NORTHERN STAMP Co.,
Great Horton, Bradford, Yorks.

THE YARMOUTH PACKET (cheapest and best)—250 Stamps
including 20 BRITISH COLONIALS, Alexandria (1902), Cape Verde, Monaco,
Nyassa (Giraffe), Martinique, Jamaica (Llandovery Falls, obsolete), Argentine,
and many others. Catalogue value of this packet over 5s. Only 3d.
Write for our famous approval sheets for cheapness; lowest possible prices, liberal
discount. Price Lists gratis.

JOHN SWALLOW & Co., Stamp Importers, Great Yarmouth.

B A BIG BARGAIN. B

The Great Packet contains 130 different Stamps, including
British Bechuanaland, Spain, Italy, French Empire,
Ten Picturesque British Colonies of Turk's Island,
Western Australia, Jamaica, New Zealand, &c., a set of six
Brazil, Chili, Japan, Wurtemberg Service. A Set of Ten
India, including King's Head, and scarce H.M.S., &c., &c.,
post free, 6d. And free to every purchaser a Set of 8
Sweden Service. Only one packet supplied to each
purchaser. We make a loss on every packet sold, and we only
offer it to circulate our 1903 Price List, 74 pages, full of
illustrations and bargains. Approval selections upon application.

B BUTLER BROS., CLEVEDON. B

STAFFORD SMITH'S ALBUMS always give satisfaction.
Send for 36-page Stamp Circular, post free. Permanent Stamp Album, 4s. and 5s.; 9,000 stamps described, 12,000 extra spaces.
H. STAFFORD SMITH & CO. STAMP IMPORTERS, BRIGHTON.



THE "MARVEL" MONOGRAM BOX 6D.
Any 2-letter Monogram, mounted in enamelled metal pocket box, self-inking, style as shown. Agents wanted for this and other novelties. Dept. G. 89, Alder-gate St., London. Post Free.

Good News for Collectors and Dealers.
English and Continentals mixed, 3d. per 1,000 post free, or 10,000 for 1/6 post free. Also 1870 Old British 1d. small Red, with Copestake's name on back of stamp, 3d. each or 2/6 per dozen post free. Same stamp without name on back, 1/6 per dozen post free. Write at once to
PHILATELIST, DROMORE, CO. DOWN.

THE LONDON STAMP EXCHANGE,
8, Broad Street Station, London, E.C.
Don't forget to call in town. You will find ours the Cheapest Stamp Shop in London.

FREE PACKET of 30 different, including new Argentine, Brazil, Costa Rica, new Chili, Jamaica, Russia, Straits (King's Head), Transvaal (King's Head), Victoria, etc., to all intending purchasers writing for our approval sheets (liber 1 discount), and enclosing 1d. stamp for postage. 1,000 mixed stamps, 6d. 5/ British Colonials, all different, 8d. 250 Foreign and Colonial, all different, 1s. 3d. Muntz, finest thin paper, 1,000/6d.
Large and small Collections and good Stamps wanted at once for Cash.

TO CREST COLLECTORS.
Sheets of 26 Oxford Colleges and 22 Cambridge, 13 stamps each, 2/1 the two, post free. List of other Crests on application to **The OXFORD STATIONERY CO.,** 6, Turl Street, Oxford.

The "MAGNUM BONUM," 3d.
78 Different Stamps. Compare with any other Packets.
New Zealand new issue, Jamaica, Natal, Ceylon, British Guiana, India, 2 Cape of Good Hope, 3 Canada, 2 Egypt, Greece unused Olympanian new issue, Turkey new issue, Dutch Indies, Bulgaria new issue, 6 United States, including Buffalo Exhibition, Costa Rica unused, Argentine unused, Honduras unused, Italy 1861 unused, Cuba unused, Porto Rico unused, 2 Mexico, 7 Japan, Chili, Banias, and 14 other countries. 3d., postage 1d. extra. Every Purchaser of this Packet asking to see our Cheap Approval Sheets is, in addition, presented gratis with a Grand set of 11 Australian and a rare old unused Servian Stamp, 1869. This stamp alone is catalogued at 3d. Only one packet to each applicant. Our new and enlarged Illustrated Catalogue gratis and post free. **CAPE & CO., Stamp Importers, BRISTOL**

3d. The "Marvel" Packet contains 100 stamps, including:—Set of **3d.**

7 ARGENTINE
1, 1, 2, 3, 5, 10 and 12 cents.
Set of 5 Costa Rica (including 3 scarce surcharged, cat. 1/9), Spain (1903), India (obsolete), Victoria, Decean (Indian Native), Set of 5 Chill (old and new), 2 Egypt (Pyramids), Luxemburg, Switzerland (1 franc), Set of 5 Brazil (with high value), Turkey (new issue), Wurtemberg (Official), Bulgaria (Lion), Set of 2 U.S.A. (Warships), Great Britain (Official), Queensland, New Zealand (Pictorial), S. Australia, Sweden (Service), Set of 5 Portugal (including new), 2 Sweden (new colours), Peru (scarce); Holland (Unpaid) good stamp, Tunis (Flags), &c., &c. Price 3d., postage 1d. extra. In addition every purchaser applying for our renowned Appro. Sheets will receive Free a Set of

12 OBSOLETE AUSTRIA
1 Kr.-1 Florin.
PERRIN BROS.,
57 Fortune-gate Rd., Harlesden, London, N.W.

WHAT A GIRL CAN MAKE AND DO.

A BOOK OF DELIGHTFUL AND USEFUL - RECREATIONS FOR SPARE HOURS.

By **LINA BEARD** and **ADELIA B. BEARD.**

392 Pages. 762 Illustrations.
6s. Net.

GEORGE NEWNES, LTD., LONDON, W.C.

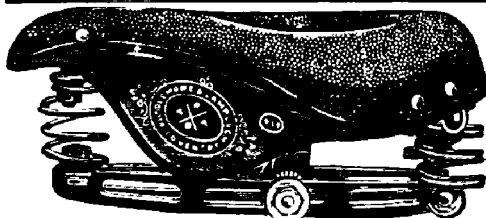
A RECORD BARGAIN for 1d.
5 Entire different Japanese Post-cards (including the new issue, 1/4 set.)
8 Spanish, including a War Stamp and new issue (1901 and 1902).
8 Japanese, all different, including the new issue 3 set, and a large square fiscal stamp.
1 **IVORY COAST** (c. unused).
Send an extra stamp for postage (3d. in all), and ask to see our 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. 5881 when ordering.
H. C. WATKINS, 86, Lordship Lane, Wood Green, N.

NATURAL HISTORY. WATKINS & DONCASTER
NATURALISTS,

36, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. (Five Doors from Charing Cross).
keep in stock every description of Apparatus, Cabinets, Books, and Specimens for Collectors of
BIRDS' EGGS, BUTTERFLIES and MOTHS, &c., &c.
Price List sent post free on application.

THE "CONWAY"
SCHOOL SHIP "CONWAY"
LIVERPOOL.
FOR TRAINING YOUNG GENTLEMEN TO BECOME OFFICERS IN MERCHANT STEAMERS. FOR PROSPECTUS APPLY TO THE CAPT. A. MILLER, R.N.

PARLOUR FOOTBALL.
A Game of Skill on Association Lines. Board, Man, and Ball complete. Sent per Parcel Post, 1/3.
"Though a knowledge of Football is an advantage the rules are so simple and the movements of each player so clearly defined, that any person could master this fine game in an hour"—Irish Sportman.
RUGBY CHAMPIONSHIP
Board, Rules, &c., complete, 1/1d.
SEND FOR COMPLETE CATALOGUE.
WRIGHT & CO., 2 Amen Corner, E.C.
Publishers of Accurate, Up-to-date Rules of all Indoor and Outdoor Games.



Gent's Saddle, 930 B.

A SADDLE THAT GIVES SOLID COMFORT.

THE RIDEASY
Padded Top, never gets hard. Scientifically constructed.
Sent on approval for two weeks' trial on receipt of 2/6, which forms part payment if Saddle is kept. Please name this Paper.
12/6 Enamelled Springs. 15/- Plated Springs.
LIST OF SADDLES ON APPLICATION

Middlemore & Lamplugh, Ltd., Coventry.

VIGORO

A Fast and Exciting Game of Great Skill, Brilliancy, and Hitting Power.

Immediate Success of the New Game.
Playable Outdoor, or under Cover.

RULES, LISTS, & FULL PARTICULARS OF
VIGORO SYNDICATE, LTD.,
30, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.
The VIGORO BALL, 1/- each.

MARVELLOUS VALUE.
£10 - 10 - 0
RALEIGH-GAZELLE.



RIGID RAPID RELIABLE.

Two Raleigh-Bowden rim brakes, ball-bearing frictionless free wheel, plated rims, non-rusting spokes, etc., etc.
Easy payments arranged.
 The Book of the Raleigh, containing illustrated articles on Cycle Manufacture, the new Three-Speed Gear, Catalogue, &c. FREE from all Raleigh Agents; London Depot, 41, Holborn Viaduct; Bristol Depot, 83, Queen's Road; or by post from Raleigh Cycle Co. Ltd., Nottingham.

MACKINTOSH'S
Extra Cream
TOFFEE



Doctors Recommend it.
DELICIOUS!
DELICIOUS!!
Sold Everywhere.

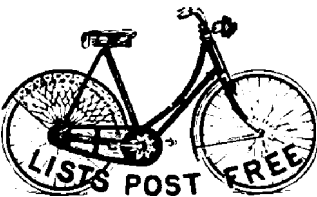
If any difficulty in procuring send eight penny stamps for very large sample packet to
J MACKINTOSH, Ltd.,
 The Toffee Mills, Halifax.

"A RIPPING BOOK FOR BOYS."
Godfrey Marten: Schoolboy.
 By Charles Turley.
 1 Vol. 3/6 [Second Impression.]

PUNCH.—"Far and away the best and truest story of life at a Public School since the immortal 'Tom Brown.'"
 London: Wm. HEINEMANN, 21 Bedford Street, W.C.

The
BOWDEN BRAKE
 Best for Bicycles.
 Fitted by all Cycle Manufacturers and Dealers.

JUNO CYCLES ARE THE VERY BEST.



For LADIES . . . and GENTLEMEN.

Free Wheels, Bowden Brake, new departure Hubs, and all latest improvements. Lamp, Bell, etc Carriage Paid.

or 12 monthly payments of:—

For Cash	£8 8 0	15 10
"	£9 0 0	16 8
"	£9 10 0	17 6
"	£10 5 0	19 3

Also JUNOS from £7, or 134 monthly. JUNO MOTOR CYCLE, £32, or £8 down and 12 payments of 50/- each. Cycle and Motor accessories of best quality at lower prices than any other house: Acetylene Lamp, 2/11. Celluloid Guards, 3/- per pair. Cycle Stand 1/8. Rim Brake, 3/6. Motor Horn, 5/6. Write at once for over 100 page Illustrated Cycle and Motor Catalogue. Sent Post Free to all parts of the world. Metropolitan Machinists' Co., Ltd. (Op. dep.), 75, Bishopsgate St. Without, London, E.C., or Piccadilly Circus, London, W.

ADOPTED BY "CLINCHER" AND




EASIEST TO DETACH.
TYRES
HAVE NO WIRES.

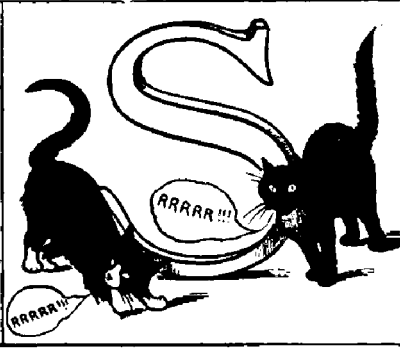
"THE POST OFFICE" "THE WAR OFFICE"

NORTH BRITISH RUBBER Co, Ltd. 57, Moorgate St, London, E.C.

“ BRITISH BATTLES ” COMPETITION.



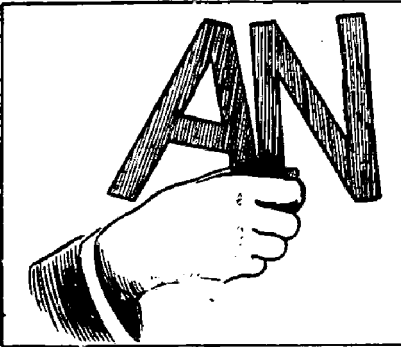
1.—Hastings.



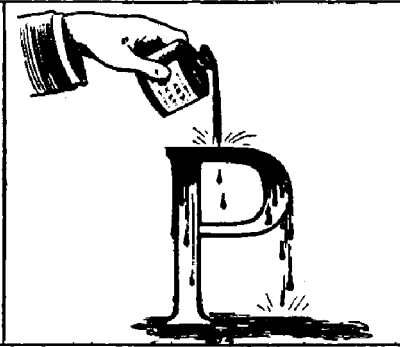
2.—



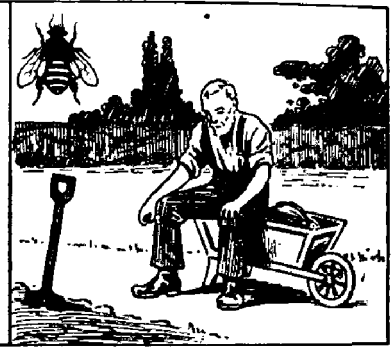
3.—



4.—



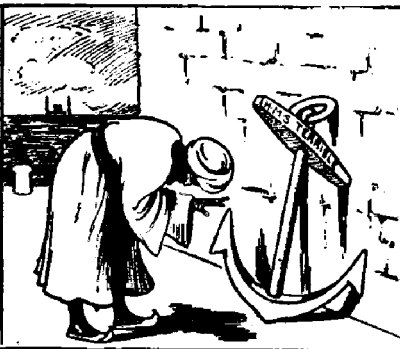
5.—



6.—



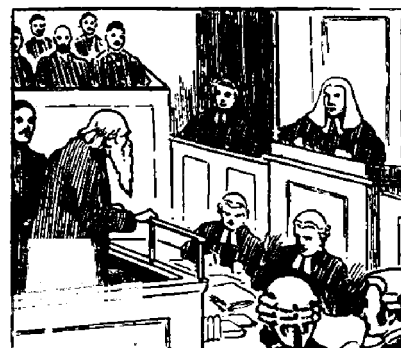
7.—



8.—



9.—



10.—



11.—



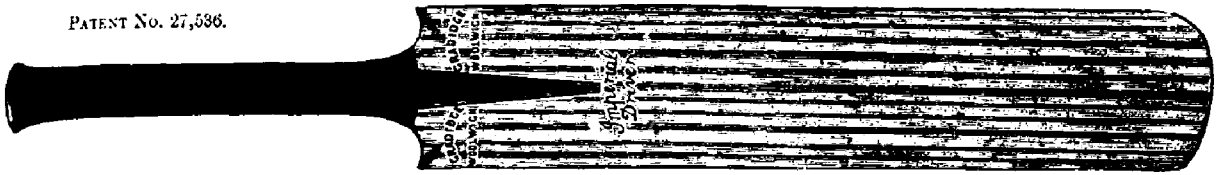
12.—

Name Address
Age Class

H. GRADIDGE & SONS,

Manufacturers and Exporters of all Articles used in
CRICKET, RACQUETS, LAWN TENNIS, FIVES, POLO, GOLF, FOOTBALL, HOCKEY, &c.
 Patentees and Sole Makers of the "IMPERIAL DRIVER CRICKET BATS."

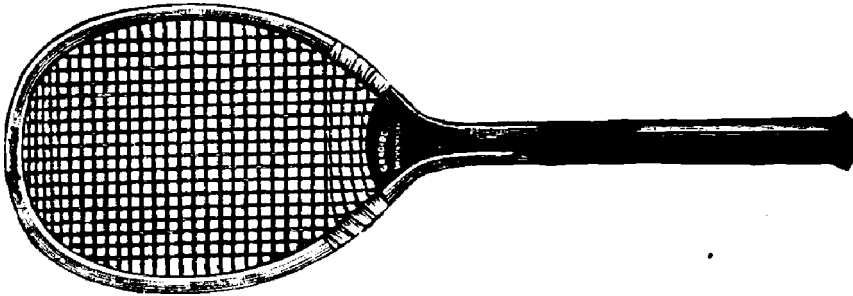
PATENT No. 27,536.



As used by A. C. MacLaren, Esq., C. McGahey, Esq., C. B. Fry, Esq., P. Perrin, Esq., A. J. Turner, Esq., K. S. Ranjitsinhji, Esq., J. T. Tyldesley, W. Brockwell, G. Baker, A. Lilley, V. Barton, A. Ward, and all the leading first-class players in County, University and Public School Cricket.

LAWN TENNIS A SPECIALITE.

"THE GRADIDGE"
 "EXTRA SPECIAL"
 "CLOSE GROOVED"
 "THE FISHTAIL"



"THE SPECIAL"
 "THE CLUB"

Price Lists Free
 on application.

Factory:—**Artillery Place, Woolwich, S.E.**

TRIUMPH

Patronised
by Royalty.

CYCLES.

10 GUINEAS
to
19 GUINEAS

Or from a
Guinea
per month

Art Catalogue Gratis.

'The best bicycle that British workmanship can produce.'

TRIUMPH CYCLE CO., Ltd., Coventry.
 4 and 5, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.
 30, Deansgate Arcade, Manchester.

A SCIENTIFIC WONDER NO ILLUSION

1/-
Post Free.

KRAY

A wonderful invention
Amusing and instructive
Can see lengthways
through a piece of wood
2 feet long

Shows bones of hand moving, lead in pencil, etc.

LONDON NOVELTY CO., 1, Hazelwood, Seaview Rd., Leigh-on-Sea.

PHOTO. PRIZE COMPETITION.

MAY 1, 1903

Valuable Prizes.

SPECIAL TO JUNIORS UNDER 18
YEARS.

Send at once for particulars to
MAWSON & SWAN, 33, Soho Square, London.

WHITELY-HENDRICKSON EXERCISER COMBINED.

The Newest Physical Developer.

It promotes perfect Physical development without over exertion.

The Will Power and the Mind are exercised and kept active while Physical Development goes on.

ON SALE EVERYWHERE.

If your dealer does not keep it ask for W. H. 12
 Complete with Manual.
 Price—LADIES, 7/6 Mens, 9/-
 Athletes, 10/6 Jumbos (ex. strength), 12/6

Sole Agents—
A. I. CO., 8 Long Lane, London, E.C.

O
P
E
N

C
L
O
S
E
D

The Grip Handle.

THE LAUGHING CAMERA.

It is the most laughter provoking instrument ever invented. By getting a focus on a passing pedestrian, horses, wagons, etc. the most grotesque and ludicrous pictures are witnessed. There is more genuine hearty fun crowded into this little instrument than theatres could show in centuries. All grow fat from laughter. Post free, 11/- Brit. Colonies, 1/6 post free. No foreign stamps accepted. **THE A.M. TELLER CO., 48 Brixton Rd., Peckham Rye, London, S.E.**

TWO STIRRING BOYS' BOOKS.

J. O. JONES

AND
HOW HE EARNED
HIS LIVING.

By WARREN BELL.

Crown 8vo, Cloth.

Containing 12 Illustrations.

By GORDON BROWNE.

3/6

A PREFECT'S UNCLE

By P. G. WODEHOUSE.

Crown 8vo, Cloth.

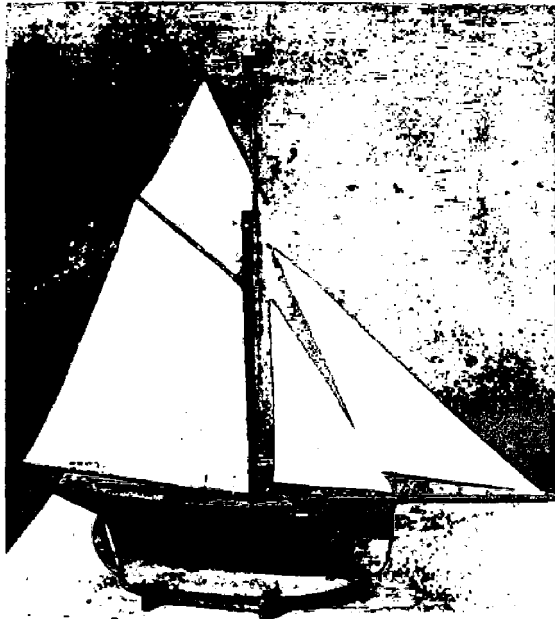
Containing 8 Illustrations.

By R. NOEL POCOCK.

3/6

PUBLISHED BY A. & C. BLACK, SOHO SQUARE, LONDON, W.

MODEL RACING YACHTS.



We have prepared some special designs in the above for the coming season. They will be of the same high-class quality as our Model Locomotives, Engine and Boiler Fittings, &c.

Send for our Catalogue of Racing Yachts, Ships, Fittings, Marine Engines, &c. Post Free, 1d.

It contains full particulars of the latest novelties, Automatic Rowing Boats, Submarine Boats, Divers, &c., &c.

Our 100 page copyright catalogue of Model Steam Engines, Locos., Coaches, &c., is too well known to readers of "The Captain" to need description here. Price 6d., post free.

**W. J. BASSETT-LOWKE & Co.,
Northampton.**

THE CAPTAIN.

A Magazine for Boys and "Old Boys."
(With which is incorporated the "Public School Magazine.")

Contents for April, 1903.

	PAGE
"HE AIMED STRAIGHT AT THE LION'S LEFT EYE." Painted by MARTIN STAINFORTH.	Coloured Plate Frontispiece
THE CUB HUNTER Illustrated by GEORGE SOPER.	HAROLD BINDLOSS 1
LOWER SCHOOL YARNS. (I.—"OCARINA")... .. Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.	H. BURROWS 5
OARS OF FAME With Illustrations from Photographs.	HAROLD MACFARLANE 13
A HUNTING BREAKFAST Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.	A. G. HYDE 20
THE ATHLETIC CORNER. (ON OVERDOING IT.) AND ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.	C. B. FRY 24
THE ISLE OF FORTUNE. (CHAPS. I-III.) Illustrated by GEORGE HAWLEY.	CAPTAIN CHARLES PROTHEROE 28
TYPES OF THE BRITISH TORPEDO FLOTILLA.	A. B. CULL 38
SHOOTING THE WHITE HORSE RAPIDS. Illustrated by GEORGE HAWLEY.	A. MACDONALD, F.R.G.S. 39
THE RACE OF BOAT Illustrated by REX OSBORNE.	"VIVE LA FRANCE." 43
MY BOOKS	ALAN LESLIE SNOW 46
THE GIANT CAT Illustrated by GEORGE SOPER.	J. MACDONALD OXLEY, B.A. 47

(Further contents on next page.)

MODEL STEAM ENGINES AND BOILERS.

Locomotives, Marine, Horizontal, Vertical.

MODEL ENGINE PARTS. Cylinders, Fly-wheels, Pumps, Eccentrics, Cranks, Bearings, Locomotive Parts and Fittings.

MODEL BOILER FITTINGS. Steam and Water Gauges, Safety Valves, Steam and Water Cocks, Cluck Valves, Model Castings in sets, Screws, Nuts and Bolts, Tubes, Brass Rods, Sheet Brass and Copper, Steel Rods, &c.

MODEL SAILING YACHTS, MODEL STEAM BOATS, MODEL STEAM AND ELECTRIC LAUNCHES. Racing Yachts, Cutters, Schooners, Brigs, &c.

MODEL YACHT FITTINGS. Blocks, Dead-eyes, Wipgels, Skylight, Hatchways, Flaps and Stanchions, Model Sail Cloth, Set of Masts and Spars, Rigging Cord, &c.



We manufacture and supply everything for making and fitting Model Sailing Yachts, Steam and Electric Boats, Model Steam Engines, Boilers, Model Railways, &c., and we have the largest and most complete stock in the world.

SEE OUR FULLY ILLUSTRATED COPYRIGHT CATALOGUE.

90 Engravings and Prices of Model Steam Engines, Boilers, Steam and Electric Boats, Sailing Yachts, Fittings and Parts for Boiler Engines, Ships Castings, &c. Electric Motors, Dynamios, Telescopes, Balloons, Microscopes, Electrical, Chemical, Photographic, and Scientific Amusements, by post, 3d.



STEVENS'S MODEL DOCKYARD,

ESTABLISHED 1843.

22^K Aldgate, City, London.

Works, ALDGATE AND GREEN LANES.

ILLUSTRATED PRICE LISTS OF SHIP'S FITTINGS, ENGINE AND BOILER FITTINGS, CASTINGS, POST FREE.

BIRDS' EGGS, SKINS, INSECTS, SHELLS, CURIOS, BOOKS,

and all kinds of APPARATUS and REQUISITES for Collectors and Students in all branches of NATURAL HISTORY.

Largest Authentic Stock in Kingdom. Price Lists free.

CHAS. JEFFERYS, Naturalist,

TETBURY, Gloucestershire.

Established Quarter of Century.



BUY A GOOD CYCLE.
NO NEED TO PAY A FANCY PRICE.

Premiere, Hovers, Coventry Challenge, Swifts, Triumphs, Humbers, Singers, etc.

EASY PAYMENTS

FROM 8/- MONTHLY.

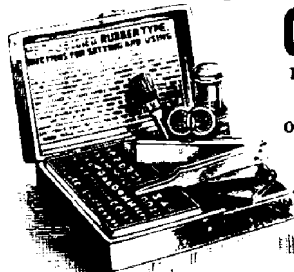
Buy direct and save pounds. Lists free.

Edward O'Brien,

World's Largest Cycle Dealer, Coventry.

A High Grade
Coventry
Cycle for £6

SUPERIOR PRINTING OUTFITS.



For 7d., 12, 23, 28, 34, 39, 59, and 63, Post free.

Consisting of Letters, Points and Ornaments, a Type-holder, supply of Ink, Pad, and Tweezers. Any name, etc., can be made at pleasure, for stamping Books, Papers, and Printing Cards.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE.

Patent "Air Cushion" Rubber Stamp, &c.

Your Name, 1/9; Your Name and Address, 2/3; Your Monogram, 6d. Postage 2d. extra.

C. LINDNER, 170 Fleet St., London, E.C.

Contents—continued.

	PAGE
THE LONG 'UN. (CHAPS. I. V.)	R. S. WARREN BELL 52
Illustrated by GORDON BROWNE, R.I.	
THE STAMP COLLECTOR. (GREAT RARITIES.)	E. J. NANKIVELL 67
With Illustrations and New Issues.	
PRINGLE'S MOTOR CAR	THOMAS E. KNOWLES 71
Illustrated by E. F. SKINNER.	
THE CYCLING CORNER. (THE USE OF THE CYCLE IN BUSINESS)	HAYDON PERRY 70
BAR'S TO SUCCESS. I.—UNPUNCTUALITY	ALFRED T. STORY 79
OUR LIBRARY CORNER	81
"CAPTAIN" CAMERA CORNER	THE PHOTOGRAPHIC EDITOR 82
NATURALISTS' CORNER	EDWARD STEP., F.L.S. 84
With Illustrations.	
"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR APRIL	85
"CAPTAIN" CLUB CONTRIBUTIONS	86
"THE OLD FAG." (EDITORIAL.)	91
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS	93
RESULTS OF FEBRUARY COMPETITIONS	96
"THE LATEST"	J. A. KAY 97

THE CAPTAIN is published monthly by the proprietors, GEORGE NEWNES, Limited, 7 to 12 Southampton Street, Strand, London, England. Subscription price to any part of the world, post free, for one year, 8s. 6d. Cases for binding any Volume may be obtained from Booksellers for 1s. 6d.; or post free for 1s. 9d. direct from the Office. Vols. V. to VIII. are now ready, price 6s., or post free 6s. 6d. Vols. I. to IV. are out of print. American Agents in the United States, the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York.

The Editor does not hold himself responsible for any MSS., photographs, or drawings submitted to him, but when stamps are enclosed he will endeavour to return those contributions of which he cannot make use. Typewritten MSS. are preferred.

TAKE A KODAK WITH YOU AT EASTER!

KODAKS

FOR TOURISTS, CYCLISTS,
 . . . AND . . .
 . ALL HOLIDAY MAKERS .

FROM . . .

5/- to £7 7s. each

Kodak cameras are light and compact. Some patterns fold up so as to be readily carried in the pocket, and thus cause no inconvenience when on holiday tour.

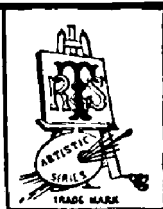
KODAKS REQUIRE NO DARK ROOM FOR CHANGING THE FILMS.

No technical knowledge or previous experience of photography needed. The handbook of instructions explains each step.

KODAKS ARE STOCKED BY ALL LEADING PHOTOGRAPHIC DEALERS.

KODAK, Ltd. and Reduced, 43 Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.

Wholesale and Retail Branches—96 Bold St., Liverpool, and 72-74 Buchanan St., Glasgow.
 Retail Branches—59 Brompton Road, S.W.; 60 Cheapside, E.C.; 115 Oxford St., W.;
 171-173 Regent Street, W.; and 40 Strand, London, W.C.



COLLECT Tuck's Post Cards



AS SUPPLIED TO HER MAJESTY, QUEEN ALEXANDRA

"Messrs. Raphael Tuck & Sons' post cards are decorative as well as informing, and all will be of quite as much interest in the future as they are to us to-day."—*TIMES*.

"Messrs. Raphael Tuck & Sons' postcards will be highly appreciated by those who collect such publications."—*MORNING POST*.

"The output of really artistic postcards by Messrs. Raphael Tuck & Sons has been remarkable of late. All are artistic, beautifully reproduced, and astonishingly cheap."—*LADY'S PICTORIAL*.

"It is scarcely to be wondered at that the cult of postcard collecting is attaining such formidable proportions, when those who are embarked upon this interesting pursuit have their appetites constantly whetted by such beautiful and interesting specimens as those produced by Messrs. Raphael Tuck & Sons."—*THE FIELD*.

28
YEARS SUCCESS.
THE
UNIVERSAL REMEDY
FOR

**Coughs, Colds,
Asthma, Bronchitis,
Influenza, Whooping-
Cough, Hoarseness, &c.**

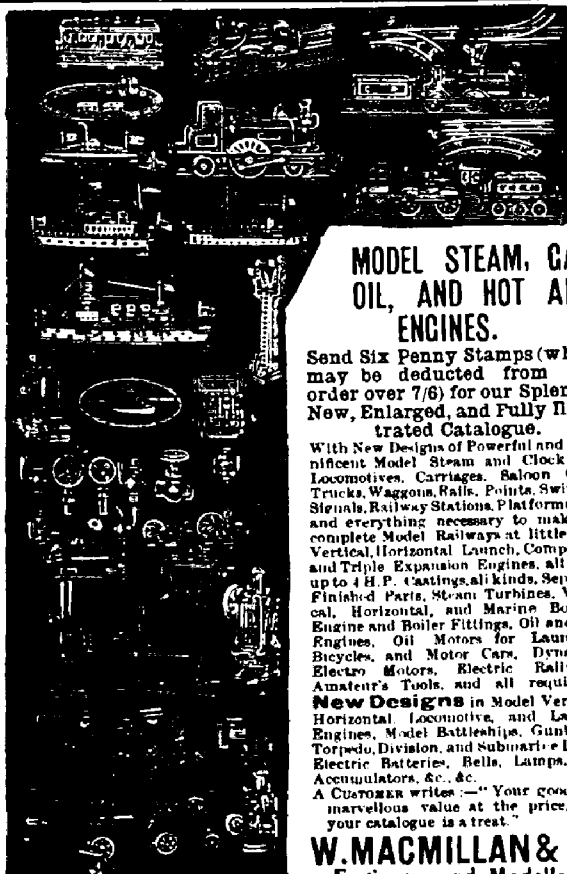
**Owbridge's
Lung Tonic**

IMPORTANT NOTICE:

SUBSTITUTION.—There are so many imitations of this successful, and therefore popular remedy that it is of the utmost importance you should use the word "OWBRIDGE" when buying Lung Tonic, and TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE.

Sold everywhere
in bottles, at 1s. 1½d. & 9d.,
4s. 6d. & 11s.

COPYRIGHT.



**MODEL STEAM, GAS,
OIL, AND HOT AIR
ENGINES.**

Send Six Penny Stamps (which may be deducted from any order over 7/6) for our Splendid New, Enlarged, and Fully Illustrated Catalogue.

With New Designs of Powerful and Magnificent Model Steam and Clockwork Locomotives, Carriages, Saloon Cars, Trucks, Waggon, Rails, Points, Switches, Signals, Railway Stations, Platforms, &c., and everything necessary to make up complete Model Railways at little cost. Vertical, Horizontal, Locomotive, Compound and Triple Expansion Engines, all sizes up to 4 H.P. Castings, all kinds, Separate Finished Parts, Steam Turbines, Vertical, Horizontal, and Marine Boilers, Engine and Boiler Fittings, Oil and Gas Engines, Oil Motors for Launches, Bicycles, and Motor Cars, Dynamos, Electro Motors, Electric Railways, Amateur's Tools, and all requisites.

New Designs in Model Vertical, Horizontal Locomotive, and Launch Engines, Model Battleships, Gunboats, Torpedo, Division, and Submarine Boats, Electric Batteries, Bells, Lamps, and Accumulators, &c. &c.

A Customer writes—"Your goods are marvellous value at the price, and your catalogue is a treat."

W. MACMILLAN & Co.
Engineers and Modellers,

MAR STREET, ALLOA, N.B.

BENETFINK & Co.

THE GREAT ATHLETIC OUTFITTERS FOR COLLEGES, SCHOOLS, CLUBS, ETC.
 COMPLETE OUTFITS and EVERY REQUISITE FOR CRICKET,
 RUNNING, TENNIS, CYCLING, AND ALL SPORTS AND GAMES.

CRICKET STUMPS.



	Boys'	Men's
Polished Ash	1/5, 1/11,	2/6
Brass Ferrules	2/4, 2/6,	3/-
Ditto, Steel Shod	—	4/-
Solid Brass Tops	—5/3, 6 6,	10/-
Ditto, Revolving Tops... ..	—	7/-, 8/-

Post ge, 7d.

CRICKET BALLS.

Duke's SUPER... ..	5/3
Dark's CROWN	5/-
GRASSHOPPER	4/10
Benetfink's Practice, 3-seam	3/6
Ditto, B.C.B. (Warranted)... ..	4/6
Ditto, Ditto, Boys'	3/1
Wisden's Special School Boys'	3/10
Ditto, Crown Match Ball	5/-
Per dozen, 57/-.	<i>Post free.</i>
"ECLIPSE" Compo., 5 1/2 oz	1/9
Composition	8d, 10d.

Postage. 2d.

CRICKET BATS.

Boys', Half Cane,	No. 4, 3/3 ; No. 5, 3.8 ; No. 6, 4/6
Ditto, All Cane (as illustration),	No. 5, 5.3 ; No. 6, 6/-
Ditto, "Resilient," Selected... ..	No. 6, 8/3
Men's All Cane	6/-
Ditto, ditto, Super	8/5
Ditto, ditto, Selected	9/6
Clapshaw's "Resilient"	15/8
Warsop's "CONQUEROR," Improved	18/8
Wisden's "Crawford's EXCELLER"	16/9, 20/-

Single Bat sent Post free

Immense Stock of Crickie Bats by Lillywhite, Clapshaw, Ayres, Cobbett, Dark, Warsop, Wisden, G. G. Hearne, Bryan, Gardiner, and Nicolls.



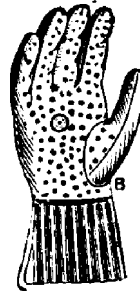
CRICKET NETS.

BACK NETS ONLY. With Poles, Lines, & Pegs.			
18 ft. by 6 ft.	13 ft. by 7 ft.	18 ft. by 8 ft.	
7 11 nett.	9/- nett.	9/10 nett.	
WITH SIDE WINGS (as illustration). With Poles, Lines, and Pegs			
42 ft. by 6 ft.	42 ft. by 7 ft.	42 ft. by 8 ft.	
17/9 nett.	19/10 nett	22/- nett.	
STEAM TARRED.			
19/6	22/6	25/6	

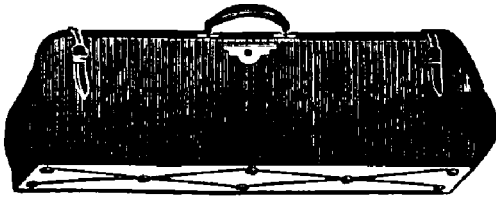
WICKET-KEEPING GLOVES.

Men's Chamois, Cane Protected	29. 3/3
Ditto, Leather, Ventilated	4.6. 5/3
Ditto, Kid, ditto, Super	6/6

Boys' 3d. per pair less. Post free.



CRICKET BAGS.



Fancy Carpet	5/9
Plain ditto	7/10, 8/10
Ditto, ditto (as illustration)	8/6, 10/-
Ditto, ditto ditto with Leather Ends	12/9
All Leather... ..	23/-, 26/6, 28/-

Postage, 7d.

FREE In own Van **DELIVERY** Radius

CATALOGUES POST FREE.
 Mention "CAPTAIN."

CRICKET TPOUSERS.

	Boys'	Men's.
White Flannel, shrunk,	4/6, 5/6, 7/6, 4/11, 5/11, 7/11	
Best Quality Flannel, well shrunk,	9/11 nett.	
Best White Doe Cloth, guaranteed		
not to shrink	15/6	
Plain Grey or Striped Flannel	7/6, 10/6	
White Drill	5/11, 7/6	

Postage, 4d under 10/-

CRICKET SHIRTS.

	Boys'	Men's.
White Flannelette	2/3	2/6
Ditto Flannel	3/-, 4/-	3/3, 4/6
Twill Flannel	5/11	6/11
THE CLUB Coarse Canvas, White,	2/6, 3/6, 4/6	
Umpires' Coats	4/11, 6/6, 8/6, 10/6	

Postage. 4d.

CRICKET BOOTS.



The "UNIVERSAL," White Canvas	4/11
The "SPECIAL," White Mock Buck, spiked, equal in wear and appearance to real Buck (as illustration)	8/11
The "MARLBORNE" Buck Dressed Pyramid Spikes	10/6
The "LORDS" Real Buck Skin, Guaranteed Machine Welted, equal to Hand sewn. Pyramid Spikes	16/6

Postage under 10/-, 5d. pair.



89, 90,
107 & 108,

CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.



Correct solution of "Funny Expressions"
Competition from the February "Captain,"
1903.

See Competition Results on page 96.

**"MISSING FEATURES"
COMPETITION.**

The competitor has to fill in the parts of these animals' heads, &c., where now left blank. See "Captain" Competitions for April on page 85.

It's better to spend
half-a-guinea well
than half-a-crown
on an experiment.

'SWAN'
Fountain Pens

ARE PROVED
THE BEST.

Prices:
10/6, 16/6,
25/- to
£20.

Postage
free.



Sold
by
all
Stationers

GUARANTEED.
SEE CATALOGUE
SENT FREE.

No more steel
pens, dirty ink
pots, pen wipers,
rusty holders.

Mabie, Todd & Bard,
93, Cheapside, London, E.C.
95a, Regent St., W.; 3, Exchange St.,
Manchester; and 37, Ave. de l'Opera, Paris.



Name..... Address.....
Age..... Class.....

A PERFECT SHOT.

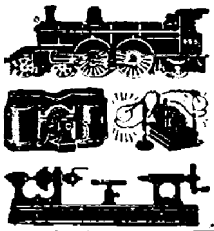


12/6 Carriage Free.
RICHFORD'S REMINGTON PATTERN RIFLE

The Smartest and most Accurate Little Rifle made.
 Has splendid Rifled Barrel. Engine-Turned Top, and is beautifully finished in every respect.
 Will carry any distance up to 120 yards. The very thing for Target or Rabbit Shooting.
 Also WINCHESTER BOLT ACTION RIFLES, 19/6; SALOON GUNS, 1, 2 or 3 BORE, from 12/6 each.
 COLT'S CELEBRATED REPEATING RIFLES—take 16 Cartridges, .22 Calibre, £2 10s. each.

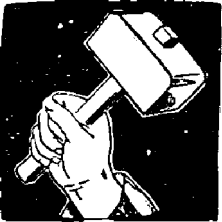
Send for New Gun List Post Free.

RICHFORD & CO., 153 Fleet Street, London, E.C.



"THE MODEL ENGINEER AND AMATEUR ELECTRICIAN"

is a splendid paper for those interested in Model Engines, Railways, Locomotives, Steamboats, Sailing Yachts, Lathes, Tools, Dynamos, Motors, Electric Light, Bells, Batteries, Coils, Telephones, Electrical Experiments, Scientific Novelties, and all kinds of Mechanical and Electrical Work. Full of practical articles, and interesting photographs, and working drawings. Send for specimen copy, post free, to any part of the world.—**DAWBARN & WARD, Ltd., 6c, Farringdon Avenue, E.C.**



"THE WOODWORKER."

A Journal of Practical Instruction in Carpentry and Joinery, Wood-carving, Fretwork, Cabinet-making, Inlaying, Turning, Manual Training, and all branches of Wood-working.

Original Artistic Designs and Working Drawings are a Special Feature.

Send for Specimen Copy, post free, 3d.
DAWBARN & WARD, Ltd., 6c, FARRINGTON AVENUE, LONDON, E.C.

One Grade only—THE BEST.

PREMIER BICYCLES

£12 12s. Net,
 or **£1 1s. Monthly.**

List Free. C. Dept.,
PREMIER WORKS, COVENTRY.

London Depot: 20 HOLBORN VIADUCT.

To Natural History Collectors,
 Students, and others.

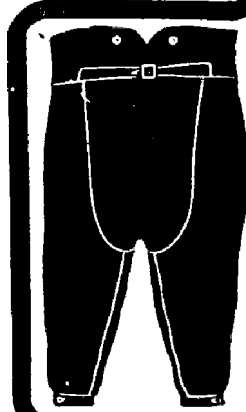
JAMES GARDNER, Naturalist,
 52 HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

Keeps in Stock every Description of Apparatus, Cabinets, Books, and Specimens for Collectors of **BIRDS' EGGS, BUTTERFLIES and MOTHS, &c., &c.** A detailed Price List (fully illustrated) sent post free on application.

SIT AT EASE!!

By Using

SEAMLESS SEAT KNICKERS
 For **CYCLISTS.**



The only really comfortable Cycling Knickers yet produced. No chafing, freedom of movement, smarter in appearance, double-seated, and made in the most durable fabrics.

"Cycling,"

London, May 18th, 1901, says:—

"Our experience with a pair of Patent Seamless Seat Knickers confirms our opinion that the cause of saddle soreness is not so much the saddle as the seams in the knickers."

Should your Tailor not stock them, send his name to the Sole Patentee

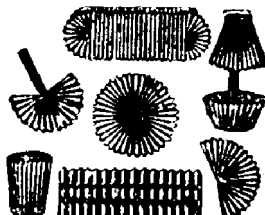
JOHN HARDING, SON & CO., Ltd.,
 18 & 20 New Brown St., MANCHESTER.

HAMLEY'S CONJURING TRICKS & NOVELTIES.



CHAPEAUGRAPHY. Or Twenty-Five Heads Under One Hat. Price 6s. Post free, 7d. A Complete Set of Apparatus, Book, &c., &c., for Chapeaugraphy. An immense success for Public Entertainments, Private Parties, Bazaars, Penny Readings, &c., &c. Price 10/6, complete, post free. 11/6.

Small Catalogue
 Post Free, 1d.



TROUBLE WIT.
 Latest Novelty.

It will be the Leading Feature at every Entertainment the coming Season. Very amusing and clever. Price 2/6, post free, 2/9.

- Boxes of Conjuring Tricks, 1/3, 2/9, 6/-, 11/3, 16/-, 22/6, post free.
- Cabinets of Card Tricks, 2/9, 6/-, 11/3, 22/-, 43/6, post free.
- Boxes of Puzzles, 2/9, 6/-, 11/3, 22/6, 6/4, 6d. post free.
- Cabinet of Coin Tricks, containing 8 Tricks, 6/9, post free.
- Cabinet of Amusing Jokes, Latest Novelty, very Funny and Laughable, containing 13 surprises, price 10/10, post free.
- Cabinet of Fireworks, for Drawing-room, 1/3, and 2/9, post free.
- Cabinet of Chemical Experiments, 1/3, 2/9, 6/3, 8/3, 11/4, 22/-, 44/-, post free.

CATALOGUE OF CONJURING TRICKS.

New Edition, 800 Engravings, all the Latest Novelties. Price 6d., post free.



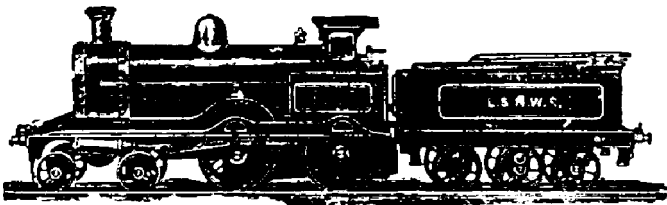
A Complete set of **"SHADOW GRAPHS."** Containing 25 pieces of apparatus named in the book. There are about 200 different pieces, and exactly the same as used by TREWY. Price only 5/6, 10/- by 3/6. Book only 6d., post free, 3/6. Book only 6d., post free.

512, OXFORD STREET, Near The Marble Arch.

ESTABLISHED 1789.

Some of our Latest Designs for 1902-3

MODELS
TO
SCALE.



CONTRACTORS
TO THE
BRITISH
ADMIRALTY.

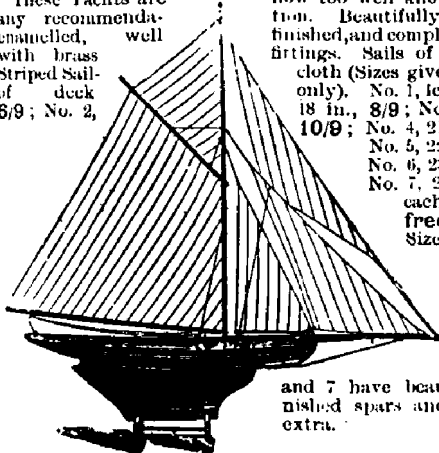
OUR NEW POWERFUL REVERSING SCALE MODEL OF L. & N. W. RLY. EXPRESS LOCOMOTIVE.

Jubilee Class $\frac{2\frac{1}{2}}$ in. Gauge, named "Clyde," Our Own Design, and can be had only from us. These Engines are not of Foreign make but are made by British workmen, and guaranteed to work, not for a short time only and then get out of order, but for years, until every part has fulfilled its duty.

Specification—Solid Bronzed Brass Tubular Boiler, fitted with Steam Dome, Safety Valve and Manhole, Brass Bell Whistle, Glass Water Gauge, Starting and Stopping Lever, Steam Pressure Gauge, CROSS TUBES to uptake making an immense quantity of steam and enabling the engine to draw 3 large Corridor Carriages each 19 in. long at a rapid rate without having to stop every few minutes to get up steam, as most of the foreign-made engines have to do. This splendid Loco. is also fitted with "fire and smoke boxes" and "internal flame," exhausts up the funnel and so can be run out in the open air without having the flame continually blown out. Pair Powerful Cast D.A.S.V. Cylinders, with reversing eccentrics, connecting rods, &c. The whole mounted on solid brass, bronzed sole plate on 2 Pairs Coupled Massive Driving Wheels, fitted with patent springs, 4-wheeled front bogie carriage. Large Bronzed Brass Tender mounted on 6-wheeled "patent" bogie for negotiating sharp curves. The tender comprises tank for spirits and is fitted with tap so that the supply can be regulated from foot plate. Length 2 feet, tested and guaranteed, and specially recommended. price £4 10s. 6d. carriage free. Tin Rails, mounted on Sleepers in sections, $\frac{2\frac{1}{2}}$ in. Gauge, to suit above Locomotive, price 4/- per doz. lengths of 14 in. each, carriage free if ordered with Engine.

Our new Scale Model of London and South-Western Ry. Locomotive with Tender, 28 in. long, bronzed brass tubular boiler, pair powerful Double Action Slide Valve Cylinders with eccentrics. Reversing motion worked from Cab, and fitted with Smoke Box, Flange Guard, and Inside Fire. 4 Coupled Large Driving Wheels, 4-Wheeled Bogie Carriage, Exhaust steam into Funnel, Water Gauge, Bell Whistle, Safety Valve, Steam Gauge, Steam Dome, Handrail, Brass Spring Buffers, &c. The whole Engine and Tender is finished in first-class style and beautifully enamelled and lined, correct L. & S. W. R. colours, 3 in. Gauge, price £4 10s. 6d. carriage free. Rails to suit above L. & S. W. R. Loco. 3 in. Gauge, 4s. per doz. lengths of 14 in. each, carriage free if ordered with Loco. Correct Scale Model of reversing C. R. Express Loco. "Dumalastair," with Reversing D.A.S.V. Cylinder and eccentric, &c., $\frac{2\frac{1}{2}}$ in. gauge, 21 in. long. Price, engine only, 42/6; with 30 feet oval railroad, 50/- carriage free. (See Catalogue, 4d., for other models.)

These Yachts are
any recommenda-
enamelled, well
with brass
Striped Sail-
of duck
6/9; No. 2,



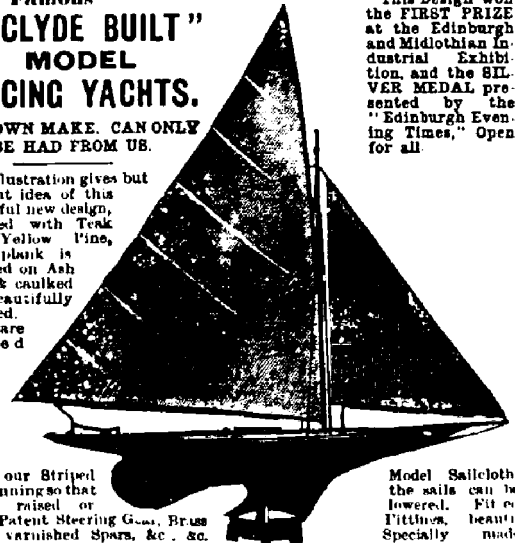
now too well known to need
tion. Beautifully carved and
finished, and completely rigged
firings. Sails of our Special
cloth (Sizes given in length
only). No. 1, length 16 in.,
18 in., 8/9; No. 3, 20 in.,
10/9; No. 4, 21 in., 12/6;
No. 5, 22 in., 15/6;
No. 6, 23 in., 17/6;
No. 7, 24 in., 21/-,
each carriage
free. No. 1
Size is Bermu-
da rigged,
the others are
cutter rigged
as per en-
graving.
Nos. 4, 5, 6,
and 7 have beautifully var-
nished spars and flying jib
extra.

New Patent Sliding Steering Gear (see description
and illustration in "Model Engineer," 19th Feb.), price 2/-
post free. Mast Sockets, Gannion Irons, Bowsprit Sockets
Crances with 4 eyes, $\frac{1}{4}$ in. dia. to 1 in., price 6d. each. Brown
or blue striped Model Sailcloth, specially made, 36 ins. wide,
1/- yd. post free.

Just published New Illustrated Catalogue, containing over
600 splendid Engravings of above Yacht, also Fittings, Sailcloth, Patent
Steering Gear, magnificent Scale Mod. Locomotives; Launch, Horizontal,
Gas, Hot Air, &c., Engines, separate parts of Engines and Castings;
Dynamos, Motors, and Castings of ditto; Electric Scarf-Pins, Accumulators,
Bells, Batteries, Coils, Scientific Toys, &c., &c., post free, 4d.

OUR FAMOUS "CLYDE BUILT" MODEL RACING YACHTS. OUR OWN MAKE. CAN ONLY BE HAD FROM US.

The illustration gives but
a slight idea of this
beautiful new design,
planked with Teak
and Yellow Pine,
each plank is
Riveted on Ash
Ribs & caulked
and beautifully
finished.
They are
rigged



This Design won
the FIRST PRIZE
at the Edinburgh
and Midlothian In-
dustrial Exhibi-
tion, and the SIL-
VER MEDAL pre-
sented by the
"Edinburgh Even-
ing Times," Open
for all

with our Striped
all runnings so that
easily raised or
with Patent Steering Gear, Brass
fully varnished spars, &c. &c.
for racing, and whether in pond
touch them. Each Yacht is tested and guaranteed.

Each with Polished Stand Complete. No. 1. Length, 30 in. (Length is
length of Deck only), complete, price 37/6, carriage free. No. 2. Length
36 in., price 45/6, carriage free. No. 3. Length 42 in., price 55/6, carriage
free. No. 4. Length 4 ft. 9 in. to 5 ft. (10 Rater), price £5 15s. 6d.,
carriage free.

As we have always a large demand for above New Design, we shall esteem
it a favour if intending purchasers will order as early as possible and so
prevent delay and disappointment. Orders will be executed in rotation.

Model Sailcloth,
the sails can be
lowered. Fit of
Fittings, beauti-
Specially made,
or see nothing can

CLYDE MODEL DOCKYARD & ENGINE DEPOT, Model Yacht Builders, Engineers, and Electricians, ARGYLL ARCADE, GLASGOW, N.B.

We have a highly skilled staff of competent and experienced workmen for any class of Engines,
Yachts, or Fittings to order or specification, and shall be pleased to receive your enquiries.

BOYS' SPORTS PROVIDERS, JOHN PIGGOTT, Ltd.,



CRICKET BAGS.

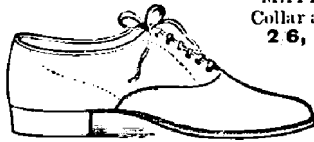
Green-figured carpet, 4/3, 4/11, 6/11.



RUNNING DRAWERS.
Sateen, all colours,
1/-, 1/5.
Navy, Black, Sky,
Pink, & Cardinal.

RUNNING VESTS.
Boys', 1/5, Men's, 1/6.
Postage, 2d.

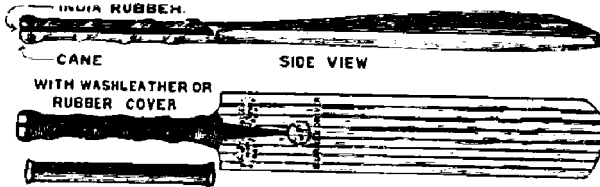
RUNNING SHOES.
3/11. Postage, 3d.



CRICKET SHOE.

Buckskin, 7/11, 8/11, 10/6.
White Canvas, 4/3, 4/11, 6/6.
Postage *wt.*

MATT SHIRTS.
Collar and Pocket,
2/6, 3/6, 4/11.
Grey
Flannel,
4/6.
Postage, 3d.



INDIA RUBBER.
CANE SIDE VIEW
WITH WASHLEATHER OR
RUBBER COVER

THE "J.P." SURREY DRIVER.
This Bat is strongly recommended to Cricketers. The wonderful "GRIP" obtained by the peculiar construction of the handle, together with its perfect balance and driving power, render it undoubtedly the leading bat of the day. MEN'S, Full Size, 15/9. YOUTHS', No. 6, 12/9.



CYCLING KNICKERS.
4/3, 5/6, 7/6. Postage, 4d.



The New **BOUNDARY BALL.**
5/3 each; 30/- per half doz.



WHITE FLANNEL TROUSERS, 5/3, 6/-, 6/11.
GREY, do., plain or fancy stripes, 4/6, 5/11, 6/11.

Please send for our Large Illustrated Price List, Post Free.

117 & 118, CHEAPSIDE, and MILK STREET, LONDON, E.C.

THE NEW AND IMPROVED VEEDER CYCLOMETER.



Regular Model.

DID you ever stop and consider what a reliable cyclometer will do for you? It will inform you of just the amount of work your wheel is doing. If a tyre wears out, you will know just the number of miles that wore it out. It will inform you of the amount of exercise you are getting each day. It will tell you how far it is from one town to another, or from any one point to another. It is educating, interesting, and indispensable to the intelligent wheelman.

VEEDER Cyclometers have been for years and now are the standard distance recorders for - bicycles throughout the civilised world -

SOLD BY ALL CYCLE DEALERS.

Made for 20, 24, 26, 27½, 28, 29½, and 30 inch Wheels.



Trip Model.

Write for Descriptive Booklets to Sole Agents: **MARKT & CO.,** (Dept. III.) 20, Chapel St., Milton St., London, E.C.

Fry's

"FIVE BOYS"

MILK CHOCOLATE.

Recommended by the

Medical Profession and Press.



Desperation | Pacification | Expectation | Acclamation | Realization

Y. CRICKET BATS, A "PREMIER" BICYCLE,
CAMERAS, BOXING GLOVES, etc.,

Are given away as Prizes in our
Competitions

THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE
FOR BOYS & "OLD BOYS."

EDITOR, "THE OLD FAG." ATHLETIC EDITOR, C. B. FRY.

6d

Vol. IX. No. 50.

MAY, 1903.

**GRADIDGE
& SONS,**

Manufacturers of all Articles
used in

CRICKET, RACKETS,

FOOTBALLS, POLO,

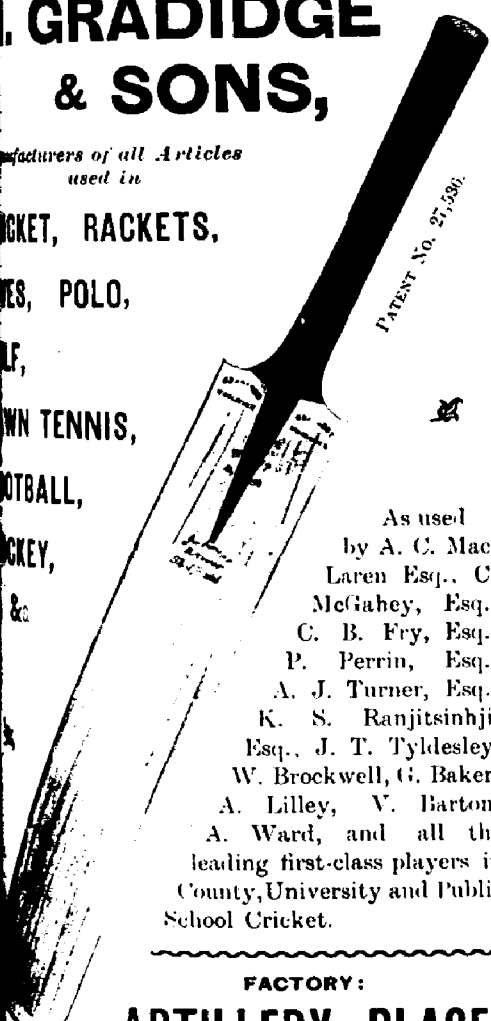
TABLET,

FOOTBALL TENNIS,

FOOTBALL,

FOOTBALL,

&c.



As used
by A. C. Mac-
Laren Esq., C.
McGahey, Esq.,
C. B. Fry, Esq.,
P. Perrin, Esq.,
A. J. Turner, Esq.,
K. S. Ranjitsinhji,
Esq., J. T. Tyldesley,
W. Brockwell, G. Baker,
A. Lilley, V. Barton,
A. Ward, and all the
leading first-class players in
County, University and Public
School Cricket.

FACTORY:

**ARTILLERY PLACE,
WOOLWICH.**



READ OUR THREE SERIAL STORIES.

C. B. FRY, ATHLETIC EDITOR.

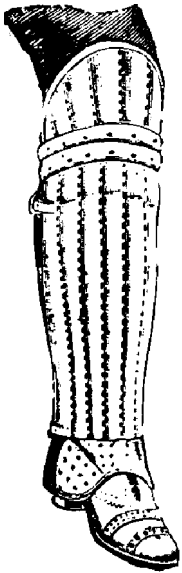
Published Monthly by **GEORGE NEWNES. Ltd.**, 7-12, Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

When talking of **CRICKET** and all Sports one's thoughts naturally turn to

GAMAGE'S OF HOLBORN

The best, largest, and cheapest house in the trade for all Sporting Requisites.

CRICKET LEG GUARDS.



Moleskin, Youths' 3/3
Men's ... 3/6
Chamois Leather,
Youths ... 4/6
Men's ... 4/11
White Buck, Youths' 5/6
Men's 5/11 & 7/11

WICKET-KEEPING CLOVES.

Chamois Leather, Cane Protected, Youths' 2/8
Men's 2/11
White Buck, Youths' 4/3
Men's 4/6 & 5/6
Do., Rubber-faced 6/3 & 6/6
Gold Cape, Men's 5/9
Do., Rubber-faced 6/11 & 8/6

BATTING CLOVES.

White Leather (Tubular Rubber) 3/9 & 4/-
Extra Qualities, 4/11, 5/11, 6/11, 7/6

BELTS—Elastic Web, all Colours, 6d. & 10½d.

CRICKET BALLS.

Gamage's— Men's Youths' 5½ oz.
3-Seam Leather ... 1/10 2/3
Club 3-Seam Match 3/1 3/6
Referee 3-Seam Match,
Guaranteed ... 4/3 4/6
Referee Match ... 4/6
Australian Match ... 5/-
Do. Catgut Sewn
Guaranteed ... 4/9 5/-
Compo Match, Ma-
pouite ... 2/-
Compo Eclipse ... 1/9
" Practice ... 7½d. 9d.
" Boys', 4½d.
" Child's, 2½in, 3½d.

CRICKET SHIRTS, ETC.

White Mat ... 2/6, 3/6
" Flannel, 3, 11, 4/11, 5/11
" " Trousers ... 4/11, 5/11, 7/11

CRICKET SHOES.

Brown Canvas, Sewn Leather
Soles ... 3/11
Brown Calf Shoes ... 4/6
Extra Quality ... 6/11
White Buck ... 3/6
Spikes, 6d. extra. Postage, 6d.

CRICKET BATS.

Youths' Willow, Half Cane Handle, Size 4 2/6, Size 5 2/11, Size 6 3/6
Youths' Willow, all Cane Handle, Size 4 3/6, Size 5 4/3, Size 6 4/11
Men's all Cane Handles, 4/11, 7/6, 9/6
The Yorkshire Driver, Patent Spring Handle, Size 4, Youths', 12/6; Men's, 14/6, Warranted.
Gamage's Patent Double Splice Bat, specially selected blades, 18/6; Youths', 15/6



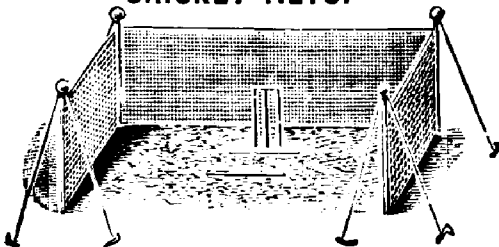
STUMPS WITH BALLS.

Polished Ash, 26in. 1/5, 28in. 1.11, Men's Size, 2/6
Polished Ash, with Brass Ferrules, 26in. 2/6, 28in. 2/9, Men's 3/-, and 4/-
Polished Ash, Brass Tops, Steel Shoes, Youths' 4/6, Men's 4/11. Best Quality 6/9, 7/11, 9/-

CRICKET BAGS.

The "All England," with 2 Handles, 3/11, 4.11, 5.11, 6/11
The "Marylebone" ... 8/-, 10/-
Cowhide, Full Club Size ... 25/6 and 30/-
Cowhide, Private Size ... 18/6 and 21/-

CRICKET NETS.



With Lines Top and Bottom and Poles, complete, 7.11, 9/-, 9.10
With Lines Top and Bottom, Poles, with 2 Side Wings, complete, 17.9, 19/10, 22 -
County Council Regulation Nets, from 35/-

CRICKET SCORING BOOKS.

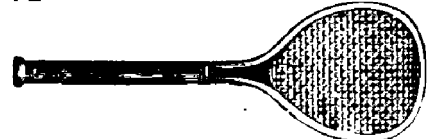
Club Book for 18 Matches 1/-, 24 Matches 1/6, and 36 Matches 2/6. Postage 3d.
Cricketer or Tennis Pocket Scoring Books, with Laws and Calendar, 4½d.; Leather Cases, 10½d. Re-fills 2d. each.

TENNIS BALLS. TENNIS RACKETS.

From 4/6 Doz.



The "Gamage" ... 11/-
Gamage's Champion ... 8/9
" Referee ... 7/6
" Practice ... 5/6
See Catalogue.



Boys' Oval Shape ... 2/3 and 3/-
Youths' Cedar Handle ... 3.9
Cedar Handle, Club Size ... 3.11
Fish Tail Handle ... 5.6
The "Gamage" Champion ... 6.9
The "Holborn," close strung ... 11.6
The "Demon" ... 11.8
The "Gamage" (Guaranteed) ... 18.6
The "E. D. Black," as used by the
Scotch Champion (Guaranteed) ... 20.9
POSTS and NETS, complete, from 9.-
RACKET CASES, 1/6, 1/11, 2/6
RACKET PRESSES, 1/3, 1/6, 2/-

Hand Corks for Walking or Running... 4d. & 6d.
Chamois Toe Socks, 4d. and 6d.
Large Size, 9d. and 1/-

RUNNING SUITS. Sateen Drawers, all Colours and Sizes ... 1/3
VESTS { White Cotton Jerseys ... 1/-, 1/6, 1.9
Coloured Ditto ... 1/3

STILL OUR LEADING LINE.

The "ONE GUINEA" Hand Camera.

Special Price to "Captain" Readers 19/3; Carriage Free. 20.-

The "Holborn Guinea" 1903 Hand Camera has now reached perfection. The Body is Mahogany and covered Leather. Every detail has been carefully thought out. The following are some of the leading features:—

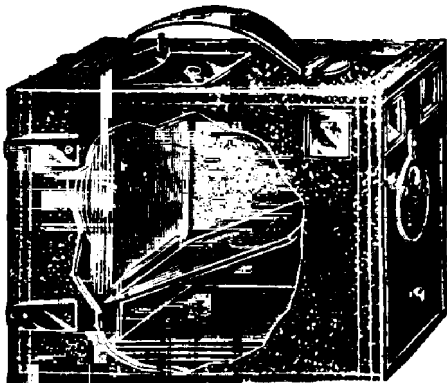
Lens—Rapid Achromatic Meniscus of excellent quality.
Shutter.—Everset Time and Instantaneous.
Stops.—Rotating, adjustable.
Flinders.—Two, for upright & oblong pictures.
Changing Arrangement.—Simple, easy to work, cannot get out of order. No tilting or shaking of Camera required.

Sheaths of Russian Iron, which can be put into the Camera in any order and when changed are held firmly in position in the bottom of the camera.
Size.—Smallest possible, carrying 12 Plates.

Automatic Indicator.—Showing number of Plates.

They are thoroughly well finished both inside and out, and in appearance will bear comparison with much higher priced instruments.

NOTE—We can thoroughly recommend this Camera.



Write for our Mammoth illustrated General List, post free.

A. W. GAMAGE, Ltd., Holborn, E.C.



Every boy should have a Fountain Pen—

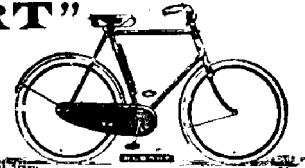
WATERMAN'S IDEAL FOUNTAIN PEN.

It is the king of pens. No other pen is nearly so good. Waterman's Ideal writes easily, fluently, smoothly. The new spoon feed, only fitted to this pen, maintains a steady flow of ink and makes blotting impossible. In many styles. One quality. From 10/6, of Stationers, Jewellers, &c., in silver and gold for presentation. L. & C. HARDMUTH, 12 Golden Lane, E.C.

WATERMAN'S IDEAL FOUNTAIN PEN

"HOBART" CYCLES

World's Best Free Wheel.
Finest Value Obtainable



HOBART CYCLES.

New Featherweight X-Frames, 16 guineas.
Elegantes 12 "
Imperials 10 "

Supplied to Sandringham: Ridden by Royalty: Eulogised by The Lord Bishop of Coventry, Lord Northcote, Lord Guernsey, Lord Byron, &c., &c.

Lists from **HOBART WORKS, COVENTRY**, and Agents. (Est'd 1888)

One of **MACKENZIE'S SWEETS**

SOUTOUMA

THE SOCIETY SWEET

Delicious, creamy flavour.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.
Sole Mfrs., S. J. Mackenzie & Co., Ltd
London, N.E.

THE "SCOUT" CAMERAS

TAKE SPLENDID PICTURES, AND ARE EASIEST TO WORK.
LOADED or UNLOADED in DAYLIGHT.

The No. 1 "SCOUT."	The No. 2 "SCOUT."
Takes pictures 2 1/2 by 2 1/2. Fitted with a Rapid Lens and an Everset Shutter, giving either time or instantaneous exposures.	Takes pictures 3 1/2 by 2 1/2. Fitted with excellent Rapid Lens, Everset Shutter, and 2 View-Finders.
Price Complete, 5/-	Price Complete, 10/-

The Most Efficient Cameras ever offered at such Prices.
Complete Developing and Printing Outfit, 4/6
Send post card for Price List and name of our nearest Agent.

G. HOUGHTON & SON, Ltd.,
88 & 89, High Holborn, LONDON, W.C.



An admirable Food for Cyclists, Cricketers, Oarsmen,

EPPS'S

IS THE BEST

COCOA

and all engaged in outdoor pursuits.

GENUINE MILK-CHOCOLATE IS KNOWN EVERYWHERE AS

PETER'S

THE ORIGINAL MILK-CHOCOLATE

Delicately flavoured and absolutely pure, PETER'S Milk-Chocolate is far ahead of all other Chocolates. It is most invigorating and sustaining, and is thus **A TRUE FOOD-SWEET.**

Sold Everywhere. 1d., 2d., 3d., 6d., & 1s. Sole Agents (Trade only) **S. J. MACKENZIE & CO., LTD., LONDON, N.E.**

REFUSE IMITATIONS. INSIST ON PETERS

THE LAST CHANCE OF THE SEASON. Veritable Bargains for May.

Read these gratitons testimonials from collectors who have seen some of the Colonials from the large collection. Mr. A. E. Carlew, of Repton School, writes: "Thanks very much for these mid sheets, of which I have sold and bought over 25." Mr. H. H. Young, writes March 9th, "My brother and myself think them to be the most satisfactory approval sheets in the market." Mr. R. K. Milne, of Paisley, writes, February 24th: "I herewith return approval sheets with cash for stamps purchased; I was highly pleased with them." And many others too numerous to include.

To all those sending either references or a deposit during May, and writing for a selection of stamps, specifying countries or groups preferred. **MR. DENNICKALL, of Weston-super-Mare,** offers the following unrepented bargains in Colonials: 5 cent beaver, 1d.; 3 cent red large type, 1d.; 6 cent small type red-brown, 1d.; 4 cent maple, 1897-8, 1d.; 6 cent brown, 4d.; 8 cent orange, 2d.; 10 cent purple-brown, 5d.; 1898-9 figures, 5 cent, blue, 4d.; 6 cent brown, 3d.; 9 cent, yellow, 2d.; 10 cent purple-brown, 2d.; Jubilee 1 cent orange, 1d.; 2 cent green, 1d.; 3 cent pink, 1d.; 5 cent blue, 2d.; 50 cent blue, 1s.; large type 20 cent red, 3d.; 50 cent, blue, 6d. To anyone purchasing to the value of 10s. during May, one of the above-mentioned stamps will be sent **FREE**, and to the purchaser of 21 a mint specimen of the 15 cent or 25 cent brown Ceylon catalogued at 2s will be sent or stamps to the value of 2s from this list of Canadiana. There are still a few catalogues over, which will be sent **FREE** to any reader of the *Capitan* who will cut out this notice and send it, together with a 1d. to pay the postage, to Weston-super-Mare, but the book will not be sent if either the postage or the paragraph be omitted. Wholesale list free to dealers only.

3d. The "Montenegro" Packet contains 100 stamps, including: —Set of

6 MONTENEGRO

including 2 New issue, Jubilee, etc., set of 5 Peru (including scarce surcharged Bernudez), Venezuela (Map), Argentine Republic, Cape Colony, Brazil (scarce old), Portugal (latest issue), set of 5 Mexico (new issues, natives, etc.), new issue Victoria, Japan, New Greece, Queensland, Cuba, Turkey, set of Russia, set of 10 United States (with old, Buffalo, Postage Due and Columbus), set of 3 Chili Telegraph (wild horse and eagle), etc., etc., 3d., postage 1d. extra. In addition every purchaser asking for a selection of our renowned Appro. Sheets will receive Free

6 U.S.A. (WARSHIPS).

PERRIN BROS.,
57 Fortunegate Rd., Harlesden, London, N.W.

50 STAMPS 6d. Post free. —Comprising Mauritius, F. Colonies, Newfoundland, land, Soudan, &c.

50% APPROVAL BOOKS AND SHEETS. Old collections bought. Pictures Postcards 1d. to 4d. each.

PEARCE & STAMFORD, 7 Katharine St., Croydon.

UNXLD 500 Unsurpassed Superfine assortment Foreign and Colonial Postage Stamps. 500 Superior Stamp Mounts. Marvellous Sets British Army Official 4, Guadeloupe 5, Natal 3, Cape 3, Transvaal 3. This Unrivalled Bargain, Sixpence the Lot. Sold under cost to introduce new Stamp Paper, THE CITY PHILATELIST, 7 Richmond Terrace, Cork, Ireland.

STAFFORD SMITH'S ALBUMS always give satisfaction. Send for 36-page Stamp Circular, post free. Permanent Stamp Album, 4s. and 5s.; 9,000 stamps described, 12,000 extra spaces.

H. STAFFORD SMITH & CO. STAMP IMPORTERS, BRIGHTON.

SEE TIT-BITS
FOR
Strand Competition.



The Godiva Packet of Foreign and Colonial Stamps contains 175 genuine varieties, comprising Bermuda, Trinidad, St. Vincent, Java, Malta, Gibraltar, Barbados, Leeward Islands, Montenegro, Transvaal, Orange River Colony, Mauritius, Gold Coast, Sierra Leone, Persia, Cyprus, Bulgaria, West Australia, and many other desirable specimens, price 9d.; 200 Foreign and Colonial varieties, 10d.; 250, 1s. 6d.; 500, 1s.; 1,000, 17s. 6d.

SETS: — Queen's Heads, 50 different without English, 1s.; 10 Island, 8d.; 30 Norway, 1s.; 6 Montenegro, 4d.; 32 British Guiana, 1s.; 12 Ecuador Jubilee, 9d.; 30 Cuba, 1s. 3d.; 15 Persia, 8d.; 9 Borneo, 8d.; 8 Egypt, 3d.; 4 St. Vincent, 4d.; 16 Turkey, 6d.; 50 Sweden, 1s.; 18 Greece, 6d.; 20 Bulgaria, 8d.; 3 Curacoa, 2d.; 5 Trinidad, 2d.; 4 Grenada, 3d.; 50 Australian, 1s.; 50 Colonial, 8d.; 100 Colonial, 2s. 6d.; 2 St. Helena, 2d.; 3 Bermuda, 2d.; 5 Jamaica, 2d.; 20 Finland, 9d.; 25 Denmark, 9d.; 14 Java, 9d.; 100 different Australian Colonials, a fine collection, price 4s.; 40 different South Australian, including many scarce surcharges, price 6s.

Special offer for young collectors. An Illustrated Stamp Album and 500 assorted Stamps, 1s.

LISTS FREE.

THE MIDLAND STAMP CO., Cheylesmore, Coventry.

THE INVINCIBLE PACKET, No. 144. WORTH 5s. OUR PRICE 6d.

Our May Packet contains 30 genuine, clean, and perfect specimens as follows:—

Niger Coast (Queen Victoria).

Tobago (Queen Victoria).

Grenada, Gold Coast.

Set of 4 Jamaica including Official & Pictorial issues, 2 British Guiana, 2 Trinidad, Great Britain Army Official (King's Head), Egypt Service, Sarawak (Rajah Brooke), Hongkong, Sicarata (new issue), Cuba 1875, United States 1861, set of 4 scarce old Australia 1877, old Portugal, Finland, Brazil, Chili, Comoro Islands, Sierra Leone (Green) and new issues Leeward Islands (King Edward VII.).

Price 6d. Postage 1d. extra (without which no orders can be sent).

GIVEN FREE to all purchasers of above Packet who apply for a selection of our Approval Sheets (5d. in 1/- discount).

A SET OF 4 NEWFOUNDLAND ROYAL PORTRAIT issue, Prince Edward, Queen Victoria, King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra.

J. STUART & CO., Spring Grove, Isleworth.

GREAT BARGAINS.

5s. worth of Stamps for 4d.

This Packet is the greatest bargain ever offered, and is simply to get our Price List before Collectors (only one packet supplied to each applicant). Every stamp mentioned sent, and all guaranteed genuine.

Contains 100 Stamps, including following:—Bolivia (very scarce and catalogued 1s.), Ecuador (rare, catalogued 3d.), Queensland (1s. violet, very scarce), Labuan (Stag's Head), Cuba, Porto Rico, Philippines, Hayti (scarce), Colombia, Honduras, (high value), Roumania, Peru (Lamas, catalogued 6d.), Bulgaria, Greece, United States (Buffalo Exhibition Stamp), Brazil (very old), Guatemala, Nyussa (giraffe), Sweden (long official), &c., &c. Post free, 4d.

APPROVAL SHEETS—Our sheets are known all over the world for their marvellous clearness. All collectors should send for one to inspect. Discount 6d. in 1s. Also books of Stamps for advanced collectors.

NEW PRICE LIST, 40 Pages. The cheapest in the Trade, post free on application.

STAMP COLLECTORS IN LONDON should call at our Shop (between Tottenham Court Road and Regent Street), where a fine selection of Stamps can be seen at lowest prices.

EDWARD COOPER & CO., 17, Mortimer St., London, W.

THE "LATEST." 3d.

90 DIFFERENT STAMPS 90

SOMALI COAST (DJBOUTE), a very pretty new issue INHAMBANE 1903. **COLOMBIA 1903** (Provisional issue) New Picturesque Issue **GUATEMALA**

Decan, Nicaragua, Jamaica (Llandoverly Falls), Monaco, Cuba, new issue France, Mexico, Serbia, 2 New Zealand (picturesque), Alexandria 1902, Porto Rico, new issue Hungary, set of 5 Japan including new issue, Bolivia, set of 5 Spain including new issue, Hong Kong 1903 (King Edward VII.), Rare High Value **NYASSALAND (GIRAFFE)**, **SPECIAL SET OF 10 INDIA** including large official stamps, Telegraph Service, etc., etc.

3d. Postage 1d. extra.

Only one packet supplied to each person.

IN ADDITION to Stamps mentioned above, every purchaser applying for a selection of our "Ideal" Approval Sheets will receive a

SET OF 7 COSTA RICA, GRATIS.

For other bargains in Packets, Sets, and Stamp Albums, see our 1903 PRICE LIST, a handsome book of 84 pages, including a **GUIDE TO STAMP COLLECTING, POST FREE & GRATIS TO EVERYONE**

ERRINGTON & MARTIN,
SOUTH HACKNEY, LONDON

B A BIG BARGAIN. B

The Great Packet contains 130 different Stamps, including **British Bechuanaland**, Spain, Italy, French Empire, **Ten Picturesque British Colonies of Turk's Island**, Western Australia, Jamaica, New Zealand, &c., a set of six **Brazil**, Chili, Japan, Wurttemberg Service. **A Set of Ten India**, including King's Head, and scarce H.M.S. &c., &c., post free, 5d. And free to every purchaser a **Set of 8 Sweden Service**. Only one packet supplied to each purchaser. We make a loss on every packet sold, and we only offer it to circulate our **1903 Price List**, 74 pages, full of illustrations and bargains. Approval selections upon application.

B BUTLER BROS., CLEVEDON. B

THE FOURTH EDITION OF THE UNIVERSAL
STANDARD CATALOGUE OF THE

POSTAGE STAMPS

OF THE WORLD - - - IS NOW READY

It includes all stamps known to be issued up to FEBRUARY, 1903,
and is the latest published.



1903
EDITION.

NEARLY 3,000 ILLUSTRATIONS. NO MEASUREMENTS OF PERFORATION.

The cheapest, simplest, and most easily understood Catalogue in
the world. Price 1s. 3d. post free; cloth gilt, interleaved, 3s. 6d.

NEW 64-PAGE PRICE LIST (1903 Edition) of 1,520 different Packets and Sets of Stamps, sent on
receipt of penny stamp for postage. NEW STAMP ALBUMS FOR 1903, from 1s. 6d. to £12.

WHITFIELD KING & CO., IPSWICH.

Good News for Collectors and Dealers.

English and Continentals mixed, 3d. per 1,000 post free, or 10,000 for 1/6 post free. Also 1870-03 British 1d. small Reds, with Copeslake's name on back of stamp, 3d. each or 2/6 per dozen post free. Same stamp without name on back 1/6 per dozen post free. Postage abroad extra on all of above quotations. Cheap lots sent on approval. 50% discount allowed. Good references required. Write at once to **PHILATELIST, DROMORE, CO. DOWN.**

Send for 36-page Stamp Circular, post free, containing nearly

600 CHEAP SETS FOR 1903.

Ask for Samples of the New Perforated Stamp Hinge (Registered).

H. STAFFORD SMITH & CO., STAMP IMPORTERS, BRIGHTON.

UNIQUE OFFER! To bona fide collectors applying for Approval Selections and enclosing stamp for postage, I will present gratis a Fine Set of 9 Dutch Indies including 3 scarce Provisionals with the rare 20c. catalogued 6d. Set of 30 Portugal 6d. Collections bought. Colonial Exchange solicited. Graham Morris, The Avenue, St. Margaret's, Twickenham

WHOEVER SENDS ME 50, 100 to 200 different Postage Stamps from England and Colonies, will receive same values from DENMARK, Norway, Sweden, ICELAND and FINLAND.

VIKTOR SORENSEN, Skanderborg, DENMARK.

"BRITISH SOVEREIGN"

(1903) CYCLES.

Dunlop tires, micrometer noiseless free wheel, Crabbe back-pedalling brake, front rim brake, Brooks saddle, plated Dunlop-Westwood rims, and all latest improvements. Finest possible finish. Two years guarantee. List price £21 special price during this month, £7 7s. Deferred payments if required. Motor cycles £20. Catalogues free. All accessories at lowest prices in the trade. Free wheels 2/6, rim brakes 2/9, back rim brakes 7/11, saddle 2/6, acetylene lamps 2/10. See unsolicited testimonials.

R. D. THOMSON, 13 Clifford Street, Glasgow.

M. L. DISCOUNT ALLOWED ON FOREIGN, 6d. ON COLONIAL STAMPS.
Only Good Copies. Write at once for my Approval Books.

50 different Brazilian Stamps, 1/6; Brazil Jubilee Set, 1/9; 100 different South American, 1/3; post free. 3,000 varieties of Pictorial Post Cards, from 1d. to 4d., each. Also Schaufeck's Famous Albums, splendid value, from 6d. each.

C. G. DIETRICH, 11, Castle St. Arcade, Liverpool.

STAMPS FREE GIFT TO "CAPTAIN" READERS.

We will send FREE to any reader in the United Kingdom a packet of 50 different stamps, including Unused British Colonial King's Head, New Zealand pictorial, Trinidad, Sweden service, Japan, Turkey, Argentine Republic, obsolete Spain, Portugal, Russia, Ceylon, India Native State, Venezuela, &c. We send this packet ABSOLUTELY FREE, and only ask you to send 1d. stamp for postage. Only one packet sent to each reader.

FRED GILBERT & CO., WEBSTON SUPER-MARE.

BARGAIN SETS. All Postage Extra.

11 Greece 1901, 11. to 1dr., 1s.; 11 Bavaria, 2pf. to 1mk, including 30, 40, 50pf., 6d.; 8 Bulgaria 1901, 4d.; 6 Argentine Official, complete, 2s.; 20 Argentine, various, 6d.; 16 Canada, 4d.; South Australia, new issue, large stamps, 3d., 4d., and 6d., set of 3, 8d.; same issue, complete, used, 3d., 4d., 6d., 8d., 9d., 10d., only 3s. 4d. per set. All postage extra.

SPECIAL OFFER Open only to new customers.

To induce you to try my very popular "Onkaparinga" Approval Books, I will send a set of Four used "OS" South Australian stamps to every applicant enclosing 1d. stamp for return postage. Exchange wanted ABROAD only.

Business only by correspondence.

L. S. CHARLICK, 55 & 56 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

THE "MARVEL" MONOGRAM BOX

Any 2-letter Monogram, mounted in enameled metal pocket box, self-inking, style as shown. Agents wanted for this and other novelties. Dept. G. 89, Aldersgate St., London.

6d. Post Free.

MAY PACKET, -100 different, 4d., including Hong Kong, 2

Mauritius, U.S. special delivery, 2 Picture Tasmania, Travancore, 2 Queensland, 2 different Straits. A decided bargain, post free. Gratis 230 mounts and 6 old Spain to all who order Straits. Agents wanted. Prize of 1r. album to all sending us 7s. 6d. net during May, 500 different stamps, 5s.; 1,000, 15s.; mounted, clean and perfect. King's catalogue 1s. 3d., Bright's 2s. 10d. Postage abroad extra. (Callers save postage.)

A. B. McAUSLAN & TURNER, 95, Bath Street, Glasgow.

VENEZUELA PACKET, 3d. (Postage 1d. extra.)

50 different stamps, including set of 3 large Egyptian salt tax (very pretty stamps), 3 small oblong Egypt (sphinx and pyramids), large bicolorated Jamaican picture stamp (Llandovey Falls), Cape, Russia, set of 6 Japan, Denmark, U.S.A. (Columbus), Roumania, Argentina, U.S.A. (battleship), Trinidad (Britannia), &c., &c.

Only one packet will be supplied to each person. In addition, every purchaser of "Venezuela" packet asking for a selection of our approval sheets will receive, FREE, a rare set of 6 UNUSED VENEZUELA (including Instruccion, Correos, Escuelas, and scarce oblong Map stamp). Write at once for our new 64-page list of stamps, albums, &c., over 250 illustrations of stamps. Thousands of bargains. Best value anywhere.

ERNEST WOOD & CO., Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester.

"KING'S HEAD" PACKET (May) Contains 12 Unused

British Colonial (King Edward Issues)—Cayman Islands, Gold Coast, Grenada, India, Leeward Ids., Natal, Northern Nigeria, St. Helena, St. Lucia, Straits Settlements, Transvaal and Gambia. Price 1s. Post Free. Purchasers of above Packet applying for my approval sheets will receive 2 Unused St. Vincent (King's Head) Free. **R. PITTILO, Junr., Kirkgate, BURNTISLAND.**

35 DIFFERENT AUSTRALIANS FREE.

With Packet No. 150.—Contains Mauritius surcharged 1d. on 10d. (worth 1/-), Italy Segnatasse, Barbados Britannia, Japan Imperial Wedding, Guatemala (Parrot), British Guiana, Jamaica Jubilee, high value Brazil, Trinidad Britannia, old Cuba, 1869 Canada, large Chili Telegraphs, Dutch Indies (Java), Cuba U.S.A. Palm issue, India 3 pies rose, Wurtemberg Service, new issue Chili. Price 4d. Postage extra.

THE PREMIER STAMP COMPANY, BRIGHTON.

THE YARMOUTH PACKET (cheapest and best).—250 Stamps including 20 British Colonials, Alexandria (1902), Cape Verde, Monaco, Nyasa (Giraffe), Martinique, Jamaica (Llandovey Falls, obsolete), Argentine, and many others. Catalogue value of this packet over 5s. Only 3d. Write for our famous approval sheets for cheapness; lowest possible prices, liberal discount. Price lists gratis.

JOHN SWALLOW & Co., Stamp Importers, Great Yarmouth.

STAMPS ON APPROVAL.

New approval sheets. Low prices, liberal discount, fine variety, clean and perfect specimens. Write for a selection today.

3d. New Packet, 50 different, including Brazil, Columbia, West and other Australian, New Cape Colony (head of King Edward), Tasmania (view of Hobart), Jamaica (picture), Peru, Argentine, Transvaal (King Edward), Orange free State obsolete, etc., etc., price 3d., postage 1d. extra, and in addition all purchasers asking for a selection of approval sheets receive a pair of Victoria, postage due stamps.

Collectors and loose stamps purchased. Duplicates exchanged. Exchange desired with Collectors in all Colonies.

F. G. ROWE (formerly of Bath, 22 DEBBOROUGH ROAD PLYMOUTH.

500 Stamp Mounts given free to all applicants for our Approval Sheets. Good, clean stamps, 4d. in the 1s. discount.

The NORTHWEST STAMP Co., Great Horton, Bradford, Yorks.

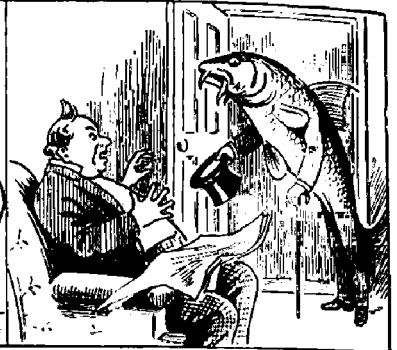
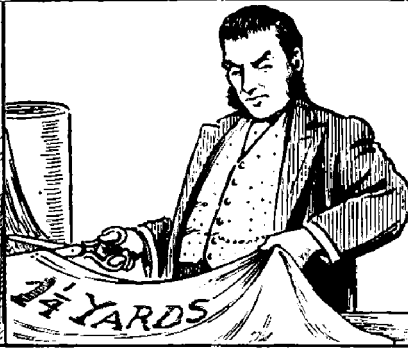
BARGAINS.

Packets (Postage extra) of 100 Colonial Stamps, 1-; 100 United States, 1/-; 50 Australia, 1/-; 50 English, 1/-; 20 Greece, 9d.; 20 India, 9d.; 20 Mexico, 1/-; 100 Bill Stamps, 1/-; 100 South and Central America, 2/6; 25 German, 6d.; 25 France, 6d.; 20 Ecuador, 9d.; 30 Ecuador, 1/6; 20 Porto Rico, 1/-; 20 Cuba, 1/-; 25 Brazil, 1/-; 50 Spain, 1/9; 15 Sweden, 6d. Sheets of Postage or Fiscal Stamps sent on approval, good discount.

SYDNEY VIEW & CO., 64 Northumberland Park, Tottenham, London, N.

"HIDDEN CRICKETERS" COMPETITION.

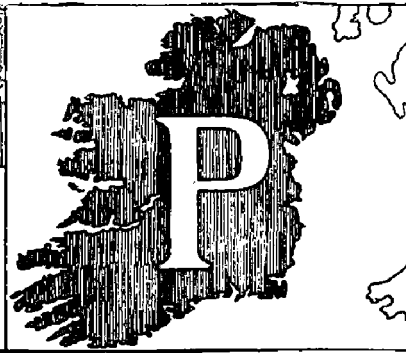
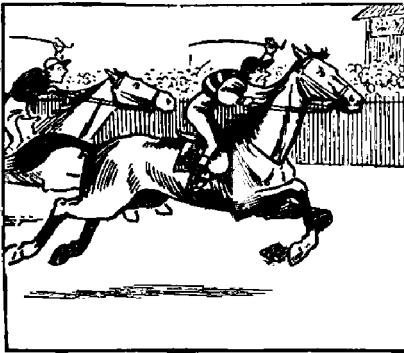
SEE "CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR MAY, ON PAGE 188.



1.—Fry.

2.—*Lawson*

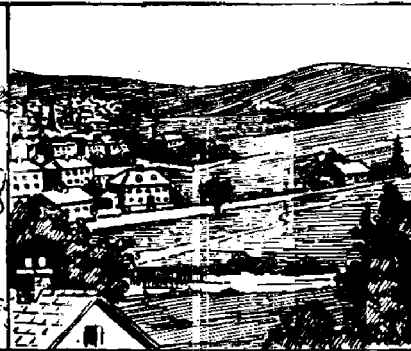
3.—



4.—

5.—

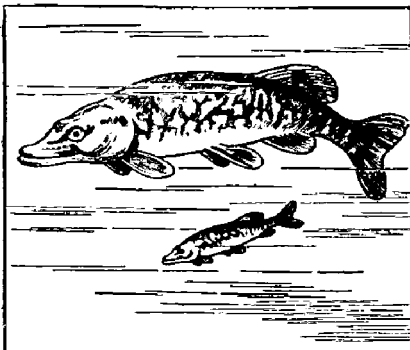
6.—



7.—

8.—*Lawson*

9.—



10.—

11.—*Lawson*

12.—

Name.....

Address.....

Age.....

Class.....

MODELS TO SCALE.

CONTRACTORS TO THE BRITISH ADMIRALTY.

OUR LATEST DESIGNS OF OUR FAMOUS
"CLYDE BUILT" MODEL RACING YACHTS.
 CAN ONLY BE HAD FROM US

Built by our own practical and experienced Yacht-builders.

"Tested in water under full Sail and Guaranteed."

NOTE: All sizes given below are LENGTHS OF DECK ONLY, and do NOT include Bowsprits.

Magnificently carved from noted lines, and beautifully enamelled. Sails made from our Specially made Model Striped Sailcloth. Varished Spars, Brass Fittings, &c. Sails, &c., fitted with Hooks, Eyes, &c., and all running so that they can easily be raised or lowered. Complete with Rudder, "Fin Keel," &c., as per Engraving.

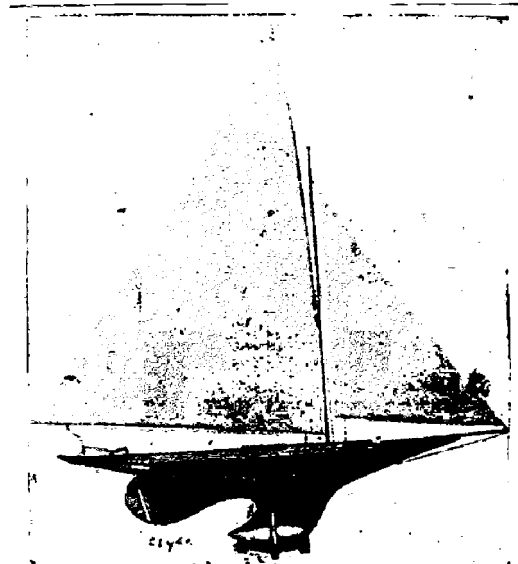
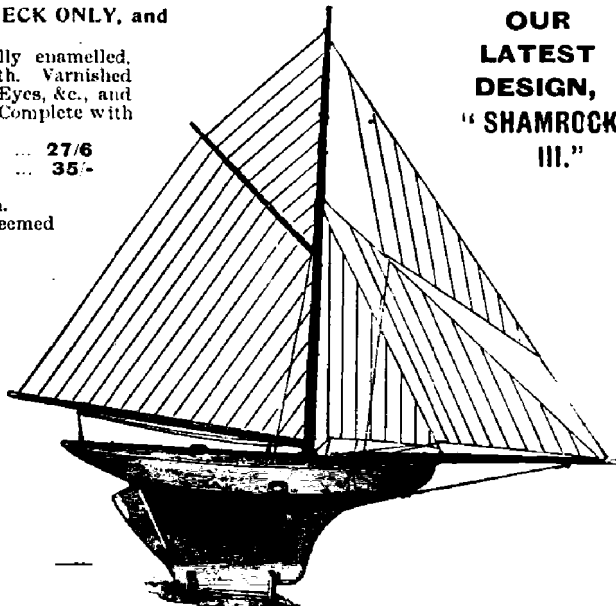
No. 1. Length 20 in. ...	15 6	No. 3. Length 24 in. ...	27/6
" 2. " 22 in. ...	20/-	" 4. " 26 in. ...	35/-

Carriage Free.

Nos. 2, 3, and 4 Sizes are fitted with Flying Jib as shown.

As we expect a large demand for above designs, your esteemed order per return will favour.

OUR LATEST DESIGN, "SHAMROCK III."



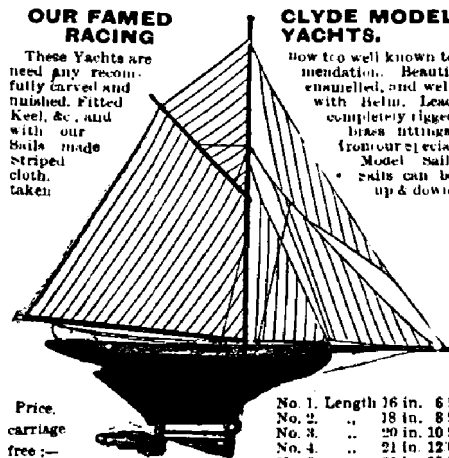
SPECIAL TERMS TO SHIPPERS.

OUR FAMED RACING

These Yachts are need any previous fully carved and finished. Fitted Keel, &c. and with our Sails made striped cloth. taken

CLYDE MODEL YACHTS.

How too well known to mention. Beautifully enamelled, and well with Helm. Lead completely rigged from our special Model Sailcloth can be up & down.



Price carriage free :-

No. 1. Length 16 in.	6 9
No. 2. " 18 in.	8 9
No. 3. " 20 in.	10 9
No. 4. " 21 in.	12 6
No. 5. " 22 in.	15 6
No. 6. " 23 in.	17 6
No. 7. " 24 in.	21 -

No. 1 Size is Bermuda rigged, the other Cutters rigged as per Engraving, but Nos. 4, 5, 6, and 7 having Flying Jib extra.

OUR SPECIAL PRIZE DESIGN "CLYDE BUILT" MODEL RACING YACHTS.

This Design won the First Prize at the Edinburgh and Midlothian Industrial Exhibition, and Silver Medal presented by the Edinburgh "Evening News" open for all.

The Engraving gives but a slight idea of these beautiful Yachts. Guaranteed well "Built." Planked with Teak and Yellow Pine alternately. Each plank is rivetted on Ash Rib, caulked and beautifully finished, polished and varnished. Rigged with our beautiful Striped Model Sailcloth, all running so that Sails can be easily raised or lowered. Spars finely polished and varnished. Fitted with Patent Steering Gear, Brass Fittings, New Bulb Tube, &c. Specially made for Racing. Whether on pond or sea none can compare with them. Each supplied on polished stand as per Illustration.

No. 1. Length 30 in. ...	37/6	No. 3. Length 42 in. ...	55 6
No. 2. " 35 in. ...	45 6	No. 4. 10 Rater, 4 ft. 9 in.	£5 15 6

Carriage Free.

As we have always a large demand for our yachts, we would respectfully request your order NOW, and we shall reserve the Design and Size you wish, as our output is limited, and all orders are executed in rotation. For Illustrations, &c., of our other designs of Model Racing Yachts, &c., send to-day for our "Complete Catalogue." Should be in the hands of every amateur. Contains over 600 Splendid Engravings of above and other Designs of our "Clyde Built Model Racing Yachts," Boat Fittings (Patent Sliding Steering Gear, 2/-; specially made Model brown or blue striped Sailcloth, 1 - per yard; Spider Hoops with Goose Necks, 2/6; Gammon Irons, 6d.; Flags, Cord, Anchors, Blocks, &c.). Scale Model Locos., with and without Internal Flame, Smokeboxes, Tubes, &c., L. and N. W. Ry., M. Ry., C. Ry., S. V. Engine "Dumalastair," L. and S. W. Ry., G. N. Ry., L. B. and S. C. Ry., &c. Engine Castings, Separate Parts of Engine Castings, Boiler Fittings, Dynamos, Launch Motors Castings of Dynamos and Motors, Electric Light Sets, Searf Pins, Reading Lamps, Accumulators, Coils, Batteries Boxes of Electrical and Scientific Novelties and Experiments, Mechanical Divers, Steam and Clockwork Launches and Torpedo Boats, &c. Post Free 4/.

Owing to the increase of orders we have doubled our workshop area and have fitted in the newest machinery and all the latest appliances for making the most delicate and intricate parts of Models, and having a highly skilled staff of Practical and Experienced Workmen for any class of Engines, Yachts, or Fittings, we are able to supply with promptitude the finest class of Fittings, &c., to order or specification.

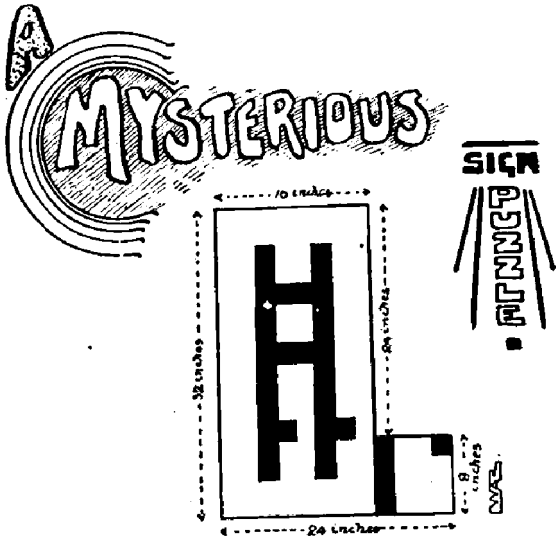
SPECIALITIES.—Brass, Iron, and Metal Turning, &c., done for amateurs. Repairs of Engines, Yachts, and Electrical Apparatus, &c. Highest Class workmanship at moderate prices. Estimates given. We shall be pleased to receive your enquiries.

CLYDE MODEL DOCKYARD & ENGINE DEPOT,

Argyll Arcade, Glasgow, N.B.

Telephone: Corporation No. 04926.

Model Yacht Builders, Engineers, and Electricians,



A poor inhabitant of a certain village in the north, at the King's Birthday, wishing to put up something honouring the event, could only find a board of the above shape, with the mysterious black marks painted thereon. After much puzzling he found that it could be divided into five parts, and then formed into a square showing on it the letters "E. R." How was it done?

See "Captain" Competitions on Page 188.

Correct solution of "Missing Features" Competition from the March "Captain," 1903.

See Competition Results on page 194.



TO NATURALISTS

The "Young Collector's Outfit," consisting of Butterfly Net, Pocket Box, Relaxing Box, Larva Box, Three Setting Boards, various sizes, Store Box, Mixed Pins, Killing Bottle, Setting Needle, Chip Boxes, and Egg Drill. Post free 10.6. Superior Outfits 15/- and 21/-

Price List of British Lepidoptera, Cabinets, Apparatus, etc., post free.

W. F. H. ROSENBERG, F.Z.S., Naturalist,
57 Haverstock Hill, London, N.W.

WORKING MODELS

MODEL LOCOMOTIVES (G. N. Rly., L. & S.W. Rly., Mid. Rly., L. & N.W. Rly., G.C. Rly., L. & Y. Rly., &c.), with **Coaches, Trucks, Lines, Points, Signals,** and all accessories for **Model Railways,** with **MODEL STEAM STATIONARY ENGINES,** and **MODEL STEAMBOATS** (not toys), best quality Engine and Boiler Fittings, Seamless, Copper and Brass Tubing, Bolts and Nuts, Pressure Gauges, Electrical Goods, and every description of Sundries for **Model Engineers,** fully described and illustrated in our new **Price List.**

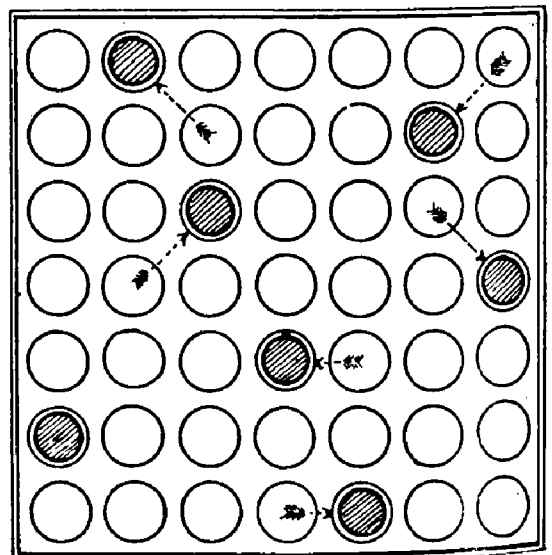
A Splendid Production of over 100 pages, sent post free to any address at home or abroad. Price 6d. Not only great pleasure but valuable instruction can be gained from these Models.

A COMPLETE RAILWAY SYSTEM CAN BE ERECTED.
Our CATALOGUE OF RACING YACHTS, SHIPS' FITTINGS etc., Price 1d. Post Free.

Write to—
W. J. BASSETT-LOWKE & CO.,
Model Engineers,
NORTHAMPTON.
(Mention this Magazine.)

Correct solution of "The Peg" Puzzle from the March "Captain," 1903.

See Competition Results on page 194.



W.F.H.

A 50/- Atlas for 25/-

YOU WANT A GOOD ATLAS,

YOU WANT THE BEST ATLAS,

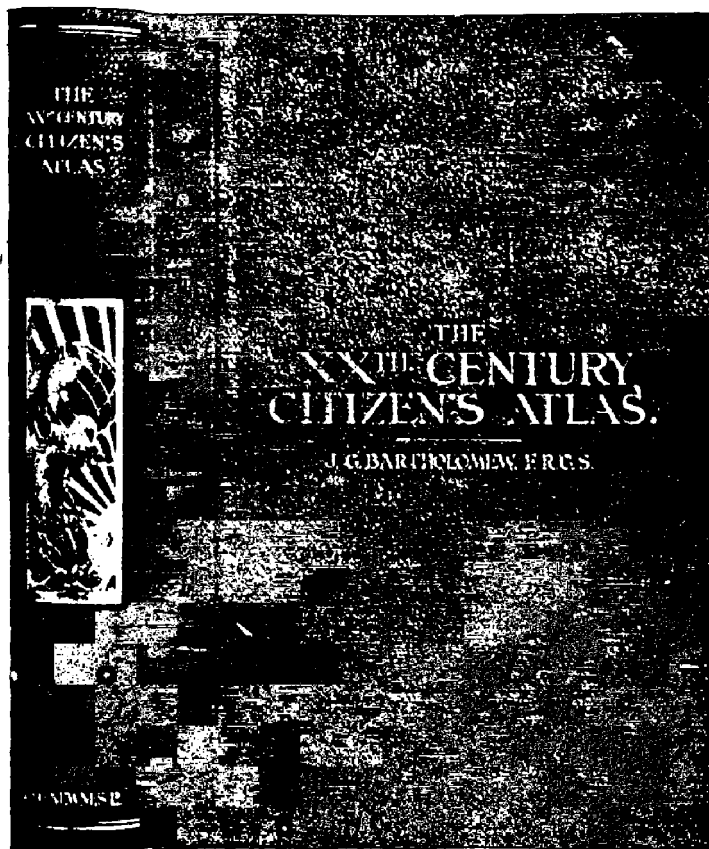
YOU WANT THE VERY LATEST ATLAS.

THEREFORE YOU WANT

The Twentieth Century CITIZEN'S ATLAS OF THE WORLD

By J. G. BARTHOLOMEW, F.R.G.S.

◆◆◆
Reduced
Facsimile
of the
Half-
Morocco
Edition,
25/- net.



◆◆◆
Extra Crown
Folio.
Art Canvas,
21/- net.
Also to be
had in
Half-
Morocco,
25 - net.

◆◆◆
The Atlas consists of 156 Maps (Mounted on Guards), with Introductory
- Text, Statistical Tables, Descriptive Gazetteer, and General Index

◆◆◆
GEORGE NEWNES, Ltd., 7-12 Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.



C. B. Fry
Athletic Editor.

THE CAPTAIN.



The Old Fellow
Editor.

A Magazine for Boys and "Old Boys."
(With which is incorporated the "Public School Magazine.")

Contents for May, 1903.

	PAGE
THE CONDOR	Back of Frontispiece
"I TOOK CAREFUL AIM AT THE LEADING CANOE."	Frontispiece
THE ISLE OF FORTUNE. (CHAPS. IV.-VI.)	CAPTAIN CHARLES PROTHEROE 101
Illustrated by GEORGE HAWLEY.	
SOME AUSTRALIAN SCHOOLS	F. E. BEAVER 110
SEDBERGH SCHOOL	A. E. JOHNSON 111
With Illustrations from Photographs.	
LOWER SCHOOL YARNS. (II.—A BONE-SHAKING ADVENTURE.)	H. BURROWS 118
Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.	
BARS TO SUCCESS. (II.—ON CHOOSING THE WRONG PROFESSION.)	ALFRED T. STORY 126
LUBENSTEIN'S BIG DEAL	C. MALCOLM HINCKS 129
Illustrated by E. F. SKINNER.	
THE CYCLING CORNER. (HOW TO TEACH CYCLING.)	HAYDON PERRY 134
THE MAN EATER	E. COCKBURN REYNOLDS 137
Illustrated by the AUTHOR.	
THE STAMP COLLECTOR (NEW CATALOGUES FOR 1903 AND NEW ISSUES)	E. J. NANKIVELL 145
With Illustrations.	
THE LONG 'UN. (CHAPS. VI.-X.)	R. S. WARREN BELL 147
Illustrated by GORDON BROWNE, R.I.	

(Further contents on next page.)

BOWDEN BRAKE

BEST FOR BICYCLES

Army (ALL BRANCHES), Higher Civil Service, & University. SPECIAL PREPARATION.



JOHN GIBSON, M.A. (First Class, Cambridge, Late of Birmingham and Westminster, Educational Medalist at Antwerp, Bordeaux, and Brussels International Exhibitions.)

G. LOU, B.A. (First Class, London), Author of "The Illustrated French Grammar," etc. Spanish and German Examiner at the City of London College.

LARGE STAFF OF SPECIALIST TUTORS. SMALL CLASSES. INDIVIDUAL ATTENTION.

Over 3,000 successes to date in Competitive and Pass Examinations. Pupils received at (1) 14-18, Victoria Road, Upper Norwood, the resident department of Quermore; (2) 24, Chancery Lane; (3) 9, Fenchurch Street, E.C. (H. Foulks Lynch & Co.) for Chartered Accountants' Examinations only. Over 400 successes in 1902 only, including several First places and Honours. Prospectus and full particulars on application to

JOHN GIBSON, M.A., 18, Victoria Road, Upper Norwood.

MODEL STEAM ENGINES AND BOILERS.

Locomotives, Marine, Horizontal, Vertical.

MODEL ENGINE PARTS. Cylinders, Fly-wheels, Pumps, Eccentrics, Cranks, Bearings, Locomotive Parts and Fittings.

MODEL BOILER FITTINGS. Steam and Water Gauges, Safety Valves, Steam and Water Cocks, Cluck Valves, Model Castings in sets, Screws, Nuts and Bolts, Tubes, Brass Rods, Sheet Brass and Copper, Steel Rods, &c.

MODEL SAILING YACHTS, MODEL STEAM BOATS, MODEL STEAM AND ELECTRIC LAUNCHES. Racing Yachts, Cutters, Schooners, Brigs, &c.

MODEL YACHT FITTINGS. Blocks, Deau-eyes, Wheels, Skylights, Hatchways Plugs and Stanchions, Model Ball Cloth, Set of Masts and Spars, Rigging Cord, &c.



We manufacture and supply everything for making and fitting Model Sailing Yachts, Steam and Electric Boats, Model Steam Engines, Boilers, Model Railways, &c., and we have the largest and most complete stock in the world.

SEE OUR FULLY ILLUSTRATED COPYRIGHT CATALOGUE.

50 Engravings and Prices of Model Steam Engines, Boilers, Steam and Electric Boats, Sailing Yachts, Fittings and Parts for Boiler Engines, Ships Castings, &c. Electric Motors, Dynamos, Telescopes, Balloons, Microscopes, Electrical, Chemical, Photographic, and Scientific Amusements, by post, 3d.

STEVENS'S MODEL DOCKYARD,



ESTABLISHED 1843

22^K Aldgate, City, London.

Works, ALDGATE AND GREEN LANES

ILLUSTRATED PRICE LISTS OF SHIPS FITTINGS, ENGINE AND BOILER FITTINGS, CASTINGS, POST FREE.

Contents—continued.

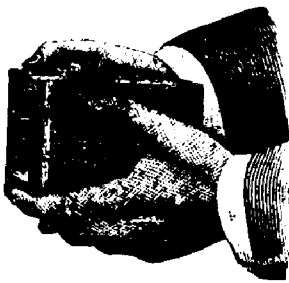
	PAGE
SCHOOL MAGAZINES REVIEWED	164
THE ATHLETIC CORNER. (HINTS ON NEW BATS.) And Answers to Correspondents.	C. B. FRY 166
COLLINGHAM'S CLOCKWORK CHAIR Illustrated by TOM BROWNE, R.I.	ALFRED JUDD 170
"CAPTAIN" CAMERA CORNER With Illustrations.	THE PHOTOGRAPHIC EDITOR 175
HOW PILLINGSHOT SCORED Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.	P. G. WODEHOUSE 177
NATURALISTS' CORNER With Illustrations.	EDWARD STEW, F.L.S. 181
THE NEW MASTER OF LORETTO	182
"CAPTAIN" CLUB CONTRIBUTIONS	183
IF YOU WANT A BICYCLE	187
"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR MAY	188
"CAPTAIN" PICTORIAL POST-CARDS	TOM BROWNE, R.I. 189
"THE OLD FAG." (EDITORIAL)	190
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS	192
RESULTS OF MARCH COMPETITIONS	194
"THE LATEST"	J. A. KAY 195

THE CAPTAIN is published monthly by the proprietors, GEORGE NEWNES, Limited, 7 to 12 Southampton Street, Strand, London, England. Subscription price to any part of the world, post free, for one year, 8s. 6d. Cases for binding any Volume may be obtained from Booksellers for 1s. 6d.; or post free for 1s. 9d. direct from the Office. Vols. V. to VIII. are now ready, price 6s., or post free 6s. 6d. Vols. I. to IV. are out of print. American Agents in the United States, the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York.

The Editor does not hold himself responsible for any MSS., photographs, or drawings submitted to him, but when stamps are enclosed he will endeavour to return those contributions of which he cannot make use. Typewritten MSS. are preferred.

BROWNIE KODAKS

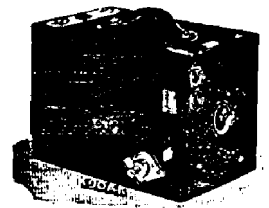
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.



No. 1 Brownie.

(Pictures, 2½ in. by 2½ in.)

5/-



No. 2 Brownie.

(Pictures, 3½ in. by 2½ in.)

10/-

NO DARK ROOM NEEDED FOR CHANGING THE FILMS.

OF ALL PHOTOGRAPHIC DEALERS, OR OF

**KODAK, Ltd., 41-43 Clerkenwell Road,
LONDON, E.C.**

Branches:

59 Brompton Road, S.W.; 60 Cheapside, E.C.; 115 Oxford Street, W.;
171-173 Regent Street, W.; and 40 West Strand, London, W.C.

Wholesale and Retail:

96 Bold Street, LIVERPOOL, and 72-74 Buchanan Street, GLASGOW.

**NO CAMERA
is a**

KODAK

unless it is manufactured by
the KODAK Company



BUY A GOOD CYCLE.
NO NEED TO PAY A FANCY PRICE.
 Premiers, Rovers, Coventry Challenge, Swifts, Triumphs, Humbers, Singors, etc.


EASY PAYMENTS
FROM 8/- MONTHLY.
 Buy direct and save pounds. Lists free.

Edward O'Brien,
 World's Largest Cycle Dealer, Coventry.

A High Grade Coventry Cycle for £6

BIRDS' EGGS, SKINS, INSECTS, SHELLS, CURIOS, BOOKS,
 and all kinds of APPARATUS and REQUISITES for Collectors and Students in all branches of NATURAL HISTORY. Largest Authentic Stock in Kingdom. Price Lists free.

CHAS. JEFFERYS, Naturalist,
TETBURY, Gloucestershire.
Established Quarter of Century.



HUMBER - CYCLES -

HEALTH... HAPPINESS. HUMBER...

The possession of the last ensures the others

PRICE FROM 10 GUINEAS.
 Deferred Payments arranged. Artistic Catalogue Post Free.

HUMBER, LTD.,
 32 Holborn Viaduct, LONDON, E.C.
 AGENTS EVERYWHERE.

IN ALL THE WORLD UNEQUALLED

MACKINTOSH'S
Extra Cream
TOFFEE



Doctors Recommend it.
DELICIOUS! DELICIOUS!!
Sold Everywhere.
 If any difficulty in procuring send eight penny stamps for very large sample packet to
J MACKINTOSH, Ltd.,
 The Toffee Mills, Halifax.

To Natural History Collectors, Students, and others.

JAMES GARDNER, Naturalist,
 52 HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.
 Keeps in Stock every Description of Apparatus, Cabinets, Books, and Specimens for Collectors of BIRDS' EGGS, BUTTERFLIES and MOTHS, &c., &c. A detailed Price List (fully illustrated) sent post free on application.

One Grade only—THE BEST.

PREMIER BICYCLES **£12 12s. Net,**
 or **£1 1s. Monthly.**

List Free. C. Dept.
PREMIER WORKS,
COVENTRY.
 20 HOLBORN VIADUCT, & 133 HAMMERSMITH Rd.

TWO GREAT GOVERNMENT DEPARTMENTS
H.M. WAR OFFICE and H.M. POST OFFICE
 have adopted

Bartlett-
"CLINCHER"

The First
DETACHABLE
Pneumatic;
Invented, A.D.1890.

Still unequalled for **QUALITY**
 and **DURABILITY** A.D. 1903.

TYRES

Easiest to Detach. Have no Wires.

NORTH BRITISH RUBBER Co., Ltd., 57, Moorgate St., LONDON, E.C.

A PERFECT SHOT.



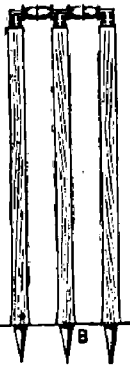
12/6 Carriage Free.
RICHFORD'S REMINGTON PATTERN RIFLE
 The Smartest and most Accurate Little Rifle made.
 Has splendid Rifled Barrel, Engine-Turned Top, and is beautifully finished in every respect.
 Will carry any distance up to 120 yards. The very thing for Target or Rabbit Shooting.
 Also WINCHESTER BOLT ACTION RIFLES, 19 6; SALOON GUNS, 1, 2 or 3 BORE, from 12 6 each
 COLT'S CELEBRATED REPEATING RIFLES—take 16 Cartridges, '22 Calibre, £2 10s. each.
 Send for New Gun List Post Free.

RICHFORD & CO., 153 Fleet Street, London, E.C.

BENETFINK & Co

THE GREAT ATHLETIC OUTFITTERS FOR COLLEGES, SCHOOLS, CLUBS, ETC.
 COMPLETE OUTFITS and EVERY REQUISITE FOR CRICKET,
 RUNNING, TENNIS, CYCLING, AND ALL SPORTS AND GAMES.

CRICKET STUMPS.



	Boys'	Men's
Polished Ash	1/5, 1/11,	2/6
Brass Ferrules	2/4, 2/6,	3/-
Ditto, Steel Shod	—	4/-
Solid Brass Tops	—5/3, 6/6,	10/-
Ditto, Revolving Tops	—	7/-, 8/-

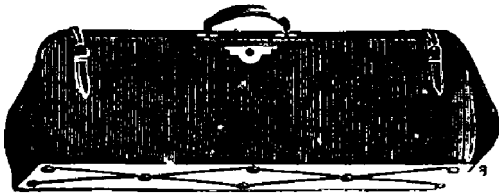
Postage, 7d.

CRICKET BALLS.

Duke's SUPER	5/3
Dark's CROWN	5/-
GRASS-HOPPER	4/10
Benetfink's Practice, 3-seam	3/6
Ditto, B.C.B. (Warranted)	4/6
Ditto, Ditto, Boys'	3/1
Wisden's Special School Boys'	3/10
Ditto, Crown Match Ball	5/-
Per dozen, 57/-	Post free.
"ECLIPSE" Compo., 5 1/2 oz	1/9
Composition	8d., 10d.

Postage, 2d.

CRICKET BAGS.



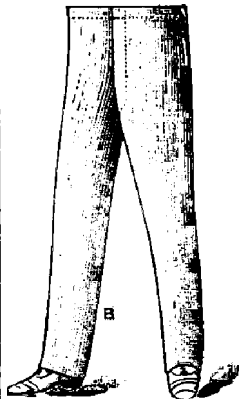
Fancy Carpet	5/9
Plain ditto	7/10, 8/10
Ditto, ditto (as illustration)	8/6, 10/-
Ditto, ditto ditto with Leather Ends	12/9
All Leather	23/-, 26/6, 28/-

Postage, 7d.

To Club Secretaries—

PATTERN CARDS OF CLUB COLOURS (returnable) SENT FREE ON APPLICATION.

CRICKET TROUSERS.



	Boys'	Men's.
White Flannel, shrunk	4/6, 5/6, 7/6,	4/11, 5/11, 7/11
Best Quality Flannel, well shrunk	9/11 nett.	
Best White Doe Cloth, guaranteed not to shrink	15/6	
Plain Grey or Striped Flannel	7/6, 10/6	
White Drill	5/11, 7/6	

Postage, 4d. under 10/-

CRICKET SHIRTS.

	Boys'	Men's.
White Flannelette	2/3	2/6
Ditto Flannel	3/-, 4/-	3/3, 4/6
Twill Flannel	5/11	8/11
THE CLUB Coarse Canvas, White	2/6, 3/6,	4/6
Umpires' Coats	4/11, 6/6,	8/6, 10/6

Postage, 4d.

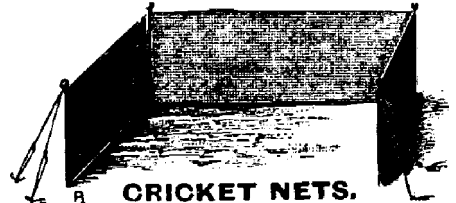
CRICKET BATS.



Boys', Half Cane,	No. 4, 3/3; No. 5, 3/8; No. 6, 4/6
Ditto, All Cane (as illustration)	No. 5, 5/3; No. 6, 6/-
Ditto, "Resilient," Selected	No. 6, 8/3
Men's All Cane	8/-
Ditto, ditto, Super	8/6
Ditto, ditto, Selected	9/6
Clapshaw's "Resilient"	15/6
Warsop's "CONQUEROR," Improved	18/6
Wisden's "Crawford's EXCELLER"	16/9, 20/-

Single Bat sent Post free.

Immense Stock of Cricket Bats by Lillywhite, Clapshaw, Ayres, Cobbett, Dark, Warsop, Wisden, G. G. Hearne, Bryan, Gardiner, and Nicolls.



CRICKET NETS.

BACK NETS ONLY. With Poles, Lines, & Pegs.			
18 ft. by 6 ft.	18 ft. by 7 ft.	18 ft. by 8 ft.	
7/11 nett.	9/- nett.	9/10 nett.	
WITH SIDE WINGS (as illustration). With Poles, Lines, and Pegs			
42 ft. by 6 ft.	42 ft. by 7 ft.	42 ft. by 8 ft.	
17/9 nett.	19/10 nett	22/- nett.	
	STEAM TARRED.		
19/6	22/6	25/6	

WICKET-KEEPING GLOVES.

Men's Chamois, Canc Protected	2.9, 3/3
Ditto, Leather, Ventilated	4.6, 5/3
Ditto, Kid, ditto, Super	6/8
Boys' 3d. per pair less.	Post free.

CATALOGUES POST FREE.

Please mention "CAPTAIN."

CRICKET BOOTS.



The "UNIVERSAL," White Canvas	Mens' 4/11
The "SPECIAL," White Mock Buck, Spiked, equal in wear and appearance to real Buck (as illustration)	8/11
The "MARLBORNE" Buck Dressed Pyramid Spikes	10/6
The "LORDS" Real Buck Skin, Guaranteed Machine Welled, equal to Hand Sown, Pyramid Spikes	16/6

Postage under 10/-, 5d. pair.

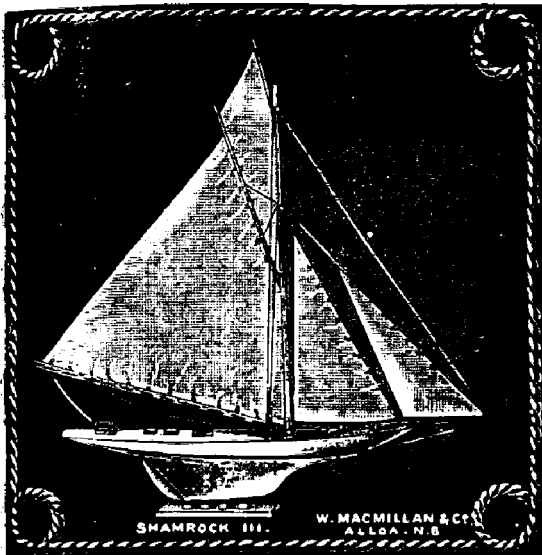
89, 90,
107 & 108,

CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.

SCALE
MODELS OF

"SHAMROCK III."

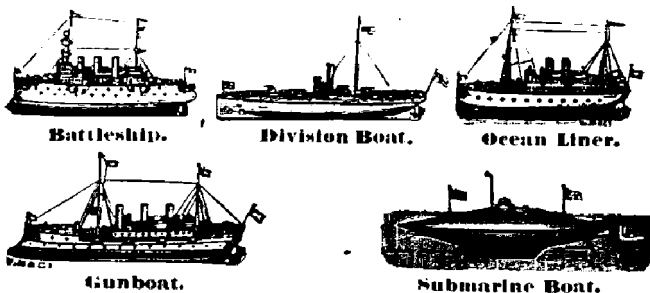
CHALLENGER
FOR THE
AMERICA CUP.



Beautifully Finished Scale Model of SHAMROCK III., Latest Challenger for the America Cup.

These Models are specially built by workmen experienced in Fast Model Racing Yacht construction, and are of our Highest Grade Exhibition Class. They are made of specially selected materials and every care is taken to produce Fast Model Racing Yachts which will give best possible results in any kind of weather. Specification:—Beautifully Modelled Hull Correct Design, Enamelled and Lined in Correct Colours, with Green Boot Top and Stripes, finished in the best possible style of workmanship. Deck Fittings of Brass with Patent Self Steering Gear, Compass, Hatches and Skylight, Deck Coloured and Lined Length over Deck, 2 ft. 7 1/2 ins. Spars of Best Materials, and Skails of Specially Manufactured White Sail Cloth. Yachts are Cutter Rigged and sent out complete with Stand, exactly as shown by Engraving, which is taken from Photo of Finished Model. Price, packed in strong wood case and delivered Carriage Paid, £3 3s. Carriage Abroad, 7s. 6d extra, any surplus being returned.

Note.—Price of above is 30 per cent. under what is usually charged for Models of the Highest Class, and as we expect the demand will be very great during the Season, it is requested that orders will be placed as early as possible.



Battleship. Magnificent Model Battleships fitted up complete with Life-boats, Fore and Aft Barbette, Guns (Quick Firers), Cannons, 8 Guns in Casemates, Model Search Lights, &c. Length nearly 3 ft., with Strong Engine and Boiler, price 65/-, with Double Marine Engine and Twin Screw Propellers, 75/-, Carriage Paid.

Division Boats with Steam Engine and Boiler, Guns and all Fittings complete. 24 ins. long, 15/6, Carriage Paid.

Model Passenger Ships and Ocean Liners Finished and Enamelled in best style. Fitted with Strong Steam Engines, Boilers, Fittings, Masts, and Funnel, &c., as shown. 22 ins. long, 28/-, 24 ins. long, 38/-, 24 ft. long, 75/-, Carriage Paid.

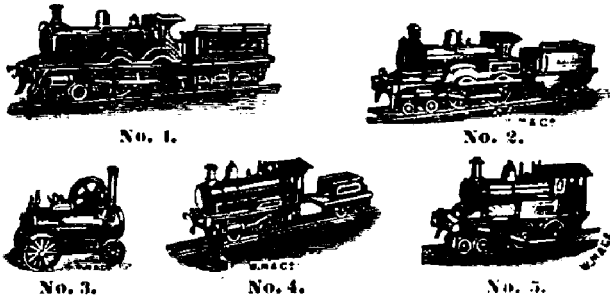
Gunboats with Steam Engine and Boiler, Life-boats, Quick Firing Guns, &c., complete. 20 ins. long, 20/-, 25 ins. long, 25/-, large size, 24 ft. long, 37/6, Carriage Paid.

Model Submarine Boats to sail on and under the surface, will not sink. 14 ins. long 7/6, 18 ins. long, 14/6 Carriage Paid.

Torpedo Boats with steam Engine and Boiler, Guns, &c., complete. 15 ins. long, 8/-, 25 ins. long, 10/6, Carriage Paid.

Above Models are fitted up and finished in the best possible manner, enamelled and lined in correct colours, and are certain to give every satisfaction.

High Class Model Steam Locomotives.



No. 1. Scale Model L. & S.W. Locomotive and Tender. 2 S.V. Cylinders, Reversing Gear, Coupled Wheels, all Fittings Plated, Gauge 3 ins., Spring Buffers, Strong Boiler with all Best Fittings and Water Gauge, Tenders with Spirit and Water Tanks, also New Improved Loco. Feed Pump. Total Length, 2 ft. 4 ins. Price, Carriage Paid, 90/- No. 2. Splendid Model L. & N.W. Railway Express Locomotive and Tender with 2 S.V. Cylinders, Reversing Gear, Waste Steam up Funnel, Spring Buffers, Coupled Wheels, Strong Boiler with Best Fittings, and Water Gauge Gauge, 2 1/2 ins. Length 2 ft. Price, Carriage Paid with Rails, 70/- No. 3. Splendid Model Traction Engine with S.V. Cylinder, Reversing Gear, Governors, Waste up Funnel, Strong Boiler, Pump, all Fittings, Water Gauge, To travel either straight or in a circle. Fine Finish. Guaranteed Length 10 1/2 ins. Price 67/6. No. 4. Single Valve Locomotive and Tender with Reversing Gear, Waste Steam up Funnel, Gauge 1 1/2 ins. Length 15 ins. Price with Rails, 25/- Gauge 2 ins., 17 ins. long, Price 30/-, all Carriage Paid. Well made, Highly Finished, Plated with ga. No. 5. Tank Engine "Pilot," 2 S.V. Cylinders, Reversing Gear, Gauge 2 ins. Length, 11 ins. Price, with Rails, 50/-, Carriage Paid.



New Design Self-Starting Electro Motors for Boats. Complete with rollers and shafts. To suit Boat 2 ft. long, 9/6, 3 ft. 15/6, 4 to 5 ft., 21/-, Larger Sizes, 35/-, 50/-, and 65/-, Carriage Paid.

Above Models are finished in the Best Possible Manner, Enamelled and Lined in Correct Colours. Fittings Plated, and each is Tested under Steam before being sent. See Catalogue for Rails, Points, Switches, Crossings, Carriages, Cars, Trucks, Platforms, Stations, &c., and various other Designs of Steam and Clock-work Locomotives, and Boats, &c.

Send for our Splendid New Enlarged Catalogue, nearly 500 Illustrations, of powerful and magnificent Locomotives, Vertical, Horizontal, Lanch Compound and Triple-expansion Engines, all sizes up to 4 H.P. Steam Engines and Castings all kinds; Finished Parts Steam Turbines, Model Racing Yachts, Ship Fittings, Engine and Boiler Fittings, Petrol Motors for River Boats and Bicycles, Castings of same, Brass, Copper, and Steel Boilers, Oil and Gas Engines, Dies, Electro Motors, Castings and all Requisites, etc. New Designs in Vertical, Horizontal, Locomotive, and Launch Engines; Battleships, Gunboats, Torpedo Boats, and Submarine Boats; Engine and Boiler Fittings, etc., etc., post free, 6d. Mention this paper when writing.

W. MACMILLAN & CO., Engineers and Modellers, Mar Street, Alloa, N.B.

"OUR NEIGHBOURS" SERIES.

A series of handy books dealing with the Intellectual Life of the various Peoples, their Social Divisions and Distinctions, their Manners and Customs, Wealth and Poverty, their Armies and Systems of National Defence, their Industrial Life, Rural Life, Home Life, Religious Life, Amusements, and Local Governments. Fully Illustrated, crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net each. Edited by WILLIAM HARBUTT DAWSON.

- Dutch Life in Town and Country.
- Swiss Life in Town and Country.
- Russian Life in Town and Country.
- German Life in Town and Country.
- French Life in Town and Country.
- Spanish Life in Town and Country.
- Italian Life in Town and Country.
- Danish Life in Town and Country.

- By P. M. HOUGH, M.A.
- By A. T. STORY.
- By FRANCIS H. E. PALMER.
- By WILLIAM HARBUTT DAWSON.
- By MISS HANNAH LYNCH.
- By L. HIGGIN.
- By LUIGI VILLARI.
- By J. BROCHNER.

GEORGE NEWNES, Ltd., Strand, London, W.C.

[To face end of Text.]

NEWNES' SIXPENNY NOVELS.

- MICAH CLARKE. A. Conan Doyle.
 THE GREEN FLAG. A. Conan Doyle.
 UNCLE BERNAC. A. Conan Doyle.
 THE TRAGEDY OF THE KOROSKO. A. Conan Doyle.
 ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES. A. Conan Doyle.
 MEMOIRS OF SHERLOCK HOLMES. A. Conan Doyle.
 THE SIGN OF FOUR. A. Conan Doyle.
 THE EXPLOITS OF BRIGADIER GERARD. A. Conan Doyle.
 RODNEY STONE. A. Conan Doyle.
 THE WHITE COMPANY. A. Conan Doyle.
 A SAILOR TRAMP. Bart Kennedy.
 HOSTAGES TO FORTUNE. Miss Braddon.
 FENTON'S QUEST. Miss Braddon.
 RUN TO EARTH. Miss Braddon.
 MISS CAYLEY'S ADVENTURES. Grant Allen.
 HILDA WADE. Grant Allen.
 WHAT'S BRED IN THE BONE. Grant Allen.
 AN AFRICAN MILLIONAIRE. Grant Allen.
 MOLLY BAWN. By the Author of "Phyllis."
 VICE VERSA. F. Anstey.
 THE SILENCE OF DEAN MAITLAND. Maxwell Gray.
 THE REPROACH OF ANNESLEY. Maxwell Gray.
 SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT. Beatrice Harraden.
- DR. THERNE, Anti - Vaccinist. H. Rider Haggard.
 SHE. H. Rider Haggard.
 JESS. H. Rider Haggard.
 BACHELORLAND. R. S. Warren Bell.
 ROBERT ELSMERE. Mrs. Humphry Ward.
 THE HISTORY OF DAVID GRIEVE. Mrs. Humphry Ward.
 MARCELLA. Mrs. Humphry Ward.
 JOHN HERRING. Rev. S. Baring-Gould.
 A MILLIONAIRE'S LOVE STORY. Guy Boothby.
 MYSTERY OF THE CLASPED HANDS. Guy Boothby.
 MALCOLM. George Macdonald.
 THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE. George Macdonald.
 DONAL GRANT. George Macdonald.
 STORIES FROM THE DIARY OF A DOCTOR. L. T. Meade.
 A MODERN MERCENARY. K. and Hesketh Prichard.
 FIGHTS FOR THE FLAG. W. H. Fitchett, LL.D.
 DEEDS THAT WON THE EMPIRE. W. H. Fitchett, LL.D.
 A WILD PROXY. Mrs. Clifford.
 THE ROMANCE OF A MIDSHIPMAN. W. Clark Russell.
 RODMAN THE BOAT-STEERER. Louis Becke.
 THE HERB-MOON. John Oliver Hobbes.
 THE MANCHESTER MAN. Mrs. Banks.

Post Free, 8d.

TIT-BITS MONSTER PENNY BOOKS.

- BARON MUNCHAUSEN
 MARVELLOUS ADVENTURES.
 STORIES FROM EAST AND WEST.
 THE WAXWORK SHOW.
 ROBIN HOOD.
 HOLIDAY STORIES.
 THE SULTAN'S STORY-TELLERS.
 LITTLE RED SHOES.
 LITTLE SNOW-WHITE.
 AUNT AUDREY'S STORY BOOK.
 TOLD TO THE CALIPH.
 ÆSOP'S FABLES.
 ARABIAN NIGHTS.
 STORIES FROM HANS ANDERSEN.
 GRIMMS' TALES.
 FAIRY BOOK.
 CORAL ISLAND.
- PETER THE WHALER.
 MARTIN RATTLER.
 GARDEN BOOK.
 HEALTH BOOK.
 SPELLING BOOK.
 ENGLISH DICTIONARY.
 TABLE BOOK.
 READY RECKONER.
 COOKERY BOOK.
 ANIMAL STORIES.
 WORDSWORTH'S POEMS.
 MRS. HEMANS' POEMS.
 POETRY BOOK.
 TENNYSON'S POEMS.
 LONGFELLOW'S POEMS.
 RECITATION BOOK.
 RHYME BOOK.

Post Free, 2d.

GEO. NEWNES, Ltd., 7-12, Southampton St., Strand, London, W.C.

WHITELY-HENDRICKSON

EXERCISER COMBINED.

The Newest Physical Developer.

It promotes perfect Physical development without over exertion.

The Will Power and the Mind are exercised and kept active while Physical Development goes on.

ON SALE EVERYWHERE.

If your dealer does not keep it ask for W. H. 1.2.

Complete with Manual.

Price - LADIES, 7/6 - Men, 9/-
Athletes, 1/06 - Jumbo (ex. strength) 12/6

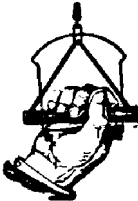
Sole Agents -

A. I. CO., 8 Long Lane, London, E.C.

O
P
E
N



C
L
O
S
E
D



The Grip Handle.

AYVAD'S WATER WINGS

For the Baths and Seaside



Indispensable to swimmers and bathers as a means of having fun in the water. They give confidence to non-swimmers and enable them to learn quickly. Are readily adjusted, and when inflated will support anyone in the water. Can be carried in the pocket. Price 1s. 6d. Obtainable through waterproof goods Dealers or by post from

MOLLESON HUGHES & Co.,
58 Stafford Street, Liverpool.

SUPERIOR PRINTING OUTFITS.

For 7d., 1/2, 2/3, 2/6, 3/4, 3/9, 5/9,
and 6/3, Post free.

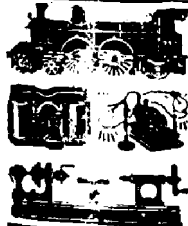
Consisting of Letters, Points and
Ornaments, a Type-holder, supply
of Ink, Pad, and Tweezers.
Any name, etc., can be made
at pleasure, for stamping
Books, Papers, and Print-
ing Cards.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE
FREE.

Patent "Air Cushion"
Rubber Stamp, viz.:-

Your Name, 1/9; Your Name and Address, 2/3; Your
Monogram, 6d. Postage 2d. extra.

C. LINDNER, 170 Fleet St., London, E.C.



"THE MODEL ENGINEER AND AMATEUR ELECTRICIAN"

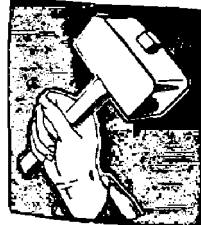
is a splendid paper for those interested in
Model Engines, Railways, Locomotives, Steam-
boats, Sailing Yachts, Lathes, Tools, Dynamos,
Motors, Electric Light, Bells, Batteries, Coils,
Telephones, Electrical Experiments, Scientific
Novelties, and all kinds of Mechanical and
Electrical Work. Full of practical articles,
and interesting photographs, and working
drawings. Send for specimen copy, post free,
4d., to any part of the world. -**DAWBARN &
WARD, Ltd., 6c, Farringdon Avenue, E.C.**

"THE WOODWORKER."

A Journal of Practical Instruction in Carpen-
try and Joinery, Wood-carving, Fretwork,
Cabinet-making, Inlaying, Turning, Manual
Training, and all branches of Wood-working.

Original Artistic Designs and Working
Drawings are a Special Feature.

Send for Specimen Copy, post free, 3d.
DAWBARN & WARD, Ltd.,
6c, FARRINGTON AVENUE, LONDON, E.C.



It's better to spend
half-a-guinea well
than half-a-crown
on an experiment.

'SWAN'

Fountain Pens

ARE PROVED
THE BEST.

Prices:
10/6, 16/6,
25/- to
£20

Postage
free.



No. 1 "Swan" Pen for pocket, 10/6 plain, 12/6 with bands.

Sold
by
all
Stationers

GUARANTEED.
SEE CATALOGUE
SENT FREE.

No more steel
pens, dirty ink
pots, pen wipers,
rusty holders.

Mabie, Todd & Bard,
93, Cheapside, London, E.C.

95a, Regent St., W.; 3, Exchange St.
Manchester; and 37, Ave. de l'Opera, Paris.

SIT AT EASE!!

By Using

SEAMLESS SEAT KNICKERS

For CYCLISTS.

The only really comfortable
Cycling Knickers yet pro-
duced. No chafing, free-
dom of movement, smarter
in appearance, double-
seated, and made in the
most durable fabrics.

"Cycling,"

London, May 18th, 1901, says:-

"Our experience with a pair
of Patent Seamless Seat Knickers
confirms our opinion that the
cause of saddle soreness is not
so much the saddle as the seams
in the knickers."

Should your Tailor not stock them,
send his name to the Sole Patentee

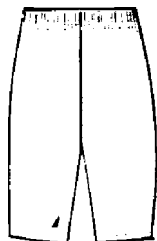
JOHN HARDING, SON & CO., Ltd.,
18 & 20 New Brown St., MANCHESTER.

BOYS' SPORTS PROVIDERS JOHN PIGGOTT, Ltd.,



CRICKET BAGS.

Green-figured carpet, 4/3, 4/11, 6/11.



RUNNING DRAWERS.

Sateen, all colours, 1/-, 1/5.
Navy, Black, Sky, Pink, & Cardinal.

RUNNING VESTS.

Boys', 1/5, Men's, 1/6.
Postage, 2d.

RUNNING SHOES.

3/11. Postage, 4d.

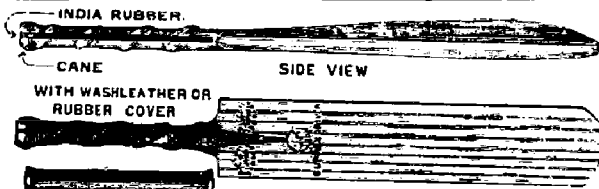
MATT SHIRTS.

Collar and Pocket, 2/6, 3/6, 4/11.
Grey Flannel, 4/6.
Postage, 3d.



CRICKET SHOE.

Buckskin, 7/11, 8/11, 10/6.
White Canvas, 4/3, 4/11, 6/6.
Postage 6d.

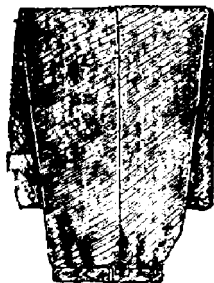


INDIA RUBBER.
CANE **SIDE VIEW**

WITH WASHLEATHER OR RUBBER COVER

THE "J.P." SURREY DRIVER.

This Bat is strongly recommended to Cricketers. The wonderful "GRIP" obtained by the peculiar construction of the handle, together with its perfect balance and driving power, render it undoubtedly the leading bat of the day. **MEN'S, Full Size, 15/9. YOUTHS', No. 6, 12/9.**



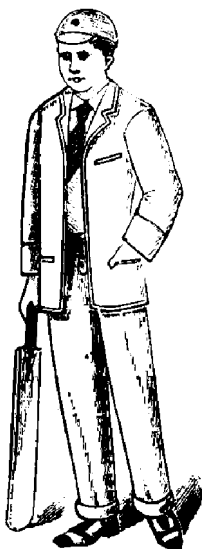
CYCLING KNICKERS.

4/3, 5/6, 7/6. Postage, 4d.



The New BOUNDARY BALL.

5/3 each : 30 - per half doz.



WHITE FLANNEL TROUSERS, 5/3, 6/-, 6/11.

GREY, do., plain or fancy stripes, 4/6, 5/11, 6/11.

Please send for our Large Illustrated Price List, Post Free.

117 & 118, CHEAPSIDE, and MILK STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Fry's

"FIVE BOYS"

MILK CHOCOLATE.

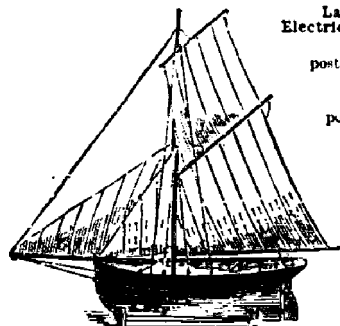
Recommended by the

Medical Profession and Press.



Desperation | Pacification | Expectation | Acclamation | Realization

HAMLEY'S TOYS, NOVELTIES, ENGINES, SHIPS, etc.



Hamley's SAILING BOATS, CUTTERS, and SCHOONERS, with sails to take up and down. Nicely finished, and guaranteed to sail. Price, 2/6, 3/6, 4/6, 6/6, 8/6, 10/6, 15/-, 21/-, and 42/-. Packing and postage extra.

Large Electric Torches, price 4/6, post free 4/10. Refills for same, 1/3, post free 1/6.

STRONG CLOCKWORK BOAT.



To wind up and go along in the water. Price, 1/-, post free 1/4; 2/-, post free 2/4; 3/6, post free 3/11; 5/9, 7/9, 8/9, 10/9, 21/-, 30/-, 42/-, up to 156/-.

Electric Gas Lighters, price 5/-, post free 5/6. Refills for same, 2/- each, post free 2/4.



Little Queen TENT, for the Garden or Beach. Price, 14/-. Carriage to be paid on receipt. Send for Hamley's List of Steam Engine Fittings and Ship Fittings, Clockwork Railways, etc. Post Free on Application.

ELECTRICAL NOVELTIES.

Electric Pocket Lamp, very useful for travelling, price 2/6, post free 2/9. Refills for same, 1/3 post free.
Bull's Eye Lamp, price 4/3, post free 4/8.
House Lamps, price 5/-, post free 5/6. Refills for same, 1/6 each, post free 1/9.
Electric Beak Pin, very pretty, price 5/6, post free 5/10.
Electric Batteries and Coils, complete with Battery, price 5/9, 6/9, 7/9. Postage 6d. extra.

HAMLEY'S, 512 Oxford St., London, W.C.

ONE WHAT IS THE BEST VALUE for A PENNY?
A £12 12s. Bicycle for the Answer.

See page 278.

THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE
FOR BOYS & "OLD BOYS."
EDITOR, "THE OLD FAC." ATHLETIC EDITOR, C. B. FRY.

6d.

Vol. IX. No. 51.

JUNE, 1903.

When buying

a cycle, insist upon genuine

DUNLOP TYRES

you will appreciate the wisdom of this

when selling;

second-hand cycles sell more readily
and at higher prices with Dunlop
tyres.

**STURDY, RESILIENT, DURABLE, AND
ALWAYS RELIABLE.**

Guaranteed for 13 months.

the trade mark (Dunlop's head) on tube as
well as cover.

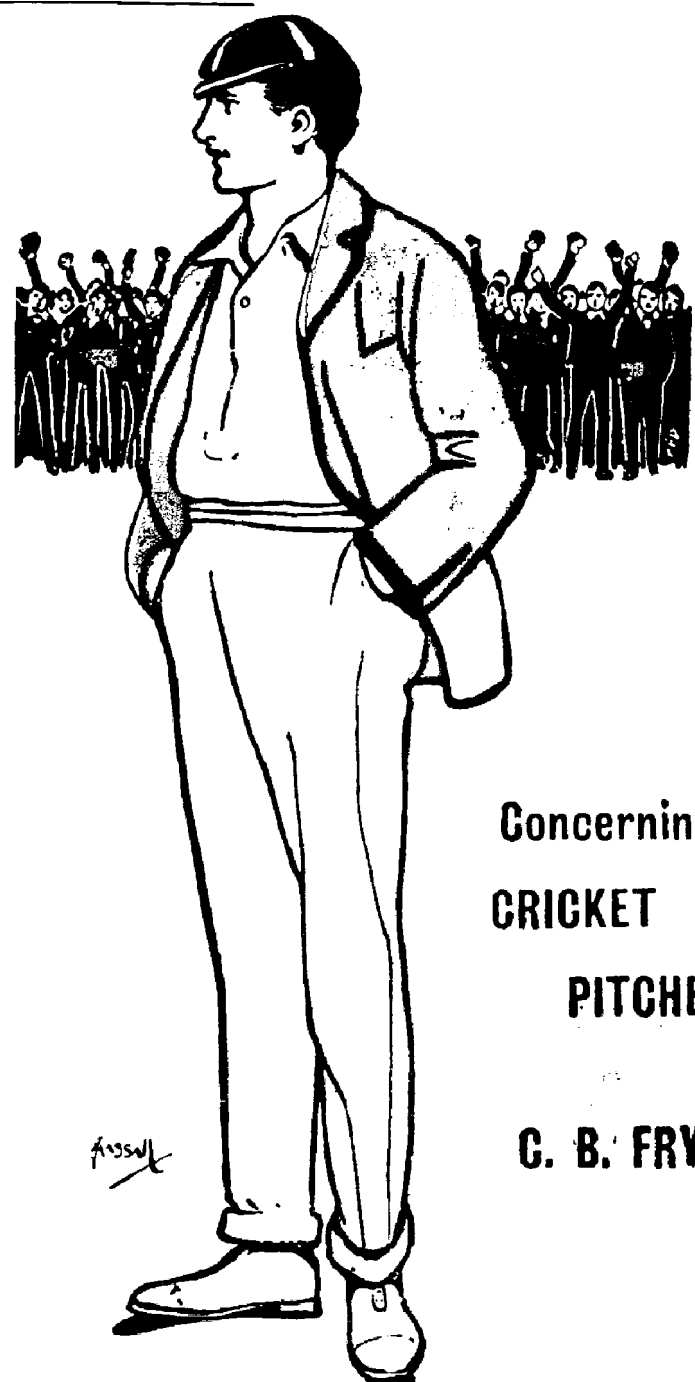
EQUALLY GOOD FOR
CARRIAGES AND MOTORS.



Trade Mark.

DUNLOP TYRE Co., Ltd., Aston, B'ham.

Used by all the Government Departments.



Concerning
**CRICKET
PITCHES**

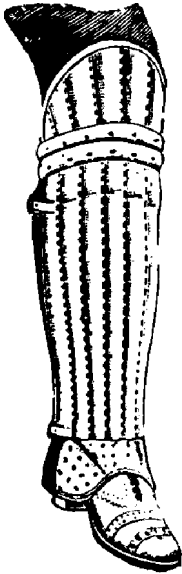
C. B. FRY.

When talking of CRICKET and all Sports one's thoughts naturally turn to

GAMAGE'S OF HOLBORN

The best, largest, and cheapest house in the trade for all Sporting Requisites.

CRICKET LEG GUARDS.



Moleskin, Youths' 3/3
Men's ... 3/6
Chamois Leather,
Youths' ... 4/6
Men's ... 4/11
White Buck, Youths' 5/6
Men's 5/11 & 7/11

WICKET-KEEPING CLOVES.

Chamois Leather, Cane Protected, Youths' 2/8
Men's 2/11
White Buck, Youths' 4/3
Men's 4/6 & 5/6
Do., Rubber-faced 6/3 & 6/6
Gold Cape, Men's 5/9
Do., Rubber-faced 6/11 & 8/6

BATTING CLOVES.

White Leather (Tubular Rubber) 3/9 & 4/-
Extra Qualities, 4/11, 5/11, 6/11, 7/6

BELTS—Elastic Web, all Colours, 6d. & 10½d.

CRICKET BALLS.

Gamage's—	Men's	Youths' 5½ oz.
3-Seam Leather ...	1/10	2/3
Club 3-Seam Match ...	3/1	3/6
Referee 3-Seam Match,		
Guaranteed ...	4/3	4/6
Referee Match ...	—	4/6
Australian Match ...	—	5/-
Do. Catgut Sewn		
Guaranteed ...	4/9	5/-
Compo Match, Ma-		
ponite ...	—	2/-
Compo Eclipse ...	—	1/9
.. Practice ...	7½d.	9d.
.. Boys', 4½d.		
.. Child's, 2½in, 3½d.		

CRICKET SHIRTS, ETC.

White Mat ... 2/6, 3/6
.. Flannel, 3/11, 4/11, 5/11
.. Trousers ... 4/11, 5/11, 7/11

CRICKET SHOES.

Brown Canvas, Sewn Leather
Soles ... 3/11
Brown Calf Shoes ... 4/6
Extra Quality ... 6/11
White Buck ... 8/6
Spikes, 6d. extra. Postage, 6d.

CRICKET BATS.

Youths' Willow, Half Cane Handle, Size 4 2/6, Size 5 2/11, Size 6 3/6
Youths' Willow, all Cane Handle, Size 4 3/6, Size 5 4/3, Size 6 4/11
Men's all Cane Handles, 4/11, 7/6, 9/6
The Yorkshire Driver, Patent Spring Handle, Size 6, Youths', 12/6; Men's, 14/6, Warranted.
Gamage's Patent Double Splice Bat, specially selected blades, 18/6; Youths', 15/6



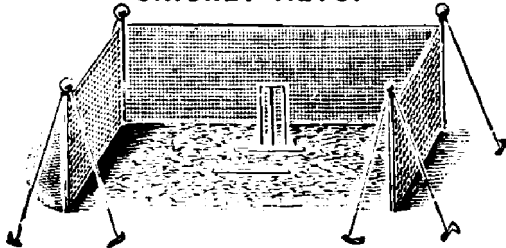
STUMPS WITH BALLS.

Polished Ash, 26in. 1/5, 28in. 1/11, Men's Size, 2/6
Polished Ash, with Brass Ferrules, 26in. 2/6, 28in. 2/9, Men's 3/-, and 4/-
Polished Ash, Brass Tops, Steel Shoes, Youths' 4/6, Men's 4/11. Best Quality 6/9, 7/11, 9/-

CRICKET BAGS.

The "All England," with 2 Handles, 3/11, 4/11, 5/11, 6/11
The "Marylebone" ... 8/-, 10/-
Cowhide, Full Club Size ... 25/6 and 30/-
Cowhide, Private Size ... 18/6 and 21/-

CRICKET NETS.



With Lines Top and Bottom and Poles, complete, 7/11, 9/-, 9/10
With Lines Top and Bottom, Poles, with 2 Side Wings, complete, 17/9, 19/10, 22/-
County Council Regulation Nets, from 35/-

CRICKET SCORING BOOKS.

Club Book for 18 Matches 1/-, 24 Matches 1/6, and 36 Matches 2/6. Postage 3d.
Cricket or Tennis Pocket Scoring Books, with Laws and Calendar, 4½d.; Leather Cases, 10½d. Re-fills 2d. each.

TENNIS BALLS.

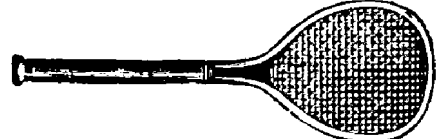
From 4/6 Doz.



The "Gamage" ... 11/-
Gamage's Champion ... 8/9
.. Referee ... 7/6
.. Practice ... 5/6
See Catalogue.

Hand Corks for Walking or Running... 4d. & 6d.
Chamois Toe Socks, 4d. and 6d.
Large Size, 9d. and 1/-

TENNIS RACKETS.



Boys' Oval Shape ... 2/3 and 3/-
Youths' Cedar Handle ... 3/9
Cedar Handle, Club Size ... 3/11
Fish Tail Handle ... 5/6
The "Gamage" Champion ... 6/9
The "Holborn," close strung ... 11/6
The "Demon" ... 11/6
The "Gamage" (Guaranteed) ... 18/6
The "E. D. Black," as used by the Scotch Champion (Guaranteed) ... 20/9
POSTS and NETS, complete, from 9/-
RACKET CASES, 1/6, 1/11, 2/6
RACKET PRESSES, 1/3, 1/6, 2/-

RUNNING SUITS.

Sateen Drawers, all Colours and Sizes ... 1/3
White Cotton Jerseys ... 1/-, 1/6, 1/9
Coloured Ditto ... 1/3

STILL OUR LEADING LINE.

The "ONE GUINEA" Hand Camera.

Special Price to "Captain" Readers 19/3; Carriage Free, 20/-

The "Holborn Guinea" 1903 Hand Camera has now reached perfection. The Body is Mahogany and covered Leather. Every detail has been carefully thought out. The following are some of the leading features:—

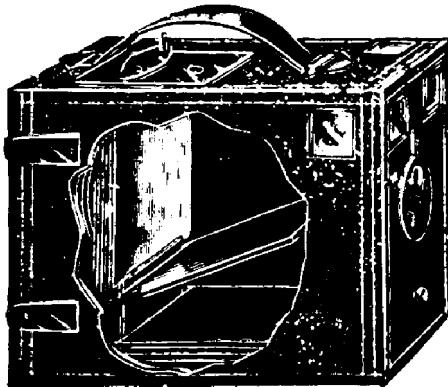
Lens.—Rapid Achromatic Meniscus of excellent quality.
Shutter.—Everset Time and Instantaneous.
Stops.—Rotating, adjustable.
Finders.—Two, for upright & oblong pictures.
Changing Arrangement.—Simple, easy to work, cannot get out of order. No tilting or shaking of Camera required.

Sheaths.—Of Russian Iron, which can be put into the Camera in any order, and when changed are held firmly in position in the bottom of the Camera.
Size.—Smallest possible, carrying 12½ Plates

Automatic Indicator.—Showing number of Plates.

They are thoroughly well finished both inside and out, and in appearance will bear comparison with much higher priced instruments.

NOTE.—We can thoroughly recommend this Camera.



Write for our Mammoth illustrated General List, post free.

A. W. GAMAGE, Ltd., Holborn, E.C.

WHITELY-HENDRICKSON

**EXERCISER
COMBINED.**

The Newest Physical
Developer.

It promotes perfect Physical
development without over
exertion.

The Will Power and the Mind
are exercised and kept active
while Physical Development
goes on.

ON SALE EVERYWHERE.

If your dealer does not keep it ask for W. H. 1-2.

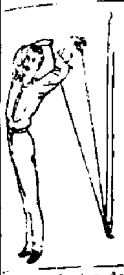
Complete with Manual.

Price- LADIES, 7/6 Men's, 9/-

Athletes, 10/6 Jumbo (ex strength) 12/6

Sole Agents—

A. L. CO., 8 Long Lane, London, E.C.



O
P
E
N



C
L
O
S
E
D



The Grip Handle

THE
"SCOUT"
CAMERAS

TAKE SPLENDID PICTURES, AND ARE
EASIEST TO WORK.
LOADED or UNLOADED in DAYLIGHT.

The No. 1 "SCOUT."

Takes pictures 2 1/2 by 2 1/2. Fitted
with a Rapid Lens and an
Everset Shutter, giving either
time or instantaneous expo-
sures.

Price
Complete, **5/-**

The No. 2 "SCOUT."

Takes pictures 2 1/2 by 2 1/2. Fitted
with excellent Rapid Lens,
Everset Shutter, and 2 View-
Finders.

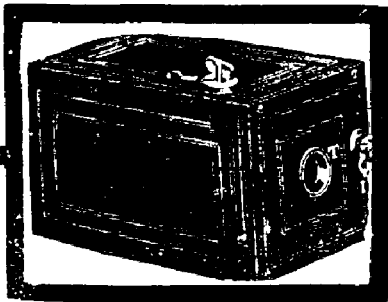
Price
Complete, **10/-**

The Most Efficient Cameras ever offered at such Prices.

Complete Developing and Printing Outfit, 4/6

Send post card for Price List and name of our nearest Agent.

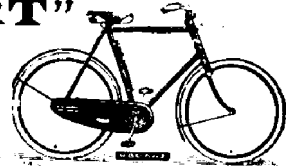
G. HOUGHTON & SON, Ltd.,
88 & 89, High Holborn, LONDON, W.C.



BOWDEN BRAKE
BEST FOR BICYCLES

"HOBART"
CYCLES

World's Best Free Wheel.
Finest Value Obtainable.



HOBART CYCLES

New Featherweight X-Frames, 16 guineas
Elegantes 12 "
Imperials 10 "

Supplied to Sandringham: Ridden by
Royalty: Eulogised by The Lord Bishop
of Coventry, Lord Northcote, Lord
Guernsey, Lord Byron, &c., &c.

Lists from HOBART WORKS, COVENTRY, and Agents. (Est'd 1889)

One of Mackenzie's Sweets.

SOUTOUMA
PRONOUNCED 500-TOOMA
THE FAMOUS SWEET

Delicious, creamy flavour.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.
Sole Mfrs., S. J. Mackenzie & Co., Ltd., London, N.E.

An admirable Food for
Cyclists, Cricketers, Oarsmen,

EPPS'S
IS THE BEST
COCOA

and all engaged in outdoor
sports and pursuits.

GENUINE MILK-CHOCOLATE
IS KNOWN EVERYWHERE AS

PETER'S
THE ORIGINAL
MILK-CHOCOLATE

Delicately flavoured and absolutely pure, PETER'S Milk-
Chocolate is far ahead of all other Chocolates. It is most in-
vigorating and sustaining, and is thus

A TRUE FOOD-SWEET.


Sold Everywhere. 1d., 2d., 3d., 6d., & 1s. Sole Agents (Trade only)
B. J. MACKENZIE & CO., LTD., LONDON, N.E.

REFUSE IMITATIONS. INSIST ON PETER'S

DO YOU WANT AN INEXPENSIVE CABINET

For your **Natural History** specimens? If so, write to us for terms and sizes. As we are **manufacturers** we can sell at low prices. We also keep in stock all kinds of specimens of **Birds' Eggs, Moths, Butterflies, &c.** Send for Price List; it will be worth your while.

J. T. CROCKETT & SONS,
7a, Princes Street, Cavendish Square.
(Close to Oxford Circus, W.).



CYCLES
"IN ALL THE
WORLD
UNEQUALLED."
FROM £10 10s.
TO £23 10s.

**CHAIN-DRIVEN
MOTOR
CYCLES**
"BY TEST
THE BEST."
FROM £42.

Deferred
Payments
Arranged.
Trials by
Appointment.

Artistic Catalogues, also Instructive Booklets free on application.

HUMBER, LIMITED,
32 HOLBORN VIADUCT,
LONDON, E.C.
Agents Everywhere.

TO NATURALISTS

The "Young Collector's Outfit," consisting of Butterfly Net, Pocket Box, Relaxing Box, Larva Box, Three Setting Boards, various sizes, Store Box, Mixed Pins, Killing Bottle, Setting Needle, Chip Boxes, and Egg Drill. Post free 10/6. Superior Outfits 15/- and 21/-

Price List of Natural Lepidoptera, Cabinets, Apparatus, etc., post free.

W. F. H. ROSENBERG, F.Z.S., Naturalist,
57 Haverstock Hill, London, N.W.

2 1/2 The "Bretta" packet contains 50 Stamps, including following: Unused China (surcharged) Corea, Columbia (green and yellow), and used Borneo, Argentine, Japan (15 sen.), Ceylon, Canada (figure), Brazil (100 reis.), Jamaica, Germany (50 pf. obsolete), and U.S.A. Columbus, and to all who buy above packet and apply for our approval sheets we give gratis a grand set of 5 Canada. Postage 1d. extra. Agents in schools wanted. Liberal commission.

BRETT, BRETT & Co., 55 Chancery Lane.

"PRICES STILL LOWER."
Having received a further large consignment of British and Continentals mixed, I will sell out at the following low prices to clear:—10,000 for 1/3, 20,000 for 2/6, 50,000 for 4/6, and 100,000 for 7/6. All post free, abroad extra. Old British 1d. Reds. 2/6 per 1,000; Canadians mixed, 2/6 per 1,000; British 1870 1d. small Reds. 2/6 per 100; 1/8, and Army Officials Queen's and King's Heads 1d. and 1d. values, 2/6 per 1,000; Old British 1 1/2d. Shield, 1/6 per dozen. Cheap approval books sent. 50% allowed. Apply at once to **Philatelist, Dromore, Co. Down, Ireland.**

Correct Solution of "Missing Features" Competition from the April "Captain," 1903.

See Competition Results on page 291.



THE INVINCIBLE PACKET. No. 145.
Worth 5s. Our Price 6d.
Our June Packet contains 30 genuine and perfect specimens including following rare:—

British Seychelles Islands (Queen's Head), British North Borneo, 1890 (Arms), Sarawak (Rajah), Brunei, Straits Settlements, Cape Colony, old black issue; 2 old Queensland, New Zealand Universal, Mauritius, 1877, rare 1d. surcharged on Republic, Peru, 1896; set of 3 old French Republic, 50 cent., 1 franc, and unpaid; Bulgaria, Roumania, U.S.A. envelope, Columbus five set 7 New South Wales, including Pictorial Jubilee and Scarce "On Series" (cat. 4d.); Madagascar, Queensland, One Shilling, &c., &c. Price 6d. Postage 1d. extra (without which no orders can be sent).

GIVEN FREE to all purchasers of above Packet who apply for a selection of our Approval Sheets (Discount 5d. in the 1s.), a Rare Set of 5 Gold Coast (including the new King's Head issue).

J. STUART & CO., Spring Grove, Isleworth.

THE "LATEST." 3d.
90 DIFFERENT STAMPS 90
SOMALI COAST (DJIBOUTIE), a very pretty new issue.
INHAMBANE 1903. COLOMBIA 1903 (Provisional issue).
New Picturesque Issue **GUATEMALA**

Deccan, Nicaragua, Jamaica (Llandovery Falls), Monaco, Cuba, new issue France, Mexico, Serbia, 2 New Zealand (picturesque), Alexandria 1902, Porto Rico, new issue Hungary, set of 5 Japan including new issue, Bolivia, set of 5 Spain including new issue, Hong Kong, 1903 (King Edward VII.), Rare High Value **NYASSALAND (GIRAFFE), SPECIAL SET OF 10 INDIA** including large official stamps, Telegraph Service etc., etc.

3d. Postage 1d. extra.
Only one packet supplied to each person.

IN ADDITION to Stamps mentioned above, every purchaser applying for a selection of our "Ideal Approval Sheets will receive a **SET OF 7 COSTA RICA, GRATIS.**

For other bargains in Packets, Sets, and Stamp Albums, see our 1903 **PRICE LIST**, a handsome book of 84 pages, including a **GUIDE TO STAMP COLLECTING, POST FREE & GRATIS TO EVERYONE**

ERRINGTON & MARTIN,
SOUTH HACKNEY, LONDON

"KING'S HEAD" PACKET (June) Contains 12 Unused British Colonial (King Edward Issues)—Cayman Islands, Gold Coast, Grenada, India, Leeward Ids., Natal, Northern Nigeria, St. Helena, St. Lucia, Straits Settlements, Transvaal and Gambia. Price 1s. **Post Free.** Purchasers of above Packet applying for my approval sheets will receive 2 Unused St. Vincent (King's Head) Free. **R. PITFLO, Junr., Kirkcaldy, BURNIBLAND.**

3d. The "Gigantic" (No. 2) Packet contains 100 stamps, including: **3d.**

30 SPAIN
all different with rare old Queen's Head, war issues and new (1903), set of 5 Costa Rica (including 2 Pictorial), 2 Egypt (Sphinx and Pyramid), set of 5 Chili (Columbus), W. Australia (Swan), Hyderabad (Native Indian), New Zealand (Picturesque), Roumania, set of Canada (with new 5c.), Turkey (Sage), S. Australia, India (O.H.M.S.), Queensland, set of Victoria (with new issue), Trinidad, set Cape Colony (Hope, etc.), Army Official, Switzerland (scarce high value), 2 official Wurtemberg, Sweden (Long Service), Mexico (Pictorial, Luxemburg etc.), etc. Price 3d., postage 1d. extra. In addition every purchaser applying for our renowned Appro. Sheets will receive Free

8 ARGENTINE (with new and high values).
PERRIN BROS.,
57 Fortunegate Rd., Harlesden, London, N.W.

ONE PENNY We want you to see our list, and to induce you to write for it we will send with it a packet of 50 Stamps (ask for Packet No. 27) including **SARAWAK**, unused; South Australia, new issue, for Argentina, India, new issue; Argentine, British Guiana, Deccan, Brazil, Queensland, Ceylon, Spain, Japan, Sweden official, set of four; New Zealand, U.S.A., Columbus, Egypt, &c. **POST FREE. One Penny** (abroad 4d.). **ALFRED GILBERT & CO., WESTON-SUPER-MARE.**

THE YARMOUTH PACKET (cheapest and best)—250 Stamps including 20 British Colonials, Alexandria (1902), Cape Verde, Monaco, Nyasa (Giraffe), Martinique, Jamaica (Llandovery Falls, etc.), Argentina, and many others. Catalogue value of this packet 45/6. **Only 3d.** Write for our famous approval sheets for cheapness, lowest possible prices, liberal discount. Price list gratis.

JOHN SWALLOW & Co., Stamp Importers, Great Yarmouth.

Send for 36-page Stamp Circular, post free, containing **600 CHEAP SETS OF STAMPS FOR 1903.**

Ask for Samples of the New Perforated Stamp Hinge.

H. STAFFORD SMITH & CO., STAMP IMPORTERS, BRIGHTON.

500 Stamp Mounts given free to all applicants for our Approval Sheets. Good, clean stamps, 4d. in the 1s. discount.

The NORTHERN STAMP Co.,
Great Horton, Bradford, Yorks.

GRATIS! To Bona fide applicants for Approval Selections enclosing stamp for postage, I will present 3 **Transvaal, King's Head**, postally used, viz., 1d. 2d. and the **scarce 6d.** Finest range of cheap sets in the Trade. Stamps bought. Colonial Correspondence Solicited.

Graham Morris, The Avenue, St. Margaret's, Twickenham.

THE FOURTH EDITION OF THE UNIVERSAL
- - STANDARD CATALOGUE OF THE - -

POSTAGE STAMPS

OF THE WORLD - - - IS NOW READY

It includes all stamps known to be issued up to **FEBRUARY, 1903**,
and is the latest published.



1903
EDITION.

NEARLY 3,000 ILLUSTRATIONS. NO MEASUREMENTS OF PERFORATION.

The cheapest, simplest, and most easily understood Catalogue in
the world. Price 1s. 3d. post free; cloth gilt, interleaved, 3s. 6d.

NEW 64-PAGE PRICE LIST (1903 Edition) of 1,520 different Packets and Sets of Stamps, sent on
receipt of penny stamp for postage. **NEW STAMP ALBUMS FOR 1903**, from 1s. 6d. to £12.

WHITFIELD KING & CO., IPSWICH.

GREAT BARGAINS.

5s. worth of Stamps for 4½d.

This Packet is the greatest bargain ever offered, and is simply
to get our Price List before Collectors (only one packet supplied to
each applicant). Every stamp mentioned sent, and all guaranteed
genuine.

Contains 100 Stamps, including following:—Bolivia
(very scarce and catalogued 1s.), Ecuador (rare, catalogued ½d.),
Queensland (1s. violet, very scarce), Labuan (Stag's Head), Cuba,
Porto Rico, Philippines, Hayti (scarce), Columbia, Honduras,
(high value), Roumania, Peru (Llamas, catalogued 6d.), Bulgaria,
Greece. United States (Buffalo Exhibition Stamp), Brazil (very
old), Guatemala, Nyassa (giraffe), Sweden (long official), &c., &c.
Post free, 4½d.

APPROVAL SHEETS—Our sheets are known all over the world for their
marvellous cheapness. All collectors should send for one to inspect. Discount
6d. in 1s. Also books of Stamps for advanced collectors.

NEW PRICE LIST, 40 Pages. The cheapest in the Trade, post
free on application.

STAMP COLLECTORS IN LONDON should call at our Shop
(between Tottenham Court Road and Regent Street), where a fine selection of
Stamps can be seen at lowest prices.

EDWARD COOPER & CO., 17, Mortimer St., London, W.

"CAPTAIN" EYE OPENER (June), 6d. (Quote June when
ordering.) 110 different, 6d., including Argentine, Cyprus, Ceylon, New Cuba,
Gibraltar, U.S. Pan-American &c., Surcharged Straits, Tasmania 1d. and 2d.
(Views), Orange Colony V.R.I., Transvaal King, Western Australia, GRATIS
Large List Sets, Sellers 4d., Stamps upwards, 250 Mounts and 6 Rare old
Spain gratis to all who apply for sheets. Agents wanted. 500 different Stamps,
5s.; 1,000 and Album for 15s. post free (abroad postage extra).
A. C. McAUBLAN & CO., 86, Bath Street Glasgow.

PERAK PACKET, 4d. Post Free.



50 Different Stamps, including Hol-Hao, Inhambane,
Shanghai, Trinidad, Nyassa (Giraffe), Korea, Philip-
pines, N.S. Wales, Cape of Good Hope, Ioumanis.
New Issue Turkey, &c., &c., and to every purchaser
saying to see our unequalled Approval Sheets, we will
include free Perak (Tiger), Selangor (Tiger), and 2
New Issue Malaya (Tigers). Send at once, or you may
be too late to secure a packet. Every collector should
have a copy of our 64 page List, containing over 250

Illustrations of stamps, which is sent gratis and post free. Best Value. Send
and see

ERNEST WOOD & Co., Chorlton-cum-Hardy, MANCHESTER.

STAFFORD SMITH'S ALBUMS

Send for 36-page Stamp Circular, post free. Permanent Stamp
Album, 4s. and 5s.; 9,000 stamps described, 12,000 extra spaces.

H. STAFFORD SMITH & CO. STAMP IMPORTERS, BRIGHTON.

STAMPS (J. W. JONES, 444 Strand, Charing Cross.) STAMPS SPECIAL BARGAINS FOR JUNE.

Great Britain 1d. Black, 3d. each. 100 Different Plate Numbers, 5s. 2s. 6d., 5s., 10s. and £1 Q.H., 9s. Admiralty Officials,
½d., 1d and 2d., 1s. France, Long, 1, 2, and 5 franc, 1s. United States, New Set, unused, 1 to 13 c., 2s. 9d. New Cheap Mounts,
4d. 1,000 Special Lenses, 9d. each.

**NEW LIST of SPECIAL SETS, ALBUMS, &c., post free on application. ALL CATALOGUES KEPT IN
STOCK. WANT LISTS filled promptly. Breaking a Collection at 50 per cent. discount.**

J. W. JONES, Sole Address, 444 Strand (Charing Cross), London.

BARGAINS.

Packets (Postage extra) of 100 Colonial Stamps, 1/-; 100 United
States, 1/-; 50 Australia, 1/-; 50 English, 1/-; 20 Greece, 9d.;
20 India, 9d.; 20 Mexico, 1/-; 100 Bill Stamps, 1/-; 100 South
and Central America, 2/6; 25 German, 6d.; 25 France, 6d.;
20 Ecuador, 9d.; 30 Ecuador, 1/6; 20 Porto Rico, 1/-; 20
Cuba, 1/-; 25 Brazil, 1/-; 50 Spain, 1/9; 15 Sweden, 6d.
Sheets of Postage or Fiscal Stamps sent on approval, good
discount.

**SYDNEY VIEW & CO.,
64 Northumberland Park, Tottenham, London, N.**

50 STAMPS 6½d. Post free.—Comprising
Principal B. Colonials & issues,
50 good value. **50% off marked prices.**

APPROVAL BOOKS AND SHEETS.
Old collections bought.
Picture Postcards 1s. per doz. (Tucks).
PEARCE & STAMFORD, 7 Katharine St., Croydon.

BARGAIN SETS. All Postage Extra.

11 Greece 1901, 11. to 1dr., 1s.; 11 Bavaria, 2pf. to 1mk, including
30, 40, 80pf, 6d.; 8 Bulgaria 1901, 4d.; 8 Argentine Official,
complete, 2s.; 20 Argentine, various, 6d.; 16 Canada, 4d.;
South Australia, new issue, large stamps, 3d., 4d., and 6d.,
set of 3, 8d.; same issue, complete, used, 3d., 4d., 6d., 8d.,
9d., 10d., 1s., only 3s. 4d. per set. All postage extra.

SPECIAL OFFER Open only to new customers.

To induce you to try my very popular "Oukaparinga" Approval
Books, I will send a set of Four used "OS" South Australian
stamps to every applicant enclosing 1d. stamp for return postage.
Exchange wanted **ABROAD** only.

Business only by correspondence.

**L. S. CHARLICK, 55 & 56 Chancery Lane,
London, W.C.**

B A NEW BARGAIN. B

The **WONDER** packet contains 130 different
stamps, including the following picturesque
and interesting **BRITISH COLONIALS** unused.

CAYMAN ISLANDS, Set of five Cape of Good Hope, including
King's Head, **BERMUDA**, Set of four New Zealand, two Ceylon,
New South Wales, Western Australia, Queensland obsolete,
British Guiana, unused **VIRGIN ISLANDS**, also Set of five
Portugal, Chili, **DAHOMY**, &c., post free, 6d., and free to
every purchaser **A SET OF NINE ARGENTINE**.

Every packet is a **deux** loss to us, and we only offer it to
circulate our list. The contents of the packet are catalogued at
least at 5s., but we have bargains to offer in our **1903 PRICE
LIST** of 74 pages, full of illustrations.

WRITE AT ONCE, or you may be too late; only one packet
to each purchaser. **Abroad 2½d. extra.**

Approval Selections upon application

B BUTLER BROS., CLEVEDON. B

50 DIFFERENT POSTAGE STAMPS 3½d.

Includes Orange River Colony new issue, head of King Edward, Columbia,
Brazil, 3 picture stamps from British Colonies, Japan (4 varieties), Transvaal,
Laluan, Peru, Nederland India, Argentina, several Australian, &c., all
postage stamps, price 3d., postage 1d. extra, and in addition every pur-
chaser of this packet asking for approval sheets will receive an un-
used provisional Transvaal, surcharged E.R.I.
Plus approval sheets. Low prices, liberal discount, clean and perfect specimens,
fine brightly new ready to write for a selection to-day.

British Colonials wanted from all Colonies, for cash or exchange. Corre-
pondence desired with Collectors in all Countries.

F. G. ROWE (formerly of Bath), 22 DEBOROUGH ROAD, PLYMOUTH

MACKINTOSH'S

Extra Cream
TOFFEE



Doctors Recommend It.
**DELICIOUS!
DELICIOUS!!**
Sold Everywhere.

If any difficulty in procuring send eight penny stamps for very large sample packet to
J MACKINTOSH, Ltd.,
The Toffee Mills, Halifax.



BUY A GOOD CYCLE.
NO NEED TO PAY A FANCY PRICE.
Premiers Hoovers, Coventry Challenge, Swatts, Triumphs, Humbers, Singers, etc.

EASY PAYMENTS FROM 8 - MONTHLY.
Buy direct and save Pounds. Lists free.

Edward O'Brien,
World's Largest Cycle Dealer,
Coventry.

A High Grade Coventry Cycle for £6



THE "MARVEL" MONOGRAM BOX 6⁰.

Any 2-letter Monogram, mounted in enamelled metal pocket box, self-inking, style as shown. Agents wanted for this and other novelties. Dept. G. 89, Aldersgate St., London. Post Free.

NEW SIXPENNY NOVEL.
MICAH CLARKE.
By **A. CONAN DOYLE.**

To Natural History Collectors, Students, and others.

JAMES GARDNER, Naturalist,
52 HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

Keeps in Stock every Description of Apparatus, Cabinets, Books, and Specimens for Collectors of **BIRDS' EGGS, BUTTERFLIES and MOTHS, &c., &c.** A detailed Price List (fully illustrated) sent post free on application.

TRIUMPH


CYCLES & MOTORS

"The Best Bicycle that British Workmanship can produce."

Cycles from £10 10s. to £19 19s. or by Deferred Payment System.

TRIUMPH CYCLE CO. LTD.,
COVENTRY.

4 and 5, Holborn Viaduct, LONDON, E.C.
30, Deansgate Arcade, MANCHESTER.
4, King Edward Street, LEEDS.



Catalogues Gratis.

NATURAL HISTORY.
WATKINS & DONCASTER
NATURALISTS,
36, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. (Five Doors from Charing Cross)
keep in stock every description of Apparatus, Cabinets, Books, and Specimens for Collectors of **BIRDS' EGGS, BUTTERFLIES and MOTHS, &c., &c.**
Price List sent post free on application.

RALEIGH

"A GEM OF A MACHINE."
RAPID
RIGID RELIABLE



"The expert rider will find the Raleigh a light, smart, and dainty bicycle, and
A REVELATION IN EASY RUNNING."
Irish Wheelman, March 21, 1903.

£12 12s. Cash
Easy Terms by Arrangement.

THE BOOK OF THE RALEIGH, containing illustrated articles on Cycle Manufacture, the new Three-Speed Gear, Catalogue, &c. FREE from all Raleigh Agents; London Depot, 41, Holborn Viaduct; Bristol Depot, 83, Queen's Road; or by post from **RALEIGH CYCLE CO. Ltd., NOTTINGHAM.**

Correct Solution of "British Battles" Competition from the April "Captain," 1903.

See Competition Results on page 291.



Hastings. Spurs. Bothwell Bridge.



Graspan. Pinkie. Brest.



Minden. Salamanca. Toulouse.



Agincourt. Herrings. Acre.

MODELS TO SCALE.

CONTRACTORS TO THE BRITISH ADMIRALTY.

OUR LATEST DESIGNS OF OUR FAMOUS
"CLYDE BUILT" MODEL RACING YACHTS.
 CAN ONLY BE HAD FROM US

Built by our own practical and experienced Yacht-builders.

"Tested in water under full Sail and Guaranteed."

NOTE: All sizes given below are LENGTHS OF DECK ONLY, and do NOT include Bowsprits.

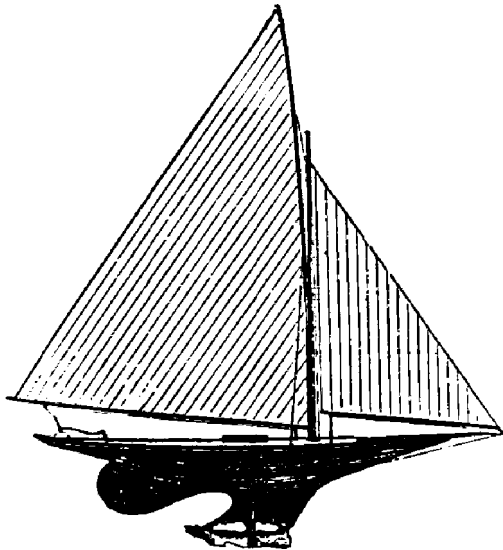
Magnificently carved from noted lines, and beautifully enamelled. Sails made from our Specially made Model Striped Sailcloth. Varnished Spars, Brass Fittings, &c. Sails, &c., fitted with Hooks, Eyes, &c., and all running so that they can easily be raised or lowered. Complete with Rudder, "Fin Keel," &c., as per Engraving.

No. 1. Length 20 in. ... **15/6** No. 3. Length 24 in. ... **27/6**
 " 2. " 22 in. ... **20/-** " 4. " 26 in. ... **35/-**
 Carriage Free.

Nos. 2, 3, and 4 Sizes are fitted with Flying Jib as shown.

As we expect a large demand for above designs, your esteemed order per return will favour.

OUR LATEST DESIGN, "SHAMROCK III."



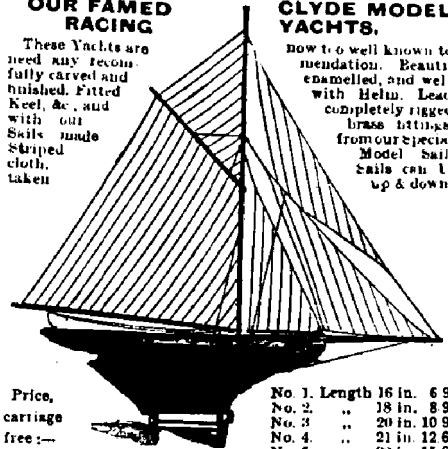
SPECIAL TERMS TO SHIPPERS.

OUR RACING

These Yachts are need any recom- fully carved and finished. Fitted Keel, &c. and with out Sails made Striped cloth, taken

CLYDE MODEL YACHTS.

How to well known to meudation. Beauti- enamelled, and well with Helm. Lead completely rigged brass fittings. from our special Model sail- sails can be up & down.



Price, carriage free:—

No. 1. Length 16 in. 6/9
 No. 2. " 18 in. 8/9
 No. 3. " 20 in. 10/9
 No. 4. " 21 in. 12/6
 No. 5. " 22 in. 15/6
 No. 6. " 23 in. 17/6
 No. 7. " 24 in. 21/-

No. 1 Size is Bermuda rigged, the other Cutters rigged as per Engraving, but Nos. 4, 5, 6, and 7 having Flying Jib extra.

OUR SPECIAL PRIZE DESIGN "CLYDE BUILT" MODEL RACING YACHTS.

This Design won the First Prize at the Edinburgh and Midlothian Industrial Exhibition, and Silver Medal presented by the Edinburgh "Evening News" open for all.

The Engraving gives but a slight idea of these beautiful Yachts. Guaranteed well "Built." Planked with Teak and Yellow Pine alternately. Each plank is rivetted on Ash Rib, caulked and beautifully finished, polished and varnished. Rigged with our beautiful Striped Model Sailcloth, all running so that Sails can be easily raised or lowered. Spars finely polished and varnished. Fitted with Patent Steering Gear, Brass Fittings, New Bulb Tube, &c. Specially made for Racing. Whether on pond or sea none can compare with them. Each supplied on polished stand as per Illustration.

No. 1. Length 30 in. ... **37/6** No. 3. Length 42 in. ... **55/6**
 No. 2. " 36 in. ... **45/6** No. 4. 10 Rater, 4 ft. 9 in. **£5 15/6**
 Carriage Free.

As we have always a large demand for our yachts, we would respectfully request your order NOW, and we shall reserve the Design and Size you wish, as our output is limited, and all orders are executed in rotation. For Illustrations, &c., of our other designs of Model Racing Yachts, &c., send to-day for our "Complete Catalogue." Should be in the hands of every amateur. Contains over 800 Splendid Engravings of above and other Designs of our "Clyde Built Model Racing Yachts," Boat Fittings (Patent Sliding Steering Gear, 2/-; specially made Model brown or blue striped Sailcloth, 1/- per yard; Spider Hoops with Goose Necks, 2/6; Gammon Irons, 6d.; Flags, Cord, Anchors, Blocks, &c.) Scale Model Locos., with and without Internal Flame, Smokeboxes, Tubes, &c., L. and N. W. Ry., M. Ry., C. Ry., S. V. Engine "Dunalsstair," L. and S. W. Ry., G. N. Ry., L. B. and S. C. Ry., &c., Engine Castings, Separate Parts of Engine Castings, Boiler Fittings, Dynamos, Launch Motors, Castings of Dynamos and Motors, Electric Light Sets, Searf Pins, Reading Lamps, Accumulators, Coils, Batteries Boxes of Electrical and Scientific Novelties and Experiments, Mechanical Divers, Steam and Clockwork Launches and Torpedo Boats, &c. Post Free 4d.

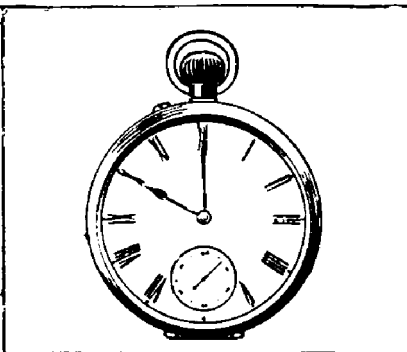
Owing to the increase of orders we have doubled our workshop area and have fitted in the newest machinery and all the latest appliances for making the most delicate and intricate parts of Models, and having a highly skilled staff of Practical and Experienced Workmen for any class of Engines, Yachts, or Fittings, we are able to supply with promptitude the finest class of Fittings, &c., to order or specification.

SPECIALITIES.—Brass, Iron, and Metal Turning, &c., done for amateurs. Repairs of Engines, Yachts, and Electrical Apparatus, &c. Highest Class workmanship at moderate prices. Estimates given. We shall be pleased to receive your enquiries.

CLYDE MODEL DOCKYARD & ENGINE DEPOT, Argyll Arcade, Glasgow, N.B.
 Telephone: Corporation No. 64926. Model Yacht Builders, Engineers, and Electricians.

"HIDDEN BOOKS" COMPETITION.

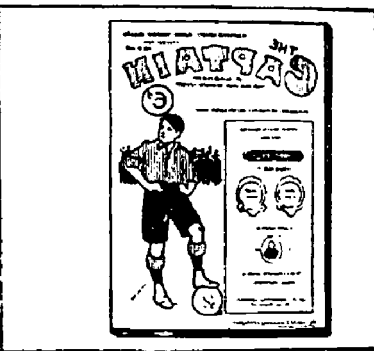
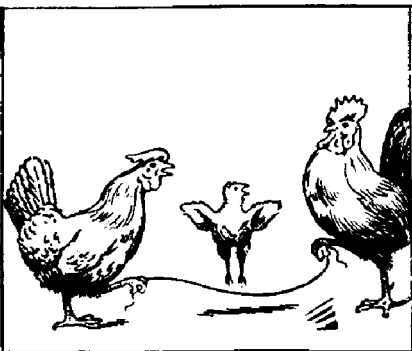
See "CAPTAIN" Competitions for JUNE, on page 278.



1.—A Soldier of Fortune.

2.—.....

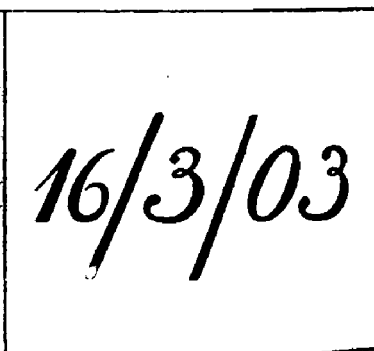
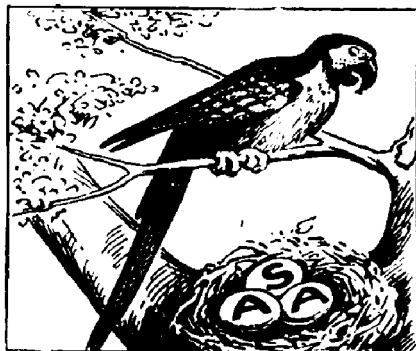
3.—.....



4.—.....

5.—.....

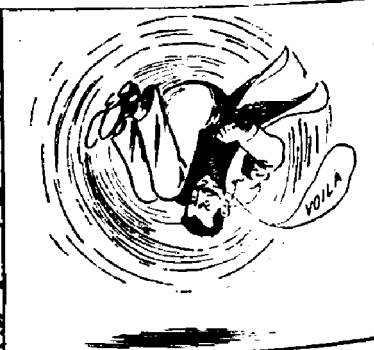
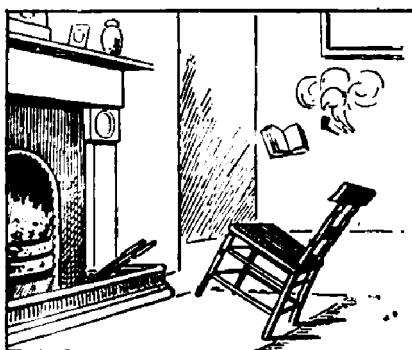
6.—.....



7.—.....

8.—.....

9.—.....



10.—.....

11.—.....

12.—.....

Name.....

Address.....

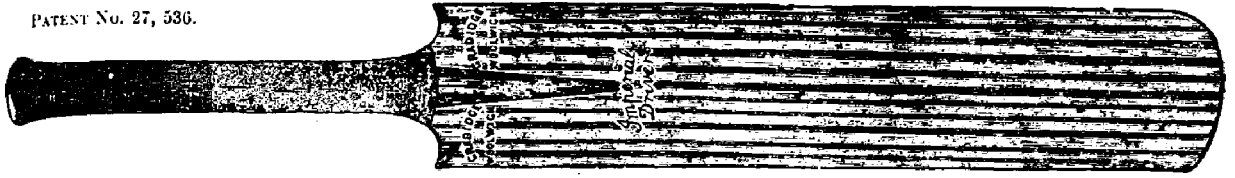
Age.....

Class.....

H. GRADIDGE & SONS,

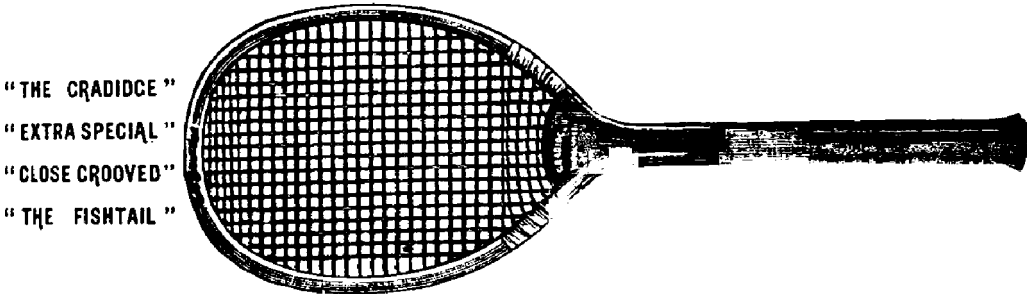
Manufacturers and Exporters of all Articles used in
CRICKET, RACQUETS, LAWN TENNIS, FIVES, POLO, GOLF, FOOTBALL, HOCKEY, &c.
 Patentees and Sole Makers of the "IMPERIAL DRIVER CRICKET BATS."

PATENT No. 27, 536.



As used by A. C. MacLaren, Esq., C. McGahey, Esq., C. B. Fry, Esq., P. Perrin, Esq., A. J. Turner, Esq., K. S. Ranjitsinhji, Esq., J. T. Tyldesley, W. Brockwell, G. Baker, A. Lilley, V. Barton, A. Ward, and all the leading first-class players in County, University and Public School Cricket.

LAWN TENNIS A SPECIALITE.



"THE GRADIDGE"
 "EXTRA SPECIAL"
 "CLOSE GROOVED"
 "THE FISHTAIL"

"THE SPECIAL"
 "THE CLUB"

Price Lists Free
 on application.

Factory:—Artillery Place, Woolwich, S.E.

NEW POPULAR ATLAS FOR THE MILLION.

.....

THE HANDY SHILLING ATLAS

Contains 120 clear and effective full-coloured Maps by Bartholomew, together with a World Gazetteer describing 10,000 Places. Owing to the large edition being printed the publishers are enabled to offer a work of unprecedented value in the history of cheap atlases, and a very large demand is anticipated. It also fulfils the much-needed requirement of a school atlas in compact form.

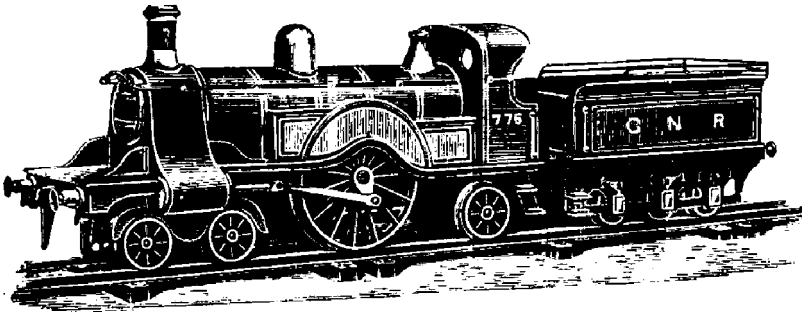
Pocket Size—Neat Limp Cloth. Price 1s. Net.

Post Free, 1s. 2d.



GEORGE NEWNES, Ltd., Strand, London, W.C.

W. J. BASSETT-LOWKE & CO.



G.N. Loco., 2ins. Gauge, **£2 19s. 6d.**
 " 2½ins. " **£6 6s. 0d.**

Stations, Marine Engines, Stationary Engines, Clockwork Locos (all gauges), Mountain Railway Locomotives, Twopenny Tube Locomotives.

If you are users of Engine and Boiler Fittings, our best quality G. M. Fittings cannot be surpassed.

Our prices are RIGHT, and we defy competition.

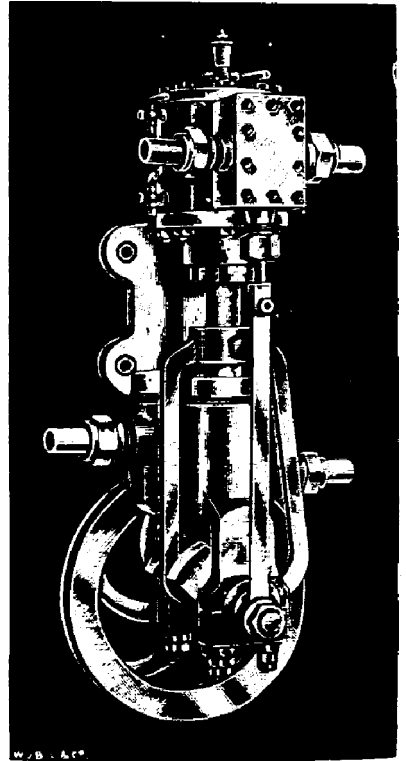
. COPPER TUBING (all sizes)
 BOLTS, NUTS, STUDS, &c., &c.

See our North London Locomotive No. 88, 2ins. gauge, S. V. Cylinders, Reversing Motion, and Enamelled in correct Colours, **£2 18s. 6d.**

THIS LOCO CANNOT BE OBTAINED ELSEWHERE.

Price of our Catalogue is 6d. Post Free, which may be deducted from orders of 10/- and upwards -

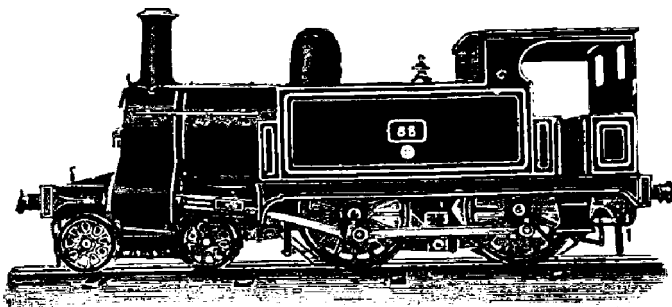
WE ARE NOW IN A POSITION TO SUPPLY



RACING YACHTS, SHIPS FITTINGS, &c.,

of the same high-class order as our Model Locos, Engine and . . . Boiler Fittings . . .

COMPLETE CATALOGUE, POST FREE 1d.



North London Loco., 2ins. Gauge.

NORTHAMPTON.



C. B. Fry.
Athletic Editor.

THE CAPTAIN.



The Old Fag.
Editor.

A Magazine for Boys and "Old Boys."

(With which is incorporated the "Public School Magazine.")

Contents for June, 1903.

	PAGE
CHANGE OF EXPRESSION	<i>Back of Frontispiece</i>
THE STRIKERS LET GO A VOLLEY OF STONES Drawn by CHARLES GRUNWALD.	<i>Frontispiece</i>
THE RUN OF THE CHARTER CAR Illustrated by CHARLES GRUNWALD.	J. GEO. FREDERICK 199
ROUGHING IT IN MANITOBA Illustrated by ERNEST PRATER.	ROY CARMICHAEL 205
THE WILL AND THE DEED A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY. Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.	FRED SWAINSON 207
DULWICH COLLEGE With Illustrations from Photographs.	A. E. JOHNSON 215
TYPES OF BRITISH BATTLESHIPS	A. B. CULL 222
THE ISLE OF FORTUNE. (CHAPS. VII.-IX.) Illustrated by GEORGE HAWLEY.	CAPTAIN CHARLES PROTHEROE 223
THE STAMP COLLECTOR. (NOTABLE NEW ISSUES.) With Illustrations.	E. J. NANKIVELL 231
LOWER SCHOOL YARNS. (III.—"OUR OWN INVENTION.") Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.	H. BURROWS 233
THE CYCLING CORNER. (HOW TO RIDE A FREE WHEEL MACHINE.)	THE CYCLING EDITOR 240

(Further contents on next page.)

FEE 60 GUINEAS

SCHOOL SHIP "CONWAY"

LIVERPOOL

FOR TRAINING
YOUNG GENTLEMEN
TO BECOME OFFICERS
IN THE MERCANTILE NAVY.

FOR PROSPECTUS APPLY TO
THE CAPT. A. T. MILLER, R.N.

Army (ALL BRANCHES), Higher Civil Service, &
University. **SPECIAL PREPARATION.**



JOHN GIBSON, M.A. (First Class, Cambridge). Late of Unlughnam and Westminster, Educational Medalist at Antwerp, Bordeaux, and Brussels International Exhibitions.

G. LOY, B.A. (First Class, London). Author of "The Illustrated French Grammar etc. Spanish and German Examiner at the City of London College.

LARGE STAFF OF SPECIALIST TUTORS. SMALL CLASSES. INDIVIDUAL ATTENTION.

Over 3,000 successes to date in Competitive and Pass Examinations. Pupils received at (1) 14-18, Victoria Road, Upper Norwood, the resident department of Quernmore; (2) 24, Chancery Lane; (3) 9, Fenchurch Street, E.C. (H. Foulks Lynch & Co.) for Chartered Accountants' Examinations only. Over 300 successes in 1902 only, including several First places and Honours. Prospectus and full particulars on application to

JOHN GIBSON, M.A., 18, Victoria Road, Upper Norwood.

One Grade only—THE BEST.

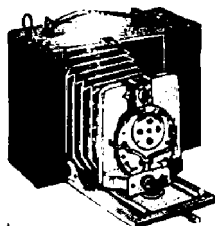
PREMIER BICYCLES

£12 12s. Net,
or £1 1s. Monthly.

List Free. C. Dept.,
**PREMIER WORKS,
COVENTRY.**

20 HOLBORN VIADUCT, & 133 HAMMERSMITH Rd.

Hobbies New Photographic Catalogue should now be sent for.



Hobbies Illustrated Photographic Catalogue will be sent post free on receipt of 1d. Stamp. It contains many novelties in both Hand & Stand Cameras, especially a fine series of the "Autocrat" Folding Hand and Stand Cameras in three qualities and three sizes.

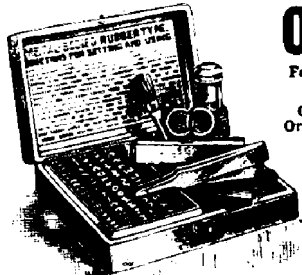
Some Special Lines—

- "Rutico" Hand Camera, for Six & Plates. Post free, 8/6
- "Norfolk" Hand Camera, for Six & Plates. Post free, 11/-
- "Marlborough" Hand Camera, for Twelve & Plates. Post free, 15/6
- "Hobbies No. 4" Hand Camera, for Twelve & Plates. Post free, 30/6

Any of the Hobbies Camera Outfits may if desired be paid for by Easy Instalments. Write for our Catalogue.

HOBBIES Ltd., 12 PATERNOSTER Row, LONDON, E.C.4.
And at Glasgow, Liverpool, Birmingham, Leeds, &c.

SUPERIOR PRINTING OUTFITS.



For 1d., 1/2, 2/3, 2/6, 3/4, 3/6, 5/9, and 6/3, Post free.

Consisting of Letters, Points and Ornament, a Type-holder, supply of Ink, Pad, and Tweezers. Any name, etc., can be made at pleasure, for stamping Books, Papers, and Printing Cards.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE.

Patent "Air Cushion" Rubber Stamps, viz. —

Your Name, 1/9; Your Name and Address, 2/3; Your Monogram, 6d. Postage 2d. extra.

C. LINDNER, 170 Fleet St., London, E.C.

Contents—continued.

MY RUN FOR LIFE	CLIVE PHILLIPPS-WOLLEY	PAGE 244
Illustrated by GEORGE SOPER.		
THE ATHLETIC CORNER. (CONCERNING CRICKET PITCHES.)	C. B. FRY	249
With Illustrations from Photographs by Geo. Newnes, Ltd.		
THE LONG 'UN. (CHAPS. XI.-XV.)	R. S. WARREN BELL	255
Illustrated by GORDON BROWNE, R.I.		
SCHOOL MAGAZINES REVIEWED		270
THE HEADMASTER OF MARLBOROUGH		271
CHECKMATE	JULIA TRUITT BISHOP	272
Illustrated.		
BODIAM CASTLE	L. J. HODSON	275
NATURALISTS' CORNER	EDWARD STEP, F.L.S.	276
With Illustrations.		
"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS		278
"CAPTAIN" PRIZES		279
"CAPTAIN" PICTURE POSTCARDS	TOM BROWNE, R.I., R.B.A.	280
"CAPTAIN" CAMERA CORNER	THE PHOTOGRAPHIC EDITOR	281
"CAPTAIN" CLUB CONTRIBUTIONS		283
"THE OLD FAG." (EDITORIAL)		286
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS		289
RESULTS OF APRIL COMPETITIONS		291
"THE LATEST"		293

THE CAPTAIN is published monthly by the proprietors, GEORGE NEWNES, Limited, 7 to 12 Southampton Street, Strand, London, England. Subscription price to any part of the world, post free, for one year, 8s. 6d. Cases for binding any Volume may be obtained from Booksellers for 1s. 3d.; or post free for 1s. 9d. direct from the Office. Vols. V. to VIII. are now ready, price 6s., or post free 6s. 6d. Vols. I. to IV. are out of print. American Agents in the United States, the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York.

The Editor does not hold himself responsible for any MSS., photographs, or drawings submitted to him, but when stamps are enclosed he will endeavour to return those contributions of which he cannot make use. Photographs and sketches sent in for Competition cannot be returned unless stamps are enclosed, and the Editor reserves the right to reproduce any photograph or drawing in THE CAPTAIN. Typewritten MSS. are preferred.

BROWNIE KODAKS

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.



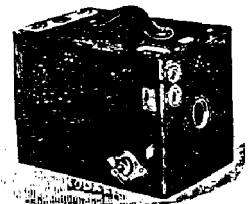
No. 1 Brownie.
(Pictures, 2½ in. by 2½ in.)

5/-

FOLDING POCKET KODAKS

For Ladies, Cyclists, and Holiday Makers.

FROM = £1 6 0
TO = 3 12 6



No. 2 Brownie.
(Pictures, 3½ in. by 2½ in.)

10/-

NO DARK ROOM. NEEDED FOR CHANGING THE FILMS.

OF ALL PHOTOGRAPHIC DEALERS, OR OF

KODAK, Ltd., 41-43 Clerkenwell Road, LONDON, E.C.

Branches:

59 Brompton Road, S.W.; 80 Cheapside, E.C.; 115 Oxford Street, W.; 171-173 Regent Street, W.; and 40 West Strand, London, W.C.

Wholesale and Retail:

96 Bold Street, LIVERPOOL, and 72-74 Buchanan Street, GLASGOW.

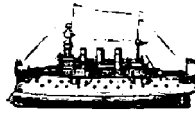
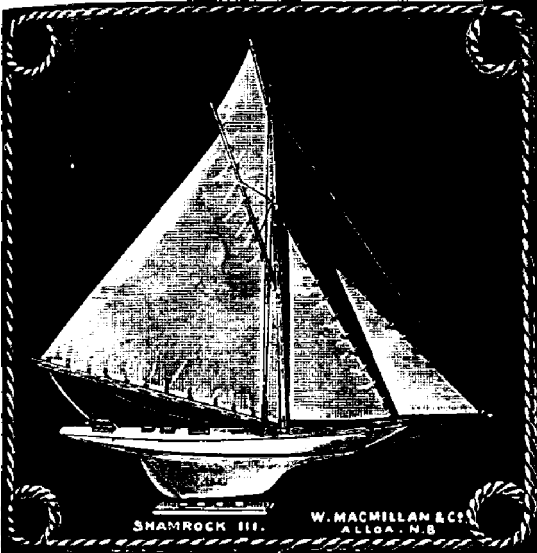
NO CAMERA is a KODAK

unless it is manufactured by the KODAK Company.

SCALE
MODELS OF

"SHAMROCK III."

CHALLENGER
FOR THE
AMERICA CUP.



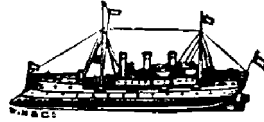
Battleship.



Division Boat.



Ocean Liner.



Gunboat.



Submarine Boat.

Magnificent Model Battleships fitted up complete with Life-boats, Fore and Aft Barbette, Guns (Quick Firing), Cannons, 8 Guns in Casemates, Model Search Lights, &c. Length nearly 3 ft., with Strong Engine and Boiler, price 65/6, with Double Marine Engine and Twin Screw Propellers, 75/6, Carriage Paid. Carr. Abroad, 10/6 extra.

Division Boats with Steam Engine and Boiler, Guns and all Fittings complete. 24 ins. long, 15/6, Carriage Paid. Carriage Abroad, 3/6 extra.

Model Passenger Ships and Ocean Liners Finished and Enamelled in best style. Fitted with Strong Steam Engines, Boilers, Fittings, Masts and Funnel, &c., as shown. 22 ins. long, 2/6, 28 ins. long, 3/8/6, 24 ft. long, 60/6, Carriage Paid. Carriage Abroad, 10/6 and 12/6 extra.

Gunboats with Steam Engine and Boiler, Life-boats, Quick Firing Guns, &c. complete. 20 ins. long, 2/6, 25 ins. long, 2/6, large size, 24 ft. long, 37/6, Carriage Paid. Carriage Abroad, 4/6, 5/6 and 10/6 extra.

Model Submarine Boats to sail on and under the surface, will not sink 14 ins. long, 7/6, 18 ins. long, 14/6 Carriage Paid. Carriage Abroad, 2/6 and 3/6 extra.

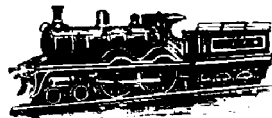
Torpedo Boats with Steam Engine and Boiler, Guns, &c. complete. 15 ins. long, 8/6, 25 ins. long, 10/6, Carriage Paid. Carriage Abroad, 2/6 and 3/6 extra. See Catalogue for Model Marine Engines and Boilers all kinds. Petrol Motors for Boats from 12 to 30 feet long.

Beautifully Finished Scale Models of SHAMROCK III. Latest Challenger for the America Cup.

These Models are specially built by workmen experienced in Fast Model Racing Yacht construction, and are of our Highest Grade Exhibition Class. They are made of specially selected materials and every care is taken to produce Fast Model Racing Yachts which will give the best possible results in any kind of weather. Specification:—Beautifully Modelled Hull Correct Design, Keel-rigged and Lined in Correct Colours, with Green Boat Top and Stripe, finished in the best possible style of workmanship. Deck Fittings of Brass with Patent Self Steering Gear, Companion, Hatch and Skylight, Deck Coloured and Lined. Length over Deck, 2 ft. 7 1/2 ins. Spars of Best Materials, and Swails of Specially Manufactured White Sail Cloth. Yachts are Cutter Rigged and sent out complete with Stand exactly as shown by Engraving, which is taken from Photo of Finished Model. Price, packed in strong wood case and delivered Carriage Paid, £2 17s. 6d. Carriage Abroad, 7/6 extra. Smaller size correct design, and complete as above, 30/6, Carriage Paid. Carriage Abroad, 5/6 extra. Any surplus being returned.

Note.—Price of above is 40 per cent. under what is usually charged for Models of the Highest Class, and as we expect the demand will be very great during the Season, it is requested that orders will be placed as early as possible.

High Class Model Steam Locomotives.



No. 44.



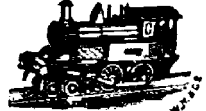
No. 32.



No. 50b.



No. 45.



No. 42.

No. 44. **Scale Model L. & S.W. Locomotive and Tender**, 2 S.V. Cylinders, Reversing Gear, Coupled Wheels, all Fittings Plated, Gauge 3 ins., Spring Buffers, Strong Boiler with all Best Fittings and Water Gauge, Tenders with Spirit and Water Tanks, also New Improved Loco Feed Pump, Total Length, 2 ft. 4 ins. Price, Carr. Paid, 90/6, Carr. Abroad, 7/6 extra. No. 32. **Splendid Model L. & S.W. Railway Express Locomotive and Tender** with 2 S.V. Cylinders, Reversing Gear, Waste Steam up Funnel, Spring Buffers, Coupled Wheels, Strong Boiler with Best Fittings, and Water Gauge, Gauge, 2 1/2 ins. Length 2 ft. Price, Carr. Paid with Rails, 70/6, Carr. Abroad, 7/6 extra. No. 50b. **Splendid Model Traction Engine** with S.V. Cylinder, Reversing Gear, Governors, Waste up Funnel, Strong Boiler, Lamp, all Fittings, Water Gauge, To travel either straight or in a circle. Fine Finish, Guaranteed. Length 10 1/2 ins. Price 67/6, Carr. Abroad, 5/6 extra. No. 45. **Slide Valve Locomotive and Tender** with Reversing Gear, Waste Steam up Funnel, Gauge 1 1/2 ins. Length 15 ins. Price with Rails, 25/6, Carr. Abroad, 3/6 extra. Gauge 2 ins., 17 ins. long, Price 30/6, all Carr. Paid, Carr. Abroad, 4/6 extra. Well made, Highly Finished, Plated Fittings. No. 42. **Tank Engine "Pilot,"** 2 S.V. Cylinders, Reversing Gear, Gauge 2 ins. Length, 11 ins. Price, with Rails, 50/6, Carr. Paid. Carr. Abroad, 5/6 extra.



New Design Self-Starting Electro Motors for Boats. Complete with Propellers and Shafts, to suit Boat 24 ft. long, 9/6, 3 ft. 15/6, 4 to 5 ft. 24/6, Larger Sizes, 35/6, 50/6, and 65/6, Carriage Paid. Carriage Abroad, 1/6, 2/6, 3/6, 4/6 and 5/6 extra.

See Catalogue for Rails, Points, Switches, Crossings, Garrings, Cars, Trucks, Platforms, Stations, &c., and other Designs of Steam and Clockwork Locomotives, &c. Send for our **Splendid New-Enlarged Catalogue, nearly 300 Illustrations**, of powerful and magnificent Model Locomotives, Vertical, Horizontal, Launch, Compound and Triple-expansion Engines, all sizes up to 4 H.P. Steam Engines and Castings all kinds; Finished Parts Steam Traction, Model Racing Yachts and Ship Fittings, Engine and Boiler Fittings, Petrol Motors for River Boats and Bicycles, Castings of same, Brass, Copper, and Steel Boilers, Oil and Gas Engines, Dynamos, Electric Motors, Castings, and all Requisites etc. New Designs in Vertical, Horizontal, Locomotive, and Launch Engines, Battleships, Gunboats, Torpedo, Division, and Submarine Boats; Engines and Boiler Fittings, etc., etc., post free, 6d. Mention this paper when writing.

W. MACMILLAN & CO., Engineers and Modellers, Mar Street, Alloa, N.B.

TWO GREAT GOVERNMENT DEPARTMENTS

H.M. WAR OFFICE and H.M. POST OFFICE
have adopted

Bartlett-

"CLINCHER"

The First
DETACHABLE
Pneumatic;
Invented, A.D. 1890.

Still unequalled for **QUALITY**
and **DURABILITY** A.D. 1903.

TYRES

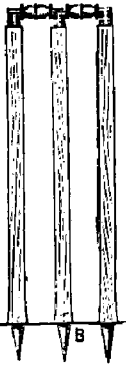
Easiest to Detach. Have no Wires.

NORTH BRITISH RUBBER Co., Ltd., 57, Moorgate St., LONDON, E.C.

BENETFINK & Co.

THE GREAT ATHLETIC OUTFITTERS FOR COLLEGES, SCHOOLS, CLUBS, ETC.
 COMPLETE OUTFITS and EVERY REQUISITE FOR CRICKET,
 RUNNING, TENNIS, CYCLING, AND ALL SPORTS AND GAMES.

CRICKET STUMPS.



	Boys'	Men's
Polished Ash	1/5, 1/11,	2/6
Brass Ferrules	2/4, 2/6,	3/-
Ditto, Steel Shod	—	4/-
Solid Brass Tops	—5/3, 6/6, 10/-	7/-, 8/-
Ditto, Revolving Tops...	—	—

Postage, 7d.

CRICKET BALLS.

Duke's SUPER	5/3
Dark's CROWN	5/-
GRASSHOPPER	4/10
Benetfink's Practice, 3-seam	3/6
Ditto, B.C.B. (Warranted)	4/6
Ditto, Ditto, Boys'	3/1
Wisden's Special School Boys'	3/10
Ditto, Crown Match Ball	5/-
Per dozen, 57/-	Post free.
"ECLIPSE" Compo, 5 1/2 oz.	1/9
Composition	8d, 10d.

Postage 2d

CRICKET BATS.

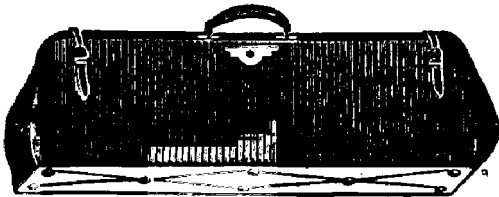
Boys', Half Cane,	No. 4, 3/3; No. 5, 3/8; No. 6, 4/6
Ditto, All Cane (as illustration),	No. 5, 5/3; No. 6, 6/-
Ditto, "Resilient," Selected	No. 6, 8/3
Men's All Cane	6/-
Ditto, ditto, Super	8/5
Ditto, ditto, Selected	9/6
Clapshaw's "Resilient"	15/6
Warsop's "CONQUEROR," Improved	18/6
Wisden's "CRAWFORD'S EXCELLER"	16/9, 20/-

Single Bat sent Post free.



Immense Stock of Cricket Bats by Lillywhite, Clapshaw, Ayres, Cobbett, Dark, Warsop, Wisden, G. G. Hearne, Bryan, Gardiner, and Nicolls.

CRICKET BAGS.



Fancy Carpet	5/9
Plain ditto	7/10, 8/10
Ditto, ditto (as illustration)	8/6, 10/-
Ditto, ditto ditto with Leather Ends	12/9
All Leather	23/-, 26/6, 28/-

Postage, 7d.

CRICKET NETS.

BACK NETS ONLY. With Poles, Lines, & Rags.	18 ft. by 6 ft.	18 ft. by 7 ft.	18 ft. by 8 ft.
	7/11 nett.	9/- nett.	9/10 nett.
WITH SIDE WINGS (as illustration). With Poles, Lines, and Pegs.	42 ft. by 6 ft.	42 ft. by 7 ft.	42 ft. by 8 ft.
	17/9 nett.	19/10 nett.	22/- nett.

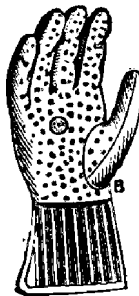
STEAM TARRIED.

19/6	22/6	25/6
------	------	------

WICKET-KEEPING GLOVES.

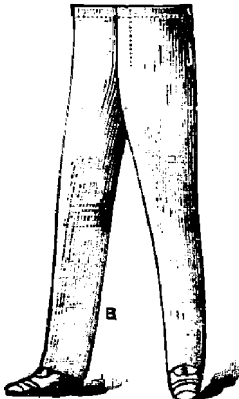
Men's Chamois, Cane Protected	2/9, 3/3
Ditto, Leather, Ventilated	4/6, 5/3
Ditto, Kid, ditto, Super	6/6

Boys' 3d. per pair less. Post free.



To Club Secretaries—
PATTERN CARDS OF CLUB COLOURS (returnable) SENT FREE ON APPLICATION.

CRICKET TROUSERS.



	Boys'	Men's.
White Flannel, shrunk.	4/8, 5/6, 7/6, 4/11, 5/11, 7/11	9/11 nett.
Best Quality Flannel, well shrunk,	—	—
Best White Doe Cloth, guaranteed not to shrink	—	15/6
Plain Grey or Striped Flannel	—	7/8, 10/6
White Drill	—	5/11, 7/6

Postage, 4d. under 10/-

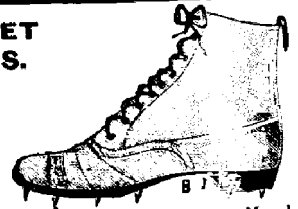
CRICKET SHIRTS.

	Boys'	Men's.
White Flannelette	2/3	2/6
Ditto Flannel	3/-, 4/-	3/3, 4/6
Twill Flannel	5/11	6/11
THE CLUB Coarse Canvas, White,	2/6, 3/6, 4/6	—
Umpires' Coats	4/11, 6/6, 8/6, 10/6	—

Postage, 4d.

CATALOGUES POST FREE.
 Please mention "CAPTAIN."

CRICKET BOOTS.



The "UNIVERSAL," White Canvas	4/11
The "SPECIAL," White Mock Buck, Spiked, equal in wear and appearance to real Buck (as illustration)	8/11
The "MARYLEBONE" Buck Dressed, Patent Spikes	10/6
The "LORDS" Real Buck Skin, Guaranteed Machine Welled, equal to Hand Sewn, Pyramid Spikes	16/6

Postage under 10/-, 5d. pair.

89, 90,
 107 & 108,

CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.

SIT AT EASE!!

By Using

SEAMLESS SEAT KNICKERS
For CYCLISTS.

The only really comfortable Cycling Knickers yet produced. No chafing, freedom of movement, smarter in appearance, double-seated, and made in the most durable fabrics.

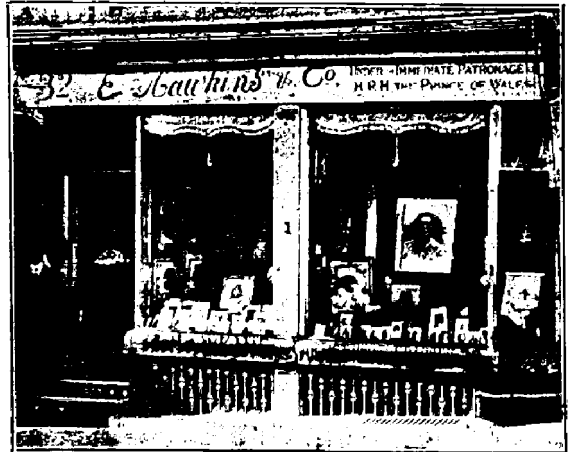
"Cycling,"

London, May 18th, 1901, says:—

"Our experience with a pair of Patent Seamless Seat Knickers confirms our opinion that the cause of saddle soreness is not so much the saddle as the seams in the knickers."

Should your Tailor not stock them, send his name to the Sole Patentees,

JOHN HARDING, SON & CO., Ltd.,
18 & 20 New Brown St., MANCHESTER.



PHOTOGRAPHS

OF

Dr. GRACE, C. B. FRY, and all the World's leading Cricketers.

Cabinet Portraits in Action - - - - 1/- each.
Large Size Groups (Elevens, &c.) - - - 3/6 "

E. HAWKINS & CO.,

Only Address—

32 Preston Street, Brighton.

PHOTOGRAPHY

The art of the age.

HURMAN LIMITED

DUBLIN Newcastle-on-Tyne BIRMINGHAM
89 Crafton St. 2 St. Nicholas Bldgs. 3 Victoria Sqre.

The "Mascot" Camera

for 12 plates, 3½ by 2½, 8 6

Outfit, 4/-

Plates per doz., 9d.

Camera, outfit, 1 doz plates,

Carriage paid, 13 9

to any part of United Kingdom

HURMAN LIMITED

89 Crafton St. DUBLIN 2 St. Nicholas Bldgs. Newcastle-on-Tyne 3 Victoria Sqre. BIRMINGHAM

The ART of the AGE
PHOTOGRAPHY

AYVAD'S WATER WINGS

For the Baths and Seaside



Indispensable to swimmers and bathers as a means of having fun in the water. They give confidence to non-swimmers and enable them to learn quickly. Are readily adjusted, and when inflated will support anyone in the water. Can be carried in the pocket. Obtainable through waterproof goods Dealers or post free for 1s. 6d. from

MOLLESON HUGHES & Co.,
58 Stafford Street, Liverpool.

JUNO CYCLES ARE THE VERY BEST.

For LADIES and GENTLEMEN.

Model A is fitted with Free Wheel, Bowden Back Wheel Rim Brake and Front Rim Brake, or New Departure Coaster Hub Back Pedal Brake and Front Rim Brake, and all fittings. Carriage Paid to any Railway Station, and the Price



FOR CASH IS

£8:8:0

OR

12 MONTHLY PAYMENTS OF **15 10 EAC**

Model C Lady's Machine Same Price.

The JUNO MOTOR CYCLE is the King of Motor Cycles. £32, or £8 down and 12 payments of 50/- each. Accessories at lower prices than any other house: Acetylene Lamp, 2/11. Celluloid Guards, 3/- per pair. Cycle Stand, 1/8. Rim Brake, 3/6. Motor Horn, 5/6. Write for New Benson's 136-page Catalogue. 25 PATTERNS JUNO CYCLES. Sent Post Free. Metropolitan Machinery Co., Ltd. (Op. dep.), 75, Bishopsgate St. Without, London, E.C. West End Show Rooms, Piccadilly Circus, London, W.

THE ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀
**“WIDE WORLD
 MAGAZINE”**
 FOR JUNE ❀ ❀
 Now on Sale.

A THOUSAND MILES IN A REFRIGERATOR.

What happened to a young Britisher who stowed himself away on a Freight Train.

RAMBLES IN MACEDONIA.

Now that the eternal “Balkan Crisis” is looming large, this article will be found of special interest.

ATTACKED BY WOLVES IN THE DESERT.

A Thrilling Experience in Persia.

MY EXPERIENCES AT KANO.

By one of the few white men who have visited this mysterious forbidden city.

PRISONS OF MANY LANDS.

The Adventures of a modern John Howard.

Many other splendid stories
 and articles ❀ ❀ Price 6d.

THE ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀
**“WIDE WORLD
 MAGAZINE”**
 FOR JUNE ❀ ❀
 Now on Sale.

WHAT THEY ARE SAYING ABOUT IT



Specimen Illustration.

J. O. Jones

And How He Earned His Living.

By

R. S. Warren Bell

Author of "Tales of Greyhouse," "Bachelorland,"
"Love the Laggard," etc.

IN CROWN 8vo. CLOTH
WITH TWELVE PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS

By GORDON BROWNE, R.I.

PRICE

3/6

SOME OPINIONS OF THE BOOK

The Morning Leader.—"One can quite believe and sympathise with the complaint made by a boy reader of the magazine in which 'J. O. Jones' first appeared that he could not get hold of his copy each month 'till pater had read J. O.'"

The Sportsman.—"It is a witty, clever book, and readable throughout."

The Scotsman.—"J. O., as he is called, is such a sterling good fellow, wholesome and simple-minded, and so plucky in the midst of his great difficulties, that all who read his adventures will like and respect him. The story shows how much good one strong conscientious man can work in a large community by the power of influence."

A. & C. BLACK · SOHO SQUARE · LONDON · W.

A REMARKABLE BOOK

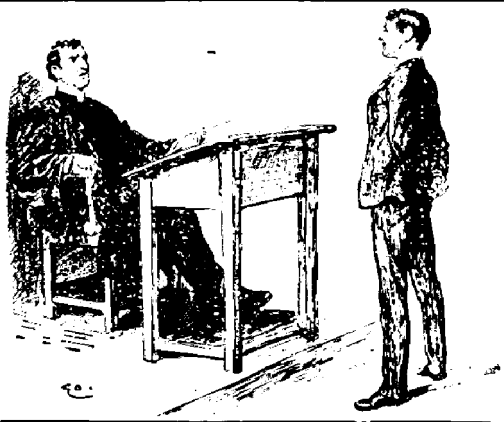
J. O. JONES

AND HOW HE EARNED HIS LIVING

SOME PRESS OPINIONS

The Christian World.—"J. O. Jones makes up in muscle for what he lacks in brains. How, by sheer manliness, he won the hearts of the boys, reclaimed the school from its vices, and finally became head-master, will be read with interest by young and old alike."

The Empire.—"The author has avoided the error into which writers of school books too often fall, of painting the boys either as black as night or as white as the lily. Warren Bell graduates, shades, and presents us with a number of genuine human documents. 'J. O. Jones' is a manly work, full of clever descriptions of school life and sketches of character, one of the best being that of Harper, who is a parlour-boarder, and contrives to render himself indispensable to the head-master and the school generally."



Aberdeen Journal.—" 'J. O. Jones' is a perfect gem—both the man and the story. . . . It will be greedily devoured by every school-boy who is fortunate enough to lay his hands upon a copy, and even readers who are no longer boys will find it a story of absorbing interest."



Aberdeen Free Press.—"A healthy story of public school life . . . full of interest."

Bookman.—"Excellent above the average, strong in interest, and good in tone."

St James's Gazette.—"A well-written and amusing story."

Saint Andrew.—"A healthy and most readable story for boys."

The Glasgow Herald.—"It seems scarcely possible to create a new kind of school-boy—so much has been written about him—but Mr Bell has got hold

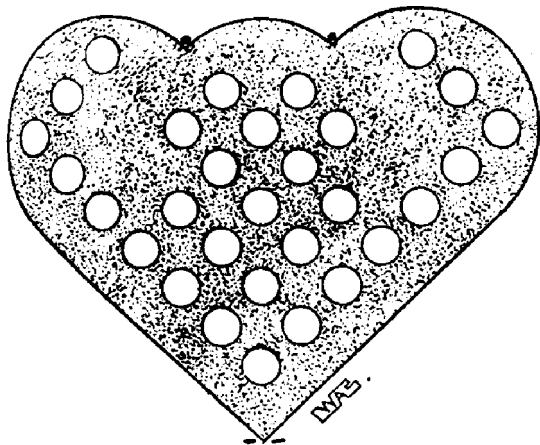


of one whose character strikes us as rather novel, in the person of Harper, the parlour-boarder and unpaid private secretary of the Head."

The Northern Whig, Belfast.—"We extend our pity to the man who has left his youth or the recollection of it so far behind him as to be insensible to the charm of this story."

PUBLISHED BY A. & C. BLACK · SCHO SQUARE · LONDON · W.

The Egyptian Puzzle.



Take the letters in the word "EGYPTIAN" and place them on eight of the white spots shown above, but in such a way as to have seven rows of letters with three letters in a row.

See "Captain" Competitions on Page 278

In Buying a . . .

"SWAN" Fountain Pen

You are satisfied. .
Your purchase is a
good one. It will
last for years,
do good work,
rapid work,
and do it
comfort-
ably.



Other Prices :
10/6, 16/6,
25/- to £20.
Post Free.

None so Good
as the

"SWAN"

Of all Stationers.

CATALOGUE FREE.

MABIE, TODD & BARD, 93, Cheapside, E.C.;
95a, Regent St., W.; 3, Exchange St., Manchester;
Brentano's, 37, Ave de l'Opera, Paris.

NEWNES' LIBRARY OF USEFUL STORIES

Price 1s. Each. Post Free 1s. 2d.

THE STORY OF

- The Stars. By G. F. CHAMBERS, F.R.A.S.
- Primitive Man. By EDWARD CLODD.
- The Plants. By GRANT ALLEN.
- The Earth in Past Ages. By H. G. SEELEY, F.R.S.
- The Solar System. By G. F. CHAMBERS, F.R.A.S.
- A Piece of Coal. By E. A. MARTIN, F.G.S.
- Electricity. By J. MUNRO.
- Extinct Civilizations of the East. By R. E. ANDERSON, M.A.
- The Chemical Elements. By M. M. PATTISON MUIR, M.A.
- Forest and Stream. By JAMES RODWAY, F.L.S.
- The Weather. By G. F. CHAMBERS, F.R.A.S.
- The Atmosphere. By DOUGLAS ARCHIBALD.
- Germ Life. By H. W. CONN.
- The Potter. By C. F. BINNS.
- The British Coinage. By G. B. RAWLINGS.
- Life in the Seas. By SIDNEY J. HICKSON, F.R.S.
- Photography. By A. T. STORY.
- Religions. By the Rev. E. D. PRICE, F.G.S.
- The Cotton Plant. By F. WILKINSON, F.G.S.
- Geographical Discovery. By JOSEPH JACOBS.
- The Mind. By Prof. J. M. BALDWIN
- The British Race. By JOHN MUNRO

THE STORY OF

- Eclipses. By G. F. CHAMBERS, F.R.A.S.
- Ice in the Past and Present. By W. A. BEND.
- The Wanderings of Atoms. By M. M. PATTISON MUIR, M.A.
- Life's Mechanism. By H. W. CONN.
- The Alphabet. By EDWARD CLODD.
- Bird Life. By W. P. PYCRAFT.
- Thought and Feeling. By F. RYLAND
- Art in the British Isles. By J. ERNEST PHYTHIAN.
- Wild Flowers. By Prof. G. HENSLow.
- Books. By G. B. RAWLINGS.
- King Alfred. By SIR WALTER BESANT.
- Fish Life. By W. P. PYCRAFT.
- Architecture. By P. L. WATERHOUSE.
- Euclid. By W. B. FRANKLAND.
- Music. By F. J. CROWST.
- Animal Life. By W. B. LINDSAY.
- Lost England. By BECKLES WILLSON.
- The Empire. By E. SALMON.
- Alchemy, or the Beginnings of Chemistry. By M. M. PATTISON MUIR, M.A.
- The Army. By CAPTAIN OWEN WHEELER
- Rapid Transit. By BECKLES WILLSON.

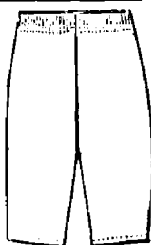
GEORGE NEWNES, Ltd., London, W.C.

JOHN PIGGOTT, LTD., BOYS' SPORTS OUTFITTERS



CRICKET BAGS.

Green-figured carpet, 3/11, 5/3, 7/6.
Postage, 6d.



RUNNING DRAWERS.

Sateen, all colours,
1/-, 1/5. Post 2d.
Navy, Black, Sky,
Pink, & Cardinal.

RUNNING VESTS.

Boys', 1/5, Men's, 1/6.
Postage, 2d.

CRICKET BELTS.

10d. to 1/11.

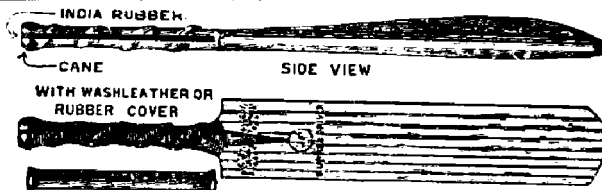


RUNNING SHOES. 3/11.

Unmovable Spike, 4/11.

Hand Sewn, 6/6. Postage, 4d.

CATAPULT ELASTIC, 2d. per yd.



THE "J.P." SURREY DRIVER.

This Bat is strongly recommended to Cricketers. The wonderful "GRIP" obtained by the peculiar construction of the handle, together with its perfect balance and driving power, render it undoubtedly the leading bat of the day. MEN'S, Full Size, 15/9. YOUTHS', No. 6, 12/9.



WHITE FLANNEL SHIRTS.

2/6, 2/11, 3/6.

FLANNELETTE. 1/11.

Postage 3d.

MATT SHIRTS.

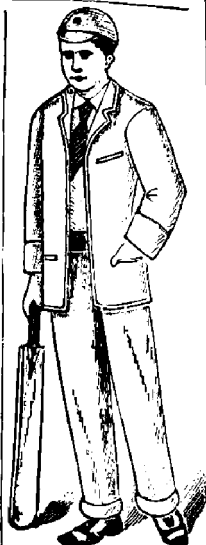
Collar & Pocket,
2/6, 3/6, 4/1.

TENNIS Jackets, Shirts, Shoes, Rackets, Balls, &c.



CRICKET SHOE.

Buckskin, 7/11, 8/11, 10/6.
White Canvas, 4/3, 4/11, 6/6.
Postage 6d.



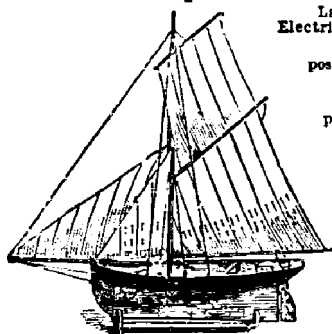
WHITE FLANNEL
TROUSERS, 5/3, 6/-, 6/11.
GREY, do., plain or fancy
stripes, 4/6, 5/11, 6/11.
Postage 3d.

BOYS' GREY FLANNEL
SUITS, 9/6, 12/11, 16/6.

Please send for our Large Illustrated Price List, Post Free.

DEPT. 117 & 118, CHEAPSIDE, and MILK STREET, LONDON, E.C.

HAMLEY'S TOYS, NOVELTIES, ENGINES, SHIPS, etc.



Hamley's SAILING BOATS, CUTTERS, and
SCHOONERS, with Sails to take up and
d-down. Nicely finished, and guaranteed to
sail. Price, 2/6, 3/6, 4/6, 6/6, 8/6, 10/6, 15/-,
21/-, and 42/-. Packing and postage extra.

Large
Electric Torches,
price 4/6,
post free 4/10.
Reffils for
same, 1/3,
post free 1/6.

STRONG CLOCK- WORK BOAT.



To wind up and go along in the water.
Price, 1/-, post free 1/4; 2/-, post free, 2/4; 3/6,
post free 3/11; 5/3, 7/3, 8/3, 10/3, 21/-, 30/-,
42/-, up to 156/-. *

Electric
Gas Lighters, price 5/-,
post free 4/6.
Reffils for same,
2/- each,
post free 2/4 *



Little Queen TENT, for the Garden or Sea-
side. Price, 14/- Carriage to be paid on receipt.
Send for Hamley's List of Steam Engine
Fittings and Ship Fittings, Clockwork Rail-
ways, etc. Post Free on Application.

ELECTRICAL NOVELTIES.

Electric Pocket Lamp, very useful for travelling, price 2/6,
post free 2/9. Reffils for same, 1/3 post free.
Bull's Eye Lamp, price 4/3, post free 4/9.
House Lamps, price 5/-, post free 5/6. Reffils for same, 1/6 each,
post free 1/9.
Electric Scarf Pin, very pretty, price 5/6, post free 5/10.
Electric Batteries and Coils, complete with Battery, price 5/9
6/3, 7/3. Postage 6d. extra.

HAMLEY'S, 512 Oxford St., London, W.C.

Fruy's

"FIVE BOYS"

MILK CHOCOLATE.

"Unrivalled as a

Chocolate Confection."

MEDICAL MAGAZINE.



Desperation | Pacification | Expectation | Acclamation | Realization

ALL ADVERTISEMENTS FOR "THE CAPTAIN" should be addressed ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT, GEORGE NEWNES, LIMITED.

7-12 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

Printed by Richard Clay and Sons, Ltd., Broad Street Hill, E.C. and Bungay, Suffolk.

ONLY

BIG GUNS

At the **ELSWICK ARSENAL.**

THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE FOR BOYS & "OLD BOYS."

EDITOR, "THE OLD FAG." ATHLETIC EDITOR, C. B. FRY.

6d.

Vol. IX. No. 52.

JULY, 1903.

By Appointment

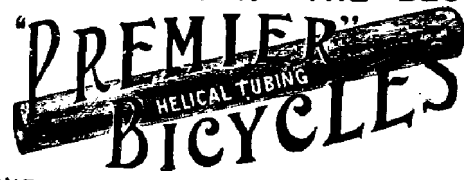


To H.M. THE KING.

THE PREMIER JUVENILE BICYCLE

Is suitable either for Boy or Girl. It is made in two sizes, with plated rims, and front rim brake. Price **£9 3s. net.** Free Wht. £1 1s. extra.

ONE GRADE ONLY—THE BEST.



ONE PRICE ONLY—£12 12s.

Or £1 1s. Monthly for 14 months.

THE SAFETY OF CYCLING

Depends upon how much you know about your bicycle. "THE CYCLE OF EASE" an interesting 64 page booklet tells you all about it. Post free on application.

PREMIER CYCLE CO. Ltd. COVENTRY

DEPOTS:—

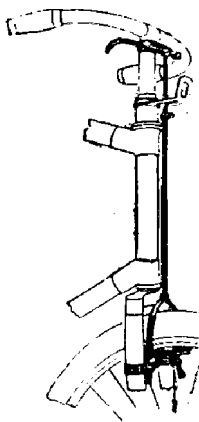
- 20 Holborn Viaduct, E.C.
- 133 Hammersmith Road, W.
- 117 Western Road, Hove, Brighton.
- 8 Deansgate, Manchester.
- 84 Northumberland St., Newcastle-on-Tyne.



ARNOLD (Worcestershire).
By permission of "The Book of Cricket."

GAMAGE'S OF HOLBORN

The best, largest, and cheapest house in the trade for all Sporting Requisites.



Our World-renowned

BULL DOG BRAKE.

Long Lever - 7/6

Short Lever - 6/6

Postage 3d.

The "Arche" Brake, a cheaper pattern ... 2/6

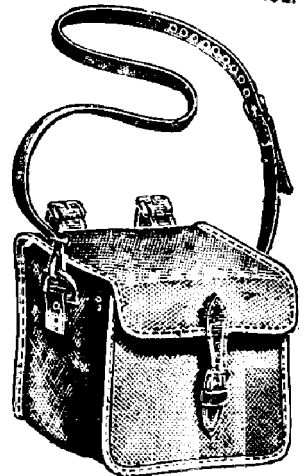
The "Crabbe" Brake 7/3

The "NULITE" LAMP.
Burns Paraffin.



An entirely New Lamp of excellent design. Made of Brass, heavily Nickel plated, gives a Brilliant and Steady Light. Price 7/6. Postage 3d.

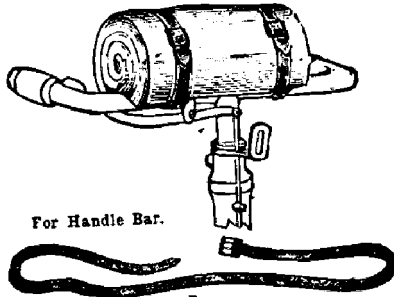
GAMAGE'S CAMERA CASE.



Price in best Brown Waterproof Canvas, to take 4-plate Camera, 5/9. Postage 3d.

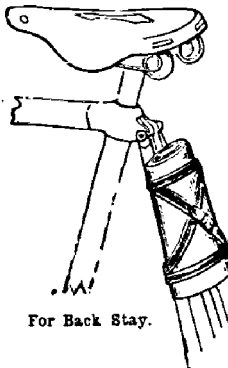
Any size made to order in a few days. Made with detachable Shoulder Straps and Straps for fastening to head of machine.

The CYCLIST'S HANDY LUGGAGE STRAP.



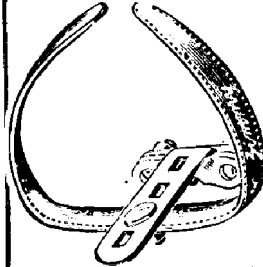
For Handle Bar.

Light and Strong, will fasten at any point, folds in small space, can be carried in Tool Bag or Purse when not in use. Neatest Method of carrying; Coat, Mackintosh, or Small Parcels. Price 4/6, pair. Postage 3d.



For Back Stay.

"ZIMMY" TOE-CLIPS.
Better than ever. When ordering by post say if for cat-trap or rubber pedals.



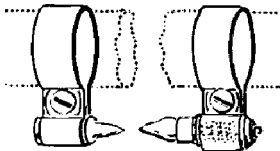
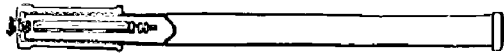
No. 8. Is supplied covered leather to prevent soiling shoes. 1/6. Postage 2d.

Beware of spurious imitations, of which there are many. No cyclist having once used a Zimmy Toe-clip will use any other make. Absolutely peerless amongst Toe-clips.

No. 1. 9/6. Postage 3d.
Special Pedal as illustrated, 4/9
Kat-trap, same price.

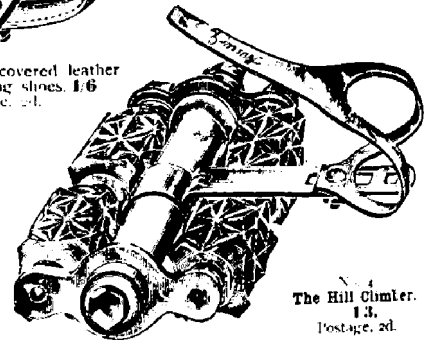
Most Useful Accessories.

The "COMPACT" PUMP and CLIPS.



Celluloid Pump, with reversible nozzle to go inside tube, 2/9. New Pattern Spring Clip, 6/6.

FOOT PUMPS.
From 1/6.

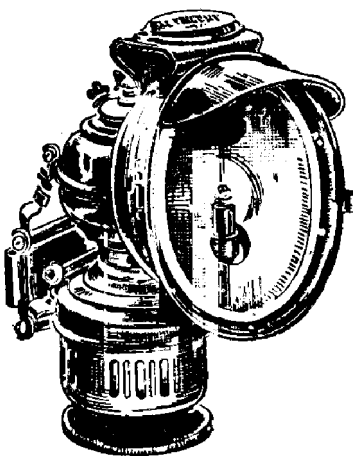


The Hill Climber. 1/3. Postage 2d.

DIAMOND FRAME CARRIERS.



Brown Canvas, Ring Fastening, Handle at top, 3/9. Postage 3d. Waterproof Canvas, Leather Bound, all Soft-strap Fastening, Price 2/6. Postage 3d. Grey Waterproof Tweed, 2-straps and Ring Fastening, 5/6. Postage 3d. Best Waterproof Brown Canvas, Ring Fastening, Handle at top, 5/9. Postage 3d. Turner's Bi-Carriers, 7/6. Post free. Waterproof Holdalls, 2/6. Postage 3d.



THE "VINCENT"
Acetylene Gas Lamp

Post Free, 10/6.

POINTS.

Oval Lens. Hood to throw light down. No glare to the eyes. The light in the right place.

SOMETHING
NEW.

Write for our Mammoth illustrated General List, post free

A. W. GAMAGE, Ltd., Holborn, E.C.

"Cygnet"



3/- & 5/-
Post free.

Stylos

Also sold by Stationers.

Are Pencils of Ink, and the next best thing to a 'Swan' Fountain Pen. *Write for Catalogue, free.*

MABIE, TODD & BARD, Manufacturers,
93, Cheapside, London. 95a, Regent Street, W.
3, Exchange Street, Manchester.

"HOBART"
CYCLES



World's Best Free Wheel.
Finest Value Obtainable.


HOBART CYCLES

New Featherweight X-Frames, 16 guineas
Elegantes 12 "
Imperials 10 "


Supplied to Sandringham: Ridden by
Royalty: Eulogised by The Lord Bishop
of Coventry, Lord Northcote, Lord
Guernsey, Lord Byron, &c., &c.

Lists from **HOBART WORKS, COVENTRY,** and Agents. (Estd 1885)

BOWDEN



BRAKE



Best for Bicycles

FITTED BY ALL CYCLE
AGENTS AND DEALERS

One of Mackenzie's Sweets.

SOUTOUMA

PRONOUNCED SOO-TOOMA

THE FAMOUS SWEET

Delicious, creamy flavour.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Sole Mfrs., S. J. Mackenzie & Co., Ltd., London, N.E.

THE
"SCOUT"
CAMERAS

TAKE SPLENDID PICTURES, AND ARE
EASIEST TO WORK,
LOADED or UNLOADED in DAYLIGHT.

The No. 1 "SCOUT."

Takes pictures 2 1/2 by 2 1/2. Fitted with a Rapid Lens and an Everact Shutter, giving either time or instantaneous exposures.

Price Complete, **5/-**

The No. 2 "SCOUT."

Takes pictures 3 1/2 by 2 1/2. Fitted with excellent Rapid Lens, Everact Shutter, and 2 View-Finders.

Price Complete, **10/-**

The Most Efficient Cameras ever offered at such Prices.
Complete Developing and Printing Outfit, 4/6

Send post card for Price List and name of our nearest Agent.

G. HOUGHTON & SON, Ltd.,
88 & 89, High Holborn, LONDON, W.C.



An admirable Food for
Cyclists, Cricketers, Oarsmen,

EPPS'S

IS THE BEST

COCOA

and all engaged in outdoor
sports and pursuits.

GENUINE MILK-CHOCOLATE
IS KNOWN EVERYWHERE AS

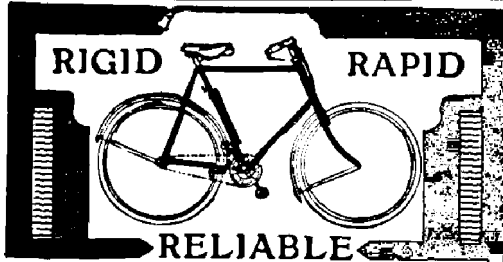
PETER'S

**THE ORIGINAL
MILK-CHOCOLATE**

Delicately flavoured and absolutely pure, PETER'S Milk-Chocolate is far ahead of all other Chocolates. It is most invigorating and sustaining, and is thus
A TRUE FOOD-SWEET.

Sold Everywhere. 1d., 2d., 3d., 6d., & 1s. Sole Agents (Trade only)
S. J. MACKENZIE & CO., LTD., LONDON, N.E.

REFUSE IMITATIONS. INSIST ON PETER'S



RALEIGH

"The expert rider will find the Raleigh a light, smart, and dainty bicycle, and a revelation in easy running."—*Irish Wheelman, Mar. 21 '03.*

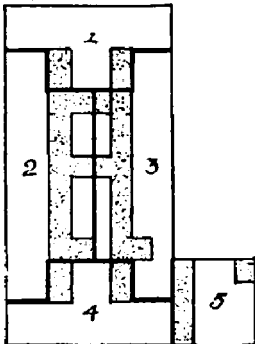
£12 12s. Cash
EASY TERMS by Arrangement

The Book of the Raleigh containing illustrated articles on Cycle Manufacture, the new Three Speed Gear, Catalogue, &c. FREE from all Raleigh Agents.

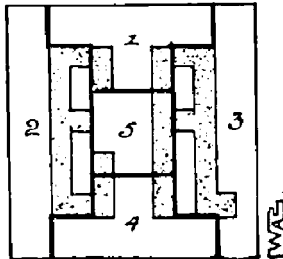
London Depot - 41, Holborn Viaduct.
 Bristol Depot - 83, Queen's Road.
 or by post from
Raleigh Cycle Co. Ld. Nottingham.

Correct solution to "A Mysterious Sign Puzzle"
 from the May Number, 1903.

HOW DIVIDED



HOW REPLACED



See Results of "Captain" Competitions on page 390.

THE "CHILI." 3d. 80 DIFFERENT STAMPS 80

GWAILOR STATE (Serpents guarding the Sun.)
 MONTENEGRO (new issue). PORTUGUESE INDIA (1903).
 FOOCHOW (Chinese War Junk).
 Brazil, Crete, Bulgaria, Servia, Turkey, Roumania, Greece, India (Emperor Edward I.), Argentine, Cuba, U.S.A. (Handsome Columbian Envelope, 18c Exhibition), Barbados, Canada, Egypt, Queensland, Portugal, Cape Colony, Ceylon, Victoria, W. Australia, Wurtemberg, Sweden, 2 Japan
 NICARAGUA 1890 (Mountains), MAURITIUS (Ship Star, &c.), GUATE MALA EXHIBITION, Issue 1897 (Picturesque unused Postcard, &c., a very interesting packet.
 3d. Postage 1d. extra.

Only one packet supplied to each person.
 IN ADDITION to Stamps mentioned above, every purchaser applying for a selection of our "Ideal" Approval Sheets will receive a
HANDSOME SET OF 10 CHILI FREE.
 For other bargains in Packets, Sets, and Stamp Albums, see our 1903 PRICE LIST, a handsome book of 84 pages, including a
GUIDE TO STAMP COLLECTING, POST FREE & GRATIS TO EVERYONE.

ERRINGTON & MARTIN, SOUTH HACKNEY, LONDON

50 DIFFERENT POSTAGE STAMPS 3d

Includes Orange River Colony new issue, head of King Edward, Colombia, Brazil, 2 picture stamps from British Colonies, Japan (4 varieties), Travancore, Labuan, Peru, Nederland Indies, Argentina, several Australian, &c. All postage stamps, price 3d., postage 1d. extra, and in addition every purchaser of this packet asking for approval sheets will receive an unusual provisional Transvaal, surcharged E.R.I.

Five approval sheets. Low prices, liberal discount, clean and perfect specimens, fine variety now ready; write for a selection to-day.
 British Colonials wanted from all Colonies for cash or exchange. Correspondence desired with Collectors in all Countries.

F. C. ROWE (formerly of Bath), 22 DEBBOURGH ROAD, PLYMOUTH

STAFFORD SMITH'S ALBUMS always give satisfaction.

Send for 36-page Stamp Circular, post free. Permanent Stamp Album, 4s. and 5s.; 9,000 stamps described, 12,000 extra spaces.

H. STAFFORD SMITH & CO. STAMP IMPORTERS, BRIGHTON.

3d. The "Gigantic" (No. 2) Packet 3d. contains 100 stamps, including: —Set of

30 SPAIN

all different with rare old Queen's Head, war issues and new (1903), set of 5 Costa Rica (including 2 Pictorial), 2 Egypt (Sphinx and Pyramids) set of 5 Chili (Columbus), W. Australia (Swan), Hyderabad (Native Indian), New Zealand (Picturesque), Roumania, set of Canada (with new 5c.), Turkey (flag), S. Australia, India (O.H.M.S.), Queensland, set of Victoria (with new issue), Trinidad, set Cape Colony (Hope, etc.), Army Official, Switzerland (scarce high value), 2 Official Wurtemberg, Sweden (Long Service), Mexico (Pictorial, Luxemburg etc., etc. Price 3d., postage 1d. extra. In addition every purchaser applying for our renowned Appro. Sheets will receive Free

8 ARGENTINE (with new and high values).

PERRIN BROS.,

57 Fortunegate Rd., Harlesden, London, N.W.

DEVELOPING WITHIN 24 HOURS.

For prompt return and best possible results, at lowest City prices, send your plates and films to

THE POCKET PHOTOGRAPHY CO., Ltd., 56 Gracechurch Street, London, E.C.

BARGAINS.

Packets (Postage extra) of 100 Colonial Stamps, 1/-; 100 United States, 1/-; 50 Australia, 1/-; 50 English, 1/-; 20 Greece, 9d.; 20 India, 9d.; 20 Mexico, 1/-; 100 Bill Stamps, 1/-; 100 South and Central America, 2/6; 25 German, 6d.; 25 France, 6d.; 20 Ecuador, 9d.; 30 Ecuador, 1/6; 20 Porto Rico, 1/-; 20 Cuba, 1/-; 25 Brazil, 1/-; 50 Spain, 1/9; 15 Sweden, 6d. Sheets of Postage or Fiscal Stamps sent on approval, good discount.

J. RUSSELL,
 61 Northumberland Park, Tottenham, London, N.

PARLOUR FOOTBALL.

A Game of Skill on Association Lines. Board, Men and Ball complete. Sent per Parcel Post. 1/3.

Though a knowledge of Football is an advantage, the rules are so simple and the movements of each piece so clearly defined, that any person could master this fine game in an hour.—*Irish Sportman.*

RUGBY CHAMPIONSHIP

Board, Rules, &c., complete 1/3

SEND FOR COMPLETE CATALOGUE.

WRIGHT & CO., 2 Amen Corner, E.C.
 Publishers of Accurate, Up-to-date lists of all Indoor and Outdoor games.



THE "MARVEL" MONOGRAM BOX 6d.

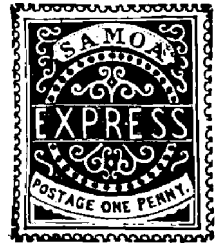
Any 2-letter Monogram, mounted in enamelled metal pocket box, self-inking, style as shown. Agents wanted for this and other novelties. Dept. G. 89, Aldersgate St., London.

Post Free

1903
EDITION.

THE FOURTH EDITION OF THE UNIVERSAL
- - STANDARD CATALOGUE OF THE - -
POSTAGE STAMPS
OF THE WORLD - - - IS NOW READY

It includes all stamps known to be issued up to FEBRUARY, 1903,
and is the latest published.



NEARLY 3,000 ILLUSTRATIONS. NO MEASUREMENTS OF PERFORATION.

The cheapest, simplest, and most easily understood Catalogue in
the world. Price 1s. 3d. post free; cloth gilt, interleaved, 3s. 6d.

NEW 64-PAGE PRICE LIST (1903 Edition) of 1,520 different Packets and Sets of Stamps, sent on
receipt of penny stamp for postage. **NEW STAMP ALBUMS FOR 1903**, from 1s. 6d. to £12.

WHITFIELD KING & CO., IPSWICH.

B A NEW BARGAIN. B

The WONDER packet contains 130 different
stamps, including the following picturesque
and interesting BRITISH COLONIALS, unused
CAYMAN ISLANDS, Set of five Cape of Good Hope, including
King's Head. BERMUDA, Set of four New Zealand, two Ceylon,
New South Wales, Western Australia, Queensland obsolete,
British Guiana, unused VIRGIN ISLANDS, also Set of five
Portugal, Chili, DAHOMEY, &c., post free, 6d., and free to
every purchaser A SET OF NINE ARGENTINE.
Every packet is a dead loss to us, and we only offer it to
circulate our list. The contents of the packet are catalogued at
least at 5s., but we have bargains to offer in our 1903 PRICE
LIST of 74 pages, full of illustrations.

WRITE AT ONCE, or you may be too late; only one packet
to each purchaser. Abroad 2jd. extra.
Approval Selections upon application.

B BUTLER BROS., CLEVEDON. B

50 STAMPS 6d. Post free - Complain g
Principally B. Colonial new issues,
&c., good value. **50% APPROVAL BOOKS 50%**
AND SHEETS. Old collections bought,
Picture Postcards 1s. per doz. (Track s.)
off marked prices. PEARCE & STAMFORD 7 Katharine St., Croydon

PERAK PACKET. 4d. Post Free.

60 Different Stamps, including Hol-Hao, Inhambane,
Shanghai, Trinidad, Nyassa (Giraffe), Korea, Philip-
pines, N.S. Wales, Cape of Good Hope, Roumania,
New Issue Turkey, &c., &c. and to every purchaser
asking to see our unequalled Approval Sheets, we will
include free Perak (Tiger), Selangor (Tiger), and 2
New Issue Malaya (Tigers). Sent at once, or you may
be too late to secure a packet. Every collector should
have a copy of our 64 page List, containing over 250
illustrations of stamps, which is sent gratis and post free. Best Value. Sent
and see

ERNEST WOOD & Co., Charlton-cum-Hardy, MANCHESTER.
THE YARMOUTH PACKET (cheapest and best) - 250 Stamps
including 20 BRITISH COLONIALS, Alexandria (1902), Cape Verde, Monaco,
Nyassa (Giraffe), Martinique, Jamaica (Lilanders Falls, obsolete), Argentine,
and many others. Catalogue value of this packet over 5s. Only 3d.
Write for our famous approval sheets for cheapness; lowest possible prices. Liberal
discount. Price Lists gratis.
JOHN SWALLOW & Co., Stamp Importers, Great Yarmouth.

STAMPS (J. W. JONES, 444 Strand, Charing Cross.) STAMPS
SPECIAL BARGAINS FOR JULY.

Great Britain 1d. Black, 3d. each. 100 Different Plate Numbers, 5s. 2s. 6d., 5s., 10s. and £1 Q.H., 9s. Admiralty Officials,
1d., 1d. and 2d., 1s. France, Long, 1, 2, and 5 franc, 1s. United States, New Set, unused, 1 to 13 c., 2s. 9d. New Cheap Mounts,
4d., 1,000 Special Lenses, 9d. each.

NEW LIST of SPECIAL SETS, ALBUMS, &c., post free on application. ALL CATALOGUES KEPT IN
STOCK. WANT LISTS filled promptly. Breaking a Collection at 50 per cent. discount.

J. W. JONES, Sole Address, 444 Strand (Charing Cross), London.

BARGAIN SETS. All Postage Extra.

11 Greece 1901, 11, to 1dr. 1s.; 11 Bavaria, 2pf. to 1mk, including
30, 40, 80pf. 6d.; 8 Bulgaria 1901, 4d.; 6 Argentine Official,
complete, 2s.; 20 Argentine, various, 6d.; 16 Canada, 4d.;
South Australia, new issue, large stamps, 3s., 4d., and 6d.,
set of 3, 5d.; same issue, complete, used, 8d., 4d., 6d., 8d.,
5d., 10d. only 3s. 4d. per set. All postage extra.

SPECIAL OFFER Open only to new customers.

To induce you to try my very popular "O-kaparinga" Approval
Books, I will send a set of Four used "OS" South Australian
stamps to every applicant enclosing 1d. stamp for return postage.
Exchange wanted ABROAD only.

Business only by correspondence.

L. S. CHARLICK, 55 & 56 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

"PRICES STILL LOWER."

Having received a further large consignment of British and Continental
mixed, I will sell out at the following low prices to clear - 10,000 for 1s.
20,000 for 2s., 50,000 for 3s., and 100,000 for 4s. All post free, abroad extra.
Old British 1d. Reds, 2s. per 1,000. Canadian mixed, 2s. per 1,000. British
150 1/2 small Reds, 2s. per 100. Cheap approval books sent 5d. allowed
Apply at once.

Philatelist, Dromore, Co. Down, Ireland.

Send for 36-page Stamp Circular, post free, containing

600 CHEAP SETS OF STAMPS FOR 1903.

Ask for Samples of the New Perforated Stamp Hinge.

H. STAFFORD SMITH & CO., STAMP IMPORTERS, BRIGHTON.

READ "TIT-BITS."

8d. in 1s. DISCOUNT ON GIBBONS CATALOGUE PRICES ALLOWED ON
FOREIGN, 6d. on COLONIAL STAMPS. Only Good Copies. Write at
once for my Approval Books - giving References.

50 different Brazilian Stamps, 1 6; Brazil Jubilee Set, 1 9; 100 different South
American, 1 6; post free, 3,000 varieties of Pictorial Post Cards, from 1d. to 4d.
each. Sent and Schanck's Famous Albums, splendid value, from 6d. each.

C. G. DIETRICH, 11, Castle St. Arcade, Liverpool.

GREATEST BARGAIN EVER OFFERED.

Our "MONSTER" PACKET contains 100 different stamps, including many
of the new British Colonials, King's Head type, &c. and other unused and used
stamps from all parts of the world, such as CONGO FREE STATE (no postal
issue), Costa Rica, Mexico, Brazil, Tsamania, Sweden official, Trinidad, British
Guiana, Ceylon, Hyderabad, Canada, Spain, Dutch Indies, Guedeloupe, &c.
Price 3d. POST FREE (abroad 5d.).

ALFRED GILBERT & CO., WESTON SUPER MARE.

5s. worth of Stamps for 4 1/2 d.

Contains 100 Stamps, including following: - Bolivia
(very scarce and catalogued 1s.), Ecuador (rare, catalogued 9d.),
Queensland (1s. violet, very scarce), Labuan (Stag's Head), Cuba,
Porto Rico, Philippines, Hayti (scarce), Columbia, Honduras,
(high value), Roumania, Peru (Llamas, catalogued 6d.), Bulgaria,
Greece United States (Buffalo Exhibition Stamp), Brazil (very
old), Guatemala, Nyassa (giraffe), Sweden (long official), &c., &c.
Post free, 4 1/2 d.

EDWARD COOPER & CO., 17, Mortimer St., London, W.

TO NATURALISTS

The "Young Collector's Outfit," consisting of Butterfly Net,
Pocket Box, Relaxing Box, Larva Box, Three Setting Boards,
various sizes, Store Box, Mixed Pins, Killing Bottle, Setting
Needle, Chip Boxes, and Egg Drill. Post free 10 6. Superior
Outfits 15/- and 21/-

Price List of British Lepidoptera, Cabinets, Apparatus, etc.,
post free.

W. F. H. ROSENBERG, F.Z.S., Naturalist,
57 Haverstock Hill, London, N.W.

"HIDDEN BIRDS" COMPETITION.

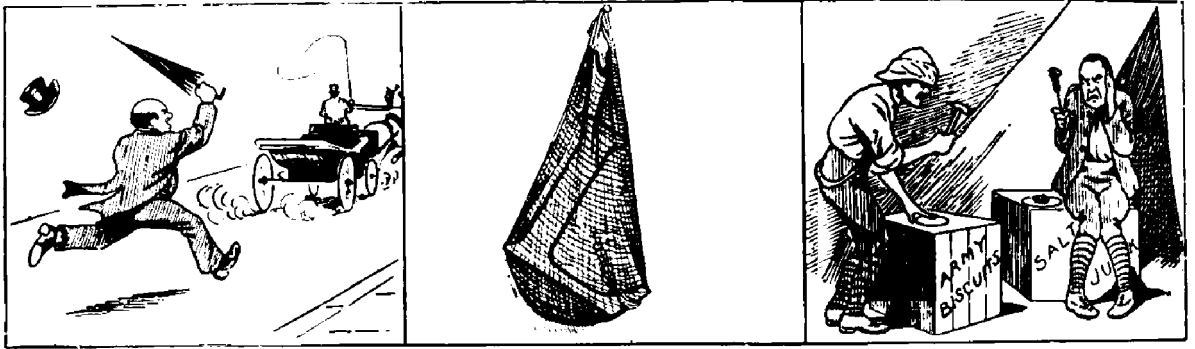
See "CAPTAIN" Competitions for JULY, on page 380.



1.—Jackdaw.

2.—

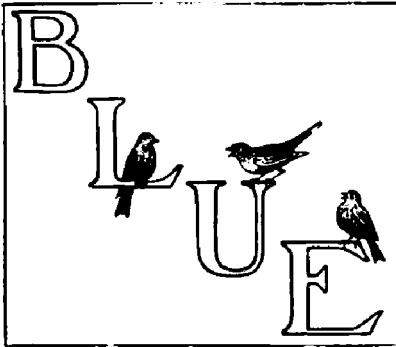
3.—



4.—

5.—

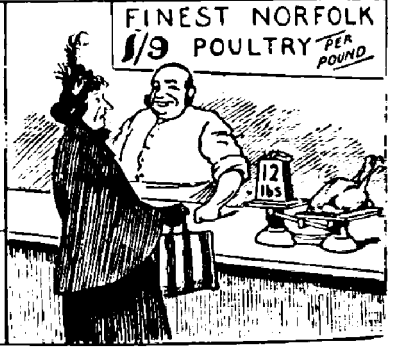
6.—



7.—



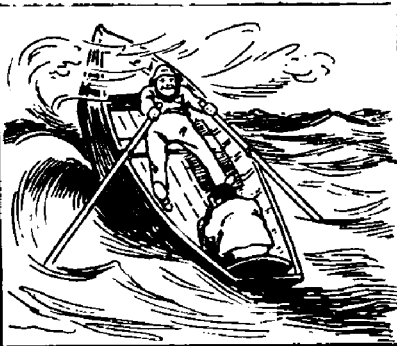
8.—



9.—



10.—



11.—



12.—

Name..... Address.....
 Age..... Class.....

H. GRADIDGE & SONS,

Manufacturers and Exporters of all Articles used in
CRICKET, RACQUETS, LAWN TENNIS, FIVES, POLO, GOLF, FOOTBALL, HOCKEY, &c.
 Patentees and Sole Makers of the "IMPERIAL DRIVER CRICKET BATS."

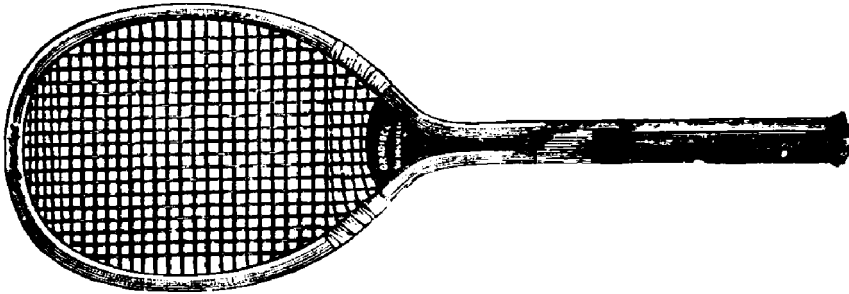
PATENT No. 27, 536.



As used by A. C. MacLaren, Esq., C. McGahey, Esq., C. B. Fry, Esq., P. Perrin, Esq., A. J. Turner, Esq., K. S. Ranjitsinhji, Esq., J. T. Tyldesley, W. Brockwell, G. Baker, A. Lilley, V. Barton, A. Ward, and all the leading first-class players in County, University and Public School Cricket.

LAWN TENNIS A SPECIALITE.

"THE GRADIDGE"
 "EXTRA SPECIAL"
 "CLOSE GROOVED"
 "THE FISHTAIL"



"THE SPECIAL"
 "THE CLUB"

Price Lists Free
 on application.

Factory:—Artillery Place, Woolwich, S.E.

TRIUMPH
CYCLES & MOTORS
"The Best Bicycle that British Workmanship can produce."
 Cycles from £10 10s. to £19 19s. or by Deferred Payment System.
TRIUMPH CYCLE CO. LTD.,
COVENTRY.
 4 and 5, Holborn Viaduct, LONDON, E.C.
 30, Deansgate Arcade, MANCHESTER.
 4, King Edward Street, LEEDS.
 Catalogues Gratis.

A SCIENTIFIC WONDER
 1s. Post Free.

Shows the bones of hand moving or still, the lead in a pencil, &c. The greatest novelty of the Paris, &c., Exhibitions. Postage abroad, 1s. extra.



LONDON NOVELTY CO., 1, Hazelwood, Seaview Rd., Leigh-on-Sea.

NATURAL HISTORY.
WATKINS & DONCASTER
 NATURALISTS.
 36, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. (Five Doors from Charing Cross)
 keep in stock every description of Apparatus, Cabinets, Books, and Specimens for Collectors of
BIRDS' EGGS, BUTTERFLIES and MOTHS, &c., &c.
 Price List sent post free on application.

TWO GREAT GOVERNMENT DEPARTMENTS
H.M. WAR OFFICE and H.M. POST OFFICE
 have adopted
Bartlett-
"CLINCHER"
TYRES
 Still unequalled for **QUALITY**
 and **DURABILITY** A.D. 1903.
Easiest to Detach. Have no Wires.
The First DETACHABLE Pneumatic; Invented, A.D. 1890.
NORTH BRITISH RUBBER Co., Ltd., 57, Moorgate St., LONDON, E.C.



C. B. Fry.
Athletic Editor.

A Magazine for Boys and "Old Boys."
(With which is Incorporated the "Public School Magazine.")

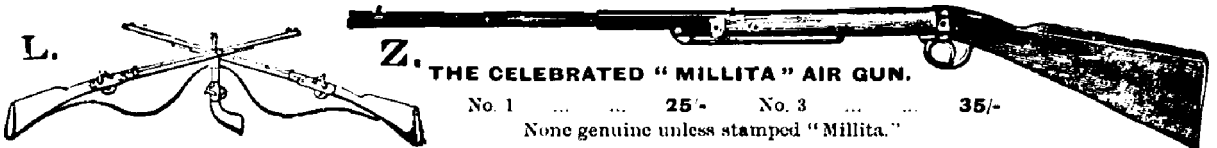
The Old Frog.
Editor.

Contents for July, 1903.

	PAGE
WHAT HAPPENS ON THE 22ND	Bark of Frontispiece
ONE OF THE FITTING SHOPS IN THE GREAT ELSWICK ARSENAL	Frontispiece
BIG GUNS	EDWARD TEBBUTT 207
Illustrated from Photos by special permission of Messrs. Armstrong, Whitworth and Co.	
FORGERY BY PHONOGRAPH	HAROLD BOLCE 303
Illustrated by GEORGE SOPER.	
THE STAMP COLLECTOR. (NOTABLE NEW ISSUES.)	E. J. NANKIVELL 309
Illustrated.	
LOWER SCHOOL YARNS. (IV.—"FISHERMEN ALL.")	H. BURROWS 312
Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.	
PUBLIC SCHOOLBOYS AT BISLEY	HAROLD MACFARLANE 320
Illustrated by the Author and from Photographs.	
PAT AND THE GAMBLER	MAY CROSS 322
Illustrated by E. F. SKINNER.	
THE ATHLETIC CORNER. (ON MAKING CATCHES.)	C. B. FRY 329
Illustrated from Photographs.	
THE ISLE OF FORTUNE. (CHAPS. X.—XII.)	CAPTAIN CHARLES PROTHEROE 334
Illustrated by GEORGE HAWLEY.	
CYCLING NOTES	THE CYCLING EDITOR 343

(Further contents on next page.)

AIR GUNS, RIFLES, & REVOLVERS.



L. **GEM AIR GUNS.** [Mark.]
No. 1 ... 13/6
,, 5 ... 27/6 Heavy make

Z. **THE CELEBRATED "MILLITA" AIR GUN.**
No. 1 ... 25/- No. 3 ... 35/-
None genuine unless stamped "Millita."
No. 1 Darts ... 6d. dozen. No. 3 Darts ... 1/6 dozen.
,, 1 Slugs ... 8d. per 1,000. ,, 3 Slugs ... 1/6 per 1,000.

REMINGTON PATTERN RIFLES ... 12/6 each. BOLT ACTION ... 12/6 each.
SALOON GUNS ... 12/6; Nos. 1, 2, 3. WINCHESTER & COLT REPEATERS from 50/- each.

THE CHEAPEST STOCK OF REVOLVERS.

YOUNG AMERICA, Rim Fire ... 12/6 each.

FINE TOOLS FOR ENGINEERS, MECHANICS, AND MODELLERS.—Stocks and Dies, Screw Plates, Taps, Drills, Vices, Squares, Dividers, Depth Gauges, all up-to-date American Goods.

Address: C. WILLIAMS & CO., The Aldgate Tool Box, 25 & 21 ALDCATE, LONDON, F.



HUMBER
CYCLES & MOTORS

"IN ALL THE WORLD UNEQUALLED."
FROM £10 10s. TO £23 10s.

CHAIN-DRIVEN MOTOR CYCLES
"BY TEST THE BEST."
FROM £12.

Deferred Payments Arranged.
Trials by Appointment.

Agents Every where.

32 HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.

HUMBER, LIMITED,

Army (ALL BRANCHES), Higher Civil Service, & University. **SPECIAL PREPARATION.**



JOHN GIBSON, M.A. (First Class, Cambridge). Late of Uppingham and Westminster. Educational Medalist at Antwerp, Bordeaux, and Brussels International Exhibitions.

G. LOEY, B.A. (First Class, London). Author of "The Illustrated French Grammar," etc. Spanish and German Examiner at the City of London College.

LARGE STAFF OF SPECIALIST TUTORS. SMALL CLASSES. INDIVIDUAL ATTENTION.

Over 3,000 successes to date in Competitive and Pass Examinations. Papers received at (1) 14-18, Victoria Road, Upper Norwood, the resident department of Quermore; (2) 24, Chancery Lane; (3) 9, Fenchurch Street, E.C. (H. Foulks Lyuch & Co.) for Chartered Accountants' Examinations only. Over 400 successes in 1892 only, including several First places and Honours. Prospectus and full particulars on application to

JOHN GIBSON, M.A., 18, Victoria Road, Upper Norwood.

Contents—continued.

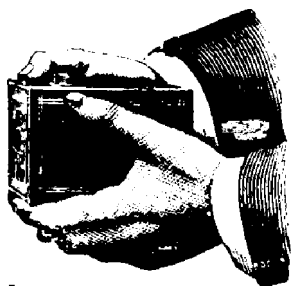
	PAGE
IN THE BABOUGU Illustrated by E. S. HODGSON.	J. MACDONALD OXLEY, B.A. 344
WESTMINSTER SCHOOL Illustrated by HERBERT RAILTON and from Photographs.	A. E. JOHNSON 350
THE CAMERA CORNER With Illustrations.	THE PHOTOGRAPHIC EDITOR 357
THE LONG 'UN. (CHAPS. XVI. XX.) Illustrated by GORDON BROWNE, R.I.	R. S. WARREN BELL 360
NATURALISTS' CORNER	EDWARD STEP, F.L.S. 376
SCHOOL MAGAZINES REVIEWED	377
PAST AND PRESENT HEADS AT WESTMINSTER	379
"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS	380
"CAPTAIN" PRIZES	381
"CAPTAIN" PICTURE POSTCARDS AND PRIZES	382
"CAPTAIN" CLUB CONTRIBUTIONS	383
"THE OLD FAG." (EDITORIAL)	386
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS	387
RESULTS OF MAY COMPETITIONS	389
"THE LATEST"	J. A. KAY 391

THE CAPTAIN is published monthly by the proprietors, GEORGE NEWNES, Limited, 7 to 12 Southampton Street, Strand, London, England. Subscription price to any part of the world, post free, for one year, 8s. 6d. Cases for binding any Volume may be obtained from Booksellers for 1s. 6d.; or post free for 1s. 9d. direct from the Office. Vols. V. to VIII. are now ready, price 6s., or post free 6s. 6d. Vols. 1. to IV. are out of print. American Agents in the United States, the International News Company, 33 and 35, Duane Street, New York.

The Editor does not hold himself responsible for any MSS., photographs, or drawings submitted to him, but when stamps are enclosed he will endeavour to return those contributions of which he cannot make use. Typewritten MSS. are preferred.

BROWNIE KODAKS

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.



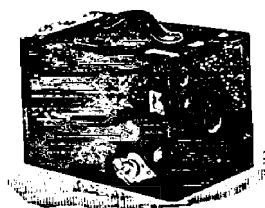
No. 1 Brownie.
(Pictures, 2½ in. by 2½ in.)

5/-

FOLDING POCKET KODAKS

For Ladies, Cyclists, and Holiday Makers.

FROM = £1 6 0
TO = 3 12 6



No. 2 Brownie.
(Pictures, 3½ in. by 2½ in.)

10/-

NO DARK ROOM NEEDED FOR CHANGING THE FILMS.

OF ALL PHOTOGRAPHIC DEALERS, OR OF
**KODAK, Ltd., 41-43 Clerkenwell Road,
LONDON, E.C.**

Branches:

59 Brompton Road, S.W.; 60 Cheapside, E.C.; 115 Oxford Street, W.;
171-173 Regent Street, W.; and 40 West Strand, London, W.C.

Wholesale and Retail:

96 Bold Street, LIVERPOOL, and 72-74 Buchanan Street, GLASGOW.

**NO CAMERA
is a**

KODAK

unless it is manufactured by
the KODAK Company.

BENEFINK & Co

THE GREAT ATHLETIC OUTFITTERS FOR COLLEGES, SCHOOLS, CLUBS, ETC.
COMPLETE OUTFITS and EVERY REQUISITE FOR CRICKET,
RUNNING, TENNIS, CYCLING, AND ALL SPORTS AND GAMES.

CRICKET BATS.

Boys' Half Cane,	No. 4, 3/3; No. 5, 3/8; No. 6, 4/3
Ditto, All Cane (as illustration),	No. 5, 5/3; No. 6, 6/-
Ditto, "Resilient," Selected...	No. 6, 8/3
Men's All Cane ...	8/-
Ditto, ditto, Super ...	8/5
Ditto, ditto, Selected ...	9/6
Clapshaw's "Resilient" ...	15/6
Warsop's "CONQUEROR," Improved ...	18/6
Wisden's "Crawford's EXCELLER" ...	16/9, 20/-

Single Bat sent Post free.

Immense Stock of Cricket Bats by Lillywhite, Clapshaw, Ayres, Cobbett, Dark, Warsop, Wisden, G. G. Hearne, Bryan, Gardiner, and Nicolls.

BLUE HILL BOX KITE.

Splendid Fliers.

Folds into a Flat Parcel.

Made of Linen and Wood, size 36in. by 20in.
by 10in. ... 2/3

Packing and Postage, 6d.



GEM AIR GUN.

No. 00.—Including 100 Slugs, 6 Darts, and 1 pair Pincers, same bore as No. 1 ...	13/-
No. 0.—Size larger (frequently sold as No. 1), same bore as No. 1. ...	16/6
No. 1. ...	18/6

For Postage, add 8d.

Slugs, No. 1 (Lane's) per 1,000 ... 9d. net.

Postage, 4d.

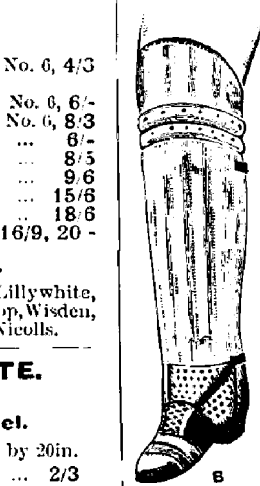
UNIVERSITY SWIMMING COSTUMES.

(Made to the Regulations of the A.S.A. to button on the shoulder).
When ordering send size round chest.

	Net.
Special line, Navy only ...	1/-
No. 1.—Navy or Black ...	1/6
No. 2.—Superior Navy, Black or Cardinal ...	2/6
No. 2A.—Ditto, trimmed, colours in stock Navy and White, Navy and Sky, Navy and Red, Navy and Gold. Other colours to order ...	2/6
No. 4.—Super Cashmere, Navy or Black, White Silk Stitching ...	3/6
No. 5.—Best Cashmere, Navy or Black ...	4/6
<i>Postage, 1d.</i>	
Gents' Bathing Dresses, 2/11 to 5/11.	
Swimming Drawers, 6d., 7½d., 9d., 10d. pair.	

WATER POLO BALLS, 11/- net.
Carriage Paid.

Every Requisite for Water Polo.



LEG GUARDS.

Boys' White Twill ...	3/3
Ditto Leather ...	4/11
Ditto, Super White Leather ...	6/3
Men's White Twill ...	3/6
Ditto Leather ...	5/6
Ditto, Super White Leather ...	6/11
Ditto, White Leather Skeleton ...	7/6
Ditto, ditto, Featherweight Skeleton ...	8/9
Men's White Kid Featherweight Skeleton ...	10/-

All Postage free.

SANDOW'S DEVELOPER.

12/6 each. *Carriage free.*

FISHING RODS.

Large Stock from 2/5 each.

See Catalogue. Post free.

MODEL YACHTS.

(Britannia type). Beautifully painted and finished.

19in.	22in.	25in.	27in.
13/6	18/-	22/6	27/6

MODEL CUTTERS.

Beautifully painted and finished. Fitted with blocks.

14in.	15in.	18in.	22in.	25in.	27in.
6/6	8/6	11/6	14/6	21/-	27/6

Postage extra.

RUNNING VESTS.

Plain White Gauze ...	1/-, 1/3
Plain White Merino Finish ...	1/6, 2/-
Coloured Gauze (plain colours) ...	1/-, 1/6
Silk (plain colours, to order only) ...	6/6

RUNNING DRAWERS.

Sateen (plain colours) ...	1/-
Super " " ...	1/6
Cashmere " " ...	2/6
Silk " " ...	6/6

Postage 2d. per Single Garment.

PATTERNS POST FREE.

RUNNING SHOES.

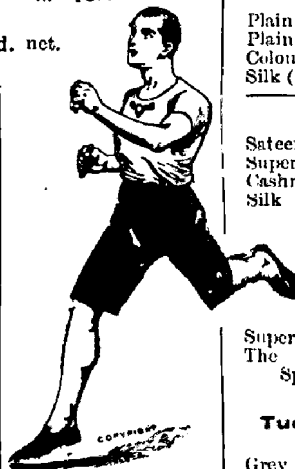
Cordovan Leather, with Spikes ...	3/11
Super, ditto, Improved Spikes ...	4/11
The "Professional," Best Calf, Patent Spikes ...	6/9

Sole London Agents for

Tucks' Celebrated Shoes, 10/6 pair.
Postage, 3d. under 10/-
Grey Canvas, Corrugated Rubber Soles, 2/6 pair.
Postage, 4d.

NEW JUMPING SHOE.

Cordovan Hand-Sewn, with Heel Spikes,
5/11 pair. *Postage, 3d.*



CATALOGUES

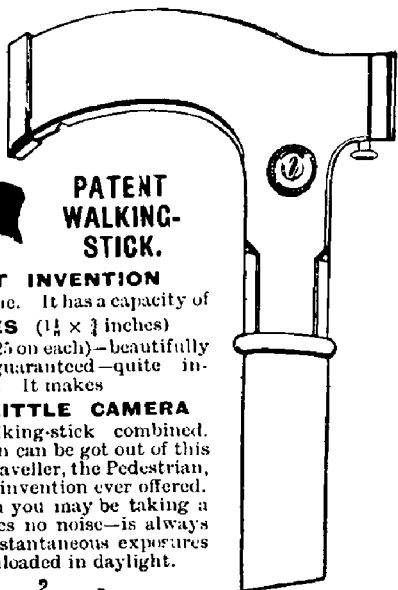
POST FREE.

Kindly mention "The Captain."

89, 90,
107 & 108,

CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.

HAVE YOU SEEN IT?

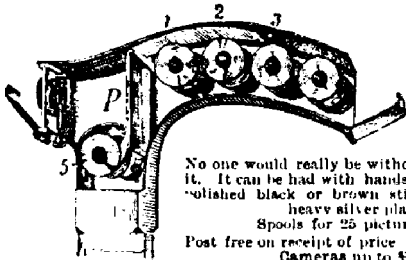


THE WIZARD

PATENT WALKING-STICK.

THE LATEST INVENTION in the photographic line. It has a capacity of **350 PICTURES** (1 1/4 x 1/4 inches) on spools of roll film (25 on each)—beautifully constructed, fully guaranteed—quite inexpensive. It makes

A PERFECT LITTLE CAMERA and handsome walking-stick combined. More pleasure and fun can be got out of this by the Tourist, the Traveller, the Pedestrian, the Cyclist, than any invention ever offered. No one can tell when you may be taking a photograph. It makes no noise—is always ready—for time or instantaneous exposures—is loaded and unloaded in daylight.



It will give a complete record of a month's trip or a day's outing, and is so inconspicuous whatever be the kind of an ordinary walking stick.

No one would really be without it after once trying it. It can be had with handsome nickel-plated, polished black or brown stick, for 21 6s. Or in heavy silver plate, 32 6s. Spools for 25 pictures, 1 6s. Post free on receipt of price. Also any other Wizard Cameras up to £30, from

SEABROOK BROS.,

Sole Agents: 21 EDMUND PLACE, LONDON, E.C.

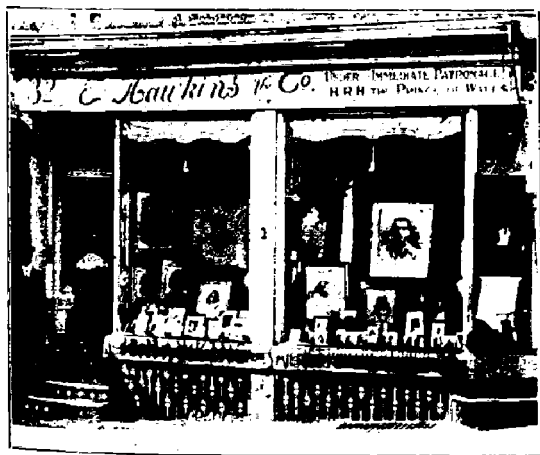
"SWAN" FOUNTAIN PENS

"OF THE MAKING OF BOOKS THERE IS NO END"



The Busy Journalist must have **A "SWAN" PEN.**

MABIE, TODD & BARD, 93, Cheapside, London, E.C.
98a, Regent Street, LONDON, W. 3, Exchange Street, MANCHESTER.
And Breteuil, 37, Avenue de l'Opéra, PARIS.



PHOTOGRAPHS

OF

Dr. GRACE, C. B. FRY, and all the World's leading Cricketers.

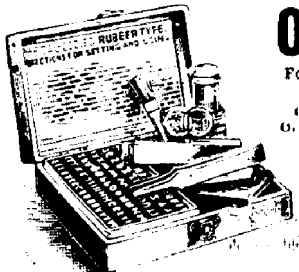
Cabinet Portraits in Action - - - - - 1- each.
Large Size Groups (Elevens, &c.) - - - 3 6 "

E. HAWKINS & CO.,

Only Address—

32 Preston Street, Brighton.

SUPERIOR PRINTING OUTFITS.



For 7d., 12, 23, 28, 34, 39, 59, and 63, Post free.

Consisting of Letters, Points and Galleys, a Type-holder, supply of Ink, Pail and Tweezers. Any name, etc., can be made at pleasure, for stamping Books, Papers, and Printing Cards.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE.

Patent "Air Cushion" Rubber Stamps, etc.:-

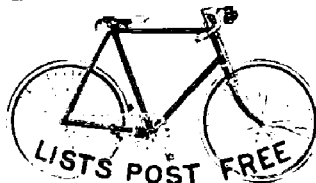
Your Name, 1 9; Your Name and Address, 2 3; Your Monogram, 6d. Postage 2d. extra.

C. LINDNER, 170 Fleet St., London, E.C.

JUNO CYCLES ARE THE VERY BEST.

They are unrivalled and defy competition.

FOR LADIES and GENTLEMEN.



Free Wheels, Bowden Brake, New Departure Hubs, and all latest improvements and all Fittings. Carriage Paid.

or 12 monthly payments of:-

For Cash	£8 8 0	- - - - -	15 10 each
"	£9 0 0	- - - - -	16 8 "
"	£9 10 0	- - - - -	17 6 "
"	£10 6 0	- - - - -	19 3 "

Also JUNOS from £7, or 13 4 monthly. The JUNO MOTOR CYCLE is the King of Motor Cycles, £32, or £8 down and 12 payments of 50- each. Accessories at lower prices than at any other house: Acetylene Lamp, 2 11. Celluloid Guards, 3- per pair. Cycle Stand, 1 8. Rim Brake, 3 6. Motor Horn, 5 6. Write for New Season's 136 page Cycle and Motor Catalogue. Sent Post Free. Metropolitan Machinery Co., Ltd. (Inp. Dept.) 75, Bishopsgate St. With-out, London, E.C. West End Show Rooms, Piccadilly Circus, London, W.

[To face last page of text.]

MODELS TO SCALE CONTRACTORS to the BRITISH ADMIRALTY.
"CLYDE BUILT" MODEL RACING YACHTS.
CAN ONLY BE HAD FROM US.

Built by our own practical and experienced Yacht-Builders

"Tested in water under full Sail and Guaranteed"

NOTE - All sizes given below are **LENGTHS OF DECK ONLY**, and do **NOT** include Bowsprits. Our latest design "SHAMROCK III."

Magnificently carved from noted lines, and beautifully enamelled. Sails made from our specially made Model Stripped Sailcloth. Varnished Spars, Brass Fittings, &c. Sails, &c. fitted with Hooks, Eyes, &c., and all running so that they can easily be raised or lowered. Complete with Rudder, "Pin Keel," &c.

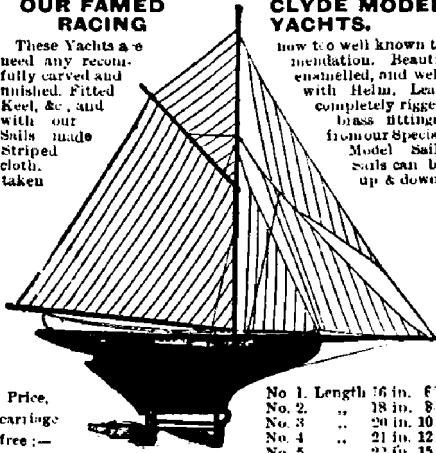
No. 1. Length 20 in. 15 6	No. 3. Length 24 in. 27 6
.. 2. .. 22 in. 20	.. 4. .. 26 in. 35

Carriage Free.

Nos. 2, 3, and 4 Sizes are fitted with Flying Jib.

OUR FAMED RACING

These Yachts are need any recom- fully carved and finished. Fitted Keel, &c. and with our Sails made Striped cloth, taken



Price, carriage free:—

No 1. Length 16 in.	8 9
No 2. " 18 in.	8 9
No 3. " 20 in.	10 9
No 4. " 21 in.	12 6
No 5. " 22 in.	15 6
No 6. " 23 in.	17 6
No 7. " 24 in.	21

No 1 Size is Bermuda rigged, the other Cutters rigged as per Engraving, but Nos 4, 5, 6, and 7 having Flying Jib extra.

blue striped Sailcloth, 1/- per yard; Spider Hoops with Cannon Irons, 6/-; Flugs, Cord, Anchors, Blocks, &c. 1/-; Scale Model Locos, &c. 1/-; Engine Castings, Separate Parts, Boiler Fittings, Dynamis Launch Motors, Castings of Dynamis and Motors, Electric Light sets, Searf Pins, Reading Lamps, Accumulators, Cells, Batteries, Boxes of Electrical and Scientific Novelties and Experiments, Mechanical Divers, Steam and Clockwork Launches and Torpedo Boats, &c. 1/-; see 4d

Owing to the increase of orders we have doubled our workshop area and have fitted in the newest machinery and all the latest appliances for making the most delicate and intricate parts of Models, and having a highly skilled staff of Practical and Experienced Workmen for any class of Engines, Yachts, or Fittings, we are able to supply with promptitude the finest class of Fittings, &c., to order or specification.

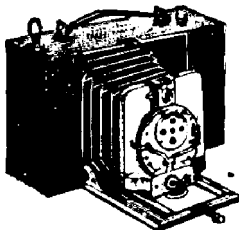
CLYDE MODEL DOCKYARD AND ENGINE DEPOT,
ARGYLE ARCADE, GLASGOW, N.B.
 Model Yacht Builders, Engineers and Electricians.
 Telephone—Corporation No. 04238.

PROFITABLE HOBBIES

Indoor, Outdoor, Collecting, &c. For Both Sexes. Many Illustrations.

Price 6d. net, of all Booksellers, &c., or 8d. post free from **J. C. DAWBARN & WARD, Ltd.,** 6 Farringdon Avenue, London, E.C.

Hobbies New Photographic Catalogue should now be sent for.



Hobbies Illustrated Photographic Catalogue will be sent post free on receipt of 1d. stamp. It contains many novelties in both Hand & Stand Cameras, especially a fine series of the "Automatic" Folding Hand and Stand Cameras in three quantities and three sizes.

Some Special Lines—

- "Rutico" Hand Camera, for Six 4 Plates. Post free, 6/6
- "Norfolk" Hand Camera, for Six 4 Plates. Post free, 1/-
- "Marborough" Hand Camera, for Twelve 4 Plates. Post free, 15/6
- "Hobbies No. 4" Hand Camera, for Twelve 4 Plates. Post free, 30/6

Any of the Hobbies Camera Outfits may if desired be paid for by Easy Instalments. Write for our Catalogue.
HOBBIES Ltd., 13 PATERNOSTER S.W., LONDON, E.C.
 And at Glasgow, Liverpool, Birmingham, Leeds, &c.

FEE 60 GUYNEAS
SCHOOL SHIP "CONWAY"
 LIVERPOOL
 FOR TRAINING YOUNG GENTLEMEN TO BECOME OFFICERS IN THE MERCANTILE NAVY. FOR PROSPECTUS APPLY TO THE CAPT. A.T. MILLER R.N.

1/6 AMERICAN NOVELTY. AYYAD'S WATER WINGS 1/6
 For the Baths and Seaside



For SWIMMERS. For BATHERS. For LEARNERS. AN INDISPENSABLE WATER COMPANION.

Of all Waterproof Goods Dealers, or post free 1/6 from **MOLLESON HUGHES & Co.,** 58 Stafford Street, Liverpool.

THE "ECKSRAIZ" POCKET ELECTRIC LAMP 2/-
 Complete with case, battery and push. Most brilliant, well built and reliable. POST FREE

THE MAGIC GAS-LIGHTER.
 A scientific mystery. No charging. No matches. Pocket Size. House Size. No danger. Calculated to give 5,000 Ignitions. 1- 1/6
 WONDERFUL. NOVEL. USEFUL. Post Free.

P. J. HOLDEN AND CO. (Dept. C), NEW MALDEN.

Correct Solution of "Hidden" Cricketers Competition from the May Number, 1903.

See Competition Results on page 389



Fry. Cuttell. Carpenter



Grace. Perrin Lockwood



Robson. Townsend. Reif.

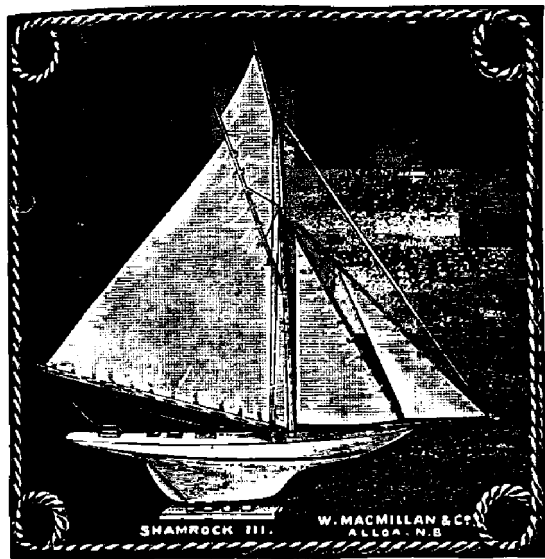


Jackson. Lord Hawke. Moorhouse.

SCALE
MODELS OF

"SHAMROCK III."

CHALLENGER
FOR THE
AMERICA CUP.

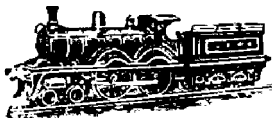


Beautifully Finished Scale Models of SHAMROCK III., Latest Challenger for the America Cup.

These Models are specially built by workmen experienced in Past Model Racing Yacht construction and are of our Highest Grade Exhibition Class. They are made of specially selected materials and every care is taken to produce Past Model Racing Yachts which will give best possible result in any kind of weather. Specification:—Beautifully Modelled Hull Correct Design, Kinnell and Lined in Correct Colours, with Green Boat Top and Stripe, finished in the best possible style of workmanship. Deck Fittings of Brass with Patent Self Steering Gear, Compasses, Hatches and Skylight, Deck Coloured and Lined. Length over Deck, 2 ft. 7 1/2 ins. Spars of Best Materials, and Sails of Specially Manufactured White Sail Cloth. Yachts are Cutter Rigged and sent out complete with Stand exactly as shown by En-graving, which is taken from Photo of Finished Model. Price, packed in strong woad case and delivered Carriage Paid, £2 11s. 6d., Carriage Abroad, 7/6 extra. Smaller size correct design and complete as above, 30s., Carriage Paid. Carriage Abroad, 5/6 extra. Any surplus being returned.

Note.—Price of above is 30 per cent. under what is usually charged for Models of the Highest Class, and as we expect the demand will be very great during the season, it is requested that orders will be placed as early as possible.

High Class Model Steam Locomotives.



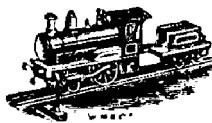
No. 4.



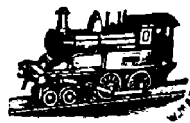
No. 32.



No. 50b.



No. 45.



No. 42.

No. 44 Scale Model L. & N.W. Locomotive and Tender, 2 S.V. Cylinders, Reversing Gear, Coupled Wheels, all Fittings Plated, Gauge 3 ins., Spring Buffers, Strong Boiler with all Best Fittings and Water Gauge, Tenders with Spirit and Water Tanks, also New Improved Loco. Feed Pump. Total Length, 2 ft. 4 ins. Price, Carr. Paid, 90s., Carr. Abroad, 7/6 extra. No. 32. **Splendid Model L. & N.W. Railway Express Locomotive and Tender**, with 2 S.V. Cylinders, Reversing Gear, Waste Steam up Funnel, Spring Buffers, Coupled Wheels, Strong Boiler with Best Fittings, and Water Gauge. Gauge, 2 1/2 ins. Length, 2 ft. Price, Carr. Paid with Rails, 70s., Carr. Abroad, 7/6 extra. No. 50b. **Splendid Model Traction Engine** with S.V. Cylinder, Reversing Gear, Governors, Waste up Funnel, Strong Boiler, Lamp, all Fittings, Water Gauge To travel either straight or in a circle. Fine Finish. Guarantee. Length 10 1/2 ins. Price, 67/6., Carr. Abroad, 5/6 extra. No. 45. **Slide Valve Locomotive and Tender** with Reversing Gear, Waste Steam up Funnel, Gauge 1 1/2 ins., Length 15 ins. Price with Rails, 25/6., Carr. Abroad, 3/6 extra. Gauge 2 1/2 ins., 17 ins. long, Price 30s., all Carr. Paid. Carr. Abroad, 3/6 extra. Well made. Highly Finished, Plated Fittings. No. 42. **Tank Engine "Pilot,"** 2 S.V. Cylinders, Reversing Gear, Gauge 2 1/2 ins. Length, 11 ins. Price, with Rails, 50s., Carr. Paid. Carr. Abroad, 5/6 extra.



New Design Self-Starting Electric Motors for Boats. Complete with Propellers and shafts. To suit Boat 2 ft. long, 9/6, 2 ft. 15 in., 4 to 5 ft., 24s., Larger Sizes, 35s., 50s., and 65s., Carriage Paid. Carriage Abroad, 1/6, 2/6, 3/6, 4/6 and 5/6 extra.

See Catalogue for Rails, Points, Switches, Crossings, Carriages, Cars, Trucks, Platforms, Stations, &c., and other Designs of Steam and Clockwork Locomotives, &c. Send for our **Splendid New Enlarged Catalogue**, nearly 500 Illustrations, of powerful and magnificent Model Locomotives, Vertical, Horizontal, Launch, Compound and Triple-expansion Engines, all sizes up to 4 H.P. Steam Engines and Castings all kinds; Finished Parts Steam Turbines, Model Racing Yachts and ship Fittings, Engine and Boiler Fittings, Petrol Motors for River Boats and Bicycles, Castings of same, Brass, Copper, and Steel, Boilers, Oil and Gas Engines, Dynamos, Electro Motors, Castings, and all Requisites, etc. New Designs in Vertical, Horizontal, Locomotive, and Launch Engines; Battleships, Gunboats, Torpedoes, Division, and Submarine Boats; Engine and Boiler Fittings, etc., etc., post free. 6d.

W. MACMILLAN & CO., Engineers and Modellers, Mar Street, Alloa, N.B.

DO YOU WANT AN INEXPENSIVE CABINET

For your **Natural History** specimens? If so, write to us for terms and sizes. As we are **manufacturers** we can sell at low prices. We also keep in stock all kinds of specimens of **Birds' Eggs, Moths, Butterflies, &c.** Send for Price List; it will be worth your while.

J. T. CROCKETT & SONS,
7a, Princes Street, Cavendish Square.
(Close to Oxford Circus, W.)

To **Natural History Collectors, Students, and others.**

JAMES GARDNER, Naturalist,
52 HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

Keeps in Stock every Description of Apparatus, Cabinets, Books, and Specimens for Collectors of **BIRDS' EGGS, BUTTERFLIES and MOTHS, &c., &c.** A detailed Price List (fully illustrated) sent post free on application.

THE WORLD IN 1903.

Atlases! Atlases! Atlases!

For the Library—For the Desk—For the Pocket.

ALL SIZES . . . UNPRECEDENTED FOR MERIT AND PRICE . . . ALL PRICES

- 1. LARGE AND ELABORATE.** Price 21/- net (or 25/- net bound in half morocco.) "The 20th Century Citizen's Atlas," containing 136 Maps and Plans, Index, &c., &c.
For a Complete Library Atlas this is the Cheapest in England.
- 2. MEDIUM BUT COMPLETE.** Price 6/- net. "The International Student's Atlas," containing 105 Maps, with Index, &c., &c.
The most Comprehensive Educational Atlas in this country.
- 3. SMALL AND COMPACT.** Price 1/- net. "The Handy Shilling Atlas," containing 120 pages of Maps, with Gazetteer, &c.
The Handiest, Neatest, and Cheapest of Atlases.

These Atlases may be seen at most Booksellers'.

GEORGE NEWNES, Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

JOHN PIGGOTT, L^{TD}. SPORTS PROVIDERS and OUTFITTERS.



YOUTHS' AND BOYS' FLANNEL SUITS.
Jacket and Trousers, 9 6, 12 11, 13 6, 22 6.
Jacket and Knickers, 7 9, 12 11, 14 11.

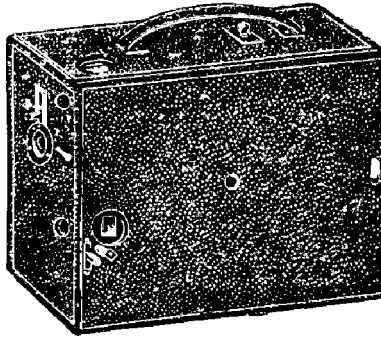
YOUTHS' FANCY FLANNEL TROUSERS.
4 6, 5 11, 7 11. Postage, 3d.
GREY FLANNEL KNICKERS, 3 6, 4 11.

WHITE MATT SHIRTS.
With collar attached, 2 6, 3 6, 4 11. Post. 3d.

Please send for our Large
Illustrated Price List, Post Free.

FISHING OUTFITS.
No. 1. Boy's Ash Rod, winch fitted, polished reel, and furnished lines, &c. Postage, 6d. 4 6
No. 2. Superior ditto, with large reel. Postage, 6d. 6 6
No. 3. Bamboo Rod, winch fitted, brass reel, furnished line, hook, float, &c. Postage, 6d. 7 6

THE WONDER OF ALL CAMERAS.
4 PLATE.
A thoroughly reliable apparatus at an astonishingly low price. 8/11. Holds 12 plates. T. and I. Shutter. Sliding Stops, two brilliant Finders. Leatherette covered, and two Bushes for Stand.



CRICKET BELTS.
10d. to 1/11.



RUNNING DRAWERS.
Sateen, all colours, 1s. 1 5/2. Postage, 2d.
Navy, Black, Sky, Pink, and Cardinal.

RUNNING VESTS.
Boys' 1 5, Men's 1 6. Postage, 1d.



RUNNING SHOES. 3 11. Unmovable Spike.
4 11. Hand Sewn, 6 6. Postage, 4d.



YOUTHS' AND BOYS' WHITE FLANNEL TROUSERS, 5 3, 6 6.
WHITE FLANNELLETTE, 3 6.
WHITE FLANNEL KNICKERS, 3 2, 4 6.

STRIPED BLAZERS, Flannellette, 2 11. Flannel, 4 11. Postage, 3d.

BLUE JACKETS.
Trimmed ribbon or cords, 3 6.

DEPT. "J." 117 & 118, CHEAPSIDE, & MILK ST., E.C.

Fruy's

"FIVE BOYS"

MILK CHOCOLATE.

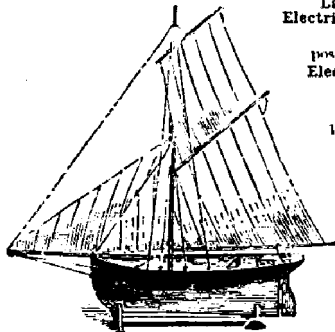
"Unrivalled as a
Chocolate Confection."

MEDICAL MAGAZINE.



Desperation | Pacification | Expectation | Acclamation | Realization

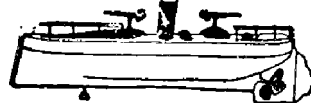
HAMLEY'S TOYS, NOVELTIES, ENGINES, SHIPS, etc.



Hamley's SAILING BOATS, CUTTERS, and SCHOONERS, with Sails to take up and down. Nicely finished, and guaranteed to sail. Price, 2 6, 3 6, 4 6, 6 6, 8 6, 10 6, 15/-, 21/-, and 42/-. Packing and postage extra.

Large Electric Torches, price 4 6, post free 4 10.
Electric House Lamp, price 4 3, post free 4 7.

STRONG CLOCK WORK BOAT.



T. wind up and go along in the water.
Price, 1/- post free 1 4; 2/- post free 2 4; 3 6, post free 3 11; 5 9, 7 9, 8 9, 10 9, 21/-, 30/-, 42/-, up to 156/-.

Electric Gas Lighters, price 5/-
Refills for same, 2/- each.
Electric Nose, 3 9
post free 4/-
Electric Rose, 3 9, post free 4/-



Little Queen TENT, for the Garden or Seaside. Price, 16/- With Awning, 21 6. Carriage to be paid on receipt.

ELECTRICAL NOVELTIES & SURPRISES.

Electric Pocket Lamp, very useful for travelling, price 1 9, post free 2/- Refills for same, 1/-, post free 1 3.
Electric Scarf Pin, price 3 9, post free 4 1.
Ditto, price 5 6, post free 5 10.
Electric Batteries and Coils, complete with Battery, price 5 9, 6 9, 7 9. Postage 6d. extra.
Send for Hamley's List of Outdoor Games, Tents, Boats, etc. Also List of Steam Engines, Engine Fittings, Clockwork Railways, etc., post free, 4 stamps.

HAMLEY'S, 512, Oxford Street, London, W.

AUGUST. LETTERS FROM A SELF-MADE BATSMAN TO HIS NEPHEW.

BY

C. B. FRY.

THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE FOR BOYS & "OLD BOYS."

EDITOR, "THE OLD FAG." ATHLETIC EDITOR, C. B. FRY.

6d.

Vol. IX. No. 53.

AUGUST, 1903.

When buying

a cycle, insist upon genuine

DUNLOP TYRES

You will appreciate the wisdom of this

when selling;

second-hand cycles sell more readily and at higher prices with Dunlop tyres.

FAST, RESILIENT, DURABLE, AND ALWAYS RELIABLE.

Guaranteed for 13 months.

See trade mark (Dunlop's head) on tube as well as cover.

EQUALLY GOOD FOR CARRIAGES AND MOTORS.



Trade Mark

DUNLOP TYRE Co., Ltd., Aston, B'ham.

Used by all the Government Departments.



"Behind him, with cunning stealth, crept a man with a bandaged head."

(See "THE LONG 'UN.")

BARGAINS.

Packets (Postage extra) of 100 Colonial Stamps. 1-: 100 United States, 1/-; 50 Australia, 1-; 50 English, 1-; 20 Greece, 9d.; 20 India, 9d.; 20 Mexico, 1/-; 100 Bill Stamps, 1/-; 100 South and Central America, 2/6; 25 German, 6d.; 25 France, 6d.; 20 Ecuador, 9d.; 20 Ecuador, 1/6; 20 Porto Rico, 1/-; 20 Cuba, 1/-; 25 Brazil, 1-; 50 Spain, 1/9; 15 Sweden, 6d. Sheets of Postage or Fiscal Stamps sent on approval, good discount.

J. RUSSELL.

64 Northumberland Park, Tottenham, London, N.

SHAVING A PLEASURE, even to the most nervous by using the

SELF-ADJUSTING SAFETY RAZOR

- - CANNOT CUT THE FACE - -

No. 1 quality, Extra Hollow Ground Silver Steel Blade. Holder for Stropping. Heavily Silver-plated Frame (all Sheffield made and Warranted the very best), sent in neat cases. The Quickest, Cleanest, Easiest, Safest Razor in the World. Lasts a lifetime. **Anyone can use it.** Send Postal Order 3/9 to

C. HOWE, Oake Villa, Leigh, Lancashire.

Correct Solution of "Hidden Books" Competition from the June Number, 1903. See Competition Results on page 488.



A Soldier of Fortune



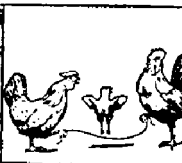
The Time Machine



The Pirate and the Three Cutters.



Robbery Under Arms.



Foul Play.



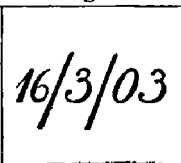
Through the Looking Glass.



Macaulay's Essays.



The Last of the Barons.



Middlemarch.



The Invisible Man.



A Tramp Abroad.



The French Revolution.

STAFFORD SMITH'S ALBUMS

Send for 36-page Stamp Circular, post free. Permanent Stamp Album, 4s. and 5s.; 9,000 stamps described, 12,000 extra spaces. **H. STAFFORD SMITH & CO. STAMP IMPORTERS, BRIGHTON.**

10,000 STAMPS FREE.—For the next three months only, I will send gratis and post free to every tenth applicant, ordering 10,000 British and Continental mixed at 1/3 per 1,000, every tenth applicant will receive 20,000. I also sell Old British 1d. Reds at 2/6 per 1,000. Canadians mixed at 2/6 for 1,000. Old British 1870 1d. small Reds at 2/- per 100. My approval books are splendid value, 30 to 75 per cent. discount allowed. I also make up a better class mixture at 5/- per 1,000, very good value. All of above are post free, about extra. Do not delay but send at once to **PHILATELIST, DROMORE, CO. DOWN, IRELAND.**

DEVELOPING WITHIN 24 HOURS.

For prompt return and best possible results, at lowest City prices, send your plates and films to **THE POCKET PHOTOGRAPHY CO., Ltd., 56 Gracechurch Street, London, E.C.**



THE "MARVEL" MONOGRAM BOX

Any 2-letter Monogram, mounted in enameled metal pocket box, self-inking, style as shown. Agents wanted for this and other novelties. Dept. G. 89, Aldersgate St., London. **6d.** Post Free

A GOOD FAULT

THE HANDY SHILLING ATLAS OF THE WORLD.

"This bijou work of 120 maps and a gazetteer is as near perfection as can possibly be. The only fault to be found with it is its cheapness. We cannot see how it can be brought out for the money without causing somebody to suffer or lose by it."—This is what the *Western Morning News* says.

Post free for 1/2 from the Publishers, **GEORGE NEWNES, Ltd.,** or it may be obtained from the leading Booksellers for **ONE SHILLING.**

THE HIT OF THE SEASON.

A FOUNTAIN PEN, with 14-ct. gold nib, for HALF-A-CROWN

Every Pen Tested and Warranted. Exchanged or money returned if not satisfied. Post free from

FRANK SMITH, Stationer, HIGH ST., OXFORD. Send for List of Oxford College Crests, etc.

DO YOU WANT AN INEXPENSIVE CABINET

For your **Natural History** specimens? If so, write to us for terms and sizes. As we are **manufacturers** we can sell at low prices. We also keep in stock all kinds of specimens of **Birds' Eggs, Moths, Butterflies, &c.** Send for Price List; it will be worth your while.

J. T. CROCKETT & SONS,
7a, Princes Street, Cavendish Square.
(Close to Oxford Circus, W.)

DO YOU WANT NEW TYRES FOR OLD

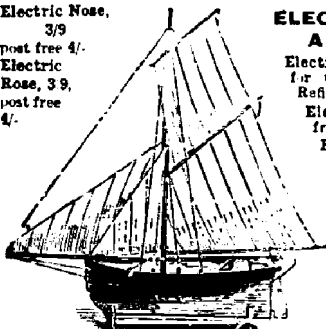
Or your Old Tyres made like New?

We Re-rubber from 5/6, Re-line from 2/-, and do all Repairs. Supply Tubes, Parts, Accessories, Frames, &c., at Lowest Prices

SEND FOR LIST—**PARA STORES, 6 Gray's Inn Road, London.**

HAMLEY'S TOYS, NOVELTIES, SHIPS, ENGINES, Etc.

Electric Nose, 3/9
post free 4/-
Electric Rose, 3/9
post free 4/-



Hamley's SAILING BOATS, CUTTERS, & SCHOONERS, with sails to take up and down. Nicely finished, and guaranteed to sail. Price, 26, 36, 46, 66, 86, 106, 126, 21/-, and 42/- Packing and postage extra.

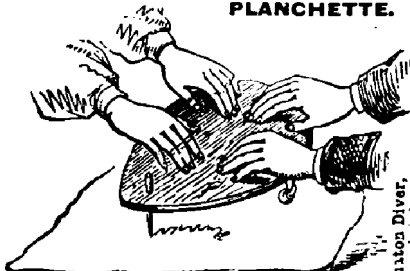
ELECTRICAL NOVELTIES AND SURPRISES.

Electric Pocket Lamp, very useful for travelling price 1/9, post free 2/-
Refills for same, 1/-, post free 1/3.
Electric Scarf Pin, price 3/9, post free 4/1.
Electric Scarf Pin, price 5/6, post free 5/10.
Electric Batteries and Coils, complete with battery, price 5/9, 6/9, 7/9. Postage 6d. extra.

Magic Flowers, drop a seed into a basin of water, and it develops into a beautiful flower. Price 6d. per Packet, post free 9d.

Send for List of Hamley's Outdoor Games, Tents, Boats, etc., post free. Also List of Steam Engines, Engine Fittings, etc., post free, 4d.

PLANCHETTE.



WHAT DOES PLANCHETTE SAY?
The novel and interesting pastime which has created so much sensation in fashionable circles the question. They answer

Price 1/- post free 1/4
Superior 3/6 " 3/10
Best-make 5/- " 5/1



The Automaton Diver, which rises and sinks in the water at will. Price 2/9. Postage 6d. extra.

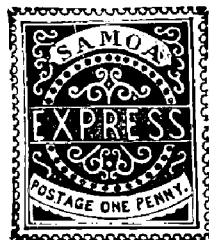
512, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

THE FOURTH EDITION OF THE UNIVERSAL
- - STANDARD CATALOGUE OF THE - -

POSTAGE STAMPS

OF THE WORLD - - IS NOW READY

It includes all stamps known to be issued up to FEBRUARY, 1903,
and is the latest published.



1903
EDITION.

NEARLY 3,000 ILLUSTRATIONS. NO MEASUREMENTS OF PERFORATION.

The cheapest, simplest, and most easily understood Catalogue in
the world. Price 1s. 3d. post free; cloth gilt, interleaved, 3s. 6d.

NEW 64-PAGE PRICE LIST (1903 Edition) of 1,520 different Packets and Sets of Stamps, sent on
receipt of penny stamp for postage. NEW STAMP ALBUMS FOR 1903, from 1s. 6d. to £12.

WHITFIELD KING & CO., IPSWICH.

"SHANGHAI" PACKET OF STAMPS, 4d. POST FREE. 50 different STAMPS, used and unused, including

NORTH BORNEO 4c. (MONKEY). New Issue ERITREA. New Issue INDIA (Head of EDWARD VII.). Old GREECE. OBSOLETE MALTA. 2 OBSCURE GUIAN (SHIPS). UNUSED CUBA. NEW ZEALAND (View of MOUNT COOK). LARGE CHILIAN TELEGRAPH (Wild Horse and Eagle). LARGE JAMAICA (View of LLANOVERY FALLS). set of 4 Swiss. 3 Russia. 4 Cape Colony (including King's Head), etc., etc. You will see that the above is wonderful value
YET WE WILL GIVE FREE! to every purchaser of the "SHANGHAI" Packet, who asks to see our unequalled Approval Sheets, A RARE SET OF 5 UNUSED SHANGHAI! Send at once, the supply is limited. Money back if not satisfied. Postage Abroad extra.

WE DESIRE all those who avail themselves of this stupendous bargain to tell their friends exactly what they think of our stamps, as we know it is the best advertisement we can have.

SEND FOR our 64-PAGE PRICE LIST of Stamps, Albums, etc. Handsomely illustrated throughout with over 250 full-sized engravings of the most beautiful stamps. Every collector who desires the best value and largest selection should write at once for a copy of this book, which will be sent gratis and post free on application.

ERNEST WOOD & CO., Chorlton-cum-Hardy, MANCHESTER.

5s. worth of Stamps for 4½d.

Contains 100 Stamps, including following:—Bolivia (very scarce and catalogued 1s.), Ecuador (rare, catalogued 9d.), Queensland (1s. violet, very scarce), Labuan (Stag's Head) Cuba, Porto Rico, Philippines, Hayti (scarce), Columbia, Honduras, (high value), Roumania, Peru (Llamas, catalogued 6d.), Bulgaria, Greece, United States (Buffalo Exhibition Stamp), Brazil (very old), Guatemala, Nyassa (giraffe), Sweden (long official), &c., &c. Post free 4½d.

EDWARD COOPER & CO., 17, Mortimer St., London, W.

ONLY THREEPENCE.

THE MONTHLY BARGAIN PACKET for August contains many Colonial Stamps, including new and old issues. Natal (King), Straits (King), Orange River Colony (King), Gold Coast (Queen), Transvaal (King), Great Britain 2/6 (Queen), Canada (Queen), Malta (Queen), Trinidad (new), Federated Malay Straits, 40 different stamps from many countries, only postage stamps included. Price 3d., postage 1d. extra, and all purchasers asking for approval sheets receive gratis a set of Japanese postage stamps.

Five Approval Sheets ready, large variety, liberal discount. Write for a selection to-day. They never fail to satisfy collectors. Exchange desired with all Colonial collections and scarce stamps purchased to cash.
F. G. ROWE (formerly of Bath, 22 DESBOROUGH ROAD, PLYMOUTH.

SPECIAL HOLIDAY OFFER.

To every Collector who sends 1d. Stamp for postage, and asks for one of my well-known "Onkaparinga" APPROVAL BOOKS of Stamps, will be PRESENTED ABSOLUTELY FREE.

- A Set of 4 British Guiana.
- .. 2 INDIA KING'S HEAD.
- .. 2 Tasmania, Pictorial.

This is a unique Offer, and will not be repeated.
Early application is necessary.

Business only by correspondence.

L. S. CHARLICK, 55 & 56 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

50 STAMPS 6½d. Post free—Comprising Principally B. Colonials new issues.

50% off marked prices.

APPROVAL BOOKS AND SHEETS.

50% off marked prices.

Old collections bought. Picture Postcards 1s. per doz. (Tuck a).
PEARCE & STAMFORD, 7 Katharine St., Croydon.

TO YOU.

The most interesting illustrated Price List of British, Colonial and Foreign Stamps and the one that will pay you well to study is OURS. 72 pages of cheap offers, illustrated. We send the List FREE, but if you include one penny to cover cost of postage, we will send GRATIS a Packet of 50 Stamps: King's Head British Colonials, picturesque Jamaica, Transvaal, unused Venezuela, Zambesia, &c., &c. Remember, if you want the packet, all you have to do is to enclose the postage. We rely on future business when you have seen the List, and we want every collector to see it.

BUTLER BROS., CLEVEDON.

THE "CHILI." 3d.

80 DIFFERENT STAMPS 80

GWAILOR STATE (Serpents guarding the Sun.) MONTENEGRO (new issue). PORTUGUESE INDIA (1903). FOOCHEW (Chinese War-Junks).

Brazil, Cuba, Bulgaria, Servia, Turkey, Roumania, Greece, India (Emperor, Edward), Argentine, Cuba, U.S.A. (Handsome Columbian Envelope, 1893 Exhibitions), Barbados, Canada, Egypt, Queensland, Portugal, Cape Colony, Victoria, W. Australia, Wurtemberg, Sweden, 2 Japan.

NICARAGUA 1890 (Mountains), MAURITIUS (Ship, Star, &c.), GUATEMALA EXHIBITION, issue 1897 (Picturesque unused Postcard), &c., & a very interesting packet.

3d. Postage 1d. extra.

Only one packet supplied to each person.

IN ADDITION to Stamps mentioned above, every purchaser applying for a selection of our "Ideal" Approval Sheets will receive a

HANDSOME SET OF 10 CHILI FREE.

For other bargains in Packets, Sets, and Stamp Albums, see our 1903 PRICE LIST, a handsome book of 84 pages, including a

GUIDE TO STAMP COLLECTING, POST FREE & GRATIS TO EVERYONE

ERRINGTON & MARTIN,
SOUTH HACKNEY, LONDON

Send for 36-page Stamp Circular, post free, containing

600 CHEAP SETS OF STAMPS FOR 1903.

Ask for Samples of the New Perforated Stamp Hinge.

H. STAFFORD SMITH & CO., STAMP IMPORTERS, BRIGHTON.

"CAPTAIN" EYE OPENER (August), 6d. (Quote August when ordering.) 110 different, 6d., including Argentine, Cyprus, Ceylon, New Cuba, Gibraltar, New Malay, Surcharged Straits, Tannian 1d. and 2d. (Views), Orange State, W. Australia, 3 different, GRATIS Large List Sets. SHEETS 1d. Stamps, upwards. 250 Mounts and 2 Rare old Mexico gratis to all who apply for sheets. Agents wanted, 500 different Stamps & Albums, 5s. : 1000 & Albums for 15s. post free (abroad extra). A. C. McCAUSLAN & CO., 35 Bath St. Glasgow.

500 Stamp Mounts given free to all applicants for our Approval Sheets. Good, clean stamps, 4d. in the 1s. discount.

The NORTHERN STAMP Co.
Great Horton, Bradford, Yorks.

ASK FOR PACKET "K.N." and send us a Penny Stamp to cover postage and we will send the packet free (in United Kingdom only). It contains 50 Colonial and Foreign Stamps, including Trinidad, Dutch Indies, India Official, South African, West Indian, Australia, &c., &c.

NOTE—We send a 1/- set from our List FREE to each of the senders of the first 3 letters opened each day. See our "Monthly Circular," sent post free. It contains some important notes that will interest you.
ALFRED GILBERT & CO., Weston-super-Mare.

BARGAINS.

Packets (Postage extra) of 100 Colonial Stamps, 1/-; 100 United States, 1/-; 50 Australia, 1/-; 50 English, 1/-; 20 Greece, 9d.; 20 India, 9d.; 20 Mexico, 1/-; 100 Bill Stamps, 1/-; 100 South and Central America, 2/6; 25 German, 6d.; 25 France, 6d.; 20 Ecuador, 9d.; 30 Ecuador, 1/6; 20 Porto Rico, 1/-; 20 Cuba, 1/-; 25 Brazil, 1/-; 50 Spain, 1/9; 15 Sweden, 6d. Sheets of Postage or Fiscal Stamps sent on approval, good discount.

J. RUSSELL,

64 Northumberland Park, Tottenham, London, N.

SHAVING A PLEASURE, even to the most nervous by using the

SELF-ADJUSTING SAFETY RAZOR

- - CANNOT CUT THE FACE - -

No. 1. quality, Extra Hollow Ground Silver Steel Blade. Holder for Strapping. Heavily Silver-plated Frame (all Sheffield made and warranted the very best), sent in neat cases. The Quickest, Cleanest, Easiest, Safest Razor in the World. Lasts a lifetime. **Anyone can use it.** Send Postal Order 3/9 to

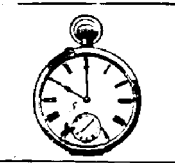
G. HOWE, Oake Villa, Leigh, Lancashire.

Correct Solution of "Hidden Books" Competition from the June Number, 1903.

See Competition Results on page 488.



A Soldier of Fortune



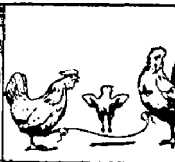
The Time Machine



The Pirate and the Three Cutters.



Robbery Under Arms.



Foul Play.



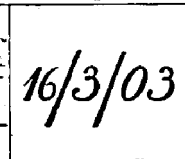
Through the Looking Glass.



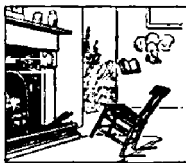
Macaulay's Essays.



The Last of the Barons.



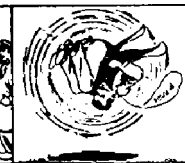
Middlemarch.



The Invisible Man.



A Tramp Abroad.



The French Revolution.

STAFFORD SMITH'S ALBUMS

always give satisfaction

Send for 36-page Stamp Circular, post free. Permanent Stamp Album, 4s. and 5s.; 9,000 stamps described, 12,000 extras spaces. **H. STAFFORD SMITH & CO. STAMP IMPORTERS, BRIGHTON.**

10,000 STAMPS FREE.—For the next three months only, I will send gratis and post free to every tenth applicant ordering 10,000 British and Colonial stamps, mixed at 1/3 per 10,000, every tenth applicant will receive 20,000. I also sell Old British 1d. Reds at 2/6 per 1,000. Canadian mixed at 2/6 per 1,000. Old British 1870 1d. small reds at 2/- per 100. My approval books are splendid value, 30 to 75 per cent. discount allowed. I also make up a better class mixture at 5/- per 1,000, very good value. All of above are post free, about extra. Do not delay, but send at once to **PHILATELIST, DROMORE, CO. DOWN, IRELAND.**

DEVELOPING WITHIN 24 HOURS.

For prompt return and best possible results, at lowest City prices, send your plates and films to

THE POCKET PHOTOGRAPHY CO., Ltd., 56 Gracechurch Street, London, E.C.



THE "MARVEL" MONOGRAM BOX

6d. Post Free

Any 2-letter Monogram, mounted in enamelled metal pocket box, self-inking, style as shown. Agents wanted for this and other novelties. Dept. G, 89, Aldersgate St., London.

A GOOD FAULT

THE HANDY SHILLING ATLAS OF THE WORLD.

This bijou work of 120 maps and a gazetteer is as near perfection as can possibly be. The only fault to be found with it is its cheapness. We cannot see how it can be brought out for the money without causing somebody to suffer or lose by it.—This is what the *Western Morning News* says.

Post free for 1/2 from the Publishers, **GEORGE NEWNES, Ltd.,** or it may be obtained from the leading Booksellers for

ONE SHILLING.

THE HIT OF THE SEASON.

A FOUNTAIN PEN, with 14-ct. gold nib, for HALF-A-CROWN

Every Pen Tested and Warranted. Exchanged or money returned if not satisfied. Post free from

FRANK SMITH, Stationer, HIGH ST., OXFORD. Send for List of Oxford College Crests, etc.

DO YOU WANT AN INEXPENSIVE CABINET

For your **Natural History** specimens? If so, write to us for terms and sizes. As we are **manufacturers** we can sell at low prices. We also keep in stock all kinds of specimens of **Birds' Eggs, Moths, Butterflies, &c.** Send for Price List; it will be worth your while.

J. T. CROCKETT & SONS,
7a, Princes Street, Cavendish Square.
(Close to Oxford Circus, W.)

DO YOU WANT NEW TYRES FOR OLD

Or your Old Tyres made like New?

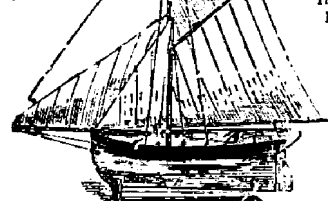
We Re-rubber from 5/-, Re-line from 2/-, and do all Repairs. Supply Tubes, Parts, Accessories, Frames, &c., at Lowest Prices

SEND FOR LIST—

PARA STORES, 6 Gray's Inn Road, London.

HAMLEY'S TOYS, NOVELTIES,

Electric Nose, 3/9 post free 4/-.
Electric Rose, 3/9, post free 4/-.



Hamley's **SAILING BOATS, CUTTERS, & SCHOONERS**, with sails to take up and down. Nicely finished, and guaranteed to sail. Price: 2/6, 3/6, 4/6, 6/6, 8/6, 10/6, 15/6, 21/6, and 42/6. Packing and postage extra.

ELECTRICAL NOVELTIES AND SURPRISES.

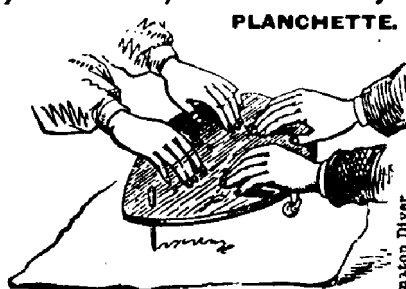
Electric Pocket Lamp, very useful for travelling price 1/9, post free 2/-.
Resist for same, 1/-, post free 1/3.
Electric Scarf Pin, price 3/9, post free 4/1.
Electric Beaf Pin, price 5/6, post free 5/10.
Electric Batteries and Coils, complete with Battery, price 5/9, 6/9, 7/9. Postage 6d. extra.

Magic Flowers, drop a seed into a basin of water, and it develops into a beautiful flower. Price 6d. per Packet, post free. 9d.

Send for List of Hamley's Outdoor Games, Tents, Boats, etc., post free, also List of Steam Engines, Engine Picturings, etc., post free. 4d.

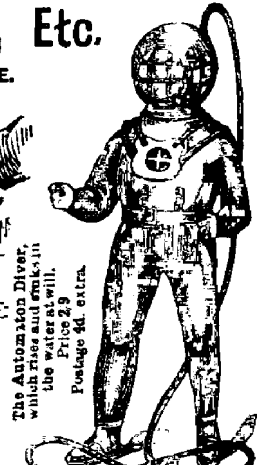
SHIPS, ENGINES, Etc.

PLANCHETTE.



WHAT DOES PLANCHETTE SAY?
The novel and interesting pastime which has created so much sensation in fashionable circles this sea-on. They answer questions.

Price 1/-, post free 1/4
Superior 3/6 " 3/10
Best-make 5/- " 5/1



The Automaton Diver, which rises and sinks in the water at will. Price 2/9. Postage 6d. extra.

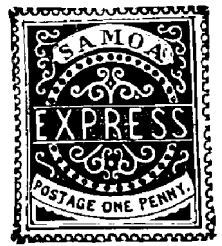
512, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

THE FOURTH EDITION OF THE UNIVERSAL
STANDARD CATALOGUE OF THE

POSTAGE STAMPS

OF THE WORLD - - - IS NOW READY

It includes all stamps known to be issued up to FEBRUARY, 1903,
and is the latest published.



1903
EDITION.

NEARLY 3,000 ILLUSTRATIONS. NO MEASUREMENTS OF PERFORATION.

The cheapest, simplest, and most easily understood Catalogue in the world. Price 1s. 3d. post free; cloth gilt, interleaved, 3s. 6d.

NEW 64-PAGE PRICE LIST (1903 Edition) of 1,520 different Packets and Sets of Stamps, sent on receipt of penny stamp for postage. NEW STAMP ALBUMS FOR 1903, from 1s. 6d. to £12.

WHITFIELD KING & CO., IPSWICH.

"SHANGHAI" PACKET OF STAMPS, 4d. POST FREE. 50 different STAMPS, used and unused, including

NORTH BORNEO 4c. (MONKEY). NEW ISSUE ERITREA. New Issue INDIA (Head of EDWARD VII.). Old GREECE, OBSOLETE MALTA. 2 OBSOLETE GUIANA (SHIPS). UNUSED CUBA. NEW ZEALAND (View of MOUNT COOK). LARGE CHILIAN TELEGRAPH (Wild Horse and Eagle). LARGE JAMAICA (View of LLANDOVERY FALLS). set of 4 Swiss, 3 Russia, 4 Cape Colony (including King's Head), etc., etc. You will see that the above is wonderful value. **YET WE WILL GIVE FREE** to every purchaser of the "SHANGHAI" Packet, who asks to see our unequalled Approval Sheets, A RARE SET OF 3 UNUSED SHANGHAI! Send at once, the supply is limited. Money back if not satisfied. Postage Abroad extra.

WE DESIRE all those who avail themselves of this stupendous bargain to tell their friends exactly what they think of our stamps, as we know it is the best advertisement we can have.

SEND FOR our 64-PAGE PRICE LIST of Stamps, Albums, etc. Handsomely illustrated throughout with over 250 full-sized engravings of the most beautiful stamps. Every collector who desires the best value and largest selection should write at once for a copy of this book, which will be sent gratis and post free on application.

ERNEST WOOD & CO., Chorlton-cum-Hardy, MANCHESTER.

5s. worth of Stamps for 4½d.

Contains 100 Stamps, including following:—Bolivia (very scarce and catalogued 1s.), Ecuador (rare, catalogued 9d.), Queensland (1s. violet, very scarce), Labuan (Stag's Head) Cuba, Porto Rico, Philippines, Hayti (scarce), Columbia, Honduras, (high value), Roumania, Peru (Ilamas, catalogued 6d.), Bulgaria, Greece, United States (Buffalo Exhibition Stamp), Brazil (very old), Guatemala, Nyassa (giraffe), Sweden (long official), &c., &c. Post free, 4½d.

EDWARD COOPER & CO., 17, Mortimer St., London, W.

ONLY THREEPENCE.

THE MONTHLY BARGAIN PACKET for August contains many Colonial Stamps, including new and old issues. Natal (King), Straits (King), Orange River Colony (King), Gold Coast (Queen), Transvaal (King), Great Britain ¾ (Queen), Canada (Queen), Malta (Queen), Trinidad (new), Federated Malay Straits, 50 different stamps from many countries, only postage stamps included. Price 3d., postage 1d. extra, and all purchasers asking for approval sheets receive gratis a set of Japanese postage stamps.

Five Approval Sheets ready, large variety, liberal discount. Write for a selection to-day. They never fail to satisfy collectors. Exchange desired with all Colonial Collections and scarce stamps purchased for cash.

T. G. ROWE (formerly of Bath), 22 DEBBOROUGH ROAD, PLYMOUTH.

SPECIAL HOLIDAY OFFER.

To every Collector who sends 1d. Stamp for postage, and asks for one of my well-known "Onkaparinga" APPROVAL BOOKS of Stamps, will be PRESENTED ABSOLUTELY FREE.

- A Set of 4 British Guiana.
- " 2 INDIA KING'S HEAD.
- " 2 Tasmania, Pictorial.

This is a unique Offer, and will not be repeated. Early application is necessary.

Business only by correspondence.

L. S. CHARLICK, 55 & 56 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

50 STAMPS 6½d. Post free —Comprising Principally B. Colonial new issues, &c., good value. 50% off marked prices.

APPROVAL BOOKS AND SHEETS. 50% off marked prices. Old collections bought. Picture Postcards 1s. per doz. (Tuck s.). PEARCE & STAMFORD, 7 Katharine St., Croydon.

TO YOU.

The most interesting illustrated Price List of British, Colonial and Foreign Stamps and the one that will pay you well to study is OURS. 72 pages of cheap offers, illustrated. We send the List FREE, but if you include one penny to cover cost of postage, we will send GRATIS a Packet of 50 Stamps: King's Head British Colonials, picturesque Jamaica, Transvaal, unused Venezuela, Zambesia, &c., &c. Remember, if you want the packet, all you have to do is to include the postage. We rely on future business when you have seen the List, and we want every collector to see it.

BUTLER BROS., CLEVEDON.

THE "CHILI." 3d. 30 DIFFERENT STAMPS 30

SWAILOR STATE (Serpents guarding the Sun.) PORTUGUESE INDIA (1903). MONTENEGRO (new issue). POOCHOW (Chinese War-Junks).

Brazil, Cote, Bulgaria, Servia, Turkey, Roumania, Greece, India (Emperor, Edward), Argentine, Cuba, U.S.A. (Handsome Columbian Envelope, 1893 Exhibition), Barbados, Canada, Egypt, Queensland, Portugal, Cape Colony, Ceylon, Victoria, W. Australia, Wurtemberg, Sweden, 2 Japan.

NICARAGUA 1890 (Mountains), MAURITIUS (Ship, Star, &c.), GUATEMALA EXHIBITION, Issue 1897 (Picturesque unused Postcard), &c., a very interesting packet.

3d. Postage 1d. extra.

Only one packet supplied to each person.

IN ADDITION to Stamps mentioned above, every purchaser applying for a selection of our "Ideal" Approval Sheets will receive a

HANDSOME SET OF 10 CHILI FREE.

For other bargains in Packets, Sets, and Stamp Albums, see our 1903 PRICE LIST, a handsome book of 84 pages, including a

GUIDE TO STAMP COLLECTING, POST FREE & GRATIS TO EVERYONE

ERRINGTON & MARTIN,
SOUTH HACKNEY, LONDON

Send for 36-page Stamp Circular, post free, containing 600 CHEAP SETS OF STAMPS FOR 1903.

Ask for Samples of the New Perforated Stamp Hinge.

H. STAFFORD SMITH & CO., STAMP IMPORTERS, BRIGHTON.

"CAPTAIN" EYE OPENER (August), 6d. (Quote August when ordering.) 110 different, 6d., including Argentine, Cyprus, Ceylon, New Cuba, Gibraltar, New Malva, Surcharged Straits, Tasmania 7d. and 2d. (Views), Orange State, W. Aust.-mia, 3 different. GRATIS Large List Sets, Sheets 4d. Stamp upwards. 250 Mounts and 2 Rare old Mexico gratis to all who apply for sheets. Agents wanted, 500 different Stamp Albums, 1s. 1.0-0 & Albums for 15s. post free (abroad extra). A. C. MCAUSLAN & CO. 56 Bath St. Glasgow.

500 Stamp Mounts given free to all applicants for our Approval Sheets. Good, clean stamps, 4d. in the 1s. discount.

The NORTHERN STAMP Co., Great Horton, Bradford, Yorks.

ASK FOR PACKET "K.N." and send us a Penny Stamp to cover postage and we will send the packet free (in United Kingdom only). It contains 30 Colonial and Foreign Stamps, including Trinidad, Dutch India, India Official South Africa, West India, Australia, &c., &c. NOTE — We send a U. set from our list FREE to each of the senders of the first 3 letters opened each day. See our "Monthly Circular," sent post free. It contains some important notes that will interest you. ALFRED GILBERT & CO., Weston-super-Mare.

"CAPTAIN" PRIZES.

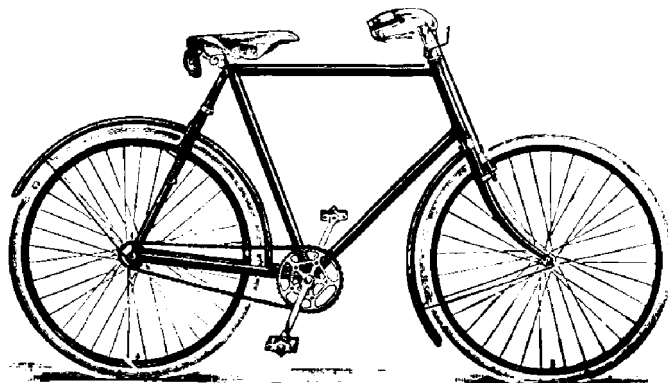
IF YOU WANT A
CRICKET BAT,
 A "Brownie" or "Scout" **CAMERA,**
 A
SANDOW DEVELOPER,
 Or a complete
PRINTING OUTFIT,

Enter for "THE CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS. See page 483.

Or perhaps you would like to

WIN THIS £10 : 10 : 0
"TRIUMPH" BICYCLE

Fitted with Free-Wheel, Dunlop Tyres, Front and Back Rim
 Brakes, Mudguards, Lycett or Brooks Saddle, Tool Bag,
 Spanners, Pump, Clips, &c., &c., &c.



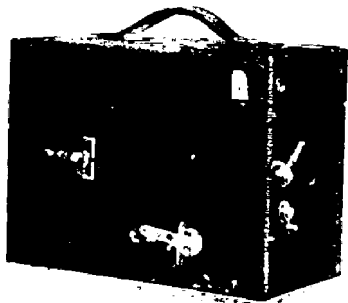
ROYAL TRIUMPH
 No. 5

To win this Bicycle, all you have to do is to state on a
 "CAPTAIN" post-card what you consider to be the twelve
 most frequently used conversational expressions.

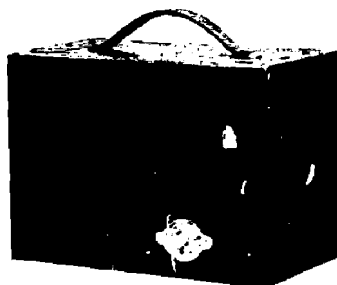
See COMPETITION No. 1.

This Guinea LILLYWHITE,
 FROWD & CO.'S BAT is
 awarded as First Prize
 in our
 "PROFESSIONAL TEAM
 FOR AUSTRALIA"
 COMPETITION.

Two of these
 "CAMACE" BATS
 are given away as
 Second and Third
 Prizes in our
 "PROFESSIONAL TEAM
 FOR AUSTRALIA"
 COMPETITION.



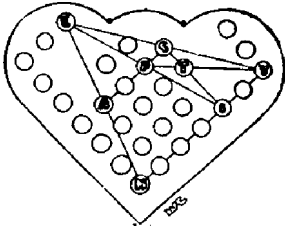
Two of these 10s.
 "Scout"
 Hand Cameras are
 awarded as prizes
 in our
 "HIDDEN ANIMALS"
 COMPETITION.
 Class II.



Two of these 10s.
 "Brownie"
 Hand Cameras are
 awarded as prizes
 in our
 "HIDDEN ANIMALS"
 COMPETITION.
 Class III.

Correct solution to the "Egyptian Puzzle"

June, 1903.



See Results of "Captain" Competitions on page 488.

An ART LIBRARY for ARTISTS

Numerous large and well-printed Illustrations.


A short life of the Artist.
A compendious list of his works; and
No Criticism whatever.

NEWNES' ART LIBRARY

A Series of Volumes Illustrative of the Work of the Great Artists. Large fcap. 4to, each containing from 48 to 64 full-page reproductions in monochrome, with photogravure frontispiece, biographical introduction and list of the artist's principal works. Quarter vellum. 3s. 6d. net.

- 1.—The Work of Botticelli.
- 2.—The Work of Sir Joshua Reynolds. *(Shortly.)*
- 3.—The Work of Velasquez. *(Shortly.)*

GEO. NEWNES, Ltd., Southampton St., Strand, W.C.



HUMBER
CYCLES & MOTORS

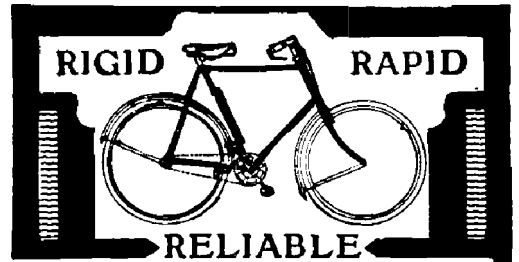
"IN ALL THE WORLD UNEQUALLED."
FROM £10 10s. TO £23 10s.

CHAIN-DRIVEN MOTOR CYCLES
"BY TEST THE BEST."
FROM £42.

Deferred Payments Arranged.
Trials by Appointment.

Artistic Catalogues, also Instructive Booklets free on application.

HUMBER, LIMITED, 32 HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C. Agents Everywhere



RALEIGH

"The expert rider will find the Raleigh a light, smart, and dainty bicycle, and a revelation in easy running."—*Irish Wheelman, Mar. 21 '03.*

£12 12s. Cash
EASY TERMS by Arrangement

The Book of the Raleigh containing illustrated articles on Cycle Manufacture, the new Three Speed Gear, Catalogue, &c. FREE from all Raleigh Agents.

London Depot - 41, Holborn Viaduct.
Bristol Depot - 83, Queen's Road.
or by post from
Raleigh Cycle Co. Ld. Nottingham.

BOWDEN

BRAKE

Best for Bicycles

FITTED BY ALL CYCLE AGENTS AND DEALERS

KRUNO PHOTOGRAPHY for the HOLIDAYS.



Complete **7/6** OUTFIT.

CARRIES SIX QUARTER PLATES

Including all materials and apparatus for Developing and Printing.
Inland Postage Rd. extra.

CAMERA for 12 QUARTER PLATES 13/6 with Superior Outfit.

£20 GIVEN IN PRIZES. PRICE LIST "13" FREE.

MOULT BROS., 141, Oxford Street LONDON, W.



C. B. Fry.
Athletic Editor.

THE CAPTAIN.



The Old Fag.
Editor.

A Magazine for Boys and "Old Boys."

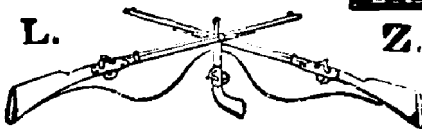
(With which is Incorporated the "Public School Magazine.")

Contents for August, 1903.

THE OLYMPIAN WALK	Back of Frontispiece	
"SURRENDRE!" THE VOICE WAS HIGH AND CONFIDENT "SURRENDRE! OUS NOUS FINIRON'S LES BATEAUX!"	Frontispiece	
Drawn by E. F. SKINNER.		
THE BULLET-MAKER'S STRATEGY		FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS 395
Illustrated by E. F. SKINNER.		
HAILEYBURY COLLEGE		A. E. JOHNSON 399
With Illustrations from Photographs.		
LOWER SCHOOL YARNS. (V.—"THE TENTH PLAGUE.")		HAROLD BURROWS 405
Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.		
THE STAMP COLLECTOR. (NOVELTIES.)		E. J. NANKIVELL 410
With Illustrations.		
SOME PRACTICAL CRICKET TIPS DEMONSTRATED SPECIALLY FOR "CAPTAIN" READERS		C. B. FRY 412
A Series of Unique Photographs by GEO. NEWNES, Ltd.		
THE ISLE OF FORTUNE. (CHAPS. XIII.-XV.)		CAPTAIN CHARLES PROTHEROE 414
Illustrated by E. S. HODGSON.		
HOW UF RED-HAIR BECAME A CHIEF		EDWIN LESTER ARNOLD 422
Illustrated by PAUL HARDY.		
THE CYCLING CORNER. (SHORT RIDES ROUND LONDON.)		CHARLES H. LARRETTE 427

(Further contents on next page.)

AIR GUNS RIFLES, & REVOLVERS.



Trade] **GEM AIR GUNS.** [Mark.
No. 1 ... 13/6
" 3 ... 27/6 Heavy make

Z. THE CELEBRATED "MILLITA" AIR GUN.

No. 1 ... 25/- No. 3 ... 35/-
None genuine unless stamped "Millita."

No. 1 Darts ... 6d. dozen. No. 3 Darts ... 1/6 dozen.
" 1 Slugs ... 8d. per 1,000 " 3 Slugs ... 1/6 per 1,000.

REMINGTON PATTERN RIFLES ... 12/6 each BOLT ACTION ... 12/6 each.
SALOON GUNS ... 12/6; Nos. 1, 2, 3 WINCHESTER & COLT REPEATERS from 50/- each

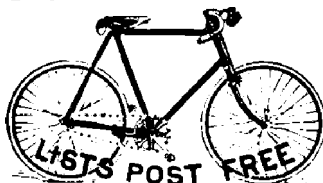
THE CHEAPEST STOCK OF REVOLVERS.

YOUNG AMERICA, Rim Fire ... 12/6 each.

FINE TOOLS FOR ENGINEERS, MECHANICS, AND MODELLERS.—Stocks and Dies, Screw Plates, Taps, Drills, Vices, Squares, Dividers, Depth Gauges, all up-to-date-American Goods.

Address: **C. WILLIAMS & CO.,** The Aldgate Tool Box, 25 & 21 ALDCATE, LONDON, E.

JUNO CYCLES ARE THE VERY BEST.



For LADIES . . .
and GENTLEMEN.

Free Wheel, Bowden Brake, or New Departure Hub Back Pedal Brake, and all Fittings. Carriage Paid.

For Cash £8 8 0; or 12 Monthly Payments of 16 10. Ea.
" 9 0 0 " " " 16 8. "
" 9 10 0 " " " 17 6. "
" 10 5 0 " " " 19 3. "

The JUNO MOTOR CYCLE is the King of Motor Cycles, £32, or £6 down and 12 payments of 60—each. Accessories at lower prices than any other house: Acetylene Lamp, 2 H. Celluloid Guards, 3/- per pair. Cycle Stand, 1/8. Rim Brake, 3/6. Motor Horn, 5/6. Write for New Season's 136-page Catalogue. Sent Post Free.

Metropolitan Mechanics' Co., Ltd. (Op. dep.). 75 Bishopsgate St. Without, London, E.C. West End Show Rooms, Piccadilly Circus, London, W.

SCHOOL SHIP "CONWAY"

LIVERPOOL
FOR TRAINING
YOUNG GENTLEMEN
TO BECOME OFFICERS
IN THE MERCANTILE NAVY.
FOR PROSPECTUS APPLY TO
CAPT. W. BROADBENT LIEUT. R. N. R.

NATURAL HISTORY.

WATKINS & DONCASTER

NATURALISTS.

36, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. (Five Doors from Charing Cross)

keep in stock every description of Apparatus, Cabinets, Books, and Specimens for Collectors of

BIRDS' EGGS, BUTTERFLIES and MOTHS, &c., &c.
Price List sent post free on application.

Contents—continued.

	PAGE
"THE CAPTAIN" PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERY	431
THE ELEPHANT'S STORY E. COCKBURN REYNOLDS	434
Illustrated by the Author.	
THE ATHLETIC CORNER. (LETTERS FROM A SELF-MADE BATSMAN TO HIS NEPHEW.) C. B. FRY	442
And Answers to Correspondents.	
THE MANŒUVRES OF CHARTERIS. (PART I.) P. G. WODEHOUSE	446
Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.	
UP-RIVER CAMPING A HOLIDAY CAMPER	456
With Illustrations from Special Photographs.	
CAMP HILL OLD EDWARDIANS. (CAPTAINS, 1903.)	459
THE LONG 'UN. (CHAPS. XXI.-XXV.) R. S. WARREN BELL	460
Illustrated by GORDON BROWNE, R.I.	
A BOY'S LIFE AT SEA. (VI.—IN A COASTER.) J. E. PATTERSON	475
Illustrated by GEORGE HAWLEY.	
THE "CAPTAIN" CAMERA CORNER THE PHOTOGRAPHIC EDITOR	479
NATURALISTS' CORNER EDWARD STEP, F.L.S.	481
With Illustrations.	
"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR AUGUST	483
"THE OLD FAG." (EDITORIAL.)	484
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS	486
RESULTS OF JUNE COMPETITIONS... ..	488
"THE LATEST"	489

THE CAPTAIN is published monthly by the proprietors, GEORGE NEWNES, Limited, 7 to 12 Southampton Street, Strand, London, England. Subscription price to any part of the world, post free, for one year, 8s. 6d. Cases for binding any Volume may be obtained from Booksellers for 1s. 6d.; or post free for 1s. 9d. direct from the Office. Vols. V. to VIII. are now ready, price 6s., or post free 6s. 6d. Vols. I. to IV. are out of print. American Agents in the United States, the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York.

The Editor does not hold himself responsible for any MSS., photographs, or drawings submitted to him, but when stamps are enclosed he will endeavour to return those contributions of which he cannot make use. Typewritten MSS. are preferred.

BROWNIE KODAKS

**FOR
BOYS
AND
GIRLS.**

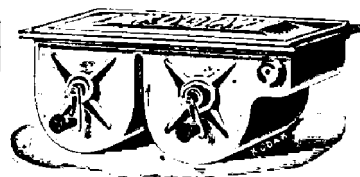
No. 1 Brownie.
(Pictures, 2½ in. by 2½ in.)

5/-

**FOLDING POCKET
KODAKS**

For Ladies, Cyclists, and
Holiday Makers.

FROM - £1 6 0
TO - 3 12 6



**NEW DAYLIGHT
DEVELOPING MACHINE.**

10/-

DARK ROOM ENTIRELY ABOLISHED.

OF ALL PHOTOGRAPHIC DEALERS, OR OF
**KODAK, Ltd., 41-43 Clerkenwell Road,
LONDON, E.C.**

**IF IT ISN'T AN
EASTMAN
IT ISN'T A
KODAK**

Branches:
59 Brompton Road, S.W.; 60 Cheapside, E.C.; 115 Oxford Street, W.;
171-173 Regent Street, W.; and 40 West Strand, London, W.C.

Wholesale and Retail:
96 Bold Street, LIVERPOOL, and 72-74 Buchanan Street, GLASGOW.

BENEFINK & Co

THE GREAT ATHLETIC OUTFITTERS FOR COLLEGES, SCHOOLS, CLUBS, ETC.
COMPLETE OUTFITS and EVERY REQUISITE FOR CRICKET,
RUNNING, TENNIS, CYCLING, AND ALL SPORTS AND GAMES.

CRICKET BATS.

Boys', Half Cane,
No. 4, 3/3; No. 5, 3/8; No. 6, 4/6
Ditto, All Cane (as illustration),
No. 5, 5/3; No. 6, 6/-
Ditto, "Resilient," Selected... No. 6, 8/3
Men's All Cane 6/-
Ditto, ditto, Super 8/5
Ditto, ditto, Selected 9/6
Clapshaw's "Resilient" 15/6
Warsop's "CONQUEROR," Improved ... 18/6
Wisden's "Crawford's EXCELLER" ... 16/9, 20/-
Single Bat sent Post free.

Immense Stock of Cricket Bats by Lillywhite, Clapshaw, Ayres, Cobbett, Dark, Warsop, Wisden, G. G. Hearne, Bryan, Gardiner, and Nicolls.

BLUE HILL BOX KITE.

Splendid Fliers.

Folds into a Flat Parcel.

Made of Linen and Wood, size 36in. by 20in.
by 10in. 2/3

Packing and Postage, 6d.



LEG GUARDS.

Boys' White Twill 3/3
Ditto Leather 4/11
Ditto, Super White Leather 6/3
Men's White Twill 3/6
Ditto Leather 5/6
Ditto, Super White Leather 6/11
Ditto, White Leather Skeleton ... 7/6
Ditto, ditto, Featherweight Skeleton 8/9
Men's White Kid Featherweight
Skeleton 10/-

All Postage free.



SANDOW'S DEVELOPER.

12/6 each. Carriage free.

FISHING RODS.

Large Stock from 2/5 each.

See Catalogue. Post free.

MODEL YACHTS.

(Britannia type). Beautifully painted and finished.

19in.	22in.	25in.	27in.
13/6	18/-	22/6	27/6

MODEL CUTTERS.

Beautifully painted and finished. Fitted with blocks.

14in.	15in.	18in.	22in.	25in.	27in.
6/6	8/6	11/6	14/6	21/-	27/6

Postage extra.

GEM AIR GUN.

No. 00.—Including 100 Slugs, 6 Darts, and 1 pair Pincers,
same bore as No. 1 13/-
No. 0.—Size larger (frequently sold as No. 1), same bore
as No. 1. 16/6
No. 1. 18/6

For Postage, add 8d.

Slugs, No. 1 (Lane's) per 1,000 9d. net.

Postage, 4d.

UNIVERSITY SWIMMING COSTUMES.

(Made to the Regulations of the A.S.A. to button on the shoulder).

When ordering send size round chest.

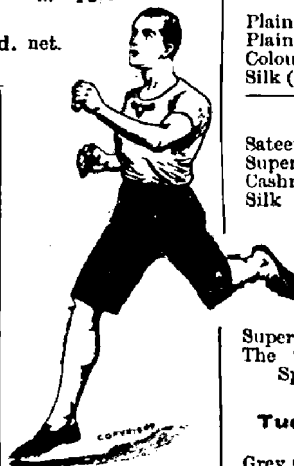
	Net.
Special line, Navy only	1/-
No. 1.—Navy or Black	1/6
No. 2.—Superior Navy, Black or Cardinal	2/6
No. 2A.—Ditto, trimmed, colours in stock Navy and White, Navy and Sky, Navy and Red, Navy and Gold. Other colours to order	2/6
No. 4.—Super Cashmere, Navy or Black, White Silk Stitching	3/6
No. 5.—Best Cashmere, Navy or Black	4/6

Postage, 1½d.

Gents' Bathing Dresses, 2/11 to 5/11.
Swimming Drawers, 6d., 7½d., 9½d., 10½d. pair.

WATER POLO BALLS, 11/- net.
Carriage Paid.

Every Requisite for Water Polo.



CATALOGUES

POST FREE.

Kindly mention "The Captain."

RUNNING VESTS.

Plain White Gauze	1/-, 1/3
Plain White Merino Finish	1/6, 2/-
Coloured Gauze (plain colours)	1/-, 1/6
Silk (plain colours, to order only)	6/6

RUNNING DRAWERS.

Sateen (plain colours)	1/-
Super " "	1/6
Cashmere " "	2/6
Silk " "	6/6

Postage 2d. per Single Garment.

PATTERNS POST FREE.

RUNNING SHOES.

Cordovan Leather, with Spikes	3/11
Super, ditto, Improved Spikes	4/11
The "Professional," Best Calf, Patent Spikes	6/9

Solo London Agents for

Tucks' Celebrated Shoes, 10/6 pair.

Postage, 3d. under 10/-

Grey Canvas, Corrugated Rubber Soles, 2/6 pair.

Postage, 4d.

NEW JUMPING SHOE.

Cordovan Hand-Sewn, with Heel Spikes,
5/11 pair. *Postage, 3d.*

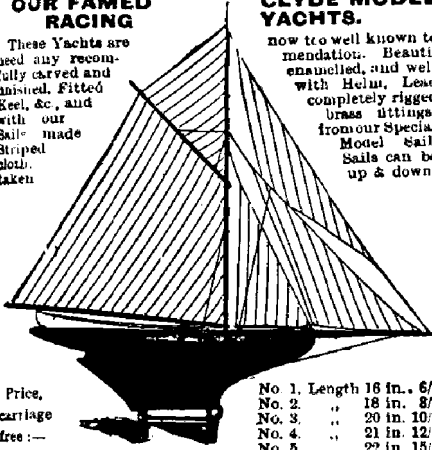
89, 90,
107 & 108,

CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.

MODELS TO SCALE. CONTRACTORS to the BRITISH ADMIRALTY.
"GLYDE BUILT" MODEL RACING YACHTS.
 CAN ONLY BE HAD FROM US.
 Built by our own practical and experienced Yacht-Builders.
 "Tested in water under full Sail and Guaranteed."
 NOTE—All sizes given below are LENGTHS OF DECK ONLY, and do NOT include Bowsprits.

OUR FAMED RACING

These Yachts are need any recom-fitted carved and unisided. Fitted Keel, &c., and with our Sail made Striped cloth taken



CLYDE MODEL YACHTS.

now too well known to mention. Beautifully enameled, and well with Helm, Lead completely rigged brass fittings from our Special Model Sail. Sails can be up & down.

Price, carriage free:—	No 1. Length 16 in. 6/9
	No. 2. " 18 in. 8/9
	No. 3. " 20 in. 10/9
	No. 4. " 21 in. 12/6
	No. 5. " 22 in. 15/6
	No. 6. " 23 in. 17/6
	No. 7. " 24 in. 21/-

No 1 Size is Bermuda rigged, the other Cutters rigged as per Engraving, but Nos 4, 5, 6, and 7 having Flying Jib extra.

Our latest design "SHAMROCK III."

Magnificently carved from noted lines, and beautifully enameled. Sails made from our Specially made Model Striped Sailcloth. Varnished Spars, Brass Fittings, &c. Sails, &c., fitted with Hooks, Eyes, &c., and all running so that they can easily be raised or lowered. Complete with Rudder, "Fin Keel," &c.
 No. 1. Length 20 in. 15/6 No. 3. Length 24 in. 27/6
 " 2. " 22 in. 20/- " 4. " 26 in. 35/-
 Carriage Free.
 Nos. 2, 3, and 4 Sizes are fitted with Flying Jib.

Electric Light Sets, Searf Pins, Reading Lamps, Accumulators, Coils, Batteries, Boxes of Electrical and Scientific Novelties and Experiments, Mechanical Divers, Steam and Clockwork Launches and Torpedo Boats, &c. Post free, 6d.
 Owing to the increase of orders we have doubled our workshop area and have fitted in the newest machinery and all the latest appliances for making the most delicate and intricate parts of Models, and having a highly skilled staff of Practical and Experienced Workmen for any class of Engines, Yachts, or Fittings, we are able to supply with promptitude the finest class of fittings, &c., to order or specification.

CLYDE MODEL DOCKYARD AND ENGINE DEPOT,
ARGYLE ARCADE, GLASGOW, N.B.
 Model Yacht Builders, Engineers and Electricians.
 Telephone—Corporation No. 04926.

TO NATURALISTS

The "Young Collector's Outfit," consisting of Butterfly Net, Pocket Box, Relaxing Box, Larva Box, Three Setting Boards, various sizes, Store Box, Mixed Pins, Killing Bottle, Setting Needle, Chip Boxes, and Egg Drill. Post free 10 6. Superior Outfits 15/- and 21/-
 Price List of British Lepidoptera, Cabinets, Apparatus, etc., post free.
W. F. H. ROSENBERG, F.Z.S., Naturalist,
 57 Haverstock Hill, London, N.W.

AMERICAN NOVELTY.
1/6 AYVAD'S WATER WINGS 1/6
 For the Baths and Seaside



For SWIMMERS. For BATHERS. For LEARNERS.
 AN INDISPENSABLE WATER COMPANION.

Of all Waterproof Goods Dealers, or post free 1/6 from
MOLLESON HUGHES & Co., 27 Almond Street, Liverpool.

"SWAN" FOUNTAIN PENS

"OF THE MAKING OF BOOKS
 THERE IS NO END"

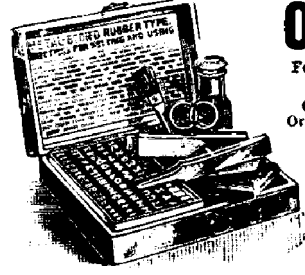


The Busy Journalist must have
A "SWAN" PEN.
MABIE, TODD & BARD, 95, Cheapside, London, E.C.
 95a, Regent Street, LONDON, W. 3, Exchange Street, MANCHESTER.
 And Breton's, 37, Avenue de l'Opera, PARIS.

HOBBIES NEW
Photographic Catalogue

contains Descriptions and Illustrations of an exceptionally fine and varied range of Cameras. The great Novelty this year is the "Autocrat" Series of Folding Hand and Stand Cameras. These are made in three qualities, and in 1-plate, 5 in. by 4 in., and 1-plate sizes Cameras at all prices, from 5/- . Any of the Hobbies Cameras may be paid for by Easy Instalments.
For BEGINNERS. The "Rutico" Magazine Hand Camera (for Six Quarter Plates) together with a complete Developing and Printing Outfit, will be sent **Post Free for 10/-**. This is an admirable outfit for Beginners.
SEND A STAMP FOR OUR NEW CATALOGUE.
HOBBIES, Ltd., 12 PATERNOSTER SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.
 And at Glasgow, Liverpool, Leeds, Birmingham, &c.

SUPERIOR PRINTING OUTFITS.



For 7d., 12, 23, 28, 34, 39, 59, and 63, Post free.

Consisting of Letters, Points and Ordinals, a Type-holder, supply of Ink, Pal, and Tweezers. Any name, etc., can be made at pleasure, for stamping Books, Papers, and Printing Cards.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE.

Patent "Air Cushion" Rubber Stamps, viz:—

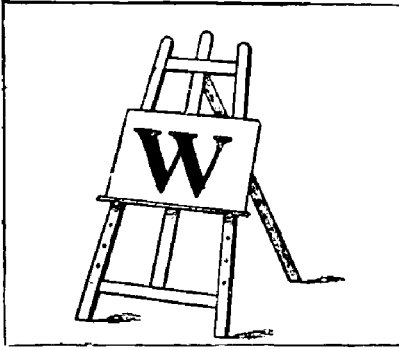
Your Name, 1/9 ; Your Name and Address, 2/3 ; Your Monogram, 6d. Postage 2d. extra.

C. LINDNER, 170 Fleet St., London, E.C.

[To save last matter

"HIDDEN ANIMALS" COMPETITION.

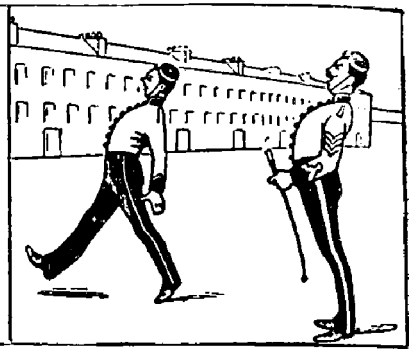
See "CAPTAIN" Competitions for AUGUST, on page 483.



1.



2.



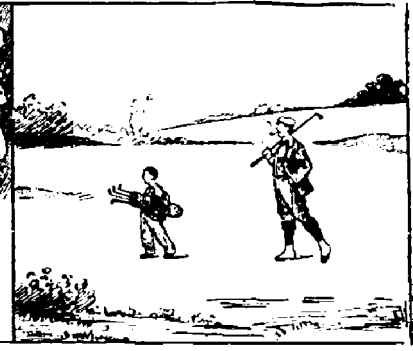
3.



4.



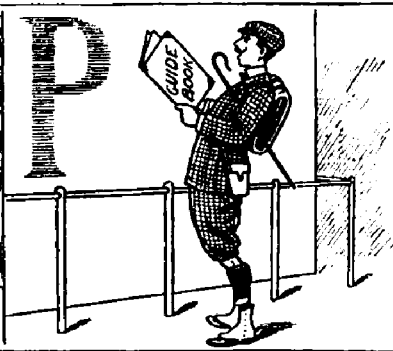
5.



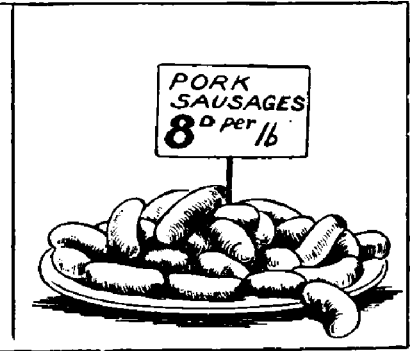
6.



7.



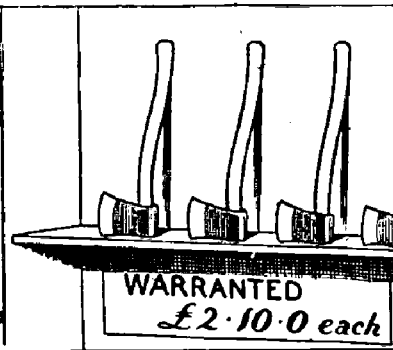
8.



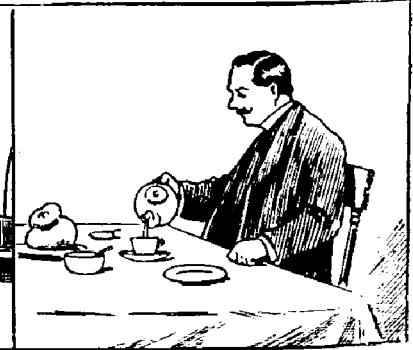
9.



10.



11.



12.

Name..... Address.....

Age..... Class.....

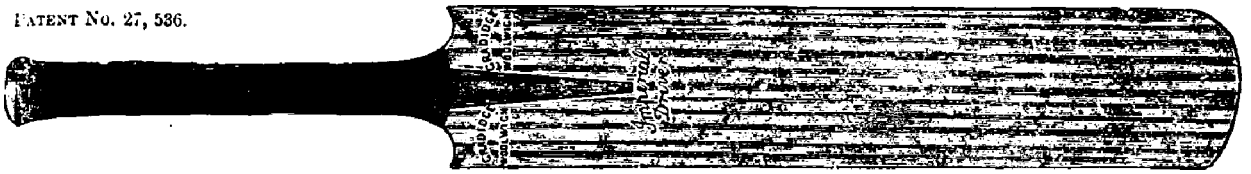
H. GRADIDGE & SONS,

Manufacturers and Exporters of all Articles used in

CRICKET, RACQUETS, LAWN TENNIS, FIVES, POLO, GOLF, FOOTBALL, HOCKEY, &c.

Patentees and Sole Makers of the "IMPERIAL DRIVER CRICKET BATS."

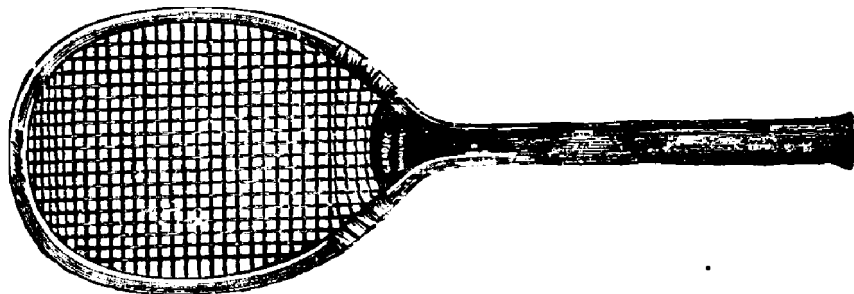
PATENT No. 27, 536.



As used by A. C. MacLaren, Esq., C. McGahey, Esq., C. B. Fry, Esq., P. Perrin, Esq., A. J. Turner, Esq., K. S. Ranjitsinhji, Esq., J. T. Tyldesley, W. Brookwell, G. Baker, A. Lilley, V. Barton, A. Ward, and all the leading first-class players in County, University and Public School Cricket.

LAWN TENNIS A SPECIALITE.

"THE GRADIDGE"
"EXTRA SPECIAL"
"CLOSE GROOVED"
"THE FISHTAIL"



"THE SPECIAL"
"THE CLUB"

Price Lists Free on application.

Factory:—Artillery Place, Woolwich, S.E.

CORRECT RULES OF ALL GAMES, 3d. EACH.



LAWS OF CRICKET. With Explanations. Handy size for Pocket. Laws of Cricket on Sheets for Pavilions and Club Rooms. New Laws of Croquet, Lawn Tennis, Golf, Lawn Bowls, Bicycle Polo, Badminton, Quoits, etc., etc.

CRICKET COMICALITIES, 2d. AYRES' Cricket Companion, 1003. 7d. Portraits and Biographies of County Cricketers, 1d. each, 6d. dozen. Order of Going In Cards, 3d. dozen.

WRIGHT & Co., 2 Amen Corner, London, E.C.

HARRIS, NATURALIST,
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

For LIVE STOCK of every description from SILKWORMS to LIONS.

Illustrated Catalogue Two Stamps.

ADDRESS AS ABOVE.

TRIUMPH

CYCLES & MOTORS


"The Best Bicycle that British Workmanship can produce."

Cycles from £10 10s. to £19 19s. or by Deferred Payment System.

TRIUMPH CYCLE CO. LTD.,
COVENTRY.

4 and 5, Holborn Viaduct,
LONDON, E.C.
30, Deansgate Arcade,
MANCHESTER.
4, King Edward Street,
LEEDS.

Catalogues Gratis.



Fry's

"FIVE BOYS"

MILK CHOCOLATE.

"Unrivalled as a
Chocolate Confection."

MEDICAL MAGAZINE.



Desperation | Pacification | Expectation | Acclamation | Realization

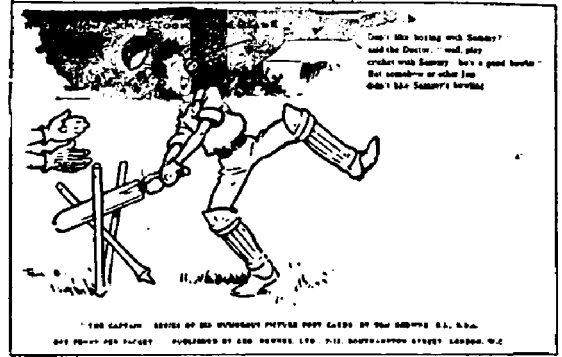
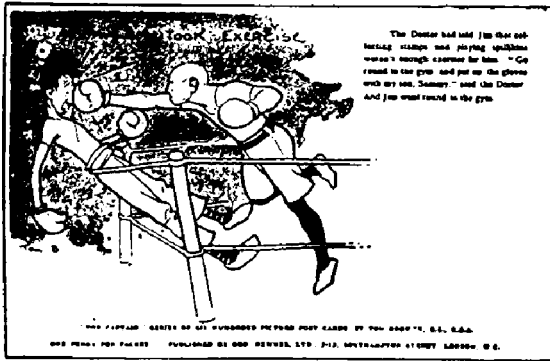
"CAPTAIN" PRIZES.

"THE CAPTAIN" PICTURE POST-CARDS.

"HOW JIM TOOK EXERCISE."

By TOM BROWNE, R.I., R.B.A. One Packet of Six Designs 1½d. In Stamps, post free.

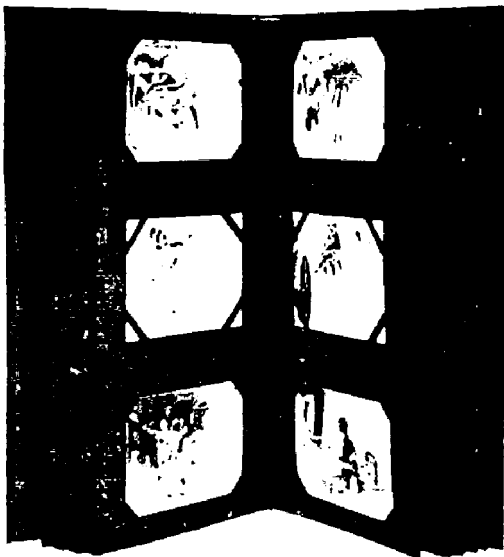
See "Captain" Competitions Page for further particulars.



"THE CAPTAIN" Post-CARDS are now ready, in packets of six different designs by Tom Browne, R.I., R.B.A., printed in colours. A single packet of these unique and humorous cards will be sent, post-free, to any address on receipt of 1½d. in stamps, 3 packets for 4d., post-free, one dozen for 1s. 2d., post-free. Address: "Post-Cards," THE CAPTAIN, 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

ORDER AT ONCE, IF YOU WANT TO WIN A £10 10s "TRIUMPH" BICYCLE.

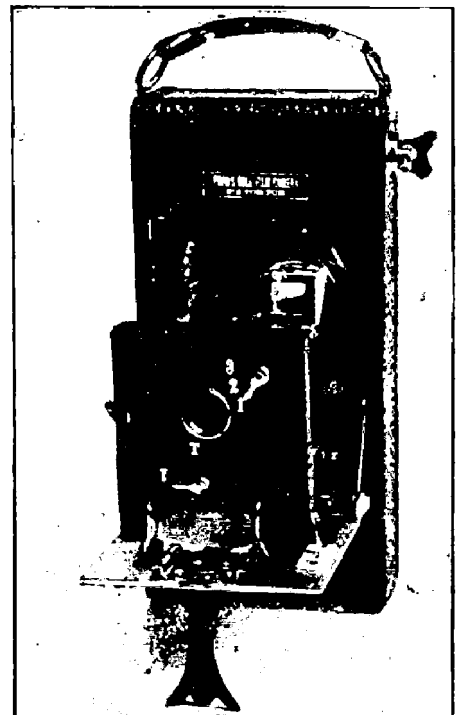
To Readers interested in Pictorial Post-card Collecting.



We are presenting six of these Pictorial Post-card Albums to the winners of our

"HOWLERS COMPETITION."

See "Competitions for AUGUST."



This Cuiquea No. 2 Pom-Pom Folding Camera is awarded as First Prize, Class 1., in our "HIDDEN ANIMALS" COMPETITION.

SCALE
MODELS OF

"SHAMROCK III."

CHALLENGER
FOR THE
AMERICA CUP.

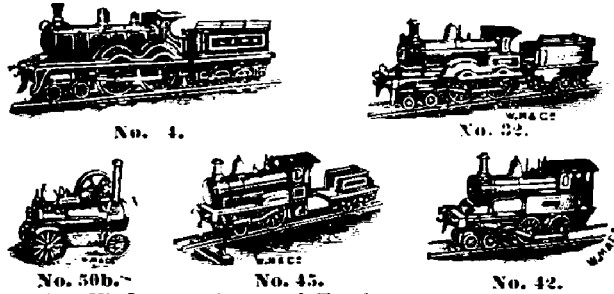


Beautifully Finished Scale Models of SHAMROCK III., Latest Challenger for the America Cup.

These Models are specially built by workmen experienced in Fast Model Racing Yacht construction, and are of our Highest Grade Exhibition Class. They are made of specially selected materials and every care is taken to produce Fast Model Racing Yachts which will give best possible results in any kind of weather. Specification:—Beautifully Modelled Hull Correct Design, Enamelled and Lined in Correct Colours, with Green Boat Top and Stripes, finished in the best possible style of workmanship. Deck Fittings of Brass with Patent Self Steering Gear, Companion, Hatch and Skylight, Deck Coloured and Lined. Length over Deck, 2 ft. 7 1/2 ins. Spars of Best Materials, and Sails of Specially Manufactured White Sail Cloth. Yachts are Cutter Rigged and sent out complete with Stand exactly as shown by Engraving, which is taken from Photo of Finished Model. Price, packed in strong wood case and delivered Carriage Paid, £2 17s. 6d. Carriage Abroad, 7/6 extra. Smaller size correct design, and complete as above, 30s., Carriage Paid. Carriage Abroad, 5/6 extra. Any surplus being returned.

Note.—Price of above is 30 per cent. under what is usually charged for Models of the Highest Class, and as we expect the demand will be very great during the season, it is requested that orders will be placed as early as possible.

High Class Model Steam Locomotives.



No. 44 Scale Model L. & S.W. Locomotive and Tender, 2 S.V. Cylinders, Reversing Gear, Coupled Wheels, All Fittings Plated, Gauge 3 ins., Spring Buffers, Strong Boiler with all Best Fittings and Water Gauge, Tender with Spirit and Water Tanks, also New Improved Loco Feed Pump. Total Length, 2 ft. 4 ins. Price, Carr. Paid, 90. Carr. Abroad, 7/6 extra. No. 32 Splendid Model L. & S.W. Railway Express Locomotive and Tender with 2 S.V. Cylinders, Reversing Gear, Waste Steam up Funnel, Spring Buffers, Coupled Wheels, Strong Boiler with Best Fittings, and Water Gauge. Gauge, 2 1/2 ins. Length 2 ft. Price, Carr. Paid with Rails, 70. Carr. Abroad, 7/6 extra. No. 50b Splendid Model Traction Engine with S.V. Cylinder, Reversing Gear, Governor, Waste up Funnel, Strong Boiler, Lamp, all Fittings, Water Gauge to travel either straight or in a circle. Fine Finish, Guaranteed. Length 10 1/2 ins. Price, Carr. Paid, 5/- extra. No. 42 Slide Valve Locomotive and Tender with Reversing Gear, Waste Steam up Funnel, Gauge 1 1/2 ins. Length 15 ins. Price with Rails, 25/-, Carr. Abroad, 3/- extra. Gauge 2 ins., 17 ins. long, Price 30/-, all Carr. Paid, Carr. Abroad, 4/- extra. Well made, Highly Finished, Perfect Fittings. No. 42 Tank Engine "Pilot," 2 S.V. Cylinders, Reversing Gear, Gauge 2 ins. Length, 11 ins. Price, with Rails, 50/-, Carr. Paid, Carr. Abroad, 5/- extra.



New Design Self-Starting Electro Motors for Boats. Complete with Propellers and Shafts, to suit Boat 2 1/2 ft. long, 9/6, 3 1/2, 15/6, 4 to 5 ft., 24/-, Larger sizes, 35/-, 50/-, and 65/-. Carriage Paid. Carriage Abroad, 1/6, 2/-, 3/6, 4/6 and 5/6 extra.

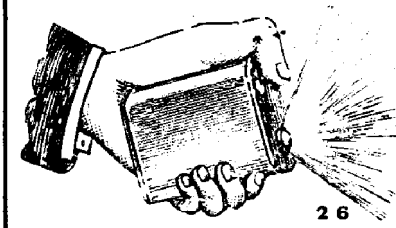
See Catalogue for Rails, Points, Switches, Crossings, Carriages, Carr. Trucks, Platforms, Stations, &c., and other Designs of Steam and Clockwork Locomotives, &c. Send for our Splendid New Enlarged Catalogue, nearly 500 Illustrations, of powerful and magnificent Model Locomotives, Vertical, Horizontal, Launch, Compound and Triple-expansion Engines all sizes up to 4 H.P. Steam Engines and Castings all kinds: Finished Parts Steam Turbines, Model Racing Yachts and ship Fittings, Engine and Boiler Fittings, Petrol Motors for River Boats and Bicycles, Castings of same, Brass, Copper, and Steel Boilers, Oil and Gas Engines, Dynamos, Electro Motors, Castings, and all Requisites, etc. New Designs in Vertical, Horizontal, Locomotive, and Launch Engines; Battleships, Gunboats, Torpedo, Division, and Submarine Boats; Engine and Boiler Fittings, etc., etc. sent free 6d.

W. MACMILLAN & CO., Engineers and Modellers, Mar Street, Alloa, N.B.

To Natural History Collectors,
Students, and others.

JAMES GARDNER, Naturalist,
52 HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

Keeps in Stock every Description of Apparatus, Cabinets, Books, and Specimens for Collectors of BIRDS' EGGS, BUTTERFLIES and MOTHS, &c., &c. A detailed Price List (fully illustrated) sent post free on application.



**EVER-READY
ELECTRIC LIGHTS
AND NOVELTIES.**
Flat pocket lights from 2/6; Searchlights, 5/6; Hand lamps, 6/6; Scarf pins and Buttonhole lights, &c.
Send stamp for our lists of cheap typewriters and novelties. Agents wanted. S. F. H. B., 8 Esplanade Whitley, Northumberland.

NEW STANDARD WORK ON LAWN TENNIS.

LAWN TENNIS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Edited by **A WALLIS MYERS.**

230 Illustrations. Price 10s. 6d. net.

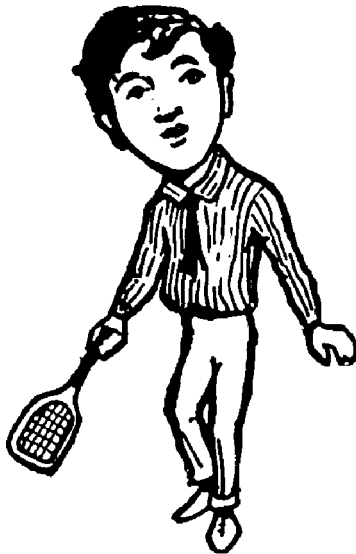
THE CONTENTS INCLUDE:

- | | |
|------------------------------------|---------------------|
| The Old School of Play and the New | By H. S. MAHONY. |
| Memories of Men and Meetings | By H. S. SCRIVENER. |
| Courts and Conditions | By G. W. HILLYARD. |
| Lawn Tennis for Ladies | By MRS. STERRY. |
| Players of the Present | By A. WALLIS MYERS. |
| American Methods | By HOLCOMBE WARD. |
| The Game in Northern Europe | By J. M. FLAVELLE. |
| Play in France and Switzerland | By R. B. HOUGH. |
| Lawn Tennis in India | By P. G. PEARSON. |

Universally acknowledged to be the most interesting and best illustrated volume on the game ever produced.

Published by **GEORGE NEWNES, Ltd.,** Southampton Street, London, W.C.

JOHN PIGGOTT, L^{TD}. SPORTS PROVIDERS and OUTFITTERS.



YOUTHS' AND BOYS' FLANNEL SUITS.
Jacket and Trousers, 9/6, 12/11, 14/6, 22/6,
Jacket and Knickers, 7/9, 12/11, 14/11.

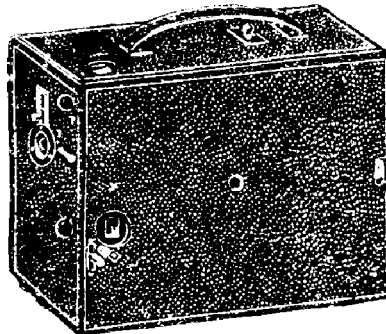
YOUTHS' FANCY FLANNEL TROUSERS.
4/6, 5/11, 7/11. Postage, 3d.
GREY FLANNEL KNICKERS, 3/6, 4/11.

WHITE MATT SHIRTS.
With collar attached, 2/6, 3/6, 4/11. Post. 3d.

FISHING OUTFITS.
No. 1. Boy's Ash Rod, winch fitted, polished reel, and furnished lines, &c. Postage, 6d. ... 4 6
No. 2. Superior ditto, with large reel. Postage, 6d. ... 6 6
No. 3. Bamboo Rod, winch fitted, brass reel, furnished line, hook, float, &c. Postage, 6d. ... 7 6

THE WONDER OF ALL CAMERAS. 4-PLATE.

A thoroughly reliable apparatus at an astonishingly low price. 8 11. Holds 12 plates, T. and I. shutter. Sliding Stops, two brilliant Finders, Leatherette covered, and two Bushes for Stand.



CRICKET BELTS.
10d. to 1/11.



RUNNING DRAWERS.
Sateen, all colours, 1/6, 1/5 1/2. Postage, 2d.
Navy, Black, Sky, Pink, and Cardinal.

RUNNING VESTS.
Boys' 1/5, Men's, 1/6. Postage, 1d.



RUNNING SHOES. 3/11. Unmovable Spike.
4/11. Hand Sewn, 6/6. Postage, 2d.



YOUTHS' AND BOYS' WHITE FLANNEL TROUSERS, 5/3, 6/6.
WHITE FLANNELETTE, 3/6.
WHITE FLANNEL KNICKERS, 3/2, 4/6.

STRIPED BLAZERS, Flannelette, 2/11. Flannel 4/11. Postage, 3d.
BLUE JACKETS, Trimmed ribbon or cords, 3/6.

Please send for our Large Illustrated Price List, Post Free.

DEPT. 117 & 118, CHEAPSIDE, & MILK ST., E.C.

PITMAN'S METROPOLITAN SCHOOL

SOUTHAMPTON ROW, LONDON, W.C.

Principal - - - BERNARD DE BEAR

(Late Examiner to the London Chamber of Commerce).

Assisted by a Permanent Staff of SEVENTY Fully Qualified Teachers.

Open Daily, 10 to 1, 2 to 4, and 6 to 9,
for Individual and Personal Instruction only.

PRACTICAL TRAINING FOR BUSINESS LIFE,

For Private Secretaryships; for the Merchant's Office; for Posts as Foreign Correspondents, Book-keepers, Clerks, and Amanuenses; for Professional Preliminaries, and for the Civil Service.

NEW STUDENTS MAY JOIN ANY DAY.

Fees strictly according to subjects taken.

SHORTHAND, TYPEWRITING, BOOK-KEEPING, BUSINESS ROUTINE, WRITING, ARITHMETIC, FRENCH, GERMAN, SPANISH, ALL COMMERCIAL SUBJECTS.

This School has unequalled facilities for training young men and women for the Commercial World, and secures on an average 700 excellent appointments annually. Over 25,000 appointments secured at home and abroad.

Parents and Guardians should call and see the unique arrangements made for the comfort and training of Students.

Prospectus (60 pages, illustrated) on application to the Secretary, as above, gratis and post free.

SEPTEMBER.

HOW TO CHOOSE A TEAM FOR AUSTRALIA.

BY

C. B. FRY.

THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE FOR BOYS & "OLD BOYS."

EDITOR, "THE OLD FAG." LITERARY EDITOR C. B. FRY.

6d.

Vol. IX. No. 54.

SEPTEMBER, 1903.

By Appointment



To H.M. THE KING.

THE PREMIER JUVENILE BICYCLE

Is suitable either for Boy or Girl. It is made in two sizes, with plated rims, and front rim brake. Price **£8 8s.** net. Free Wheel **£1 1s.** extra.

ONE GRADE ONLY—THE BEST.

"PREMIER" BICYCLES
HELICAL TUBING

ONE PRICE ONLY—**£12 12s.**

Or **£1 1s. Monthly** (for 14 months).

THE SAFETY OF CYCLING

Depends upon how much you know about your bicycle. **"THE CYCLE OF EASE"** an interesting 64 page Booklet tells you all about it. Post free on application.

PREMIER CYCLE CO. Ltd. COVENTRY

DEPOTS:—

- 20 Holborn Viaduct, E.C.
- 133 Hammersmith Road, W.
- 117 Western Road, Hove, Brighton.
- 8 Deansgate, Manchester.
- 84 Northumberland St., Newcastle-on-Tyne.



See "OUR UNINVITED GUEST."

By Franklin Welles Calkins.

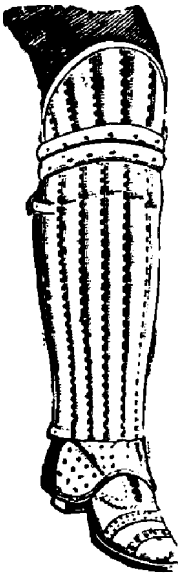
Page 494.

HOLIDAY PASTIMES.

GAMAGE'S OF HOLBORN

The best, largest, and cheapest house in the trade for all Sporting Requisites.

CRICKET LEG GUARDS.



Moleskin, Youths' 3/3
Men's ... 3/6
Chamois Leather,
Youths' ... 4/6
Men's ... 4/11
White Buck, Youths' 5/6
Men's 5/11 & 7/11

WICKET-KEEPING GLOVES.

Chamois Leather, Cane Protected, Youths' 2/8
Men's 2/11
White Buck, Youths' 4/3
Men's 4/6 & 5/6
Do., Rubber-faced 6/3 & 6/6
Gold Cape, Men's 5/9
Do., Rubber-faced 6/11 & 8/8

BATTING GLOVES.

White Leather (Tubular Rubber) 3/9 & 4/-
Extra Qualities, 4/11, 5/11, 6/11, 7/6

BELTS—Elastic Web, all Colours, 6d. & 10½d.

CRICKET BALLS.

Gamage's— Youths' 5½ oz.
3-Seam Leather ... 1/10 2/3
Club 3-Seam Match 3/1 3/6
Referee 3-Seam Match,
Guaranteed ... 4/3 4/6
Referee Match ... 4/6
Australian Match ... 5/-
Do. Catgut Sewn
Guaranteed ... 4/9 5/-
Compo Match, Ma-
ponite ... 2/-
Compo Eclipse ... 1/9
" Practice ... 7½d. 9d.
" Boys', 4½d.
" Child's, 2½, 3½d.

CRICKET SHIRTS, ETC.

White Mat ... 2/6, 3/6
" Flannel, 3/11, 4/11, 5/11
" " Trousers ... 4/11, 5/11, 7/11

CRICKET SHOES.

Brown Canvas, Sewn Leather
Soles ... 3/11
Brown Calf Shoes ... 4/6
Extra Quality ... 6/11
White Buck ... 8/6
Spikes, id extra. Postage, 6d.

CRICKET BATS.



Youths' Willow, Half Cane Handle, Size 4 2/6, Size 5 2/11, Size 6 3/6
Youths' Willow, all Cane Handle, Size 4 3/6, Size 5 4/3, Size 6 4/11
Men's all Cane Handles, 4/11, 7/6, 9/6
The Yorkshire Driver, Patent Spring Handle, Size 6, Youths', 12/6; Men's, 14/6, Warranted.
Gamage's Patent Double Splice Bat, specially selected blades, 18/6; Youths', 15/6



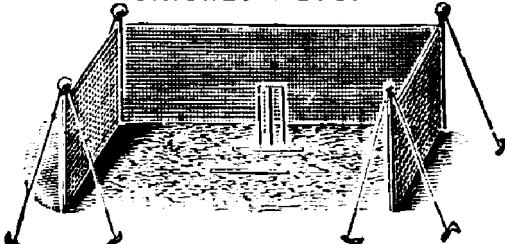
STUMPS WITH BAILS.

Polished Ash, 26in. 1/5, 28in. 1/11, Men's Size, 2/6
Polished Ash, with Brass Ferrules, 26in. 2/6, 28in. 2/9, Men's 3/-, and 4/-
Polished Ash, Brass Tops, Steel Shoes, Youths' 4/6, Men's 4/11. Best Quality 6/9, 7/11, 9/-

CRICKET BAGS.

The "All England," with 2 Handles, 3/11, 4/11, 5/11, 6/11
The "Marylebone" ... 8-, 10-
Cowhide, Full Club Size ... 25/6 and 30/-
Cowhide, Private Size ... 18/6 and 21/-

CRICKET NETS.



With Lines Top and Bottom and Poles, complete, 7/11, 9/-, 9/10
With Lines Top and Bottom, Poles, with 2 Side Wings, complete, 17/9, 19/10, 22/-
County Council Regulation Nets, from 35/-

CRICKET SCORING BOOKS.

Club Book for 18 Matches 1/-, 24 Matches 1/6, and 36 Matches 2/6. Postage 3d.
Cricket or Tennis Pocket Scoring Books, with Laws and Calendar, 4½d.; Leather Cases, 10½d. Re-fills 2d. each.

TENNIS BALLS.

From 4/6 Doz.

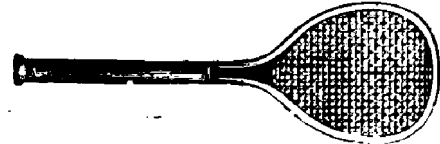


The "Gamage" ... 10/-
Gamage's Champion ... 8/9
" Referee ... 7/6
" Practice ... 5/6
See Catalogue.

Hand Corks for Walking or Running ... 4d. & 6d.

Chamois Toe Socks, 4d. and 6d.
Large Size, 9d. and 1/-

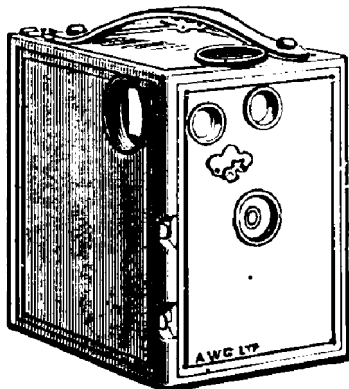
TENNIS RACKETS.



Boys' Oval Shape ... 2/3 and 3/-
Youths' Cedar Handle ... 3/9
Cedar Handle, Club Size ... 3/11
Fish Tail Handle ... 5/6
The "Gamage" Champion ... 6/9
The "Holborn," close strung ... 11/6
The "Demon" ... 11/6
The "Gamage" (Guaranteed) ... 18/6
The "E. D. Black," as used by the Scotch Champion (Guaranteed) ... 20/9
POSTS and NETS, complete, from 9/-
RACKET CASES, 1/6, 1/11, 2/6
RACKET PRESSES, 1/3, 1/6, 2/-

RUNNING SUITS.

Sateen Drawers, all Colours and Sizes ... 1/3
VESTS { White Cotton Jerseys ... 1/-, 1/6, 1/9
Coloured Ditto ... 1/3



The Latest in Photography.

GAMAGE'S Daylight Loading Flat Film Magazine Hand Camera, ¼-Plate, price complete with 12 Films and Cyclist Carrying Case,

POST **21/=** FREE.

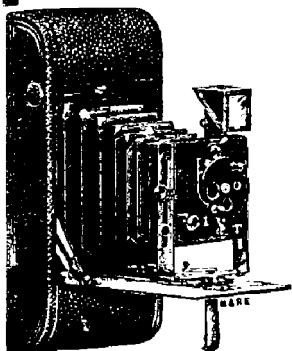
The Cheapest and Lightest Camera in the Market.

SEND FOR SPECIMEN PRINT POST FREE.

A. W. GAMAGE, Ltd., HOLBORN, E.C.

FOR YOUR HOLIDAY

THE
**FOLDING
SCOUT**



Takes Pictures
3½ by 2½.

The neatest and most compact Roll Film Camera yet introduced. Substantially made yet dainty and handsome in appearance. Can be easily carried in the Pocket. An ideal camera for Cyclists and Tourists.

LOADED OR UNLOADED
IN DAYLIGHT. PRICE ONLY

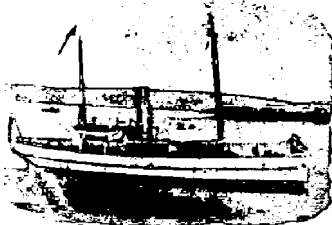
Of all Photographic Dealers, or post free from

21/-

G. HOUGHTON & SON, LTD.,
88 & 89, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON.
Full Illustrated Catalogues Post Free.

SEEKING A PROFESSION.

**STUDENTS TO ENGINEERING
AND NAVAL ARCHITECTURE.**



Premium Moderate.
Exceptional Advantages for Training as above.
Students from these Works have obtained IMPORTANT posts in H.M. Navy and Mercantile Marine.

For terms and full particulars apply to—

COX & CO.
Engineers & Shipbuilders

Docks Ironworks & Dock Head Foundry, **FALMOUTH.**
Approved for the Practical Training of Candidates for the direct entry of Probationary Assistant Engineers in His Majesty's Navy.

AMERICAN NOVELTY
1/6 AYVAD'S WATER WINGS 1/6
For the Baths and Seaside



For **SWIMMERS. For BATHERS. For LEARNERS.**
AN INDISPENSABLE WATER COMPANION.

Of all Waterproof Goods Dealers, or post free 1/6 from
MOLLESON HUGHES & Co., 27 Almond Street, Liverpool.



A GIFT NOT APPRECIATED WATERMAN'S IDEAL FOUNTAIN PEN
Is a Gift appreciated by every Writer.

There are many reasons why. It is a perfect pen. You find a nib to suit you and you always have it in order, ready to write. Wherever you go, in train, hotel, post office, or railway station, a Waterman's Ideal is good company, always ready to write fluently, easily, without stopping or blotting

From 10/6 upwards, of Jewellers and Stationers, &c. In Silver or Gold for presentations.

L. & C. HARDTMUTH, 12, GOLDEN LANE, LONDON, E.C.

An admirable Food for
Cyclists, Cricketers, Oarsmen,

EPPS'S
IS THE BEST
COCOA

and all engaged in outdoor sports and pursuits.

GENUINE MILK-CHOCOLATE
IS KNOWN EVERYWHERE AS
PETER'S
THE ORIGINAL
MILK-CHOCOLATE

Delicately flavoured and absolutely pure, PETER'S Milk Chocolate is far ahead of all other Chocolates. It is most invigorating and sustaining, and is thus

A TRUE FOOD-SWEET.

Sold Everywhere 1d., 2d., 3d., 6d., & 1s. Sole Agents (Trade only)
S. J. MACKENZIE & CO., LTD. LONDON, N.E.

REFUSE IMITATIONS. INSIST ON PETERS

THE RALEIGH

MARVELLOUS
THREE SPEED
GEAR. (STURMEY & ARCHERS' PATENT)

FREE WHEEL
ON EACH GEAR.

THE RALEIGH
THE BRITISH WATERPROOFED
OR BY
MILES DISAPPEAR WITH THE LOW GEAR.

THE HIGH GEAR WITH A FAVOURING RING
LEAVES OTHER RIDERS FAR BEHIND.

THE RALEIGH 3 SPEED WITH THE LOW GEAR.
THE HIGH GEAR WITH A FAVOURING RING
LEAVES OTHER RIDERS FAR BEHIND.

THE BOOK OF THE RALEIGH FOR 1903
Contains full particulars, interesting and instructive articles on Cycle manufacture, etc.
It should be read before buying ANY CYCLE.
FREE from RALEIGH AGENTS everywhere.
London Depot: 41, Holborn Viaduct — Bristol Depot: 85, Queen's Road
OF or by post from

THE RALEIGH CYCLE CO. LTD NOTTINGHAM

Send for 36-page Stamp Circular, post free, containing
600 CHEAP SETS OF STAMPS FOR 1903.

Ask for Samples of the New Perforated Stamp Hinge.

H. STAFFORD SMITH & CO., STAMP IMPORTERS BRIGHTON.

BARGAINS.

Packets (Postage extra) of 100 Colonial Stamps, 1/-; 100 United States, 1/-; 50 Australia, 1/-; 50 English, 1/-; 20 Greece, 9d.; 20 India, 9d.; 20 Mexico, 1/-; 100 Bill Stamps, 1/-; 100 South and Central America, 2/6; 25 German, 6d.; 25 France, 6d.; 20 Ecuador, 9d.; 30 Ecuador, 1/6; 20 Porto Rico, 1/-; 20 Cuba, 1/-; 25 Brazil, 1/-; 50 Spain, 1/9; 15 Sweden, 6d. Sheets of Postage or Fiscal Stamps sent on approval, good discount.

J. RUSSELL,

64 Northumberland Park, Tottenham, London, N.

10,000 STAMPS FREE.—For the next three months only, I will send gratis and post free to every tenth applicant ordering 10,000 British and Continentals mixed at 1/3 per 10,000, every tenth applicant will receive 20,000. I also sell Old British 1d. Reds at 2/6 per 1,000, Canadians mixed at 2/6 per 1,000, Old British 1870 1d. small Reds at 2/6 per 100. My approval books are splendid value, 50 to 75 per cent. discount allowed. I also make up a better class mixture at 5/6 per 1,000, very good value. All of above are post free abroad extra. Do not delay but send at once to **PHILATELIST, DROMORE, CO. DOWN, IRELAND.**

ASK FOR PACKET "K.N." and send us a Penny Stamp to cover postage, and we will send the packet free (in United Kingdom only). It contains 50 Colonial and Foreign Stamps, including Trinidad, Dutch India, India Official, South African, West Indian, Australia, &c., &c.

NOTE—We send a 1/- set from our list FREE to each of the senders of the first 3 letters opened each day. See our "Monthly Circular," sent post free. It contains some important notes that will interest you.

ALFRED GILBERT & CO., Weston-super-Mare.



THE "MARVEL"

MONOGRAM BOX

Any 2-letter Monogram, mounted in enamelled metal pocket box, self-inking, style as shown. Agents wanted for this and other novelties. Post Dept. G. 89, Aldersgate St., London. Free

NAVY and EMPIRE

A BOOK FOR EVERYBODY
THE LOG OF H.M.S. "VICTORIOUS," 1899-1903
Price 4/3 post free

With an Introduction by ARNOLD WHITE
Twelve Full-page Illustrations; also Maps

A MAGNIFICENT BOOK OF TRUE NAVAL LIFE

The Westminster Press, 411a Harrow Road, W.

ENTOMBED IN A CAPSIZED SHIP.

IMPRISONED FOR TWELVE DAYS INSIDE A
DRIFTING DERELICT. AN EXPERIENCE
UNPARALLELED IN THE RECORDS OF
SEA ADVENTURE. ILLUSTRATED WITH
. . . SPECIALLY TAKEN PHOTOGRAPHS . . .

Many Other Striking Articles and Stories.

See the **SEPTEMBER**

WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE

NOW ON SALE. SIXPENCE.

THE FOURTH EDITION OF THE UNIVERSAL
STANDARD CATALOGUE OF THE

1903
EDITION.

POSTAGE STAMPS

OF THE WORLD - - IS NOW READY

It includes all stamps known to be issued up to FEBRUARY, 1903,
and is the latest published.



NEARLY 3,000 ILLUSTRATIONS. NO MEASUREMENTS OF PERFORATION.

The cheapest, simplest, and most easily understood Catalogue in the world. Price 1s. 3d. post free; cloth gilt, interleaved, 3s. 6d.

NEW 64-PAGE PRICE LIST (1903 Edition) of 1,520 different Packets and Sets of Stamps, sent on receipt of penny stamp for postage. NEW STAMP ALBUMS FOR 1903, from 1s. 6d. to £12.

WHITFIELD KING & CO., IPSWICH.

Great Britain (Queen), 2s. 6d., 3d., 5s., 4d.; 10s., 1s. 6d.; £1, 5s.; (King), 2s. 6d., 5d.; 5s., 8d.; 10s., 2s. 3d.; £1, 6s. 9d.; Triangular Capes, 1d., 2s., 4d., 1s., 6d., 5s., 1s., 5s., 6d. I have just made up a very fine series of APPROVAL BOOKS. They are of two classes:—(A) British Colonials only; (B) Foreign, &c. These Books may be had on five days' approval, at the large discount of 60 per cent. (7d. in the 1s.) for A Books; 68½ per cent. (8d. in the 1s.) for B Books. The stamps are not priced 3 or 4 times Catalogue to allow of this unusual discount, but are, in many cases, under Cat., and contain many bargains. No better proof of this can be found than in the fact that these identical Books are very largely patronised by Dealers and Club Members who have to sell again, and we have dozens of Genuine Testimonials from Dealers at home and abroad.

References or deposit essential.

J. T. BOLTON, 5 Elmwood Rd., Croydon.

COLLECTORS OF STAMPS

Should see our Famous Selections of Rare and Medium Colonial and Foreign Stamps. Noted everywhere for the clean and perfect condition of their specimens. No rubbish, but all legitimate postage stamps fit for any Collection. Write to CUTHBERTSON & CO., 14 Exchange St. East, Liverpool.

INCREASE YOUR INCOME.

£1 a week easily earned by simply distributing my Price Lists of Cheap Postage Stamps. Write at once for particulars enclosing two penny stamps. Agents wanted in schools, &c. to sell stamps from my cheap approval sheets: 50 per cent. commission given. A handsome set of 5 rare old obsolete Cuba gratis to all Collectors applying for sheets and enclosing stamp for postage. PRILATELIST, 4 Ennordale Rd., Kew Gardens, Surrey.

500 Stamp Mounts given free to all applicants for our Approval Sheets. Good, clean stamps, 4d. in the 1s. discount.

The NORTHERN STAMP Co.,
Great Horton, Bradford, Yorks.

A SNAP FOR SEPTEMBER.

New Packet: all postage stamps; 50 different, price 3d., postage 1d. extra; including Venezuela (scarce value), Straits (King Edward VII.), Paraguay, Jamaica and Tasmania picture stamps, Crete, Barbados, Great Britain (£s. 6d. obsolete), Orange River Colony (King), Transvaal (King), and, in addition, purchasers asking for Approval Sheets will receive 2 Fed. Malay States.

50 Stamps for nothing to every applicant for Approval Sheets. Note this, whether you buy the packet or not, to every fresh applicant for Approval Sheets I give 50 stamps absolutely free.

New Approval Sheets ready, large discount, fine variety, low prices. Exchange desired with collectors in all British Colonies.

F. C. ROWE (formerly of Bath), 22 DEBOROUGH ROAD, PLYMOUTH.

THE "CAMEL PACKET."

50 Different Stamps. 4d. Post Free.

Includes: SOUDAN (CAMEL), 2 in 1s. (KING'S HEADS), FEDERATED MALAY STATES (TIGER Leaping), large Jamaica picture stamp, 2 large oblong Belgian railway stamps, 50 cents and 1 franc, GULAN (SHEP) unused; Cuba, Denmark, new issue Victoria 1d. Rose, new and old 8p in hand, some new issue Italy, Russia, New Zealand (10c), (commerce), set of 3 Cape of Good Hope (including King's Head), &c., &c. IN ADDITION, every purchaser of the "Camel" packet who applies for a selection of our unequalled approval sheets, will receive free a rare set of 10 MEXICO (including eagle, native postage, new issue, priest and temple, &c.). Postage abroad, extra. Thousands of bargains in sets, packets, albums, &c., are offered in our 64-page Price List. The book contains over 250 illustrations, and is sent gratis and post free to anyone.

ERNEST WOOD & CO., Chorlton-cum-Hardy, MANCHESTER.

"CAPTAIN" EYE OPENER September. (Quote Sept. when ordering.) 100 different 6d., including Argentine, Cyprus, China, Gibraltar, U.S. Omaha (1 and 2 c.), Venezuela, Jamaica 3d. green. GRATIS Large List Sets, Swiss 1d. Stamps, upwards. 250 Mounts and set of 3 U.S. gratis to all who apply for sheets. 500 different Stamps and Albums, 5s. 6d., free inland, abroad 1s. extra; 1,000 for 15s. Bright's Catalogue 2s. 10d. post free. King's 1s. 3d. post free. A. C. McCASLAN & CO., 25 Bath St., Glasgow.

5s. worth of Stamps for 4½d.

Contains 100 Stamps, including following:—Bolivia (very scarce and catalogued 1s.), Ecuador (rare, catalogued 9d.), Shanghai, Labuan (Stag's Head), Cuba, Porto Rico, Philippines, Hayti (scarce), Columbia, Honduras (high value), Roumania, Peru (Llamas, catalogued 6d.), Bulgaria, Greece, United States (Buffalo Exhibition Stamp), Brazil (very old), Guatemala, Nyassa (giraffe), Sweden (long official), &c., &c. Post free, 4½d.

EDWARD COOPER & Co.,
14, Archway Road, Highgate, London.

50 STAMPS 6½d. Post free.—Comprising Principally B. Colonials new issues, &c., good value. 50% off marked prices.

APPROVAL BOOKS AND SHEETS. Old collections bought. Picture Postcards 1s. per doz. (Track s.) off marked prices. PEARCE & STAMFORD, 7 Katharine St., Croydon.

7 SERBIA FREE.

The "TRIUMPH" Packet, 4d.,

CONTAINS

50 Different Stamps,

including St. Helena, 1903 (Government House); Ecuador (Jubilee issue), Cape Colony, 1903 (King); Costa Rica, China, India (King), Antioquia, 1903; Jamaica (Llandoverly Falls), U.S.A., new issue, 1903; San Marino, 1903; 2 picturesque New Zealand, Mexico, Holkar State (Rajah), Set of 5 "Army Official," including new issues. Price 4d. Only one packet to each applicant. Every purchaser asking to see our "Ideal" Approval Sheets will also receive a

Set of 7 Serbia, gratis (King Milan and King Alexander issues).

ERRINGTON & MARTIN, SOUTH HACKNEY, LONDON.

STAFFORD SMITH'S ALBUMS always give satisfaction
Send for 36-page Stamp Circular, post free. Permanent Stamp Album, 4s. and 5s.; 9,000 stamps described, 12,000 extra spaces.
H. STAFFORD SMITH & CO. STAMP IMPORTERS, BRIGHTON.

WONDER

Packet contains 100 different Stamps, including picturesque and interesting BRITISH COLONIALS, unused CAYMAN ISLANDS, set of five Cape of Good Hope, including King's Head, BERMUDA, set of four New Zealand, two Caylon, New South Wales, Western Australia, Queensland obsolete, British Guiana, unused VIRGIN ISLANDS, also set of five Portugal, Chili, DAHOMEY, etc., post free 6d., abroad 2½d. extra, and free to every purchaser A SET OF NINE ARGENTINE. The contents of the packet are catalogued, at least, at 5s. PRICE LIST of 74 pages, full of illustrations, post free. Approval Selections upon application.

SHILLING EXCELSIOR STAMP ALBUM.

144 pages. Spaces for 3,000, and with 600 illustrations. Bound in cloth, 1s. post free.

BUTLER BROS., CLEVEDON.

"CAPTAIN" PRIZES.

IF YOU WANT TO WIN THIS

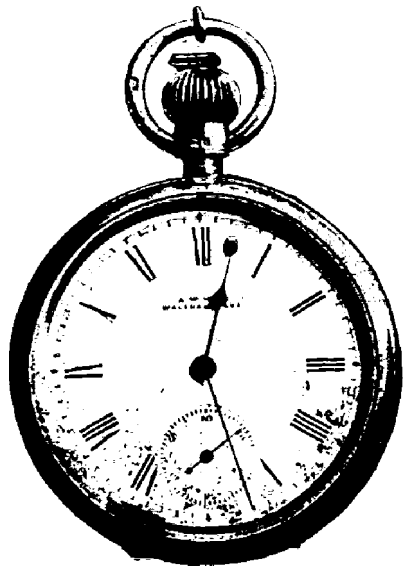
SILVER WATCH,

A

10/6 'Swan' Fountain Pen,

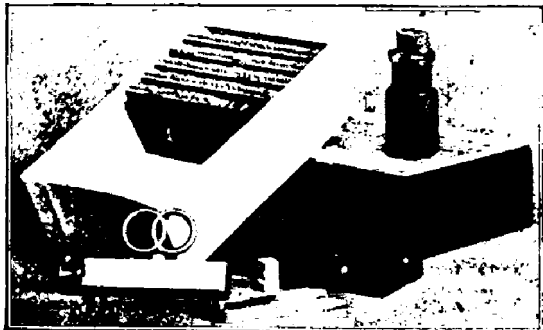
Or any of the Prizes mentioned below, go in for

"THE CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS on page 587.



This Two Guinea Silver Waltham Watch, as supplied by Messrs. E. B. Dennison, 6, Cheapside, London, is awarded to the Winner of Competition No. 1, "OF NATIONAL INTEREST."

NOTE.—This Watch has been tested by us for the past three months, and we can guarantee it to be a perfect timekeeper.

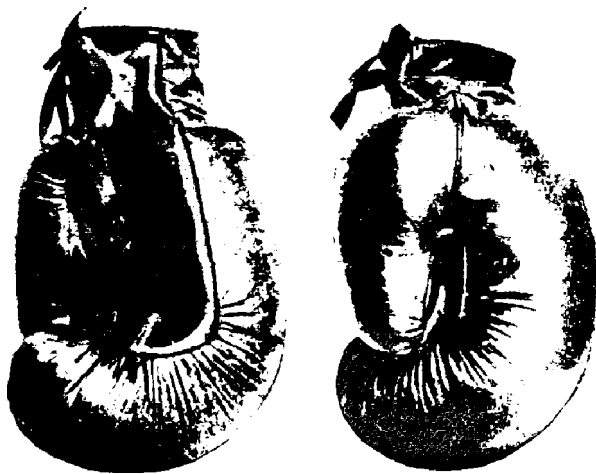


Six of these Complete Printing Outfits are awarded in Classes I. and II. (three to each Class), as Prizes to Competition No. 3, "INTERESTING KINGS."

See "CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS on page 587.



Three of these Guinea Folding Pocket "Scout" Cameras are awarded in Competition No. 2 (one in each Class), "HIDDEN BOYS' NAMES"



Three Sets of these D. & M. Yucatan Kid Boxing Gloves (four to the Set) are awarded as Prizes in Competition No. 5, "ALL-ROUND DEVELOPMENT."



Three of these 10/6 'Swan' Fountain Pens are awarded as Prizes to Competition No. 6, "PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION."

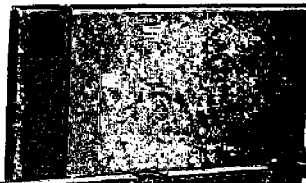
See page 587.

BILLIARDS AT HOME

CASH or EASY PAYMENTS.

RILEY'S BILLIARD AND DINING TABLES COMBINED (PATENTED).

The easiest to manipulate of any yet invented. It is so arranged that the Billiard Table can be raised instantly and automatically to the right height required when playing Billiards, and can be converted back to Dining Table in a few seconds. The Table is adjustable, and a perfect level is assured. A Loose Dining Table Top is supplied which entirely covers up Billiard Table when used as a Dining Table.



Size of Billiard Table	5ft. 4in.	6ft. 4in.	7ft. 4in.	8ft. 8in.
Size of Dining Table	5ft. 8in.	6ft. 8in.	7ft. 8in.	8ft. 8in.
CASH PRICES	£13 10 -	£15	£14 10 -	£23 10/-
Or in 13 Monthly Payments of	24/-	26-6	32-6	42.-

Delivered carriage paid at our risk.



VARIOUS
DESIGNS IN
LEGS—
SQUARE, ART,
&c.

Specification.

Combined Billiard and Dining Table. Solid Thick Mahogany Legs and Sides. Solid Mahogany Low Billiard Cushions fitted with Frost-Proof Rubber, best Slate Bed covered with Superior Billiard Cloth, 6 Strong Netted Pockets, Invisible Brass Pocket Plates, Brass Adjustments for levelling, Mahogany Marking Board, with Elongate Pointers,

Set of Ivory Balls, 3 Cues, 1 Rest, Spirit Level, Tips, Cement, &c. Prices include panelled Mahogany Dining Table Top, and all woodwork is handously French Polished and Table warranted.

RILEY'S MINIATURE BILLIARD TABLE.

This illustration shows a Billiard Table ready to place on any Dinner Table and instantly removable. It is very popular "at home," and is very much appreciated by those who cannot accommodate a full-sized Billiard Table.

SPECIFICATION.

Miniature Billiard Table to stand on Dining Table. Made in Mahogany, Best Bangor Slate Bed, Adjustable Feet, Rubber Shod, Low Frost-Proof Rubber Cushions, 2 Cues, Set of Large Ivory or the new Crystalate Balls, Mahogany Marking Board, Spirit Level, Box of Tips, Wafers, Chalk, and Good Rest.

SIZE.	CASH PRICE.	OR IN 13 MONTHLY PAYMENTS OF
4ft. 4in. by 2ft. 4in.	£3 17 6	6 6 per month.
5ft. 4in. by 2ft. 10in.	5 2 6	9 - per month.
6ft. 4in. by 3ft. 4in.	6 0 0	10 9 per month.
7ft. 4in. by 3ft. 10in.	8 0 0	14 6 per month.

Special Quality (very superior).

SIZE.	CASH PRICE.	OR IN 13 MONTHLY PAYMENTS OF
5ft. 4in. by 2ft. 10in.	£5 15 0	10 - per month.
6ft. 4in. by 3ft. 4in.	7 0 0	12 6 per month.
7ft. 4in. by 3ft. 10in.	9 5 0	16 6 per month.

Delivered Carriage Paid at Our Risk.

Store against wall when not in use.



BILLIARD TABLE WHEN RESTING ON DINING TABLE.

WILL FIT ANY SIZE OF DINING TABLE.

CHAMPIONSHIP SOUVENIR, with Photographs of H. W. Stevenson and C. Dawson, and Illustration of Championship Table built by E. J. Riley, Ltd., along with Press opinions, sent post free.

FREE. Full detailed Catalogue, with Illustrations of all kinds of Home Billiards, Billiard and Dining Tables, Combined Couch, Billiard and Dining Table, all kinds small and full size Tables and Sundries.

REPAIRS.—Old Tables converted and fitted with the New Championship Cushions as used in 1903 Championship.—**STEVENSON v. DAWSON.**

London Showrooms: 147 ALDERSGATE STREET, E.C.

ALL CORRESPONDENCE TO WORKS, ACCRINGTON.

E. J. RILEY, LTD., Billiard Table Builders **ACCRINGTON.**

No. 1 of
THE BOYS' LEADER, 1st.

A Popular Journal for the Young Men of Great Britain,

WILL APPEAR

SEPTEMBER 8th.

24 Pages "Pearson's Weekly" Size.

The first number will contain the opening chapters of a great serial story, entitled:

LOST ON THE WIDE PACIFIC

(The Story of a Shipwrecked Schoolboy Crew),

By JULES VERNE.

A Complete Story by GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

A fascinating and thrilling adventure story, entitled:

HOW I SHOT MY GRISLY BEARS,

By THEODORE ROOSEVELT

(PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES)

The first chapters of another entrancing serial story, entitled:

WINNING HIS SPURS

(A Tale of the Brave Black Prince),

By HENRY T. JOHNSON.

The first chapters of a thrilling detective story by that favourite writer

SIDNEY DREW.

SHORT STORIES, ARTICLES, &c., &c., &c.

AND THERE WILL BE

GIVEN AWAY EVERY WEEK WITH THE 'BOYS' LEADER,

ONE THOUSAND FREE GIFTS

Free to readers for the mere asking—
 from a bicycle to a penknife.
 No Competition. No Coupon Collecting.
 You have just to ask for what you want.

Order the **BOYS' LEADER** Now.

Correct Solution of "Hidden Birds" Competition from the July Number, 1903.

See Competition Results on page 586.



Jack jaw. Friar Bird. Flamingo.



Flycatcher. Linnets. Fieldfare.



Blackbird. Missel Thrush. Guinea Fowl.



Nighthawk. Ruff. Seagull.

THE GEM RELIABLE BICYCLE PLATING OUTFIT.

Replates all parts of bicycles with the greatest of ease.

2/6

No Trouble in Use. Full Instructions Given.

COMPLETE.

OUR RELIABLE PLATING SOLUTION. Replates all parts of bicycles. Handy for those not requiring the above outfit. 1/3 carriage paid.

HERBERT'S PLATING (Department C.N.),
Urmston, Lancashire.

SCHOOL SHIP "CONWAY"
LIVERPOOL



FOR TRAINING
YOUNG GENTLEMEN
TO BECOME OFFICERS
IN THE MERCANTILE NAVY.
FOR PROSPECTUS APPLY TO
CAPT. H. W. BROADBENT LIEUT. R. N. R.

THE TICKENCOTE TREASURE.

Price 6s.

The most exciting treasure story ever written.

Already five million persons have read William Le Queux's magnificent novel "THE TICKENCOTE TREASURE."

The best and most exciting work of the Queen's favourite novelist.

See the wonderful cipher in Le Queux's "TICKENCOTE TREASURE"; it will astound you.

A real treasure story of to-day.

WILLIAM LE QUEUX'S GREATEST STORY.

GEORGE NEWNES, Ltd., LONDON, W.C.

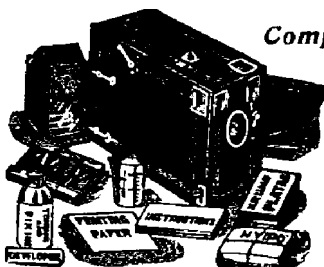
OF ALL STATIONERS
Post free 3/6-5/

CYGNET

STYLOS ARE
INK PENCILS
FOR HOUSEHOLD ACCOUNTS

Mable, Todd & Bard,
91, Cheapside, London, E.C.

KRUNO PHOTOGRAPHY
for the HOLIDAYS.



Complete **7/6**
OUTFIT.

CARRIES SIX
QUARTER PLATES.

Including all materials and
apparatus for Developing
and Printing.

Inland Postage 9d. extra.

CAMERA for 12
QUARTER PLATES **13/6** with Superior
Outfit.

£20 GIVEN IN PRIZES. PRICE LIST "13" FREE.
MOULT BROS., 141, Oxford Street
LONDON, W.

To Natural History Collectors,
Students, and others.

JAMES GARDNER, Naturalist,
52 HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

Keeps in Stock every Description of Apparatus, Cabinets, Books,
and Specimens for Collectors of BIRDS, EGGS, BUTTERFLIES
and MOTHS, &c., &c. A detailed Price List (fully illustrated)
sent post free on application.

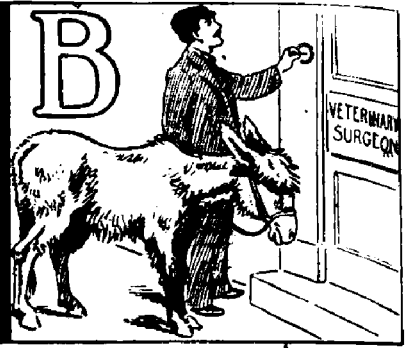
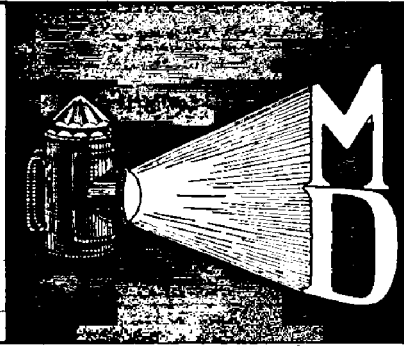
Shaving a Pleasure, even to the most nervous by using the
SELF-ADJUSTING SAFETY RAZOR

- CANNOT CUT THE FACE -

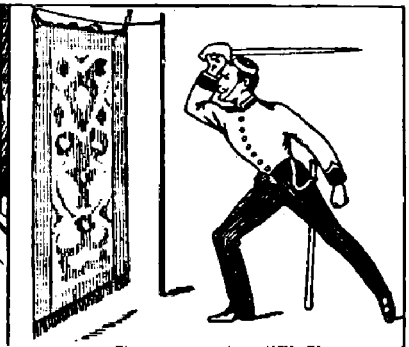
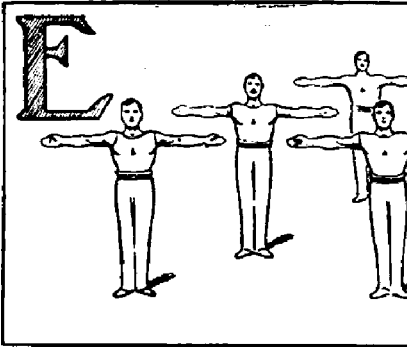
No. 1 quality, Extra Hollow Ground Silver Steel Blade. Holder
for Stropping. Heavily Silver-plated Frame (all Sheffield made
and Warranted the very best), sent to neat cases. The Quickest,
Cleanest, Safest Razor in the world. Lasts a lifetime.
Anyone can use it. Send Postal Order 3/9 to
C. HOWE, Oak Villa, Leigh, Lancashire.

"HIDDEN BOYS' NAMES" COMPETITION.

See "CAPTAIN" Competitions for SEPTEMBER, on page 587.



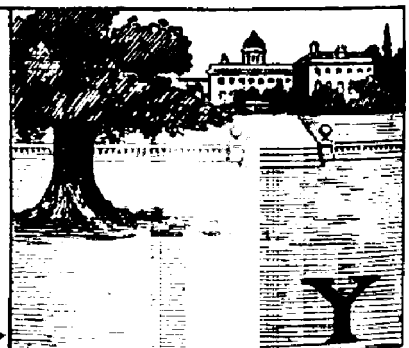
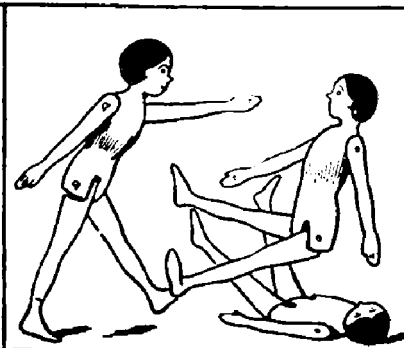
1.----- 2.----- 3.-----



4.----- 5.----- 6.-----



7.----- 8.----- 9.-----



10.----- 11.----- 12.-----

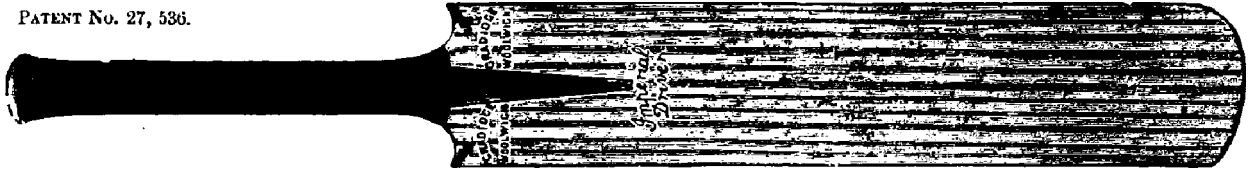
Name..... Address.....

Age..... Class.....

H. GRADIDGE & SONS,

Manufacturers and Exporters of all Articles used in
CRICKET, RACQUETS, LAWN TENNIS, FIVES, POLO, GOLF, FOOTBALL, HOCKEY, &c.
 Patentees and Sole Makers of the "IMPERIAL DRIVER CRICKET BATS."

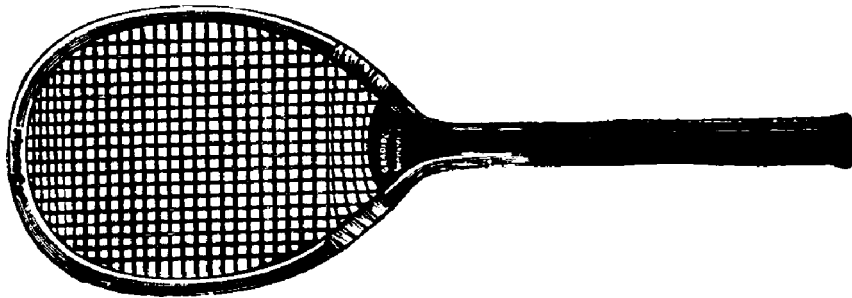
PATENT No. 27, 536.



As used by A. C. MacLaren, Esq., C. McGahey, Esq., C. B. Fry, Esq., P. Perrin, Esq., A. J. Turner, Esq., K. S. Ranjitsinhji, Esq., J. T. Tyldesley, W. Brockwell, G. Baker, A. Lilley, V. Barton, A. Ward, and all the leading first-class players in County, University and Public School Cricket.

LAWN TENNIS A SPECIALITE.

"THE GRADIDGE"
 "EXTRA SPECIAL"
 "CLOSE GROOVED"
 "THE FISHTAIL"



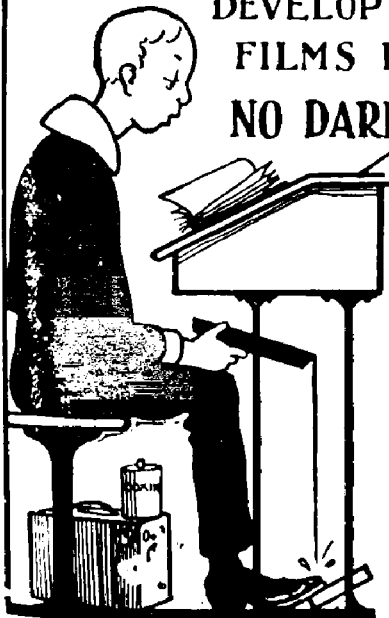
"THE SPECIAL"
 "THE CLUB"

Price Lists Free
 on application.

Factory:—Artillery Place, Woolwich, S.E.

**PHOTOGRAPHY
 MADE
 EASY**

**USE COXIN AND
 DEVELOP YOUR PLATES &
 FILMS IN DAYLIGHT
 NO DARK ROOM REQUIRED**



EVERY BOY SHOULD KNOW

COXIN

It makes Photography easy. You don't become a nuisance at Home, or need a dark room. COXIN neutralises the action of the light and all developing may be done everywhere—at Home, on Holidays, or at School—without the usual inconvenience.

IN TINS, 2/6 and 3/6.

Latter contains double quantity.

COXIN is patented in the British Isles and Principal Countries of the World.

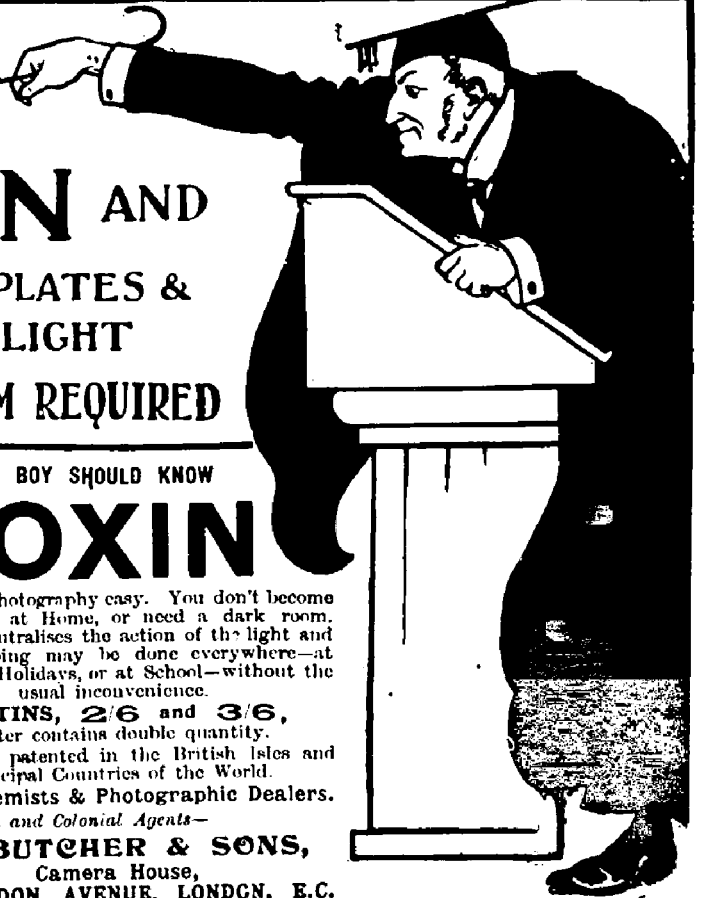
Of all Chemists & Photographic Dealers.

Sole British and Colonial Agents—

W. BUTCHER & SONS,

Camera House,

FARRINGDON AVENUE, LONDON, E.C.





C. B. Fry.
Athletic Editor.

THE CAPTAIN.



The Old Flag.
Editor.

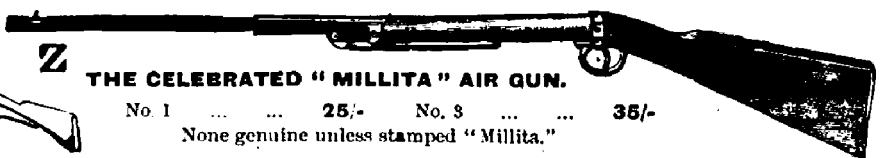
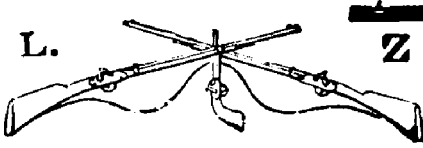
A Magazine for Boys and "Old Boys."
(With which is Incorporated the "Public School Magazine.")

Contents for September, 1903.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS Back of Frontispiece	
Drawn by TOM BROWNE, R.I.		
THE CHIEF PERFORMER WAS A BIG SILVER-TIP BEAR WEDGED TIGHTLY INTO A MOLASSES BARREL Frontispiece	
OUR UNINVITED GUEST	FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS	493
Illustrated by E. F. SKINNER.		
THE IRONY OF FATE SYBIL REID	497
COWAH'S REVENGE E. COCKBURN REYNOLDS	499
Illustrated by the Author.		
THE INSTITUTE OF BANKERS EXAMINATIONS W. A. OLDFIELD	505
THE ISLE OF FORTUNE. (CONCLUSION.) CAPTAIN CHARLES PROTHEROE	506
Illustrated by E. S. HODGSON.		
FAGGING AND SLANG AT WESTMINSTER A. E. JOHNSON	514
THE MANŒUVRES OF CHARTERIS. (CONCLUSION.) P. G. WODEHOUSE	515
Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.		
WINTER v. SUMMER HARRY PAYNE	525
"THE CAPTAIN" PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERY	526

(Further contents on next page.)

AIR GUNS, RIFLES, & REVOLVERS.



L. THE CELEBRATED "MILLITA" AIR GUN.

No. 1	25/-	No. 3	35/-
None genuine unless stamped "Millita."			
No. 1 Darts	6d. dozen.	No. 3 Darts	1/6 dozen.
" 1 Slugs	8d. per 1,000.	" 3 Slugs	1 6 per 1,000.

Trade) **GEM AIR GUNS.** [Mark.

No. 1	13/6		
" 3	27/6	Heavy make.	

REMINGTON PATTERN RIFLES 12 6 each. **BOLT ACTION** 12/6 each.

SALOON GUNS 12/6; Nos. 1, 2, 3. **WINCHESTER & COLT REPEATERS** from 50/- each

THE CHEAPEST STOCK OF REVOLVERS.

YOUNG AMERICA, Rim Fire 12/6 each.

FINE TOOLS FOR ENGINEERS, MECHANICS, AND MODELLERS.—Stocks and Dies, Screw Plates, Taps, Drills, Vices, Squares, Dividers, Depth Gauges, all up-to-date American Goods.

Address: C. WILLIAMS & CO., The Aldgate Tool Box, 25 & 21 ALDGATE, LONDON, E.

Fry's

"FIVE BOYS"

MILK CHOCOLATE.

"Unrivalled as a
Chocolate Confection."

MEDICAL MAGAZINE.



Desperation | Pacification | Expectation | Acclamation | Realization

Contents—continued.

DICK GOLDIE'S ELEPHANT Illustrated by J. MACFARLANE.	ALFRED CLARKE	528
NATURALISTS' CORNER With Illustrations.	EDWARD STEP, F.L.S.	538
THE ATHLETIC CORNER. (HOW TO CHOOSE AN ENGLAND TEAM.)	C. B. FRY	540
LOWER SCHOOL YARNS. (VI.—JOEY'S REVENGE.) Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.	HAROLD BURROWS	544
THE STAMP COLLECTOR. (NOTABLE NEW ISSUES.) With Illustrations.	E. J. NANKIVELL	552
SCHOOL MAGAZINES REVIEWED		554
THE CYCLING CORNER. (ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.)		556
THE LONG 'UN. (CONCLUSION.) Illustrated by GORDON BROWNE, R.I.	R. S. WARREN BELL	557
"CAPTAIN" CLUB CONTRIBUTIONS		576
"THE OLD FAG." (EDITORIAL.)		580
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS		583
RESULTS OF JULY COMPETITIONS... ..		585
"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR SEPTEMBER		587
"THE LATEST"	J. A. KAY	588

THE CAPTAIN is published monthly by the proprietors, GEORGE NEWNES, Limited, 7 to 12 Southampton Street, Strand, London, England. Subscription price to any part of the world, post free, for one year 8s. 6d. Cases for binding any Volume may be obtained from Booksellers for 1s. 6d. or post free for 1s. 9d. direct from the Office. Vols. VII. and VIII. are now ready, price 6s., or post free 6s. 6d. each. Vols. I. to VI. are out of print. American Agents in the United States, the International News Company, 88 and 89, Duane Street, New York.

The Editor does not hold himself responsible for any MSS., photographs, or drawings submitted to him, but when stamps are enclosed he will endeavour to return those contributions of which he cannot make use. Typewritten MSS. are preferred.

. . . THREE GRAND . . .

KODAK AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITIONS.

£1,000 IN CASH PRIZES.

- £500** for Pictures on N.C. FILM (non-curling and orthochromatic).
- £300** for Pictures on KODOID Plate (thin, flat, and unbreakable).
- £200** for roll-films developed in KODAK Developing Machine.

Ask your Dealer for full particulars or write direct to Dept. 103,

KODAK, LTD., 41-43, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.

Wholesale and Retail Branches—

96, Bold Street, LIVERPOOL; and 72-74, Buchanan Street, GLASGOW.

Retail Branches—

59, Brompton Road, S.W.; 60, Cheapside, E.C.; 115, Oxford Street, W.; 171-173, Regent Street, W.; and 40, Strand, London, W.C.

BENETFINK & Co.

THE GREAT ATHLETIC OUTFITTERS FOR COLLEGES, SCHOOLS, CLUBS, &C.
EVERY REQUISITE FOR FOOTBALL, HOCKEY, LACROSSE, &C.



HOCKEY STICKS.

BENETFINK'S

Regulation Ash, Bound Handle, 2/7 each, 30/- doz.
Do., do., Bound Cane Handle, 3/- each, 33/- doz.
4/- each, 45/- doz.

SLAZENGER'S.

Fletcher ... each 5/-
Cork Handle ... 6/3
BATTERSBY (as Illustration) ... 7/3
"Boodie" ... 10/3

Wisden's Pat. "Ex-celler" Handle 7/6
Ayres' "International" 7/-
Prosser's "Spring-light" 5/6
Bryan's "Grass-hopper" 6/8

CATALOGUES
POST FREE.

FOOTBALL and HOCKEY SHIRTS.

Special Quality Flannelette, Stripes, Halves or Plain Colours	Boys' 1/8 each	18/-
	Men's 1/10 "	20/-
Extra Strong Quality ...	Boys' 2/3 "	24/-
	Men's 2/6 "	27/-
Flannel, all Wool, Plain Colours	Boys' 4/6 "	52/-
	Men's 5/3 "	60/-
Ditto, Halves, any Two Colours or Plain with Coloured Facings	Boys' 4/9 "	54/-
	Men's 5/6 "	63/-

For other designs see large catalogue.
Postage, single shirt, 3d.



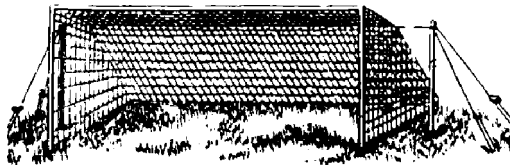
FOOTBALL or HOCKEY KNICKERS.

	Boys'.	Men's.
White Swansdown	1/4 ...	2/3 ...
White Lambskin	2/1 2/9 ...	2/3 2/11 ...
Blue Serge	1/5 1/9 2/4 ...	1/6 1/10 2/6 ...
Ditto, all Wool	3/3 3/4 ...	3/11 4/11 ...
Best Navy Flannel	...	5/11

N.B.—Allowance on taking 1 dozen knickers, 2/-
Postage, 3d. single pair.

CATALOGUES

and Patterns, Post Free.
Please mention "THE CAPTAIN."

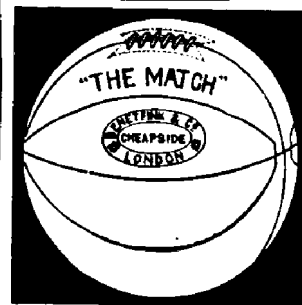


BRODIE'S PATENT ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL GOAL-NETS.

Per Set of Two Nets, with Steel Rope and Iron Pegs.
No. 5 — Strong Laid Hemp, Steam Tarred 35/- net.
No. 1. — Very Stout Hemp, Steam Tarred 45/- "
Cheaper Fittings, ditto, not Steam Tarred 31/- "
Carriage paid to any Station in England or Wales.
N.B.—The above prices include everything except the actual Goal-posts.

"THE CLUB" GOAL-POSTS.

Four Posts, 8ft. above ground, two 24ft. Cross Bars to fold up, painted one or two colours 31/- net.
Ditto, with Iron Shoes ... 38/6 "
Carriage Paid to any goods station within 50 miles.
CHEAPER GOAL POSTS ... 12/- 18/- set.



BENETFINK'S

"1st Practice," full size, 6/6 net.
"THE MATCH," as Illustration.
Youth's, No. 4 ... 5/9 net.
Full Size, No. 5 ... 7/- "

THOMLINSON'S

Eight-panel Match Ball. 8/6 net.
BRYAN'S "Grasshopper." 9/6 net.
With Button End, or Buttonless. All Footballs Post Free

FOOTBALL BOOTS.

BENETFINK'S "SPECIAL," Best White Chrome, Latest Pattern (as Illustration), Men's ... 10/6
BENETFINK'S "LEAGUE," Scotch Chrome, Very Light, Waterproof Sole (as Illustration) ... 7/11
BENETFINK'S Scotch Chrome with Ankle Pad 7/11
BENETFINK'S "FORWARD," Scotch Chrome, Spring Heel (as Illustration) ... 7/11
BENETFINK'S "LEADER," Scotch Chrome, Waterproof, Special Value, Boys', 5/11. Men's, 6/11.
Postage, under 10/-, 5d.



"SPECIAL" and "LEAGUE."



"FORWARD."

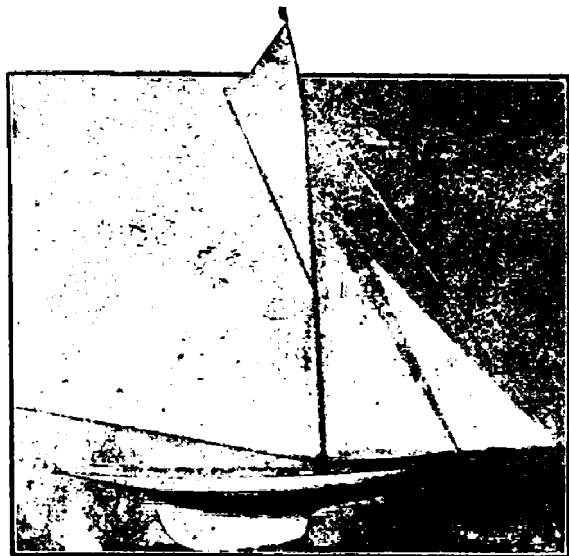
89, 90,
107 & 108,

CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.

SCALE
MODELS OF

"SHAMROCK III."

CHALLENGER
FOR THE
AMERICA CUP.



Beautifully Finished Scale Models of SHAMROCK III.. Latest Challenger for the America Cup.

These Models are specially built by workmen experienced in Fast Model Racing Yacht construction, and are of our Highest Grade Exhibition Class. They are made of specially selected materials and every care is taken to produce Fast Model Racing Yachts which will give best possible results in any kind of weather. Specification:—Beautifully Modelled Hull Correct Design, Enamelled and Lined in Correct Colours, with Green Boot Top and Stripe, finished in the best possible style of workmanship. Deck Fittings of Brass with Patent Self Steering Gear, Companion, Hatches and Skylight, Deck Coloured and Lined. Length over Deck, 2 ft. 7 1/2 ins. Spars of Best Materials, and Sails of Specially Manufactured White Sail Cloth. Yachts are Cutter Rigged and sent out complete with Stand, exactly as shown by Engraving, which is taken from Photo of Finished Model. Price, packed in strong wood case and delivered Carriage Paid, £2 17s. 6d. Carriage Abroad, 7/8 extra. Smaller size, correct design, and complete as above, 25/-, Carriage Paid. Carriage Abroad, 5/8 extra. Any surplus being returned.

Note.—Price of above is 30 per cent. under what is usually charged for Models of the Highest Class, and as we expect the demand will be very great during the Season, it is requested that orders will be placed as early as possible.

High Class Model Steam Locomotives.



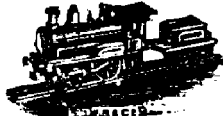
No. 44.



No. 32.



No. 50b.



No. 45.



No. 42.

No. 44. Scale Model L. & S.W. Locomotive and Tender, 2 S.V. Cylinders, Reversing Gear, Coupled Wheels, all Fittings Plated, Gauge 2 ins., Spring Buffers, Strong Boiler with all Best Fittings and Water Gauge, Tendors with Spirit and Water Tanks, also New Improved Loco. Feed Pump, Total Length, 2 ft. 4 ins. Price, Carr. Paid, 90/-, Carr. Abroad, 7/8 extra. No. 32. Splendid Model L. & N.W. Railway Express Locomotive and Tender with 2 S.V. Cylinders, Reversing Gear, Waste Steam up Funnel, Spring Buffers, Coupled Wheels, Strong Boiler with Best Fittings and Water Gauge. Gauge, 2 1/2 ins. Length 2 ft. Price, Carr. Paid with Rails, 70/-, Carr. Abroad, 7/8 extra. No. 50b. Splendid Model Traction Engine with 2 S.V. Cylinders, Reversing Gear, Governors, Waste up Funnel, Strong Boiler, Lamp, all Fittings, Water Gauge, 5 1/2 extra. No. 45. Slide Valve Locomotive and Tender with Reversing Gear, Waste Steam up Funnel, Gauge 1 1/2 ins., Length 15 ins. Price with Rails, 25/-, Carr. Abroad, 3/- extra. Gauge 2 ins., 17 ins. long, Price 30/-, all Carr. Paid. Carr. Abroad, 4/- extra. Well made, Highly Finished, Plated Fittings. No. 42. Tank Engine "Pilot," 2 S.V. Cylinders, Reversing Gear, Gauge 2 ins., Length, 11 ins. Price, with Rails, 50/-, Carr. Paid. Carr. Abroad, 6/- extra.



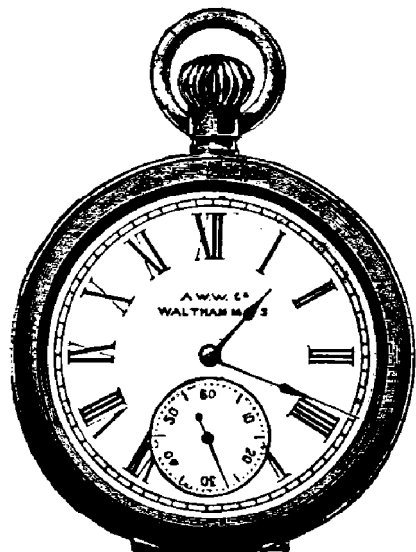
New Design Self-Starting Electro Motors for Boats. Complete with Propellers and Shafts, to suit Boat 2 1/2 ft. long, 9/6, 3 ft., 15/6, 4 to 5 ft., 24/-. Larger Sizes, 35/-, 50/-, and 65/-. Carriage Paid. Carriage Abroad, 1/8, 2/-, 3/8, 4/6 and 5/8 extra.

See Catalogue for Rails, Points, Switches, Crossings, Carriages, Cars, Trucks, Platforms, Stations, &c., and other Designs of Steam and Clockwork Locomotives, &c. Send for our Splendid New Enlarged Catalogue, nearly 500 Illustrations, of powerful and magnificent Model Locomotives, Vertical, Horizontal, Launch, Compound and Triple-expansion Engines, all sizes up to 4 H.P. Steam Engines and Castings all kinds; Finished Parts Steam Turbines, Model Racing Yachts and Ship Fittings, Engine and Boiler Fittings, Petrol Motors for River Boats and Bicycles, Castings of same, Brass, Copper, and Steel, Boilers, Oil and Gas Engines, Dynamoes, Electro Motors, Castings, and all Requisites, etc. New Designs in Vertical, Horizontal, Locomotive, and Launch Engines; Battleships, Gunboats, Torpedo, Division, and Submarine Boats; Engine and Boiler Fittings, etc., etc., post free 6d.

W. MACMILLAN & CO., Engineers and Modellers, Mar Street, Alloa, N.B.

E. B. DENNISON,

6 CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.



Dealer in all grades of WALTHAM WATCHES from £2 2s. to £50. All kinds of Jewellery and Silver Ware.

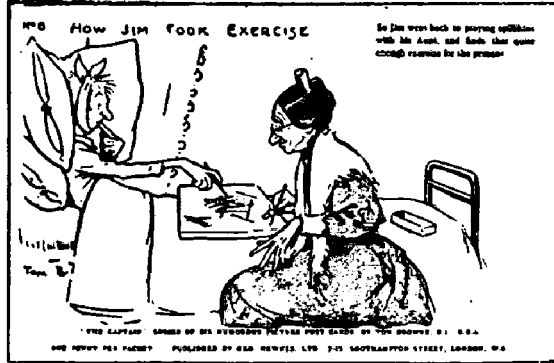
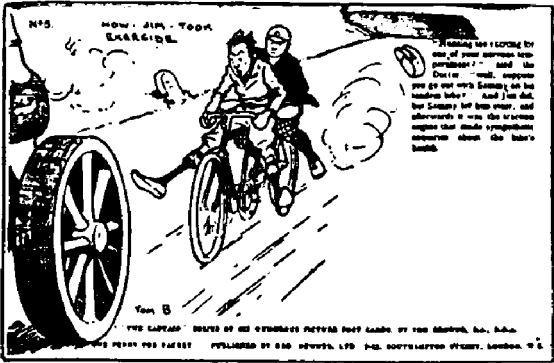
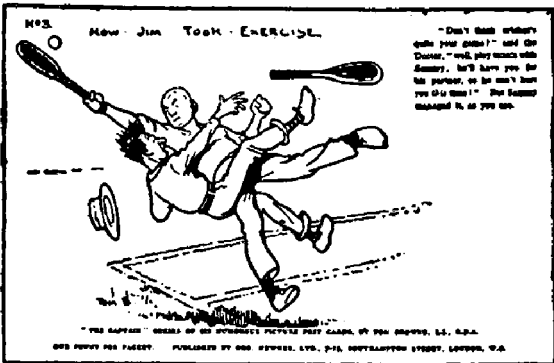
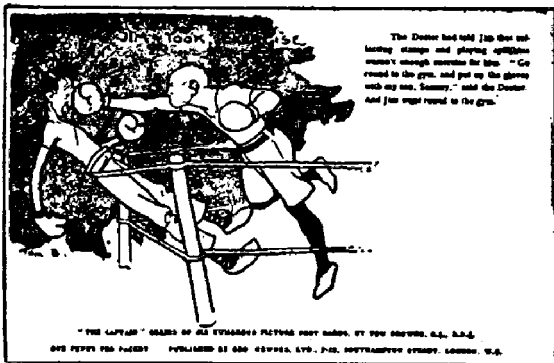
Sole Agent in Great Britain for TOLEDO WORK made by Felipa of Madrid.

Send for Price List of Watches, Dept. C.

"CAPTAIN" PRIZES.

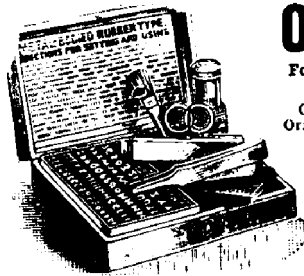
"THE CAPTAIN" PICTURE POST-CARDS. "HOW JIM TOOK EXERCISE."

By TOM BROWNE, R.I., R.B.A. One Packet of Six Designs 1½d. In Stamps, post free.
See "Captain" Competitions Page for further particulars.



Four of these No. 2 "Kruno" Cameras and Outfit are awarded to the winners of Competition No. 4 (two to each Class).
See "LANDSCAPE COMPETITION" on page 587.

SUPERIOR PRINTING OUTFITS.



For 7d., 1/2, 2/3, 2/8, 3/4, 3/9, 5/9, and 6/3, Post free.

Consisting of Letters, Points and Ornaments, a Type-holder, supply of Ink, Pad, and Tweezers. Any name, etc., can be made at pleasure, for stamping Books, Papers, and Printing Cards.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE.

Patent "Air Cushion" Rubber Stamp, viz.:-

Your Name, 1/9; Your Name and Address, 2/3; Your Monogram, 6d. Postage 2d. extra.

C. LINDNER, 170 Fleet St., London, E.C.

THE 20TH CENTURY DAISY AIR RIFLE.



SHOOTS B B SHOT OR DARTS.

If you want to become an EXPERT SHOT, buy a DAISY AIR RIFLE and practise at home.

AN IDEAL PRESENT FOR A BOY.

The Daisy Air Rifle is of handsome appearance, being fitted with walnut stock, nicked steel barrel, improved sights, &c.

NO POWDER, SMOKE, DANGER, NOISE. Price 4s. each. **SOLD EVERYWHERE.**

"SWAN" Fountain Pens

POST FREE CATALOGUE FREE

SOLD BY ALL STATIONERS AND JEWELLERS

At the Zoo - Having their pictures drawn

10/6 16/6 25/- to £20 for Longhand Shorthand Music-writing

the "Swan" has no equal

MABLE, TODD & BARD
93, Chesham St., W. LONDON.
1, CECILIA ST., BANGOR
and SOLE AGENTS of SWAN in Upper Parts

HAMLEY'S TOYS, NOVELTIES, SHIPS, ENGINES, &c.

ELECTRICAL NOVELTIES AND SURPRISES.

- Electric Pocket Lamp, very useful for travelling, price 1/9, post free 2/.
- Bells for same, 1/-, post free 1/3.
- Electric Scarf Pin, price 3/9, post free 4/1.
- Electric Scarf Pin, price 5/6, post free 5/10.
- Electric Batteries and Cols. complete with Battery, price 5/9, 6/9, 7/9. Postage 6d. extra.

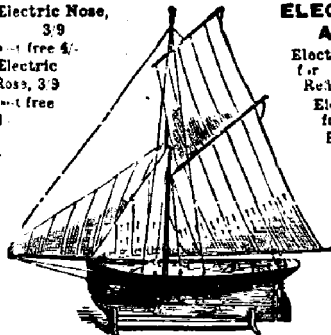
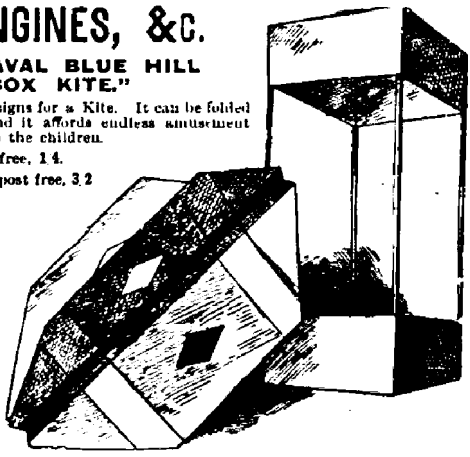
Send for List of Hamley's Outdoor Games, Tents, Boats, etc., post free, also List of Steam Engines, Engine Fittings, etc., post free, 4d.

THE NAVAL BLUE HILL "BOX KITE."

- One of the latest designs for a Kite. It can be folded into a small roll, and it affords endless amusement to the children.
- Price 1/-; post free, 1/4.
- Made of Linen, 2/6; post free, 3/2.
- Large size, ditto, 4/-; post free, 4/9.

HAMLEY'S FLYING MACHINE,

as illustrated, made of paper. Price 1/-; post free, 1/3.



Hamley's SAILING BOATS, CUTTERS, & SCHOONERS, with Sails to take up and down. Nicely finished, and guaranteed to sail. Price, 2/6, 3/6, 4/6, 6/6, 8/6, 10/6, 15/6, 21/6, and 42/6. Packing and postage extra.

512 OXFORD STREET, W.

NATURAL HISTORY. WATKINS & DONCASTER

NATURALISTS, 36, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. (Five Doors from Charing Cross) keep in stock every description of Apparatus, Cabinets, Books, and Specimens for Collectors of BIRDS' EGGS, BUTTERFLIES and MOTHS, &c., &c. Price List sent post free on application.

SEVERAL GOOD FOOTBALLS TO DISPOSE OF CHEAP.

NEW LAWS OF FOOTBALL AND HOCKEY. ALSO LAWS OF CRICKET. With Explanations. Laws of Cricket on Sheets for Club Rooms. Correct Laws of Croquet, Lawn Tennis, Golf, Lawn Bowls, Bicycle Polo, Badminton, Quoits, etc., etc.

CRICKET COMICALITIES, 2d. AYRES' Cricket Companion, 1903. 7d. Portraits and Biographies of County Cricketers, 1d. each. 6d. dozen. Order of Going In Cards, 3d. dozen.

WRIGHT & Co., 2 Amen Corner, London, E.C.



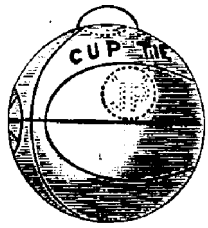
HOBBIES NEW Photographic Catalogue

contains Descriptions and Illustrations of an exceptionally fine and varied range of Cameras. The great Novelty this year is the "Autocrat" Series of Folding Hand and Stand Cameras. These are made in three qualities, and in 1/4-plate, 5 in. by 4 in., and 1/2-plate sizes. Cameras at all prices, from 5/-. Any of the Hobbies Cameras may be paid for by Easy Instalments.

For BEGINNERS. The "Rutico" Magazine Hand Camera (for Six Quarter Plates) together with a complete Developing and Printing Outfit, will be sent Post Free for 10/-. This is an admirable outfit for Beginners.

SEND A STAMP FOR OUR NEW CATALOGUE. HOBBIES, Ltd., 12 PATERNOSTER SQUARE, LONDON, E.C. And at Glasgow, Liverpool, Leeds, Birmingham, &c.

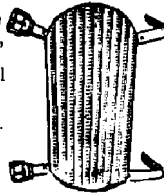
JOHN PIGGOTT L^{TD.}



J.P. CUP TIE
MATCH BALL.
9/9.
THE "CROWN."
5/-.
THE "GOAL."
6/6.
THE "BRITON."
7/6.
Postage, 4d.

THE BEST OUTFITTERS FOR FOOTBALL.

SHIN GUARDS.
White Canvas, 9d. per pair
Cane Bars, covered leather,
1/- per pair.
Cane Bars, gold cane, well
padded, 1/4 per pair.
Postage, 3d.



**FOOTBALL
BELTS, 9½d.**
Postage, 1d.



Orders
by Post
sent by
return.

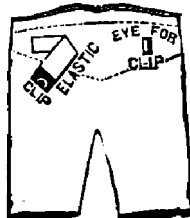


FOOTBALL BAGS.
12 14 16 18 in.
3/6 4/1 4/9 5/4
Postage, 6d.

**GOALKEEPERS'
GLOVES.**
3/3, 3/11.
Postage, 6d.

**FLANNELETTE
SHIRTS.**

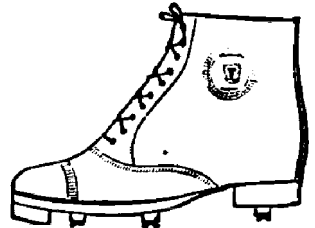
Stripes or Harlequin, 1/8, 2/4.
Plain Flannelette, with Sash, 2 6
Plain, with coloured Collar and Cuffs,
1/8 and 2/4. Men's 2d. extra.
Men's, with Sash, 3d. extra.
2/- allowed on orders of 1 doz.



No Dangerous Buckles. No Belt
required. Fitted with Elastic
Grip and Patent Clip.
Strong Navy Serge, 2/2, 24/- per doz.
Others, 1/8, 2/8, 3/8, 4/8.
2/- allowed on orders of 1 doz.

**THE "LEAGUE"
REFEREE
WHISTLE.**
6d. each.
Postage, 1d.

**BELTLESS FOOT-
BALL KNICKER.**
Showing back of
Knickers with
Fastening.



YOUTHS' FOOTBALL BOOTS.
Size 2 to 5, 5/11, Pad, 8/9.
" 12 to 1, 4/9. " 5/11.
Postage, 6d.

PLEASE SEND FOR OUR NEW FOOTBALL LIST, POST FREE.

117 & 118, CHEAPSIDE & MILK STREET, LONDON, E.C.

PITMAN'S METROPOLITAN SCHOOL

SOUTHAMPTON ROW, LONDON, W.C.

Principal - - - *BERNARD DE BEAR*

(Late Examiner to the London Chamber of Commerce),

Assisted by a Permanent Staff of SEVENTY Fully Qualified Teachers.

Open Daily, 10 to 1, 2 to 4, and 6 to 9,
for Individual and Personal Instruction only.

PRACTICAL TRAINING FOR BUSINESS LIFE,

For Private Secretaryships; for the Merchant's Office; for Posts as Foreign Correspondents,
Book-keepers, Clerks, and Amanuenses; for Professional Preliminaries, and for the Civil Service.

NEW STUDENTS MAY JOIN ANY DAY.

Fees strictly according to subjects taken

**SHORTHAND, TYPEWRITING, BOOK-KEEPING, BUSINESS ROUTINE,
WRITING, ARITHMETIC, FRENCH, GERMAN, SPANISH,
ALL COMMERCIAL SUBJECTS.**

This School has unequalled facilities for training young men and women for the Commercial World, and
secures on an average 700 excellent appointments annually. Over 25,000 appointments secured at home and
abroad.

Parents and Guardians should call and see the unique arrangements made for the comfort and training of
Students.

**Prospectus (60 pages, Illustrated) on application to the Secretary, as above,
gratis and post free.**