



London 2392

THE CAPTAIN

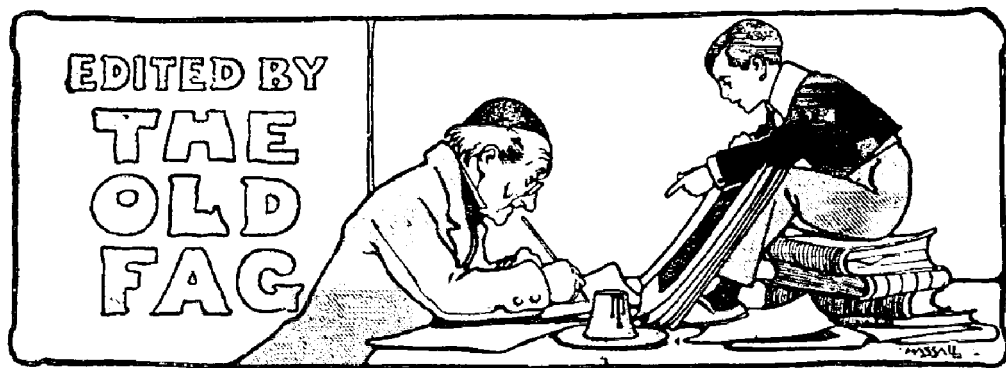
A MAGAZINE
FOR BOYS & "OLD BOYS"



C. B. FRY.
Athletic Editor.



E. J. NANKIVELL.
Philatelic Editor.



VOL.



X.

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

OCTOBER, 1903, to MARCH, 1904.

London:

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



"TRY OUR SPRING SUITING."

Photo W. P. Dando, F.Z.S.—Woodbury Company.

INDEX.

	PAGE
ACROSS THE WILDERNESS. By Franklin Welles Calkins... (Illustrated by E. F. Skinner.)	3, 101, 246, 352, 389, 485
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS. By the Editor.	92, 191, 382, 480, 575
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS. By C. B. Fry.	62, 153, 369, 446, 531
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS. By E. J. Nankivell.	55, 171, 279, 343, 455, 542
ATHLETIC CORNER, THE. Conducted by C. B. Fry.	
MORE LETTERS TO JOHN	150
A CHRISTMAS ESSAY	258
ABOUT BOYS' CLUBS	367
INSIDE A TEST MATCH	443
WHY SOME SCHOOLS FAIL	528
AUSTRIA, TOBOGGANING IN. By Caroline Corner-Ohlmutz (With Illustrations from Photographs.)	225
BATTEE ROYAL, A. By Ernest Richards (Illustrations by Colbron Pearse.)	173
BIG ORDER, A. By Hall Thorpe	242
BLUNDELL'S SCHOOL. By M. Lawden Banks (With Illustrations from Photographs.)	409
BRITISH CRUISERS, TYPES OF. By A. B. Cull	39
"CAPTAIN" CAMERA CORNER. By the Photographic Editor	81, 181, 566
"CAPTAIN" CLUB CONTRIBUTIONS	85, 183, 280, 374, 473, 568
"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS	84, 193, 284, 373, 472, 572
"CAPTAIN" PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERY	18, 143, 206, 298, 420, 526
CATAPULT, THE. By W. G. Simmonds	477
CHRISTMAS WITH "A. P." By A. B. Cooper (With Illustrations from Photographs by Geo. Newnes, Ltd., and Pictures by the Artist.)	197
CHRISTMASSES, EVENTFUL. By A. B. Cooper (With Illustrations from Paintings by F. Goodall, R.A., J. Ambrose Walton, Phillippoteaux, &c.)	317
CIGAR BOXES AND WHAT TO DO WITH THEM, OLD. By A. Sanders (With Illustrations by the Author.)	243
COMMENTS ON THE COMPETITIONS	96, 194, 290, 386, 482, 578
CONCERNING DARRELL. By H. N. Dickinson (Illustrated by Rex Osborne.)	56
CYCLING CORNER, THE. Conducted by Charles H. Larrette.	
ON PRESENCE OF MIND WHILE CYCLING	21
THE CARE OF A CYCLE	139
CYCLING AS A SPORT	467
EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE, THE BUILDER OF. By Charles F. Shaw (Illustrated by F. G. Kitson, and from Photographs by the Author.)	128
ELAINE. By Arthur Stanley	311
GOLD BAT, THE. By P. G. Wodehouse (Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.)	67, 157, 208, 303, 456, 550
HANDICAPPED. By Arthur Stanley	547
HIGHGATE SCHOOL. By A. E. Johnson (With Illustrations from Photographs.)	33
HOW NUMBER FOUR WAS SAVED. By Ara I. Shane (Illustrated by Marvin Wilcox.)	434
HOW WILD ANIMALS ARE TRAINED. By H. J. Shepstone (With Illustrations from Photographs.)	513
INDIAN SCHOOLS AND SCHOOLBOYS. By Cecil M. Barrow (With Illustrations from Photographs.)	545
IVAN'S FLIGHT. By Clive Phillipps-Wolley (Illustrated by Colbron Pearse.)	333
LIVELY VOYAGE, A. By D. F. Seton-Carrutlers (Illustrated by E. S. Hodgson.)	24
LOAFER, THE. By H. Hervey (Illustrated by George Soper.)	520
LOCUM TENENS, A. By Stuart Wishing (Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.)	508
MAGNANIMITY OF BRINDLE, THE. By W. Snow (Illustrated by Rex Osborne.)	146
MARLBOROUGH CHALLENGE TROPHY, A.	245
MEMORIES. Photograph by Jennings and Hunter	142

	PAGE
MEMORY OF THE HOLIDAYS, A. By Tom Browne, R.I.	173
MODELS AND MODEL-MAKING. By Archibald Williams ...	346, 427, 502
(With Illustrations from Photographs and Diagrams by the Author.)	
MUTINY! By Captain Frank H. Shaw ...	535
(Illustrated by Paul Hardy.)	
"MY FAVOURITE QUOTATION." ...	543
MY FIRST TIGER. By C. E. Gouldsbury ...	293
(Illustrated by J. Macfarlane.)	
MY ONE EVENTFUL DAY. By an Old Rossallian ...	48
(Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.)	
NATURALISTS' CORNER, THE. Conducted by Edward Step, F.L.S. ...	78, 179, 469, 548
(With Illustrations.)	
NOT INTRODUCED. By J. Hassall ...	291
OLD TIME STORY, AN. By B. E. Macleod ...	563
(Illustrated by Charles Horrell.)	
PICKED SEVEN AT HAT-BAND, THE. By F. W. Calkins ...	227
(Illustrated by E. S. Hodgson.)	
POOR, DEAR HARRY. By Guy N. Pocock ...	132, 220, 323
(Illustrated by Gordon Browne, R.I.)	
PRODIGAL'S CHRISTMAS, THE. By Will N. Harben ...	312
(Illustrated by W. R. Leigh.)	
RED, RED ROSE, A. By M. Harvey ...	422
(Illustrated by Rex Osborne.)	
RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS:	
AUGUST ...	95
SEPTEMBER ...	194
OCTOBER ...	280
NOVEMBER ...	366
DECEMBER ...	481
JANUARY ...	577
SCHOOL MAGAZINES REVIEWED ...	271, 350, 560
SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENTS, SOME EASY ...	156
SCREAMER AND SKILFUL. By "JACK." ...	329
(Illustrated by Rex Osborne.)	
SECRET OF SERENITY, THE. By the Rev. R. L. Bellamy, B.D. ...	138
SEA-POACHER, THE. By A. E. Johnson ...	262
(Illustrated by A. Pearse.)	
SHIP AFLOAT, THE BIGGEST ...	408
SOCIETY GOSSIP. By Tom Browne, R.I. ...	242
SPOILING THE PHILISTINES. By Stuart Wishing ...	40
(Illustrated by Anthony Helmer.)	
STAMP COLLECTOR, THE. Conducted by E. J. Nankivell.	
RECENT SEYCHELLES PROVISIONALS ...	52
THE STAMPS OF CHILI ...	168
ON SWOPPING STAMPS ...	278
OLD KING BOMBA'S STAMPS ...	342
ALSACE AND LORRAINE ...	452
NEW ZEALAND: WATERLOW SERIES ...	538
STOLEN "HALF," A. By Stuart Wishing ...	273
(Illustrated by Gordon Browne, R.I.)	
STONYHURST, THE BOYS' AVIARY AT. By A. E. Johnson ...	116
(With Illustrations from Photographs.)	
TALE OF TWO MONKEYS, A. By E. Cockburn Reynolds ...	237
(Illustrated by the Author.)	
TENNYSON'S "ULYSSES." By "Golconda." ...	562
TERROR OF CARMUNDOOR, THE. By H. Hervey ...	121
(Illustrated by George Soper.)	
"THE OLD FAG." Editorial... ...	80, 189, 285, 379, 478, 573
TOLLINGTONIAN GYMNASTS ...	23
TOURING IN SPAIN. By Tom Browne, R.I. ...	1
TWICE IN THE JAWS OF A TIGER. By R. Evans ...	64
(Illustrated by J. Macfarlane.)	
"VEGETARIANISM." ...	370
"VENGEANCE AND PERROTT." By Stuart Wishing ...	415
(Illustrated by Gordon Browne, R.I.)	
WHY THE WILD WAVES LAUGHED. By Tom Browne, R.I. ...	99



TOURING IN SPAIN.



"Your passport, señor." Binks has a faint suspicion that he lit his pipe with it at the last stopping-place.

Drawn by Tom Browne, R.I.



AT THE SAME INSTANT THE RUNNER LEAPED AT THEM FROM THE BANK.

See page 10.

ACROSS THE WILDERNESS



being an account of the Strange
Adventures of Zintkala and Etapa,
son and daughter of Fire Cloud,
Chief of the Red Indian tribe of
Ogallalas.


BY FRANKLIN WELES CALKINS.

*Author of "The Bullet-Maker's Strategy" and
"Our Uninvited Guest."*

CHAPTER I.

A SPRING AWAKENING.

THE crows had gathered at their rookeries among the tall pines of a bluff which overtopped an Ojibwa village. Snow had melted off the bark roofs of the wigwams, and in their front— if they may be said to have had a front—lay a far stretch of blue-green ice shimmering under the April



sun. To and fro above this icefield the solemn harbingers of spring flapped their black wings. They scanned its barren space in vain search for open water and the float of winter-killed fish. The occasional remonstrant Aäl-ääl-ääl! of one of these winging spectres sounded a lean and melancholy note of hunger. Now and then, too, within their range of vision, a wolf, bare of rib and thin to the semblance of a shadow, loped, a fitting wraith, across an arm of the lake. Save for the scream of a scolding jay, the chirrup of a surviving bunting, or the chatter of a red squirrel, the spaces of the skeleton woods had been as the aisles of the dead.

At Tall Gun's village the people had begun to take the fish which will not stir out of deep waters until the sun's rays begin to glimmer through the ice. Laboriously the women had worked for several days chopping channels beside the crevasses, which here and there ran far out upon the lake. Into these openings the tribal nets had been lowered. These nets the hungry ones visited frequently. Equable division of small catches had several times been made and there had begun to be heard a low hum of renewed life in the wigwams.

During three starving moons no fire had been built in the long lodge, no drum had been beaten, no gourd rattled, no song chanted. But, as the sun mounted one still forenoon, the tinkle of rivulets of water was heard, pools glittered upon the blue ice-field, and suddenly the roll of the conjurer's drum throbbed, the sound of his rattle clicked upon the still air, and his voice was heard chanting in a strange tongue. The people were made glad; their pulses quickened for they knew that the medicine of Ghost Moccasin and their own prayers had prevailed.*

Tall Gun sat in his lodge well content with his faithful conjurer's performance. The head man's stomach was filled with fish, the season of plenty was at hand. If his mind held a taint of suspicion as to the origin of the superhuman thumpings, groanings and frenzied cries which

*"Ghost Moccasin," the medicine-man of the village, had, of course, to pretend that spring had arrived through the agency of his magic.—ED.

issued from Ghost Moccasin's lodge it was hidden behind the mask of gravity which sat upon his face while he blew volumes of blue smoke from his nostrils, turning the stem of his *casse-tête à calumet* to all points of the compass and reverently skyward.

That afternoon there was feasting, and a fire was lighted in the long lodge. The people gathered early in the evening, seating themselves around the edges of the big wigwam, where they waited in decorous silence for the great men to appear. Tall Gun came first and seated himself in the place of honour upon a skin reserved for him. As many great men do, Ghost Moccasin kept his audience in waiting until some of them yawned in sheer impatience. For an hour or more the older people sat, and the younger stood in a packed ellipse about the outer circuit of the smoothly worn ground floor of their primitive town-hall.

Now and then the elder men turned to each other with some low-voiced remark, but even these refrained from smoking. The younger ones maintained a decorous silence, their eyes only shining with the light of impatience or of expectancy.

At length Ghost Moccasin came in, his assistants bearing the sacred drum and medicine pouch. The conjurer had arrayed himself fantastically and carried a powerful medicine fetich and a wondrous rattle.

His assistants began to drum and the medicine man, seating himself before a bright fire of fagots, began a series of public incantations, smoking to all the manidos and mumbling strange incoherences.

Then the young girls came forward and danced. To the barbaric double time of the tom-tom and the rhythmic jangle of its bells these moved modestly, their elbows at a slight curve, their moccasined toes turned inward.

Louder beat the tom-tom, more fiercely jangled the bells, and the voice of Ghost Moccasin, raised in crying repetitive, was like a clarion call to action. Young men took the place of maidens in the dance and the action grew fast and furious until the timed rhythm of those swaying, leaping figures whirled the brains of the on-lookers into its mad, magnetic current. Wild cries of encouragement were shouted by the women and young folk. The feet of the young men beat upon the floor, their sweating, painted bodies writhed, their faces grimaced as they rivalled each other in shouting the cadences of the chant.

There were only two persons who were not apparently pleased with this dance, and these were small unnoted people—a boy and a girl. of

near a dozen years each, who stood behind an ugly woman, crowded between the inner posts of the big wigwam. These two were thinly clad and with no attempt at ornament save an unsuccessful face decoration.

The faces of these were indeed flushed, but not with pleasure. The girl had disdainfully wiped from her cheeks the red earth with which 'Lizbet, Tall Gun's squaw, had stained it. Her blue strouds sleeve carried most of this adornment, but some faint streaks yet remained to accentuate the hot blood of resentment and disgust which showed in her small round face. She stood erect against a post, her hands dangling, a keenly intelligent and scornful little critic of this Awanse fête dance.

The boy, of the same height, stood on the other hand of their mistress, who was no other than Tall Gun's old wife 'Lizbet. He had a shoulder crowded between two upright stakes as though he would have burst through the thin partition. This one looked out from under a mat of unkempt hair and scowled a Sioux scowl upon the whooping, moving crowd.

'Lizbet Tall Gun was of an excitable nature. She stood partly in front of her charges and, in her eagerness to egg on the dancers to some new grimace or contortion, the hostile faces of the boy and girl went unnoted.

For the first time in many weeks (so close had been her surveillance) these children spoke together in their own tongue. As the excited woman crowded forward the better to lose no movement of the dance, the girl spoke behind her back, taking care not to look at her brother.

"Younger brother," she said, "younger brother, let us soon go homeward."

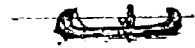
"The arrows of the Cree fellows," returned the boy, scowling more deeply under his mop of hair, "and the bow of my grandfather and some buckskins are hidden in a hollow-wood."

"Waste, mi sun!" said the girl, struggling to hide the satisfaction in her face. "Waste! I also have done something. Secretly I have hidden the awl of this she creature and two bundles of thread."

"Good," muttered the boy, "therefore we shall not go with these good-for-nothings to boil the sweet water of their trees."

He was about to speak further, but some accent of his despised and unknown tongue reached 'Lizbet's ear and she turned, giving the girl and boy each a fierce slap upon the cheek, shrieking Ojibwa maledictions.

When he could see her back again the boy scowled up at her with the face of a small fury. A young *meti* woman at his right hand saw the blow. She noted the look upon the boy's face and she shrieked with laughter, but the kindly



French blood in her veins prevented her from exposing him further to the old wife's fury.

The alien boy and girl, however, had said enough. They spoke not again during the dance.

CHAPTER II.

THE CAPTIVES.



MAHPIYA-PETA, or Fire Cloud, was a war-chief of the Oglalas. Prior to 1860 he fought frequently in wars against the aggressive whites, the Ojibwas, Pawnees, and Crows, and in defence of the narrowing frontiers of his nation. He was a soldier of renown and, being a person of importance, was chosen

as one of a delegation of North-west Indians who visited the Great Father at Washington.

From that trip he returned to his town upon the Smoky River a changed man.

"I will no longer fight the white people," he declared to his soldiers. "We make ourselves ridiculous. We must become as they are or perish."

In the following spring he took his children, Zintkala-Zi (Yellow Bird) and Etapa (The Right Hand), to the mission school at Traverse des Sioux in order that they might be educated to live after the manner of the conquerors.

For these, he said, would soon despoil his nation and pen the wretched remnant of its tribes upon narrow tracks of land to be held as prisoners of war—to be slaughtered if they should resist, as the buffalo are slaughtered in a surround.

How much his heart was wrung in obedience to his judgment, when he left his children at the mission, no one can tell. His Isanti wife mourned for them almost as she would have mourned for the dead. To her it seemed an incredible and cruel thing that she should be asked to part with her children, little more than babies, to be reared and taught among a strange people—to forget their own kindred and perhaps their own tongue. But she could not gainsay her lord and master, Fire Cloud.

The children were not less rebellious in spirit than their mother. They were cruelly homesick from the first. The little girl was obedient to her teachers for some weeks, but when Etapa proved intractable to discipline, and was punished for running away to play with the children of "blanket Indians," she, too, grew rebellious.

At the end of four months it became evident to the better judgment at the mission that Fire Cloud's young belligerents would better have stayed among the Oglalas.

One night in September the boy and girl, taking matters into their own hands, seized an opportune moment and fled, intending to make their way across to the Missouri River, where their mother's people were then living. Once among these they felt very certain their father would send for them when their wrongs should have been recounted to him.

So fierce was their home hunger, these children trusted themselves to the boundless prairies without food and with no weapons save a horn-tipped bow which the boy's grandfather had made for him and which he had clung to with a persistence not to be denied. But, though he had the bow, he had no arrows save the reeds he was able to pluck from the creeks and sloughs.

So for three days this boy of ten and girl of eleven travelled steadily westward, subsisting upon the roots of the teepsinna, which they dug with half a clam shell and ate raw.

They had reached the buffalo country when a party of Assiniboin hunters—men and women—swooped upon them and bore them northward as captives. The Assiniboin at this time were nominally at peace with the lower Dakota tribes, so, when this party had reached a trading-post on the Red River, they had so far repented of their rashness as to offer their captives in private sale to some Ojibwas who were on a trading expedition.

Thus, for two dumpy ponies and some other property, Tall Gun, of a village in the far eastern woods, came into possession of the Oglala boy and girl. When Tall Gun's party had trailed back to the Red Lake country, the chief set up another wigwam and took to wife the comeliest maid of his village. In propitiation he gave to 'Lizbet, a half-caste, who had kept him in monogamous estate for a quarter of a century, the Sioux captives that she might with honour set up a household of her own. With the possession of these strong children, the boy already an efficient hunter of small game and the girl able to do most of the work required in her wigwam, with a husband still willing to provide meat and skins from the hunting, 'Lizbet was very well content. Thereupon the wily chief congratulated himself upon the opportune stroke whereby he had grasped the horn of a dilemma. Such are the odd and accidental forces which go to the shaping of destinies where war and plunder obtain.

Zintkala-Zi and Etapa, after the first poignant terrors of capture, accepted their captivity as became the children of warlike people. Had they been taken into a wild tribe whose ways of life

were similar to their own, or had they been kindly treated by adoption, it is very possible they might never have attempted to escape, and would in time have lost their identity as Dakotas.

But neither of these things happened to them. The son and daughter of a war-chief of the Oglalas, whose mother was daughter of a Yankton chief, had been children of some distinction among their own folk. They were now slaves to

splendid necklace of polished elk teeth and was unwilling to give it up.

In her irksome prison-pen among the missionaries little Zintkala had been reproved for wearing "heathen ornaments," and so she had hidden her double chain, sewing a strand inside either of a pair of buckskin leggings. These leggings she had worn when captured by the Hohé (Assiniboins). Within their winter folds the valuable

ornaments remained hidden until the shrewd eyes of 'Lizbet detected their outlines beneath the worn buckskin. The strings of polished ivories were promptly ripped from their fastenings, and 'Lizbet took possession of the child's beloved ornaments with a scream of delight. Because Zintkala cried, when she hung the chains about her skinny neck, 'Lizbet beat her severely with switches. After this the Sioux children never compromised with her for an instant in their hearts.

At first some Ojibwa youths made an attempt to deprive Etapa of his bow, which they said was too big and strong for so small a boy. They told 'Lizbet that the lad should trade it for one better adapted to his years. But shrewd 'Lizbet, making him understand their criticism, procured some fairly serviceable arrows and sent Etapa into the woods. When he returned with three rabbits and a grouse the bow was secured to him.

The boy, however, unable as yet to converse in Ojibwa, did not understand, and, when boys—out of hearing of 'Lizbet—still urged him to trade his bow, he was much alarmed lest they should take it from him by force.

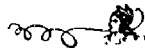
Just before the snow came, a party of Crees, travelling through the country, camped at Tall Gun's village, and stayed for a day or two to gamble and to "swap" for such property as could be traded. On the day after their departure



'LIZBET CROWDED FORWARD THE BETTER TO LOSE NO MOVEMENT OF THE DANCE.

a woman of nondescript people whose every mode of dress and of life they detested.

Their mistress was a virago. She was not thoroughly vicious, but tyrannical, which was quite as galling to the Sioux children. As they were—from policy—obedient to her behests, so far as they understood them, it was some time before 'Lizbet laid violent hands on one of her chattels. This happened when she discovered that Zintkala-Zi had cunningly concealed a

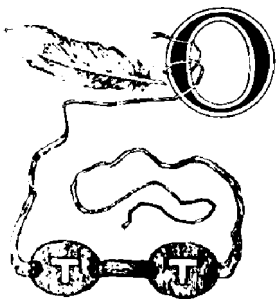


Etapa's bow was missing, and, although 'Lizbet gave him a severe beating for carelessness, it was generally believed that the Crees had stolen the weapon because of its superior quality. To appease the angry old wife Tall Gun made the boy a bow of dry ash. It was a contemptible weapon in Etapa's eyes, yet, needing food, he made effective use of it so long as there were birds and rabbits to be shot.

In 'Lizbet's wigwam the Sioux children, who were recognised as her property, her slaves in fact, graduated in a stern discipline. She continually talked to them in Ojibwa. After some days, when she had taught them a few necessary words and had established a sign language in aid of their understanding, she never again allowed them to speak to each other in their own tongue. A word in the Sioux was the signal for a blow with a dog whip. In all that dismal winter they had no opportunity to speak together apart from their argus-eyed mistress. 'Lizbet kept one of them beside her constantly. She never allowed the two to pass outside her lodge together, and, if she stepped across to a neighbour's wigwam, she took Zintkala with her. How bitterly irksome this life became to these children of the plains the subsequent chapters of this history will reveal.

CHAPTER III.

AT THE SUGAR CAMP.



ON the morning after the fête dance there was confusion indescribable at Tall Gun's village. The weather had come off uncommonly warm and the wigwams were turned inside out in a mad scramble to make hasty exit toward a sugar-camp.

Their skeleton ponies could not travel in the snow nor drag travois packs over the ice; so there was tying and untying, packing and re-packing of blankets, skins, clothing, kettles, pans, cooking utensils, axes and fishing tackle to meet the limited capacity of a limited number of dog sledges.

Women and children hustled to and fro, yelling themselves hoarse, while men seized upon half-trained wolf-dogs and fought with the snarling, vicious brutes to get them into harness. There was need of frantic haste, for already there was much water upon the ice, and, by noon, or a little later, the lake would be impassable for

sledges, and the slush snow of the woods equally so.

Ho-ho-ho! E-shig-o-ma-e-oosh! Fast the sap is flowing! People ran hither and thither in a frenzy lest they should overlook some necessary dish, chipping adze, or other utensil. As fast as a family had its dogs or its women loaded with packs the members set out at a dog trot upon the sloppy ice. Every rivulet of a hundred miles and more of shore-line was pouring its flood out upon that bottle-green waste.

So they ran, slopping in shallow pools, with sweating shoulders and icy feet, women and papooses chattering and screaming, and men belabouring dogs and swearing strange French oaths. When one slipped and fell, getting a shower-bath from the splash, shrieks of laughter greeted the mishap. By holding to the ice-ridges they were able to keep their feet out part of the time, else the ice-water would have proven intolerable long before the twelve-mile stretch was crossed.

Numbers of crows and ravens followed this long file of bipeds and four-foots over the ice. Where these shouting creatures should stop the winged caravans knew that many fish would be taken, and out of a wasteful abundance the empty craw could be filled. So the funereal birds flapped alongside, alighting upon the ice-ridges to utter hoarse, anxious notes, stalking singly or in solemn files just far enough from the movers to be out of range of a boy's blunt-ended arrow.

Of all the scurrying, human crowd only two were utterly discontent. These were the young Dakotas. During the rigours of an Arctic winter they had not dared to attempt escape, for they could not have survived a march in the awful cold.

But now that spring had come both were eager to fly, and they had only waited an opportune moment to seize such things as they needed and had hidden. By secret signs, made when 'Lizbet's back was turned, they had agreed that some dark night when the "she creature" was asleep, they would steal from her wigwam and take to the woods. Not only did this early flight across the lake carry them further into the unknown country, but they were compelled to carry burdens which nearly crushed their young backs before the goal was reached. 'Lizbet had no dogs, not being able to support them, and so she loaded herself and her slaves with such effects as Tall Gun's sledge could not accommodate. And she forced the burdened children to travel in her front, shrieking at them French and Ojibwa maledictions or threatening the dog whip when their tired legs lagged. The impulse to fling down their hateful packs and speed with swift

feet to the nearest dark line of woods was strong upon them. But this rash prompting was resisted and finally the dreadful journey came to an end.

At high noon the sledges were gathered at the north rim of the lake where, at a well-known inlet, fish were slaughtered in such numbers as justified the wisdom of the attendant crows. The open current of the brook had tolled the finny ones out of winter quarters, until, within its narrow channel, they were crowding upon each other. There men and boys, armed with all sorts of spears, attacked them in hilarious excitement, and soon the snow on either bank was heaped with the slain, and, like a miniature battle ground, stained carmine. This carnage continued until the fish were run out of the open brook.

The Ojibwas had also reached the country of In-ne-na'-tig (the sugar maple). Along both banks of the small stream were many groups of the tall, shapely trees. Hundreds of trunks bore rings of fissured scars where the tomahawk or the chipping adze had tapped them.

At some distance up the brook, hidden away amid ranks of tall maples, stood the skeleton frame-work of a huge wigwam, the Ojibwa sugar camp. Its poles were yet partly covered with the bark of last year's laying. Many hands make light work, and by night the ragged roof and sides were snugly pierced with freshly peeled birch-bark.

This camp, after the manner of a Huron long house, was arranged to accommodate a large number of families, only in this instance each family hung up blankets or skins to partition off its section. This was done not so much for the sake of privacy as to mark a line which should divide each family's household goods from those of its neighbours.

Notwithstanding the bustle of their hurried dash from village to sugar-bush the Indians discovered quickly that the sap was not flowing—that Ghost Moccasin was not wholly infallible. In this far north land the frost sets its teeth deep into the ground and many days of warming sun are required to start even the volatile sap of the sugar maple flowing.

But there was much to do in the days of waiting. Every year they must make a new set of birch-bark sap-vessels and spouts, *cassequz* or troughs for catching the sap, buckets for carrying, and the *gaujé*, a yoke which was borne across the shoulder. For, with the improvidence of nature's children, they took no care of these things but left them scattered about, where they were used last, to be burned or buried in snow and forest débris. Upon only one set of the implements of their sugar-making did they bestow

absolutely necessary care. They kept within their wigwams the several large brass kettles, which a post trader furnished them for the sake of the trade they brought him. These kettles were religiously scoured, polished and guarded with the care bestowed upon sacred articles.

Their sugar-making was a profitable industry, and annually they sold many mococks, of a brick-like consistency, at the upper Red River post—and the article brought them three-point blankets, red strouds and trinkets more than the skins they took. And besides, in the season of making, there was the delicious diet of syrup and sugar, of which they ate enormous quantities.

The people of the sugar camp took on flesh visibly during these days of abundance. The fat goose flesh and the maple syrup and sugar gave their brown skins a healthy glow, and put spirit and sparkle into their eyes. A new and vigorous life possessed them, and the hum of it ran as a pleasant murmur in their camp. The sounds of the drum, of weird Ojibwa chants and French roulades, mingled oddly with the medley of the lake, the cawing of crows, the screams of jays, and the piping of blackbirds.

During the morning hours women, girls and boys were busy at gathering sap and again in the late afternoon. To and fro they shuffled in and out among the tree trunks, each carrying the *gaujé* with a birch-bark bucket at either end. All day and all night the kettles boiled merrily with women or girls taking turns in constant attendance.

Lizbet Tall Gun was in her glory. She had charge of the great brass kettle which was the head man's chief possession and article of distinction. And she had his young wife, a niece, and the Sioux boy and girl to do her bidding. She was thus high priestess of the sugar-making and she made a large show of authority. She sat upon a coloured mat, smoking and giving commands, though she arose occasionally to examine critically the bubbling contents of the kettle. Occasionally, also, when it appeared that the syrup was too low or too high, or that there was a suspicion of burning about the rim of the kettle, she snatched the hemlock paddle from the Sioux girl's hand to bestow a sounding thwack upon her shoulders.

Zintkala-Zi bore this with impassive face, and went about her task as before. As became a daughter of the Dakotas, she accepted the inevitable without a show of emotion. She even laughed at times when something amusing occurred; and, when the sap was not running and the big kettle had been scoured, she played with the young girls of the camp and made for the little ones wooden dolls with carved heads, dress-

ing them with bits of bright clothes and cast-off buckskins.

In all this demeanour 'Lizbet read submission and the growth in the girl of an Ojibwa heart. Etapa, too, seemed to have undergone a change. At times during the winter he had been sulky and ill-mannered. It was especially difficult to teach him the Ojibwa words. In six months he had barely learned enough of the tongue to know what was required of common necessity. When 'Lizbet was not at hand he sometimes taunted the Ojibwa boys with their babbling tongue. He spoke of it contemptuously as "bi-wab-ik-shik-wik!"—a name which the young mimic had invented.

However, at the sugar camp, in the midst of excitement and of plenty, with as much of the sweet as he chose to eat—for no one was stinted at the boilings—Etapa seemed to have shed his surly disposition. He brought wood for the furnace, carried his *jaujé* with cheerfulness, and took on flesh and a hining skin.

'Lizbet was much pleased at the apparent change. She had conceived a secret liking for the boy, who was a keen hunter, and quick to see things. "See," she said to her husband, who daily honoured her by lighting his pipe at her fire, "see how it is with my children."

Zintkala had gone a little distance after wood and Etapa was coming along a path bearing buckets of sap. "They are now of our people," boasted 'Lizbet, and Tall Gun was also pleased. He seated himself upon 'Lizbet's mat and smoked contentedly the while her charges came and went. He had noted that 'Lizbet's kettle was continually filled to the boiling point, and that her furnace never lacked wood. As a great number of trees had been tapped, that all the boilers might use as much sap as they could reduce, he foresaw that 'Lizbet would this season much surpass her former tale of cakes and mocoeks. Thus he did not hesitate to express tacit approval by sitting a decorous length of time at her fire.

His complacent sitting so pleased the elder wife—who saw signs of jealousy in the younger—that one afternoon she grew quite hilarious and excited, and drank a great deal of warm syrup. She also made a delicious wax for her lord. She was thus attending the kettle herself to serve Tall Gun, and her boiling ran low.

It was about sunset, after the sap-gathering time, when she noted her remissness, and to make amends she called the young wife to see after the kettle, put a *jaujé* upon her shoulders, and, with Zintkala and Etapa, went out to collect sap from any drippings which might remain.

Thus they hurried, going on parallel lines and within sight of each other, from trough to trough.

They were a good distance from camp at dusk, and still their buckets were not filled, when 'Lizbet was suddenly taken with fearful pains and fell upon the ground, spilling her sap and shrieking in agony.

CHAPTER IV.

"WITH DEATH UPON THEIR HEELS."



WED and astonished, the Sioux children stood gazing for a moment. Some evil spirit had seized upon this woman. Doubtless it was in answer to one prayers they had offered in secret. They were quick to seize upon this

probability. For many days they had been praying to Waniyan Tanka to help them to escape.

'Lizbet was plainly *hors de combat*, senseless, shrieking with pain. Zintkala was first to act. She ran to the grovelling woman, snatched her long knife from its sheath, and, seizing the strings of elk teeth about her neck, struggled with the frantic creature until she had cut away their fastenings and secured the treasure.

"Younger brother," she said, in great excitement, "let us now go homeward! Hither let us run among the trees, taking the canoe with which a man has arrived."

A hunter, who had returned to the village by way of the woods, had that day paddled a birch-bark vessel across the lake. It was the first thus far to be brought to the camp. Etapa looked at 'Lizbet, whose contortions and screams did not cease. Very evidently an evil spirit had been sent to attack her.

"Ho, Tanké" (older sister), said the boy, "we shall run toward these people, crying that some enemies have arrived. We shall take some *parfêches* to make us proper clothing."

Seeing the wisdom of this very young warrior, his sister ran with him. They shouted: "The enemy! The enemy! Those wicked ones have attacked 'Lizbet!"

Keen ears at the sugar-making had heard 'Lizbet's screams, and presently, catching the purport of the Sioux children's cries, the camp was thrown into an uproar. Men, old and young, seized their weapons, and, supposing that a bear or a cougar had seized upon 'Lizbet, ran through the woods to her succour. Women and girls, not deeming it prudent to go into the darkened woods, gathered in excited groups upon the outskirts of the camp.

The little Sioux, so soon as they heard the footfalls of the runners, ceased their cries, and, avoiding the Ojibwas in the darkness, passed around them, and so on swiftly to the rear of their camp. Seeing no one on that side of the big wigwam, they dodged in at an opening and seized such things as they needed or could lay their hands on in the semi-darkness. In 'Lizbet's and Tall Gun's apartments they knew, in particular, where the household goods were stowed, and they thus secured two parfiêches of buckskins, a small bag containing hanks of thread, bundles of sinews, and other needful things, with a light and convenient tomahawk which belonged to the young wife of the chief.

They had no difficulty in stealing away from the camp in its rear, for all was hubbub and confusion out beyond the furnaces. Their first difficulty was encountered upon reaching the canoe which had been drawn out upon the creek bank. There were no paddles at hand.

It was some minutes before they found a single broad-bladed one concealed among some bushes. With this Etapa made such haste as he could, but they were not out of the creek channel when they heard the sharp gasp of a fleet-footed runner in pursuit.

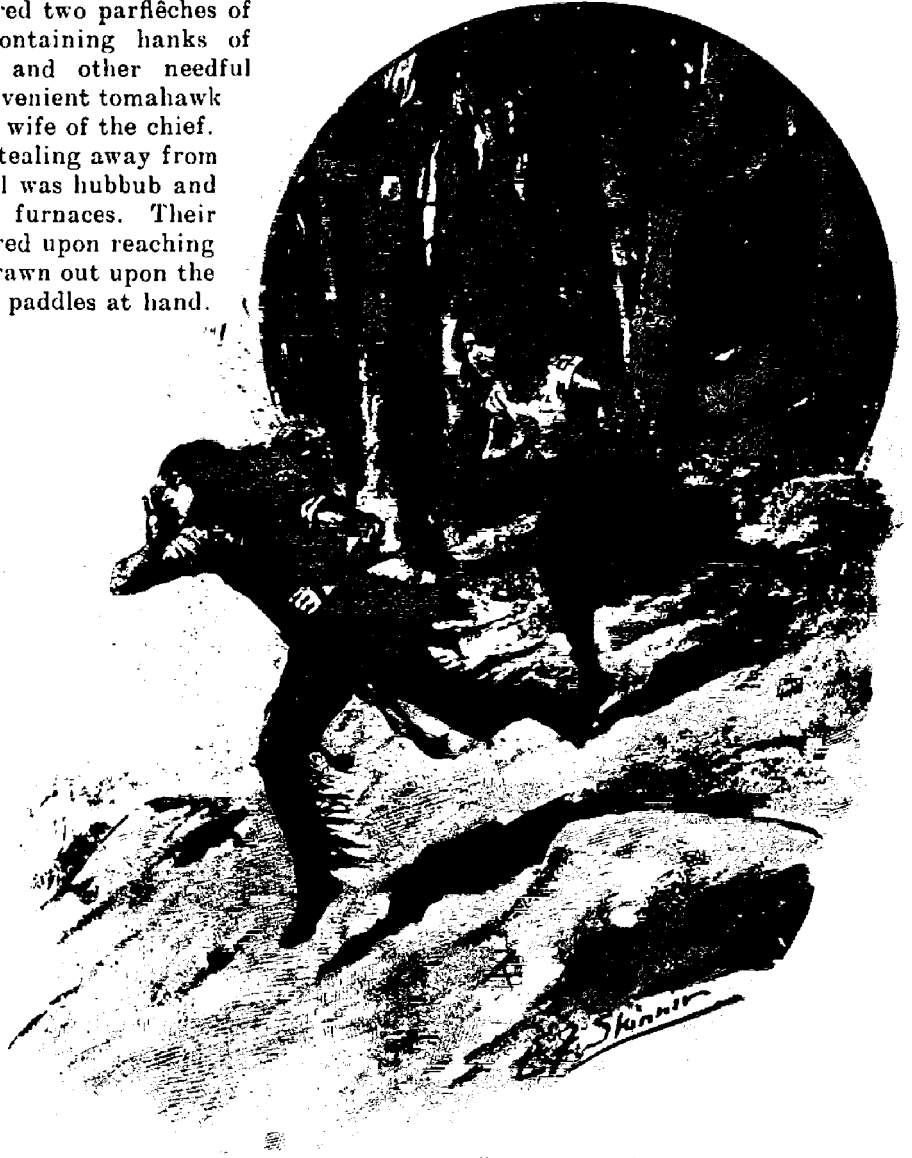
Frightened, they were about to leap from the boat when the man broke from cover near at hand. It was too late to escape by running, so Etapa thrust his paddle upon the bottom and gave the boat a fierce shove. At the same instant the runner leaped at them from the bank. Even as he jumped, the light craft shot away from under him, and the man sprawled his length in the shallow brook.

When he recovered, the canoe was darting out upon the waters of the lake. This runner had no fire-arm, but he yelled frantic directions to those who were chasing in his rear, and, a moment later, the beach alongshore was ablaze with popping guns.

It was too dark for rifle shooting, else this story could never have been told. Bullets

skipped and whizzed about the receding canoe and small shot struck it and the occupants repeatedly. Undoubtedly, when they had discovered the ruse of the young Sioux, the Ojibwas immediately connected their flight with 'Lizbet's attack and they were fierce to capture or slay them.

Though feeling the sting of small pellets upon the arm and shoulder, Etapa plied the paddle with all his strength, and, in two or three



"THE ENEMY! THE ENEMY! THOSE WICKED ONES HAVE ATTACKED 'LIZBET."

minutes, the canoe had slipped out into the darkness and beyond the range of shots.

"Tanké," said the boy, inquiringly, "those people have hit me with some shots."

"I also am struck in my hand," said Zintkala, simply. "But, younger brother, it does not hurt greatly."

"It is nothing," said Etapa, and in their greater anxiety to steer their course aright they did not again mention their hurts. Without the bow and arrows, which Etapa had hidden in a wood at the village, they could not hope to make the long journey which lay between them and their own country.

Therefore the canoe's prow was turned southward. The night was clear, and, as all Indian children know "The Seven Dizzy People," who swing nightly around the pole star—these and their native instinct for direction guided the Sioux children, who took turns in plying the paddle, and who worked as those work who race with death upon their heels.

They knew perfectly that two lines of runners, one upon either shore of the lake, would be launched after them to take up their trail wherever they should come to land; that they must fly—fly—fly if they would live.

The night favoured them, for there was no air stirring. There were no ripples upon the lake save those made by the water-fowl which rose flapping and squalling in their front.

The one who was not paddling sat in the bow watching for the ice-floes which endangered their frail craft. Zintkala's wound bled freely. A swan-shot had passed through her palm, and lodged under the skin upon the back of the left hand. She trailed the hand in cold water until the blood ceased to flow and thereafter the hurt troubled her little.

Two hours of swift paddling brought them under a bluff behind the Ojibwa village. By no possibility could runners coming around the lake reach this point before morning. The young Sioux had often heard the Ojibwas say it was a long day's run by the shore, and one way they could not come at all without boats because of a wide neck of water which connected with a very long lake.

So Zintkala and Etapa were very cautious in approaching the village. An old man, his wife, and their lame son, had been left to guard the wigwams. While the children were not afraid of being caught by these, the family might yet be on the alert, and so prevent them from securing the necessary bow and arrows.

However, they had no difficulty at all. The wigwams were silent and fireless when they arrived. Etapa recovered his bow and the arrows which he had cunningly stolen from the Crees, and Zintkala, from behind a certain piece of bark in the roof of 'Lizbet's lodge, took the awl, thread, and small articles she had hidden.

CHAPTER V.

INTO THE UNKNOWN COUNTRY.

WHEN they returned to the canoe, Etapa and Zintkala bore each a light, strong paddle, much easier to handle than the heavy one they had used, and had needed to use alternately. Their progress was now rapid. They sped faster than any one could have made



his way through the woods and tamarack swamps alongshore. They were elated. The night, the long lake, and the wilderness were before them, and when they were far beyond ear-shot of the village they talked freely and excitedly of their recent experiences. Etapa counted the little "mosquito bites" where the small shot had hit him, and found that ten or more of them had gone through his skin in various places. He felt proud of these wounds, and thought how he would show the scars when he had arrived at home!

And he would not have been a genuine little Sioux had he not boasted greatly of how he had darted the canoe out from under the leaper who sought to jump down upon them from the creek bank, and also of his exploit in stealing a quiver of arrows from the Crees—he had seven, finely toothed and feathered, and of superior wood—and of his adroitness in hiding his bow so that the Ojibwas had believed the Crees had stolen it.

And Zintkala, riding upon the smooth water, listened, well pleased with the sound of her own tongue again. So they paddled on, keeping The Dizzy People upon their right, and, most of the time, a faintly outlined shoreline upon the other hand.

They were not alone—far from it. On every hand were the puddling, quacking, squalling water-fowl. These rose at times in such numbers that the noise of their wings was as the voice of Wakinyan, the thunder god. There were many flashes of white wings sailing by, and strange voices, which startled them, came out of the night.

The steady dip-dip of the light paddles did not cease for an instant, and after a time the land shadows disappeared upon their left, and appeared upon their right. By this token they knew that they were entering the channel between the two lakes, and so turned their course southward. When they had left the headland they did not see the shoreline again, and they



had paddled until their arms were very weary, when a fog began to rise upon the lake. Soon this mist became so dense that the stars were obscured, and the little voyagers were literally at sea as to direction.

They paddled about for a time, much puzzled and distressed. This fog might well mean death to them, for, unless the lake were very long indeed, the Ojibwa runners might come within sight of them when the mist should lift with the rising sun. Soon the folly of continued paddling became apparent—for they might even be going back into the teeth of the enemy. Therefore they remained silent in the midst of silence, for the water-fowl seemed to have gone to sleep; only now and then a pair of wings flapped or a faint, contented chuckle sounded within their hearing. Soon, in spite of anxiety, sleep overcame the fugitives, and with blankets closely wrapped they lay upon the canoe's bottom.

When they awoke the sun had begun to glimmer from a height into the low mist which lay upon the lake. Instantly they seized their paddles and steered their canoe southward.

As the sun rose higher a light fog still hung over the lake, and overhead the sky was hazy also. This made the hearts of the paddlers glad, for they knew the atmosphere would not clear until a breeze came. There would be opportunity to land their canoe without danger of observation if they should arrive at the shoreline within a reasonable time. Though their canoe could still be seen at a long bow-shot's distance, the chance that an Ojibwa should be within sight was too small to give them uneasiness.

The rise of water-fowl in its front as the canoe advanced would, in clear weather, have marked its progress for many miles to keen eyes on the lookout. At a little distance, however, the mists swallowed all these hurtling crowds of birds.

After paddling for some length of time, the voyagers were alarmed by hearing a medley of strange noises in their front. Shrill outcries, whoops of wild laughter, screams, groans, and gruntings, came to their ears out of the fog.

At first the children were much alarmed, fancying that they heard a multitude of the strange spirits of the Ojibwas. They ceased paddling and were in doubt as to what course they should pursue. They were thus hesitating in silence, fearing to converse together, when a bevy of big white-winged birds appeared, skimming low over the water. These screamed and laughed in a manner which left no doubt as to the origin of the alarming noises. Whole tribes of these strange whoopers, white, grey and black, now came yelling through the fog. Some of these birds alighted upon the water, cocked great red and yellow eyes at the canoes, and then rose and

flew away with odd cries and yells of shrill, mocking laughter.

All this was most astonishing to the Sioux children, to whom these noisy Arctic birds were wholly unknown. In the unknown there is always mystery to the Indian, and the boy and girl looked at each other, and spoke in low tones, in much amazement.

They resumed their paddling and held their direction mechanically while their eyes were for the birds. Presently they began to encounter ice-floes, and upon these melting, spongy masses the strange birds were gathered in great numbers and their antics gave fresh cause for wonder. They certainly acted strangely. Some fluttered their wings, holding them grotesquely aloft as buzzards do, while their huge bills gaped threateningly; others seemed to be executing a dance, crooking their necks and hopping from one foot to the other, while others strutted with a great show of fierceness; and each seemed to vie with another in screeching, laughing, scolding or grunting, until the ears were pierced with their outcries. Barring the fact that they wot not of the comparison, the onlookers might have fancied themselves sitting in a gallery of the Inferno.

"Do look, younger brother!" Zintkala exclaimed presently. "On this one side the people are really dancing the buffalo dance."

Etapá turned his face, as directed, toward an ice-field upon his left. Near at hand, a group of birds were certainly prancing, hopping, jumping and posing their wings and bodies in such impossible attitudes as suggested a violent dance of the Dakotas. The birds were very probably quarrelling over the carcass of a fish which each wished the privilege of pecking out of the ice for its individual benefit.

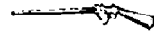
"Older sister," said Etapá, with conviction, "these people will surely go to war. It is the buffalo scalp dance."

The children spoke naturally of these birds as "people." All animals, to the Indian, in his native state, are a mysterious folk. Some are sent by the Great Spirit to furnish food and clothing, others to harass and annoy and perhaps to cast an evil spell, and yet others to furnish warning and instruction.

"It may be, brother," ventured Zintkala, "that Wakinyan has sent these strange warriors to protect us from the enemy."

"Ho, Tanké!" cried Etapá, "I think that is so."

At any rate, they declared, it was evident that these scolding birds were debating what should be done to some very bad people, and there could be none worse than the Rara-ton-wan (Ojibwa).



Thus, seeing the birds apparently well disposed toward themselves, they took comfort from their mysterious conduct, supposing it might mean confusion to their enemies. Therefore Etapa addressed the terns and laughing gulls as follows :

"Ho, you birds, you strange ones, you are very mysterious. Any one can see that you have a great medicine. Therefore we desire greatly that you shall help us, so that you shall all shout very mysteriously at the enemy. If you will do so for us he shall not find our trail."

When a whooping outcry arose among some gulls, at the close of this speech, the children were quite certain these birds had understood and would try to help them.

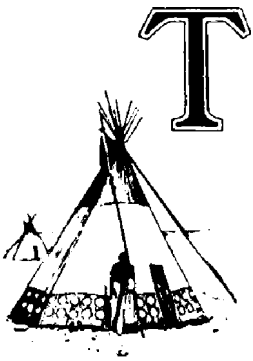
Thus, with hearts comforted, the little voyagers paddled on amid a whooping tumult until suddenly there loomed in the fog a line of skeleton tree-tops and shore was near at hand. They hastened joyfully to land, for they were getting woefully hungry, and must travel, hiding their trail, a good distance in the woods before they would dare to stop and build a fire.

The shore they now approached was gorged with ice, a high north wind having driven the ice-fields upon it, piling huge white masses on the beach, and hoisting fresh walls of sand and gravel.

Very cunningly the voyagers came to land amid this debris. They left the canoe overturned at the edge of a gorge, that it might drift with wind and wave, and scrambled over the honey-combed masses until they could pass to hard ground upon the trunk of a fallen tree. Then, bearing their small bundles, they launched themselves into the wilderness of woods.

CHAPTER VI.

THE DANGER OF DELAYS.



THROUGH alternate growths of hard woods and pines the little voyagers passed on until they walked unsteadily from fatigue. As much as possible they kept to the hard ridges and stony ground, avoiding spots where mouldy vegetation or moist earth might leave a trace of footprints.

They had no set plan other than to travel southward with all the speed possible, for in that direction lay the Minnesota River and a narrowing strip of territory still occupied by Dakotas. They knew nothing of the country which lay

before them, for the Assiniboins had carried them over the prairie regions far to westward, and the Ojibwa had brought them eastward over a country partly wooded.

Despite hunger and weariness they felt a mounting sense of freedom with each step which carried them further from a hated drudgery among a despised people. They did not feel that they were alone, for squirrels barked and birds chirruped among the trees. Now and then a startled deer stood at gaze for an instant, and then sailed gracefully away among the tree trunks. Overhead, too, a myriad folk called down to them out of the hazy sky, and there was a cheery whistle of wings above the tree-tops as flights of small ducks passed from one wild rice lake to another.

After a time they neared one of these marsh lakes, where there was a deafening uproar of water-fowl tumbling in and out of the reedy swamp.

"Younger brother," said Zintkala, "I think you must now kill some birds. I faint with hunger."

"Stay here, sister; I will do so," answered the boy. He dropped all burdens but his bow; then, breaking some straight, hollow reeds from the edge of a bayou near at hand, and selecting some pebbles from the lakeshore, he sat down, and with the aid of some pieces of pack-thread manufactured several arrows. This he did by fitting small stones into the split end of his reeds.

These were primitive weapons, yet the lad passed around among the bushes, approached the lakeshore near to where the flocks were feeding, and easily killed a couple of fat ducks.

Zintkala had, in their raid upon the sugar-camp, secured 'Lizbet's small hoard of matches as well as flint and steel, and she had a small fire going when Etapa returned.

Although desperately hungry, Etapa was the warrior in miniature. He allowed Zintkala to dress the ducks and roast them the while he whittled at a bit of hardwood, with tiny transverse holes, fitting one hollow with a reed stem that he might have a pipe wherewith to smoke to the earth, the sky, and thunder spirits. He had no tobacco, but pulverised willow bark makes a sweet smoke, and is thus a proper incense offering.

By the time his pipe was finished the ducks, spitted upon two sticks, were roasted, and the children attacked them smoking hot. Ah, how good to bury the teeth in that sweet meat! They ate ravenously, panting with enjoyment, until every bone was clean picked.

"Younger brother, you should have killed another," said Zintkala.

Etapa looked at the scattered bones regretfully.

Just then a squirrel barked near at hand. "See, brother, shoot--shoot!" said Zintkala, pointing her finger to a tree beyond him.

Etapa turned about, and saw a large grey squirrel upon a limb near to the ground. The saucy creature was barking at five or six steps' distance. The boy cautiously took up his bow and a reed arrow, and, a few minutes later, bunny was spitted over a bed of embers.

While the squirrel was cooking, the brother and sister took account of their bundles of effects. Each had come off with a grey blanket and a parflèche (whole-skin sack) of buckskin. Etapa besides, had secured, with a tomahawk, a roll of pieces of buckskin, tanned moose hide, bundles of sinews, and of pack thread. Zintkala had retained 'Lizbet's long knife, and had seized upon various small and useful articles in her apartment at the sugar-camp—a bag of work threads, odds and ends and ornamental bits, a hank of buckskin strings, and, best of all, a small metal basin in which she would be able to cook meat and roots when they should really make a camp.

When they had finished the squirrel they were very tired and sleepy. They reclined upon their blankets, intending to rest a brief time longer. Sleep seized upon them in a twinkling, and the sun had passed the zenith before either pair of eyes had opened.

They were rather cross when they awoke, and each was inclined to find fault with the other for remissness. But they packed their small bundles quickly, and, strapping them to their shoulders, hurried away from a camp which hunger and fatigue had certainly made an imprudent one.

The unknown lake stretched for an unknown distance upon their left, and they were thus compelled, much against their will, to turn to the east. They avoided the lakeshore, and kept to the woods.

They had walked a considerable distance when they came upon a fresh difficulty—a black and barren tract, recently desolated by a forest fire, lay before them. Across this they must go or turn back, and attempt going around the lake to westward. Thus there was but a choice of evils, and the little voyagers, after sage counselling together, elected to go ahead.

They could not fail to leave tracks upon the dust of the burned ground, but they took what precaution they might to alleviate the danger of being seen by some trailer or stray hunter while they were crossing. Etapa climbed a tree upon the edge of the tract, and scanned the reaches of the burned district closely. Seeing nothing to

alarm he descended, and the two made up their bundles and wrapped their blankets in a peculiar way about their bodies. Then, stooping until their heads were low to the ground, half walking, half crawling, they went one behind the other, imitating the movements of mato-sapa, the black bear.

By this means they hoped to escape the dangers of a chase, should any hunter come within sight. For at this season the black bear was little but skin and bone and ill-temper, and the Indian hunter usually avoided the animal. There was no one there to judge of their imitative performance, yet it may be set down as certain that the average hunter, seeing at a distance those dark grey figures, ambling among the blackened stumps, would have adjudged them bears, and would have passed on to the chase of more desirable game.

A half hour of this kind of going proved a wearisome business and the little Sioux were overjoyed when they had again safely reached the shelter of woods and bush, where they could straighten the kinks out of their backs.

They were yet for a time forced to travel eastward by the trend of the lake shore. They did not know it, but they were now entering a region famous for its wild rice lakes, and never in one day had they seen so many water-fowl. Great flights were passing to and fro overhead and the murmur and spatter of them came up from the lake in continuous accompaniment to their walk. Now and then, in response to some sudden alarm or impulse, clouds of birds would rise from the water with a roar of wings which was simply astonishing.

"Hoye, Tanké!" Etapa would shout, forgetting caution in this tremendous din. "Magak-sicka ota-ota!" (Hey, older sister, ducks are wonderfully plenty!)

An hour or two before sunset the children reached a southward trend of the lake, and, coming upon a low ridge, saw before them another burned tract which had been swept bare of trees. But this district had been desolated some years previously, and was grown to young jack pines and other bush to an average height above the voyagers' heads.

They betook themselves to the bush joyously. It was exactly such covert as they would have chosen until assured of safety from pursuit. Within this cove they felt the security of rabbits in a warren of hazel bush.

Towards sunset they came upon an open grass plat where the last year's dry "fog" lay thick upon the ground and a small clear brook ran through the midst. Here they were tempted to rest and, having carefully examined the thickets

mime, but Etapa stood up boldly and addressed the moose.

"I know you, bull moose," he said. "You are a good fighter, but you have no horns and I do not fear you. With my knife, should you attack, I could cut your skin in small pieces. We are not at war at this season, O bull moose! Your flesh is poor and you have no back fat; therefore let us make a peace. I will cut some willow bark and you shall smoke with me."

"O BULL MOOSE! I WILL CUT SOME
WILLOW BARK AND YOU SHALL SMOKE
WITH ME."

near by until they had found dry and charred wood which would make little or no smoke, they determined to camp for the night. It truly seemed that no one could find them in this bush land.

Yet they were soon startled by a crashing among the small pines and were about to scud away when they distinguished the footfalls of some large animal, and, squatting upon the grass, awaited its appearance with anxiety. The creature came toward them and broke from cover at a little distance. It was a huge and hornless bull moose, which, catching sight of strange creatures upon the grass, stood at gaze with its ungainly muzzle reared, and half-grunted, half-snorted, mingling fear with threat.

Zintkala feared the big animal was about to attack, and counselled flight in alarmed panto-





But the moose did not stay to smoke. He stood throughout the harangue gazing in continued astonishment; then, having concluded that there was nothing to fear or to further interest in these small bipeds, he moved indifferently away.

"Older sister," said Etapa, "we shall not build a fire until after Wi (the sun) is hidden; therefore make yourself to rest. I will make some arrows and kill geese."

So the sister lay at ease upon a luxurious bed of dry grass while the brother cut straight willow rods for his arrows and searched the bed of the brook for fitting stones with which to head them. When he had weapons enough the boy approached the lake shore, creeping among the shrub and the still standing grass. Some white-faced geese which he had heard continuously flapping their wings and gabbling, were sitting upon the sand or puddling in the shallow water near at hand. Etapa succeeded in stealing within a few steps of one of these, and buried a jagged shaft in its side. Before the bird could struggle into the water and while a hundred others rose flapping and squalling above its head, the lad pounced upon his game with a little whoop of triumph. It was the first time he had killed magá, the wild goose.

Zintkala also was highly pleased with the young hunter's success. An hour or so later, while they were making savoury roasts of their goose meat, their evening was rounded out by another adventure.

While eating and talking in low tones, their acute ears caught a light patter of footfalls, and, looking about, they saw a shadowy figure flit across the fire-lit grass plat. It was sung-manitu, the wolf, and the brother and sister looked at each other inquiringly.

"Why is this one come to us?" they asked each other, and neither could give an answer. They were not afraid. The wolf does not attack people at their camp-fires—never at all unless driven by maddening hunger. Neither, in the Dakota belief, does this animal, which is invested with sacred and supernatural qualities, approach near to human beings except to convey information or warning from the higher powers of intelligence.

Therefore these children ceased eating and sat in hushed expectancy, awaiting the further movements of sung-manitu. Every slightest rustle of bush or twig fell upon their ears as the animal moved, now here, now there, keeping within the toss of a stone of their camp-fire. Occasionally the wolf stopped stock still, as if listening intently, and their ears were filled only with the distant spatter and gabble of water-

fowl. Then sung-manitu moved again, and they heard nothing else.

Presently the animal came into the open upon the side opposite to where it had just been seen, and, sitting upon its haunches, looked intently toward the silent watchers and their fire. Its grey outlines, its lighter coloured forelegs, its pointed nose and ears, and a fire flicker of reflection in its eyes, were plainly visible. Thus it sat, solemn and motionless, seeming to convey to the voyagers some occult message of the wilderness. So they accepted its action, listening and looking with all their souls to interpret the signs.

When the wolf finally trotted into the bushes, going away from the lake, and passed beyond earshot, the brother and sister again looked at each other with deep inquiry. "I think—" said Etapa. "I think—" repeated Zintkala, but neither of them got any further, and they resumed eating in a ruminant mood. They finally rolled themselves in their blankets, saying nothing and much puzzled by the conduct of sung-manitu.

Their bed was dry marsh grass, their roof a low sky set with stars, and their lullaby the tumultuous murmur of a million water-fowl.

They awoke in the pale twilight of a morning which the pen hesitates to set forth—a spring morning of the north land—a morning with a clear, near sky, a soft, cool air, pine-scented, fresh with the breath of pure waters and beat upon by the wings and cries of a myriad of migrators. The emotions of any creature with five senses are stirred by such a morning. Its air is breathed as a tonic and the pulse is quickened with a desire for exertion.

As by common impulse the Sioux children separated, and, each seeking a bath pool, stripped and splashed in the cold water of the brook with an enjoyment whetted by long abstinence from the privilege. When they returned to their camp each was filled with elation and excitement, and they would dearly have liked a noisy race upon the lake shore, but there was caution to observe and breakfast to obtain; for some sly creature had made away with the remains of their goose during the night.

Upon going to look for game, Etapa found the birds all out at sea. But there were many fish running in the brook, and, affixing Zintkala's long knife to the end of a pole, the boy quickly killed enough for a breakfast.

During the meal some ducks alighted, squalling, upon the beach where he had looked for them. As that day's journey must take them into the woods again, where there might be no

lakes and streams harbouring game, Etapa stole to the waterfront to try for a shot.

His first arrow was effective in knocking over two small ducks, but when he ran to pick them up the lad made a discovery which turned him cold from head to feet. *There were fresh mocasin tracks upon the sand of the beach.*

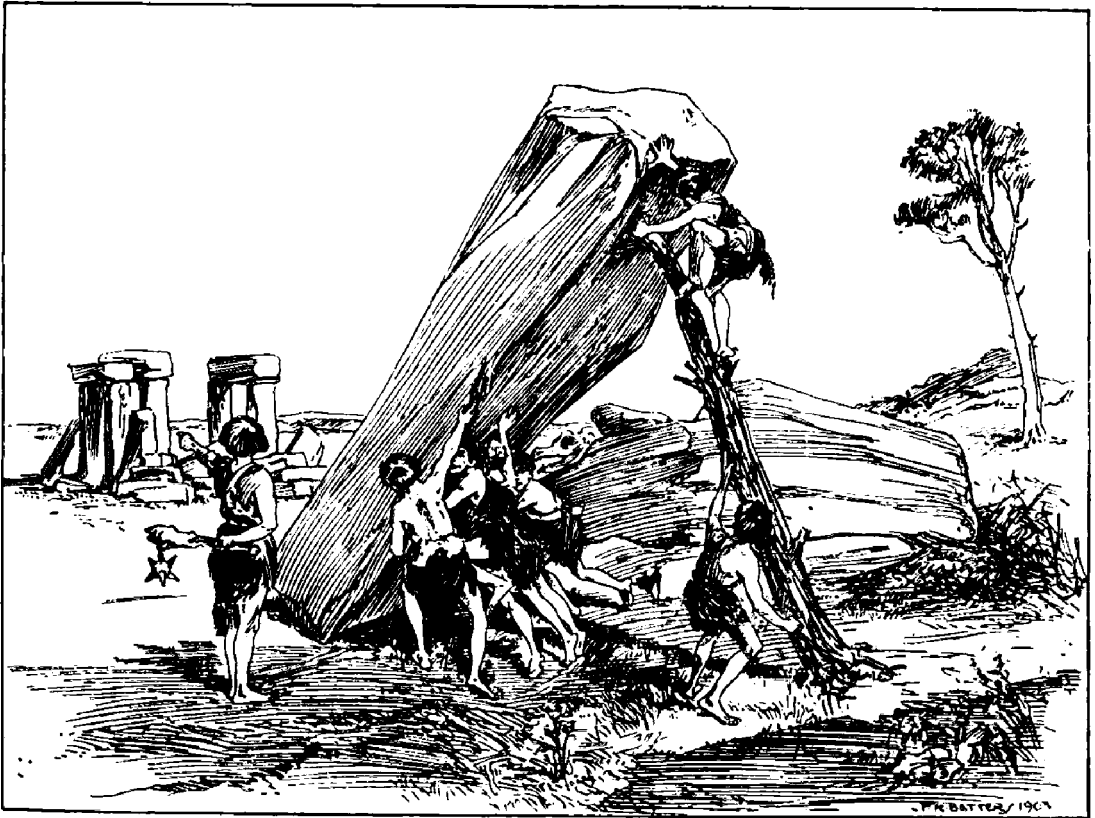
Three men had passed that morning, doubtless before himself and Zintkala were awake, certainly before the light had come, else they would have discovered his own tracks where he had chased the goose. When he had recovered from surprise and dismay, Etapa stepped quickly back to the cover of overhanging bush.

This boy was possessed of a keen intelligence and the gifts of intuition which the wilderness bestows upon its children. Therefore the situation quickly shaped itself in his mind. From a slight elevation the evening before he had noted

that a bog marsh, leading back to a tamarack swamp, extended as far as the eye could reach upon his left. He had perceived that he was making his way along a neck between this swamp and the lake. What if the marsh were merely an arm of the lake crooked back from some point in advance!

His eye scanned the shore-line. Yes, it was so -away down the nearly regular inward curve birds were flying to and fro, apparently going in and out of some tall, pine woods. Those birds were following an arm of the marsh. How foolish he had been not to think of this before! He had run into a trap. He had been trailed across the burned ground and marked down as hiding somewhere between swamp and lake. At that moment he hazarded no guess in the swift conclusion that he and Zintkala-Zi were hemmed in by Tall Gun's Ojibwa trailers.

(To be continued.)



THE DOUBTFUL ORIGIN OF PUSHBALL.

By F. R. Batters.

"The Captain" Photographic Gallery.

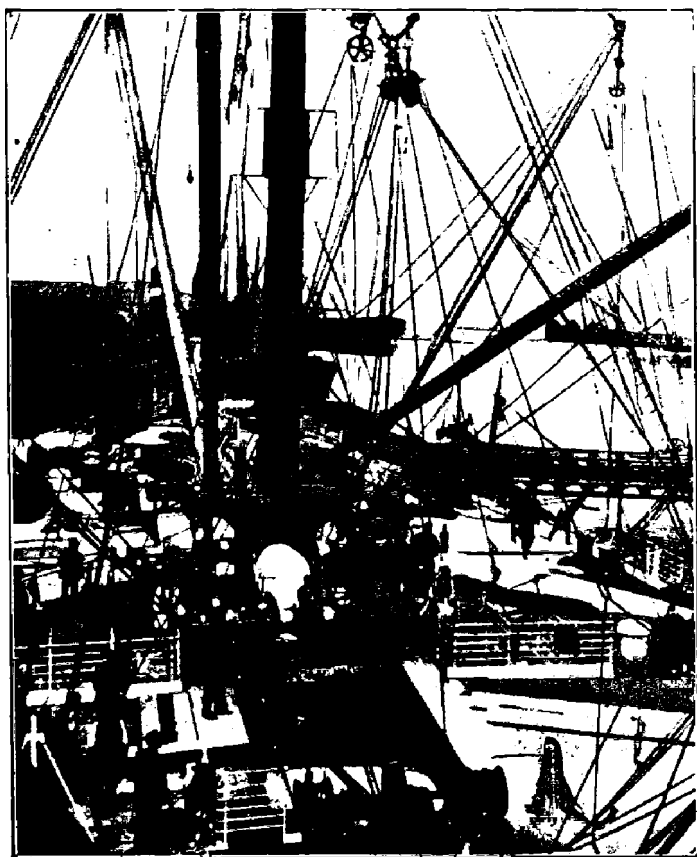
*Being a Selection of photographs entered for
our Competition.*



By A. E. Radford.

RAMSEY HARBOUR.

Nottingham.



UNLOADING THE WHITE STAR LINER "CEDRIC" AT LIVERPOOL.
By Frank W. Wright, Sheffield.



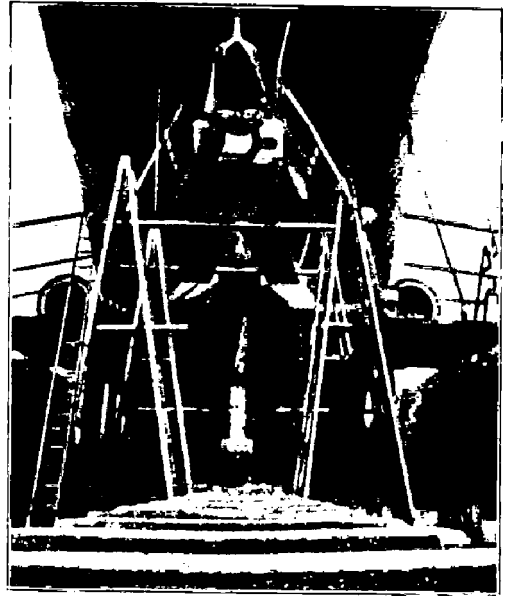
SUMMER FLOWERS

A photo taken on an Imperial (Ordinary), and
printed on (white) solio matte.

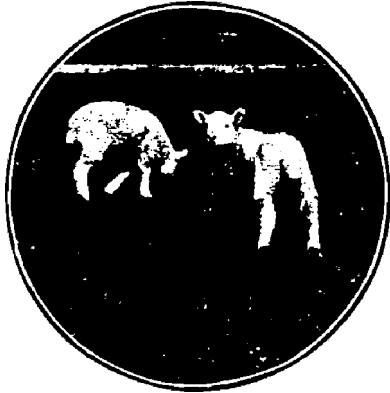
By T. Llewellyn, Hornsey.



SIR WALTER SCOTT'S MONUMENT, EDINBURGH.
By Nellie Bancroft, Derby.



THE STERN VIEW OF AN ATLANTIC LINER, BEFORE
THE RUDDER AND PROPELLERS ARE SHIPPED.
By W. A. Mann, Liverpool.



"TWINS."
By J. Richardson.



MOORHEN'S NEST.
H. Mayo Bateman.



"CAPTAIN."
John Polson.



By John Gray.

EVENING.

Alloway, N.B.



A
By G.

DAISY,
Maddison.

A PROUD MOTHER,
By Vaughan Angus.



By S. Chicot.

LEAP-FROG.

Cardiff.



By F. R. Willis.

WILD FLOWERS.

Cheltenham.



THE CYCLING CORNER.

ON PRESENCE OF MIND WHILE CYCLING.

By CHARLES H. LARRETTE.

IT was my misfortune recently to be the first on the scene after a fatal accident in Richmond Park. A gentleman was descending a steep and tortuous hill on the southern side of the Park, and, apparently, disregarding the warning notice on the summit, had allowed his bicycle to get out of hand. He failed to pass one of the bends, and dashing against an oak tree was killed on the spot. The hill is by no means one which would be regarded as dangerous, as compared with many, and can be safely ridden by an experienced cyclist who is mounted on a properly-equipped machine.

A Rusty Machine and a Fatal Fall.

From the condition of the unfortunate gentleman it was obvious to me that he was not an experienced rider, as was stated at the inquest, since he was not mounted on a properly-equipped bicycle. The rusty state of his cycle told its own tale. A practical cyclist always takes care that the vital parts of his machine, such as the bearings, chain, and brake joints, are always well lubricated and adjusted. The inference I draw is that, when on the steeper part of the hill, where the gradient is 1 in 8, he found that his brake, a plunger, would not act, and, when he found he could not control the machine, "lost his head," and consequently his steerage.

Hunting and Wheeling: A Comparison.

Presence of mind is an absolute essential to safety when cycling, equally as much so, I think, as in the hunting field, and knowing the hill well, I feel sure, if my diagnosis of the case is correct, the fatality would not have happened had the deceased

gentleman retained his. Who, I would ask, save, of course, a very expert horseman, would venture out for a day's hunting in a strange country on a horse with which he was quite unacquainted? Very few, I think, yet we find cyclists by the hundred with no technical knowledge of machines venturing out on the veriest

"Rattletraps,"

which are almost certain to fail them should they get into any position where a little presence of mind is absolutely necessary. I can only attribute the comparatively few serious accidents to inexperienced riders, in thick traffic or down dangerously steep hills, to the fact that such people have no idea of the tremendous risks they are running, and, consequently, do not lose their presence of mind when, perhaps, a more experienced person, in a similar predicament, would do so.

Have a Machine You Can Trust.

I do not mind owning I have repeatedly seen ladies taking risks which I would not take, especially in the most crowded thoroughfares, and where the surface of the road is covered with greasy mud, as is too often the case when the tram lines, which are now spreading, octopus-like, round every town of any size in the country, have been freshly watered. There are, of course, some accidents which are unavoidable, but, in my humble opinion, a very large proportion of those which befall cyclists would not happen if at critical moments riders could retain their presence of mind. "But how can I do so?" I fancy I hear myself asked on all sides. In the first place I would remind our readers

that the successful horseman has always confidence in his steed. He knows what it can do and what risks he can take with it. He becomes, as a matter of fact, part and parcel of the horse. So it should be with the cyclist. I am often told I am too fidgety about my cycles, but I will not ride a machine at anything like a fast pace, especially down hills, unless the handles and saddle are in the position to which I have accustomed myself.

Thirty Years' Experience.

What is the result? In a cycling career extending over thirty years I have never had but one serious accident, and that was through being knocked off one of the obsolete, but very comfortable, high bicycles, by a dog. I absolutely could not ride in the position adopted by a large number of lady cyclists, *i.e.*, right over the crank bearings, and so high up that the toes can barely reach the pedals. In case members of this class were called upon to dismount suddenly, to avoid danger, they would have some difficulty in doing so, and finding oneself absolutely helpless, in "a tight corner," requires plenty of nerve and resource, if presence of mind is to be retained. But there is this to be said: those to whom I specially allude really ride very little, or, I fear, far more accidents would be recorded.

Newspaper Carriers.

The most wonderful riders I know are the newspaper carriers. It is really only cyclists of experience who can estimate their wonderful riding, through the thickest traffic and over the most slippery roads, at its true value. Yet the secret of it is merely self-confidence. Take a bicycle that is used by one of these lads, and though it may be covered with mud you will find every bearing, especially that of the steering pillar, and the chain, in perfect adjustment and well lubricated. There is nothing about it that gives the slightest cause for anxiety, and the man and machine become practically one. Hence the daring of these lads, which, after all, is only self-confidence. Our young riders, both male and female, should give far more study to this important matter than they do at present.

Don't Ride a Cheap and Nasty Machine.

I cannot close my eyes to the fact that since '97 and '98, when society made cycling one of its pet crazes, long distance riding has been gradually falling away. One by one, the old enthusiasts of the 'seventies or 'eighties are giving up, and there is

no one to fill their places. No doubt our fair sisters are responsible in some measure for this, but, unless I am much out of my reckoning, more is due to the low-priced bicycles which the demand brought forth. What confidence can even an experienced cyclist have in a machine which he can hardly trust, at any pace, on level and good roads? Again, should a machine of this class get out of hand on a big hill, the nerves of the most practical man would be likely to fail him—because he cannot trust his mount.

Comfort Means Confidence.

To attempt to give advice as to the correct position from which to derive the greatest comfort, which simply means confidence, out of cycling, is an unthankful task. A boy, as a rule, is carefully taught how to ride a horse, but only in a few of the most up-to-date cycling schools is similar attention paid to the pupils. They are allowed to pick up the art as they can. The machine is held up till the novice has acquired the art of balancing, and that is about all; consequently it is rarely that you find two cyclists who ride alike. Again, the construction of machines differs. I have recently been trying a new pattern Rudge-Whitworth, and though it is undoubtedly a very fast, easy-running machine, I am not comfortable on it, while a young friend, who has had some racing experience, says he never wants a better bicycle. I like the peak of my saddle 3 inches behind a vertical line drawn upwards from the crank bracket, and if I fix it so on the "R.-W." I am too far away from my handles, unless I ride in a bent-down position. I am a great believer also in a short reach, *viz.*, the arch of the foot should, if required, be able to press heavily on the pedal when it is the farthest away.

A Word to Girl Riders.

I have carefully noted the position assumed by our long-distance road racers. They invariably use a short reach and sit well back, thus having the machine under more perfect control than if they sat high. I am afraid I shall incur the wrath of some of our fair friends for thus recommending a position which they will term ungraceful. But if they would only accustom themselves to it they would bless, rather than the other thing, one whose advice, if taken, would ensure them self-confidence and give them far more pleasure in our sport. Again, there are saddles

and saddles, and one that is really comfortable and properly adjusted is a necessity. It may be said that I am wandering from my text, but it is not so, as anything which enables one to resist fatigue and increase his comfort tends to increase his (or her) presence of mind, which is the more likely to

fail when the body is exhausted. Nothing, however, is more calculated to upset one's presence of mind than to have no confidence in your cycle. Even a well-fitting pair of shoes play their own little part, and add materially to the pleasure of a long day's ride.

TOLLINGTONIAN GYMNASTS.



Photo by A. J. Chapman.

Through the kindness of Mr. P. H. Johnson, the editor of the *Tollingtonian*, we are enabled to reproduce a very attractive group of gymnasts selected from the boys at Tollington Schools, Muswell Hill. This is a most important and popular branch of the sports side of these schools. The photograph represents the team which gave the gymnastic display at Holloway

Hall, North London, in May of this year. So popular did the celebration prove that a large sum was handed to Mr. Bates, the Treasurer of the Sports Fund. Mr. R. Pulton, assisted by two old boys, G. W. Clutterbuck and A. Griffith, acts as gymnastic instructor, and his efforts and those of his assistants have been crowned with success.



A LIVELY VOYAGE:

SOME TRUE ADVENTURES IN THE NORTH PACIFIC.

BY D. F. SETON-CARRUTHERS.

ILLUSTRATED BY E. S. HODGSON.



SOME eight years ago I was in San Francisco, and had visited that city in the almost certain hope of making a fortune. Had things turned out as anticipated, I should have cleared a million dollars and returned to the land of my birth per one of those gorgeously-a-p-

pointed trans-continental "limiteds" mostly affected by the enormously rich—that is, as far as New York—and completed the journey in an especially reserved upper-deck outside cabin in the *Compania*, or some other Atlantic crack. As it was, I sorrowfully, and with great care, counted and recounted the few shekels an adverse fortune had left me out of the wreck of the venture in which I had staked my all, and came to the conclusion that, unless I preferred returning like the Prodigal Son—and there was no certainty of the fatted calf in my case—I had better defer my journey for a while. The hotel I had inhabited while flirting so desperately with Madame Chance was well appointed, and possessed all the modern conveniences and inconveniences—including a high and elaborate tariff. Fifteen dollars a day *and* extras! When, however, my entire available assets amounted to something under forty dollars, I considered it no longer necessary—nor expedient—to live a life of luxury, but absolutely essential to seek more humble quarters. Something about fifteen dollars a month, inclu-

sive! And I got accommodated, too, at that rate, at a spick and span water-side boarding-house. If it had not been for the tobacco-juice stains describing drunken hieroglyphics at intervals of inches and half inches over the floors and lower portions of the walls, and the museum of insects that shared the house with us, life would have been quite tolerable. As it was, it was far from monotonous. My two-legged co-inhabitants were mostly sailor-men of the better class; masters and mates, and engineers, etc.—Americans chiefly, with a sprinkling of Britishers and an occasional Dago from the South. The latter were preferable at a distance. I am not and never have been a sailor, though my knowledge of the sea and those who sail it is extensive and varied. I have a slight knowledge of navigation—acquired during a period of youthful enthusiasm while on a six months' cruise in my cousin's yacht—the *Irene* that was. Further, I am possessed of any amount of that truly British characteristic—adaptability.

My object in selecting a boarding-house used by sea-faring men was twofold: first, on the grounds of economy, and secondly, because I intended to make an opportunity of securing a cheap passage to Vancouver, B.C., and from there to the Yukon. Rumours were just beginning to reach the Pacific Slope at that time of the vast stores of wealth hidden in those ice-bound regions. Vague and fabulous as all first accounts are, they were none the less inspiring because of that. I had sweated in the temperate zones and grilled in the tropics in vain and profitless efforts, and it struck me that I might just as well try freezing in the vicinity of the Pole in yet another attempt. It couldn't very well be more disastrous than the last, while there was always the hope and chance of success. I had made up my mind to get there,

and it was useless to think of paying for a passage, as by the time I had disposed of my useless impedimenta—silk pyjamas, silver-backed brushes, and other vanities of civilisation—my cash assets amounted to 380 dols:—say £77 roughly—and I wanted every penny of that for my outfit and stores. The journey couldn't be done on foot—there were too many natural obstacles: such as mountains, lakes and rivers. Besides, the distance was great. Just how or in what manner I was going to secure a free passage I had not the slightest idea on entering the house; but I had made up my mind to manage it, and I trusted to chance and a little able-bodied push to provide the opportunity.

I had been there eight days when Captain William H. Bolt arrived with his kit bag and a very worried expression. He had had a bad time of it all the way from Costa Rica, an indolent half-mutinious crew, whom he could not get his mates to assist him in licking into shape, poor freights, and a collision just outside the Golden Gates, which necessitated a week in dock for repairs, and had "wiped out every cent of the profits." That is the gist of the tale he told us at tea the night of his arrival. When I learned he was bound for Seattle, and intended to call at Victoria, and might go on to Alaska, I became as his shadow. He was quick to note the sympathy and interest with which I listened to his tales of woe and loss, also he appreciated my tobacco highly—his own stock had got slightly damaged by salt water, but he still persisted with it though glad of a change. One morning, shortly after his arrival, I was indulging in a little revolver practice in the back lot; six empty egg-shells swinging on strings against a dead wall formed my target, the range about twenty-five yards and the weapon my pet Smith and Wesson. I had broken five and then four out of the half dozen in as many successive shots, and had just remade my target with the last shells at my disposal, set them swinging, scampered back to the 25 yard mark, and was in the act of pulling the trigger, when I became aware I had an audience. I instantly lowered my weapon and glanced round. It was Captain Bolt, who, bidding me not to mind him but go right ahead, drew up by my side. Glancing at the still-moving shells, he wanted to know how many shots I could smash one in. I told him. He whistled and observed he would like to see me do it. They were almost still, but as he made no objection I raised my revolver half way above my head and then slowly brought it down to the level of the target and fired the six shots in rapid succession and luckily smashed the lot.

"Say, young man, you kin shoot some." And then regretfully, "Guess I wish I'd had you with me last trip—a little exhibition like that, and those skunks for'ard would have been a little per-liter, I reckon."

"Well, take me along this trip, and I'll handle that crew of yours and smarten 'em up a bit, if they're the biggest set of larrikins that ever signed on."

He looked me up and down a moment, stroking his sparse beard, and then asked quickly, "What's your ratin'?"

"Oh, I'll sign on as Second or Third—I'm not particular, as it's only for the run, and I don't think we shall quarrel over the pay."

He looked queerly at me as I concluded, and I gathered afterwards that he thought I was in some kind of trouble and anxious to quit the city. But American skippers of coasting tramps are not burdened with scruples: besides, he saw a chance of driving a hard bargain and took it. I smiled amiably all the time the haggling was going on; whatever he beat me down to was clear profit; for, at a push, I was prepared to give my services in return for my grub and passage. But I kept that fact to myself. Consequently, when the bargain was struck we were both pleased. I signed on at ordinary seaman's pay with the rating of third mate—that's why he smiled. Mine came in over the fact that I was getting paid to go exactly where I wanted to go.

Now a word about the ship *Daphne* by name. She was a big, three-masted, topsail schooner of 400 tons; that is, square-rigged on the foremast and fore-and-aft on the main and mizzen, all three of which were—to English eyes—unusually high, and carried an enormous spread of canvas. The hull, too, was after the most approved American model—long, a trifle low in the water, and with rather less beam than I cared for. In her youth she'd had the reputation of being able to "walk," and even then she could do ten knots and more. The crew were a mongrel lot—the sweepings of the Pacific ports, and game for anything from stealing a plug of tobacco to mutiny and murder. The first mate was a meek, timid man, who had lost his nerve—he had been wrecked and cast away in an open boat for ten days, and the horrors of that ghastly period were ever before him. A capful of wind and the rumble of the distant surf would make him tremble as if with ague. But he was a splendid navigator, and knew every current and reef of that dangerous coast. The second mate might have been im-

proved upon, but as he died at his post he re-deemed himself completely. The captain was two-thirds owner, and addicted to drink; also he knew as much about navigation and the handling of his ship as I did. She had never carried a "third" before, and I found the position rather an anomalous one—two-thirds A.B. and one-third officer. I had to do all the work of a seaman plus what the officers shirked—which was everything possible—and my own duties in addition. All things considered, I think I can safely say I earned my pay. There was one other person of importance on board, and I must tender my sincere apologies to her and the charming sex to which she belongs for mentioning her so late in the day. That was Miss Dolly, the old man's sixteen-year-old daughter, possessed of the air and worldly wisdom of a woman of forty, the will of a strong man, and a face and figure which were piquant and attractive. She was there to "tend poppa," as she explained to me, and to keep him in the straight and narrow path. Her other duties were to keep the ship's books and collect and pay all dues. Incidentally, she held the keys of the store rooms and spirit lockers, which contained the hollands.

I signed on five days before the date of sailing, and sent my belongings on board as soon as the ship was out of dock. But I did not go aboard until she was loaded up, clear of the quayside, and at anchor in the fairway. I might not be much of a sailor, but I knew enough to dodge the toil and scurry of taking in cargo, etc. So did the "old man." He got comfortably drunk and went to sleep on the sofa in the common room of the boarding-house. I adjourned to my old hotel to collect any letters there might be for me, and to give an address in Victoria to which later ones might be forwarded, and then strolled up to the chief cable office to send a despatch six thousand miles across land and sea to the dingy offices of my London solicitors requesting them to remit £100 per cable to Victoria within six days. That done, I stood myself a swagger lunch and a choice cigar, and loafed about the hotel vestibule until nearly five.

On my way shorewards I called at a gunsmith's and replenished my stock of ammunition. I thought a plentiful supply might come in handy. I got on board about six. My reception was a mixed one. The first mate was all nervous smiles and amiability. The second mate looked me up and down, nodded curtly, spat on the deck within an inch of my white shoes, and passed on. I instantly determined to make him sit up within the next twenty-four hours. The crew seemed to have no particular part of the deck set aside

for them, but were loafing about all over it in twos and threes. Some glanced casually up at me and resumed their conversation with sublime indifference, others nudged one another and grinned. I mentally placed a rod in pickle for them also. Then I dived below. The skipper was sobering up on strong coffee and lemon juice and in a towering rage. As a new hand, I was unaware of his peculiarities, and dropped in for a round of stinging abuse. As I was preparing suitable replies, Miss Dolly entered the cabin. Her appearance was a complete surprise, for up to that moment I did not know of her existence. Naturally she had not stayed at the boarding-house, which was for men only, and the old man had never so much as alluded to her.

"My darter Dolly—Carruthers, our Third," he pronounced, by way of explanatory introduction, with a back and forward wave of his hand. The old villain grinned, too—chiefly over the title, I think. But Miss Dolly smiled pleasantly and stared me straight in the eyes as she held out her hand. She clinched on my fingers vigorously and curtly remarked, "You'll do." The remark or criticism, or whatever it was, was thoroughly American, but—embarrassingly direct! I believe I blushed! I know I felt as if I were doing so, and horribly awkward and eager to escape. But the young lady rattled on unconcernedly, giving me an outline of my duties, where I was to berth and grub, and what not; in twenty minutes I felt as if I had known her as many years!

At eight bells next morning I went on duty. We were then clear of the land and in blue water, but no effort had been made to put things ship-shape or clear up the refuse from the intaking of cargo. I pointed this out to Mr. Johnson, the first mate, but he shrugged his shoulders and smiled flabbily, murmuring something to the effect that it was no use trying to "drive" the crew, and that I'd better leave it until later in the day. I had been used to the spotless decks and mirror-like brasses of a yacht, and strongly objected to the pig-sty appearance presented by the deck of the schooner. Taking the course to steer from Johnson, and giving the new man at the wheel instructions accordingly, I bawled to the rest of the watch to turn to and heave all the refuse overboard and then get a move on them and swab down decks, adding that I expected them like snow and every rope coiled away neatly in less than an hour. The men looked at one another and grinned insolently, one remarking that he would see me in—we'll say Paradise—before he lent a hand that watch.

They gave me the opportunity I wanted. The next instant the would-be mutineer was sprawling in the scuppers spitting out blood and teeth. I was twenty-two and a trained athlete in those days, weighing about 11st. 11lbs., and as hard as nails. Incidentally I was considered fairly smart with my hands, and I had got to earn my pay—therefore I hit with all my might!

The fellow was on his feet in an instant—eyes

we were at it hammer and tongs. He fought well and gamely, but superior skill told, and in something under ten minutes he was lying in a heap by the cook's galley—senseless. Then I invited the remainder of the watch to start swabbing before trouble overtook them—individually and collectively. Two turned to with a laugh and a jerk of the head, as much as to say the game was up. The third followed their ex



I WHIPPED OUT MY REVOLVER AND BADE HIM DROP HIS KNIFE.

blazing and a knife gleaming in his right hand. He was a Chilian, and in a row drew steel as promptly as a Briton would sling off his coat. Now fists v. knives is scarcely an even handicap; therefore, I whipped out my Smith and Wesson and bade him drop his knife, promising if he did so I'd put away my gun and thrash him, or get thrashed, with the knuckles. And he was good sportsman enough to agree. The next instant

ample after an instant's pause. The fourth—an unclean Dago, shipped as a makeshift at Valparaiso—felt called upon to indulge in a little vain swagger before obeying orders. To him I introduced my heavy sea-boot with all the vigour of my football days, and the gentleman of Portuguese birth slithered rapidly, if not gracefully, across the deck, bringing up short against the lee bulwarks with a crash. He was

fumbling for his knife when I reached his side, but a few gentle flicks over the head and shoulders with my revolver-butt showed him the folly of his ways, and induced him to turn to with the others—not exactly willingly, but certainly with the most evil scowl I have ever seen—even in one of his breed. As I had thoughtfully removed his knife and dropped it overboard, his muttered threats gave me no immediate concern. When the second mate came on deck, to enable me to get my breakfast, he took in the cleanliness at a glance and grinned broadly :

“See you’ve started well, Mister Mate—well, I guess it was about time some one took them in hand. Should you require any help, jest tip me the word, and I’m by your side every time,” and he extended his great paw and gripped mine heartily. I did likewise, and descended marveling at the change in the man, or at the mistake I had made in him. I opined that what I had taken for studied impudence—the expectorated tobacco juice—was sheer carelessness.

I found Miss Dolly pouring out my coffee when I got to the “saloon.” Her eyes were dancing, and she looked really pretty.

“Say,” she exclaimed, “I saw your fight and—it was real great. And that Dago, too. My! didn’t he crumple. I guess the rest will work as smooth as a steam lathe now. An’,” lowering her voice to a whisper, “you won’t have no trouble with Hakem neither. He was callin’ you down an’ allowin’ he’d make things kinder warm for you, when the shoutin’ took us to the companion-way to see what the trouble was. He stared, and muttered a bit under his breath, then came back and shut his head. I guess he was thinkin’ hard. Did he say much when he relieved you?” she asked eagerly.

I explained what had taken place, and we both laughed heartily.

The captain didn’t show up for dinner or tea, and when I turned in he was two-thirds drunk and singing snatches of “The Star-Spangled Banner.” He was commencing it for the fourth time as I fell asleep. The following day he raged about the cabin and after-deck like a lunatic, then retired to his bunk and snored like a grampus, the melodious sounds drifting up to me through the skylight, as I paced the deck, chiefly with one eye on the man at the wheel and the other on the cloud of white cotton sailcloth we carried, but sparing intermediate glances for Miss Dolly, who was seated in the companion-way industriously sewing.

As the day wore on one or two of the men got a trifle thick in their speech and gave other unmistakable signs of drink. I did not pay much heed to it. I thought they’d probably smuggled a bottle or two of liquor on board, and were

consuming it in bulk instead of in “tots” spread out over the voyage. Towards night there was not a sober man among them. When the first mate came on duty, the watch below were in a drunken stupor, and sleepily told us to go to a warmer climate when we endeavoured to rouse them. Then I called on the Second to lend a hand, and with the aid of much thumping, many kicks, and some half dozen buckets of water, we got them on deck wholly soused and only half awake, but indulging in a perfect hurricane of lurid abuse and profanity. Then I searched their bunks and lockers, and even their chests, and collected three bottles of rum and eight of hollands. On reaching deck, I pitched the first-named overboard, but took the latter aft for Miss Dolly’s inspection. As I feared, she recognised them as part of the skipper’s private cellar! That meant the men had found a way into the storeroom other than by the door. A careful search showed it to us in all its simplicity. A not over-strong partition divided it from the spare sail room; to this the men had free access; an auger and small saw had done the rest, and Captain W. H. Bolt was just the poorer by seventeen bottles of his beloved, evil-smelling hollands! Ten minutes later—save for three bottles securely locked in the safe in the captain’s cabin—there was not a drop of intoxicating drink on board! I took the whole lot on deck, and, slowly, and in full view of the half-muddled crew, broke each bottle separately on the edge of the lee bulwark, allowing the fluid and broken glass to fall into the sea. It was the only way. A drunken skipper was dangerous enough, but a drunken crew meant absolute ruin. When the nature of my task dawned upon the men, there was a howl of rage from those gathered midships, instantly followed by an ugly rush. I was in the act of smashing the last bottle when the foremost was upon me. But I completed the task—using his head instead of the bulwark; also he got what he was seeking—in a cascade over his face and shoulders! Then I dropped my hand to my revolver pocket, but was sent crashing to the deck before I could draw it, the striker of the blow overbalancing and falling upon me, catching me by the throat and right wrist before I could free my “gun.” For the next few minutes we rolled and writhed about the deck in a fierce and bitter struggle, amid the yells and drunken antics of the mutinous crew, who egged on their man with stuttered words of advice and assisted him by putting in a savage kick upon my ribs or limbs whenever a chance occurred. Both the first and second mate attempted to rescue me, but were stalled off and kept at bay by the flourishing of knives, neither of them caring



WITH A ROAR LIKE A
BULL THE SKIPPER
RUSHED UPON THE
CREW.

to take the responsibility of using fire-arms. I might have been killed outright—strangled or brutally kicked to death—if it had not been for Miss Dolly, who took in the situation at a glance, and darted below to rouse her father to the danger of my position. It took her some time, but she succeeded finally. When he did grasp the idea, there was neither delay nor shirking of responsibility, nor any squeamishness about pulling a trigger. He stumbled up on deck—red-faced and furious; the first glimpse I got of him was as he balanced at the head of the companion way, glaring wildly about and grasping a six-shooter in either hand! The next instant—with a roar like a bull—he rushed upon the scarcely more intoxicated crew, and in a flash had shot down one, butt-ended another, and placed his boot with splendid accuracy and vigour in the ribs of my opponent! It gave me a second's respite from his bear-like hugs, and in that second I was free and on my feet; in the next my Smith and Wesson was out, and torn and dishevelled, and half crazy with passion, I was battering the heads and shoulders of my late cowardly assailants with the butt. Suddenly my first opponent scrambled to his feet, and, drawing a huge bowie-knife, tried to end matters. So furious and skilful was his attack that I had to jump back, reverse my weapon, and put a bullet into his right fore-arm. Five minutes later, the crew were all disarmed and driven below, and we four officers turned to look at one another and mop our streaming faces.

The captain was for having the ringleaders triced up and flogged. Personally, I was quite willing to assist him in hanging them, and said so! But the cooler counsels of the First and Second prevailed, and it was agreed that they should be seized and placed in irons, and handed over to the authorities when we got into port. My blood still being up, I volunteered to go and dig them out of the fo'c'sle. I knew it might lead to further ructions, and was a bit dangerous, but I had a big score of kicks and cowardly blows to wipe out, and hoped the scuffle attending their arrest would give me the chance I thirsted for. The skipper and two mates accompanied me to the fo'c'sle hatch. Tom Smith, a youth of twenty, was on the wheel; he and "Old Ben" (I never heard his surname), the one-legged cook, were the only two who had remained faithful. The captain, still grasping his revolver, in a stentorian voice commanded the two ringleaders to come on deck at once and before they got hurt. They and the others dodged out of range and attempted to parley, finally refusing to obey unless a free pardon were promised. Old Man Bolt indulged in some

grotesque abuse, and repeated his orders. No stir being made, he nodded to me; so, handing my revolver to the First, I sprang down armed only with a marling-spike, but covered by the captain's revolvers, he sitting on the second step the better to accomplish his share of the work. The first man hung back when I seized him by the collar, but the ominously bright glint of the skipper's "guns," together with the knowledge that neither of us would hesitate one instant in using our weapons, induced him to forego his first intention and yield after a mere show of resistance. I handed him up to the care of the mates and then turned to the next. It didn't take me very long. He was the gentleman who had attacked me first! His mates had bound up his arm, and he was almost sober, and used his recovered wits to try and incite the others to prevent his arrest. After wishing every evil under the sun might fall upon and wither me up, he elected to go on deck peacefully.

That evening we got quite friendly, and he almost apologised for his attack upon me. That was after I had removed the bullet from the muscles of his arm—with the aid of a razor and a pair of pliers!—and carefully "dressed" and bandaged the wound, and made him as comfortable as possible. When I turned in a little later—stiff and sore all over, but contented in mind—I felt we might reasonably expect the remainder of the voyage to pass in peace and quietude.

But as a matter of fact, an even greater danger lay ahead. About midnight I was roused from my well-earned repose by the second mate.

"Quick! on deck with you!" he yelled, vigorously shaking my shoulder, and then, seeing I was awake, rushing off.

I sprang out of my bunk and staggered about the reeling cabin in search of my clothes. The wind was freshening when I went off duty, but in the interim it had developed into a gale, with the alarming rapidity of that misnamed ocean. I struggled into a pair of soaked trousers and an equally damp coat, and failing to find more than one boot, scrambled up on deck in my socks. There was a foot of water in the cabin, and everything was aswirl. On deck, things were even worse. The second mate had been unable to get the canvas off her in time, with the result that the foremast had snapped like a pipe-stem—about twelve feet above the deck—carrying with it the main topmast, and the wreckage of both was now towing to leeward—one instant on the crest of a gigantic wave thirty feet above the deck, the next battering against the side with a force that might at any instant smash in her

ribs. It had got to be cleared—cut away—at any risk, and she was shipping it “green,” and in tens, every few seconds, the waters rushing and swirling about her deck with almost irresistible power. As

I reached the deck, there was a report like a thunder-clap, and twelve feet of her lee bulwarks were smashed to match-wood and went flying astern; the same wave wrecked the cook's galley and swept one of the shivering hands overboard. The first mate, with voice and example, was endeavouring to arouse the nearly sober but still dazed crew to a sense of duty, and, hanging on to a life line with his left hand, was using an axe skilfully and courageously with his right. The Second was at the wheel. I caught up an axe and sprang to join the First and—almost got washed overboard by the above-mentioned wave. For the next ten minutes or so we worked like Trojans—slashing with all our strength one moment, the next hanging on for dear life with feet and hands, the axe handles clinched between our teeth!

The last rope was severed ultimately, and the wreckage went whirling astern; then the schooner righted herself slightly, and the deck assumed a safer slope, and the greatest danger of all—the capsizing of the vessel—was avoided for the moment. The first

mate staggered aft, and, with the assistance of the second, tried to put her before the wind—but steering was difficult; there was not a scrap of headsail to aid in bringing her round, but



WE WORKED LIKE TROJANS—SLASHING WITH ALL OUR STRENGTH.

finally she paid off before the wind, and scudded over the raging waters under bare poles, the close-reefed mizzen mainsail—the only sail upon her—having been blown to ribbons. The crew had recovered their wits somewhat by that time, and,

blue-faced and drenched, were nimbly scrambling about the deck, clearing away the remainder of the wreckage. There was not an article of deck furniture left standing; cook-house, water-casks, hen-coops, and our boats—four in number—had been wrenched from their lashings, splintered and swept overboard. And there we were boatless, almost mastless, and with seven feet of water in the hold, flying before a hurricane away from the beaten tracks of the ocean and safety, with a crew that might give further trouble at any moment.

The gale blew all night and far into the next day, the First, Second and myself remaining on deck during the whole of the fifteen hours that it raged to its climax. Then the sea went down somewhat, and about three o'clock the grey and black clouds overhead parted and melted away, and patches of blue sky showed, and then the sun broke through. As its rays fell upon me I noticed for the first time how cold and miserable I was. Also an irresistible longing for hot coffee and warm blankets came upon me. But such luxuries were not to be for the moment. Advantage had to be taken of the lull—for the first mate declared it was only that, as the glass was still falling rapidly! The Second was certain it had blown itself out, and that two of us could turn in with safety. But the First was firm, and despite the growlings and mutinous glances of the crew, spare spars were got up and a jury-mast rigged to the stump of the fore-mast. That done, the wreck of the bowsprit was cleared, and a spar run out and lashed thereto. Then a foresail was bent, also a non-descript lugsail to the jury-mast. Lastly, men were sent to the cross-ties of the mizzen-mast to splice and whip on new stays; these were passed down and secured to bolt rings in the deck and to the remains of the bulwarks; and then a new mainsail was got up and bent on, and we tried to edge down and get on to our proper course. While half the crew manned the pumps, the other half went below to imbibe hot coffee.

Just as we had completed the above, Captain Bolt came on deck and was furious because he had not been called. It was useless to explain to him we had done so—not once, but many times; so took the "ragging" he administered in sour silence. He wanted to know all details and where we were. He got the former in full; as to the latter, we wanted to know ourselves. By dead reckoning the First estimated we had been blown 200 and odd miles due west of our course, which would make out about 800 S.S.W.

of Victoria, B.C., at which the skipper "cussed" volubly and descended again to his cabin. I was scalding myself with my third cup of steaming coffee, which Miss Dolly had contrived, with the aid of a safety oil stove, to prepare, not only for us, but for the crew, when the First, who was taking his on deck, yelled down: "Say! Tumble up there—here's more trouble"; and the Second and I were on deck in a heart-beat. In something under ten minutes the sky had become cloud-wrapped again, and the wind was moaning and sighing an overture to another spell of rioting. A mile or more astern a long white-crested wall was rapidly approaching, and we, numbed and half silly with exposure and fatigue, were working like galley slaves to reduce sail and reviving the crew into similar efforts. But the squall was too quick for us. At the first mate's warning cry of: "Look out, there," we desisted and clung to the nearest stable object for our lives; the next instant the stern was tossed sky high, and six feet of solid green water broke over it and swept forward to the bows, wrenching the second mate and poor old one-legged Ben from their hold, and swirling them overside, their despairing shrieks rising high above the din of the gale, and their white, fear-distorted faces mutely begging the help we could not give, as they bobbed by and out into the waste of waters. With them went the mizzen-mast—by the board—and the painfully erected jury-mast; and once more we were at the mercy of the wind and waves. For six long hours the storm raged furiously, and another life was lost; then it ceased suddenly, the sea went down as if by magic, the clouds dispersed, the stars came out one by one, the moon rose and silvered all, and peace and calm reigned.

The following day broke still and beautiful, scarcely a breath of wind ruffling the mirror-like surface of the waters. Once more we rigged jury-masts and got as much canvas spread as possible, and thirteen days later crawled through the Straits of Juan de Fuca, worn out and half dead with toil and exposure. In view of the good work done during the time of stress, the mutineers were not handed over to the authorities, but freely forgiven; also Captain Bolt, to the great delight of Miss Dolly, swore off drink for good and all. I, too, made a vow one to the effect that I would never again attempt to economise by "working" instead of paying for a passage—not on an American coasting schooner at any rate. Five days after we reached Victoria I had got my outfit together, and was on my way to the Yukon.

HIGHGATE SCHOOL

By R. E. JOHNSON.



ALTIORA
VI
VOTIS

EXTERNALLY, Highgate has altered not a little of late years. Big School and the Chapel still surmount the historic hill from the slopes of which Dick Whittington listened to the chimes of Bow Bells; but their aspect is more imposing nowadays than of yore. For the removal of the ugly "Impot." Classroom (so painfully familiar to past generations of Cholmeleians), and the brick wall (now replaced by open railings), which used formerly to hide the architectural beauties of the buildings, has made possible a splendid view of the School. Gone, however, is the old stone gateway, though the bell which depended therefrom aloft still summons and releases the boys with its strident clamour.

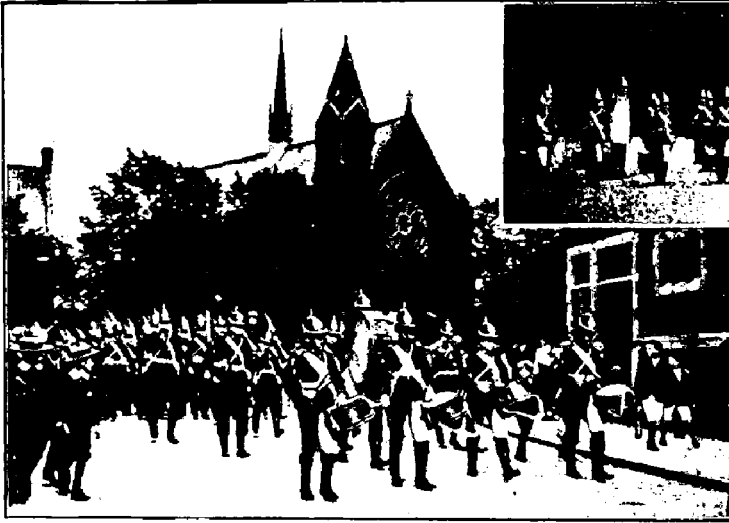
To-day one enters the quadrangle through a modern entrance, over which two genial griffins mouth a welcome "with neatly-smiling jaws." Upon the left are the new classrooms and hall, the erec-

tion of which, some four or five years ago, brought about the changes just noted. Opposite, across the broad, gravelled stretch of playground, is the chapel, a memorial to a former Governor of the School, with its graceful spire and solid clock-tower. In front is the main block of the older buildings, a handsome pile, lit above by the long windows of Big School, running nearly the whole length of the quadrangle. At one end is the great bay window, overlooking the playground, of the library, beneath which are the cool and dark recesses of the cloisters.

Deserted at most hours of the day, the quadrangle is, at certain times, a scene of great animation. Such times, for example, are those just before nine o'clock chapel, when the gathering crowd of boys is momentarily augmented by breathless laggards, eager to escape the fate of being shut out by the two prefects "doing bobby" at the chapel door; or at



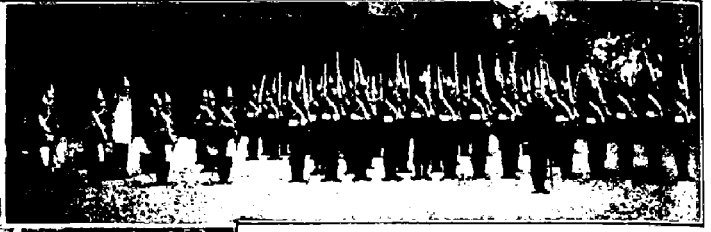
REV. A. E. ALLCOCK, M.A.
HEADMASTER OF HIGHGATE SCHOOL.
Photo by Walton Adams.



THE SCHOOL CORPS MARCHING OUT.

11.25 a.m., when morning school is adjourned for the "five minutes" during which the masters congregate for a brief conversation outside the Sixth Form door, and the boys stroll across the quadrangle, or seek lemonade at the porter's lodge. At 12.30 and 4.30, too, when morning and afternoon school respectively come to an end, the scene is characteristic enough, the quadrangle, a moment ago deserted, filling suddenly with boys, who, at the tolling of the bell, pour forth from every door, some hurrying away to the fields, others elbowing their way to the notice-boards, or extricating bicycles from the stands in the cloisters.

But Highgate's most characteristic scene is, without doubt, the playing field upon a summer's afternoon—the old playing field, that is, upon which for so many years Cholmeleians of every age, degree, and size, have played. Few schools, if indeed any, can boast a more beautiful ground, from the scenic point of view. A thick belt of trees encircles its wide expanse, whilst the charm of its appearance is enhanced not a little by the magnificent "Young Oak," which spreads its leafy boughs, apart from its fellows, in a distant corner. The "Young Oak" it is still called, though its former companion, the "Old Oak," is no more. The latter was a remarkable specimen of arboreal antiquity; the most familiar feature, almost, of the School. It stood, however, in the least convenient of positions (the "Young Oak," even, is not free from the charge of clumsiness), and interfered greatly with the progress of games. Periodically, rumours of its



PARADE FOR INSPECTION.

approaching demolition were circulated, but the sentimental regard of old boys, and of the authorities, for its battered old shell generally overcame the arguments of the iconoclasts. A few years ago, however, the "Old Oak's" doom was finally sealed; and nought of it remains to-day save sundry cherished relics that were rescued from the executioner's axe.

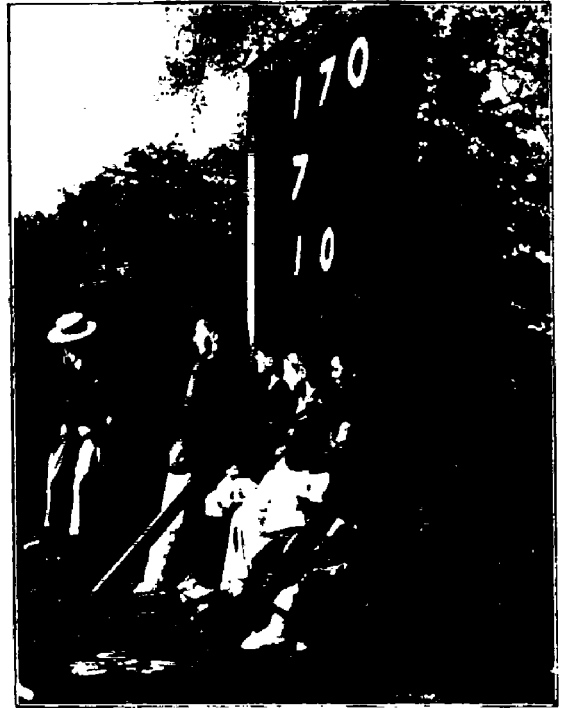
On a summer's afternoon the school field is at its best. From a spectacular point of view, however, the scene was even livelier a few years ago than it is now. Then, the numerous games in progress on a half holiday produced a most picturesque effect. The congested state of the field, however, pleased no one but the idle spectator, and interfered with good cricket to a considerable degree. Consequently, the Lower



THE FIVES VI., 1902-1903.

Side ground which was acquired a few years ago, and on which the junior clubs (as well as the "Preps" on Tuesdays) play, has proved a great boon.

From the shade of the trees that fringe the field, the idle spectator watches the First or Second Club games, or, climbs, if he be an old boy or a privileged visitor, on to the pavilion, and mingles with the scarlet and white, or blue and white blazers of the first and second elevens, which lend so vivid a touch of colour to the scene. Later in the afternoon, at the little fountain by the swimming bath, he will witness the inter-



WORKING THE TELEGRAPH AT THE FIRST XI. MATCH.



AT THE SECOND CLUB PITCH—WAITING FOR AN INNING.

esting function of "call," at which all boys, whether boarders or day-boys (the latter being all

side of school life) works capitally, the inter-house rivalry fostering a spirit of enthusiasm too often sadly lacking in a school composed largely of day boys.

Football (of the Association variety, it is perhaps superfluous to remark) terminates halfway through the spring

term. A change then comes o'er the field. Goal posts vanish, and corner flags disappear from sight, their places being taken by the sturdy stumps that mark out a quarter-mile course in the middle. Hurdles come upon the scene, and in distant corners budding athletes may be seen flinging themselves wildly into the air at the long jump, or twisting their bodies into strange contortions over



AT THE NETS.

divided into imaginary "houses"), have to answer their names as they are read out by the presiding master. In the winter, the field presents a somewhat different aspect, the games ceasing at four o'clock, when, after call, the players line the First Club pitch, and cheer on the eleven to victory or honourable defeat. For the purposes of the games, the division of the whole school into "houses" (apart from the excellent influence which that system of organisation has upon the more serious



HIGHGATE BATSMEN.



AFTER MORNING SCHOOL—A SCENE IN THE PLAYGROUND, SHOWING THE NEW BUILDINGS, THE LIBRARY AND BIG SCHOOL (ON THE RIGHT).



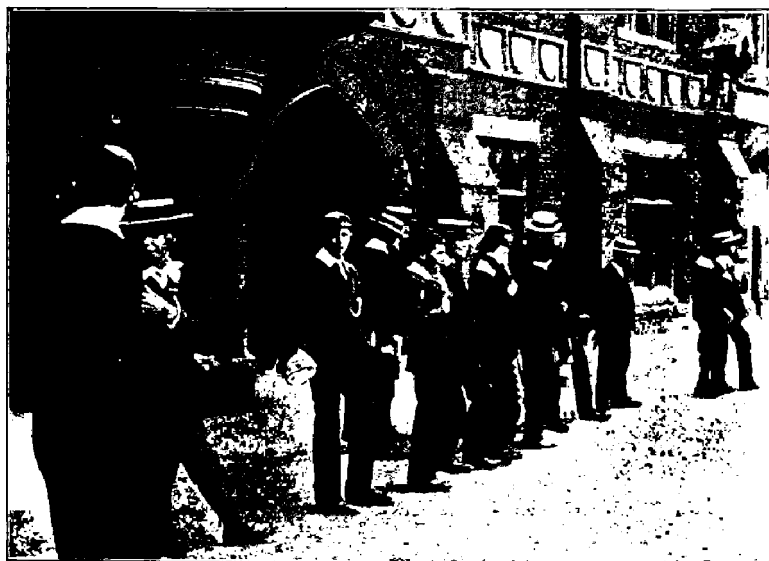
THE "PREP." AT PLAY ON LOWER SCHOOL FIELD.

the bar of the High Jump. Training for the Sports sets in with an acuteness that deprives many otherwise sturdy trenchermen of their favourite comestibles, and causes business at the "tart-box," which daily makes its way from the local confectioner's to the playground after morning school, to languish not a little for some weeks prior to the last Saturday in term. Then comes "Sports Day," when the principal events are set down for decision. The track, for a grass one, is fairly good. That part of it, indeed, used for the sprint, is a little bit too good, and is by way of becoming notorious. Many readers will remember F. L. Stephenson's phenomenal time of 10 secs. for the Hundred Yards, thrice repeated. Stephenson was a fine runner, indisputably, but the fact that the course for the sprint is slightly downhill as indisputably helped him.

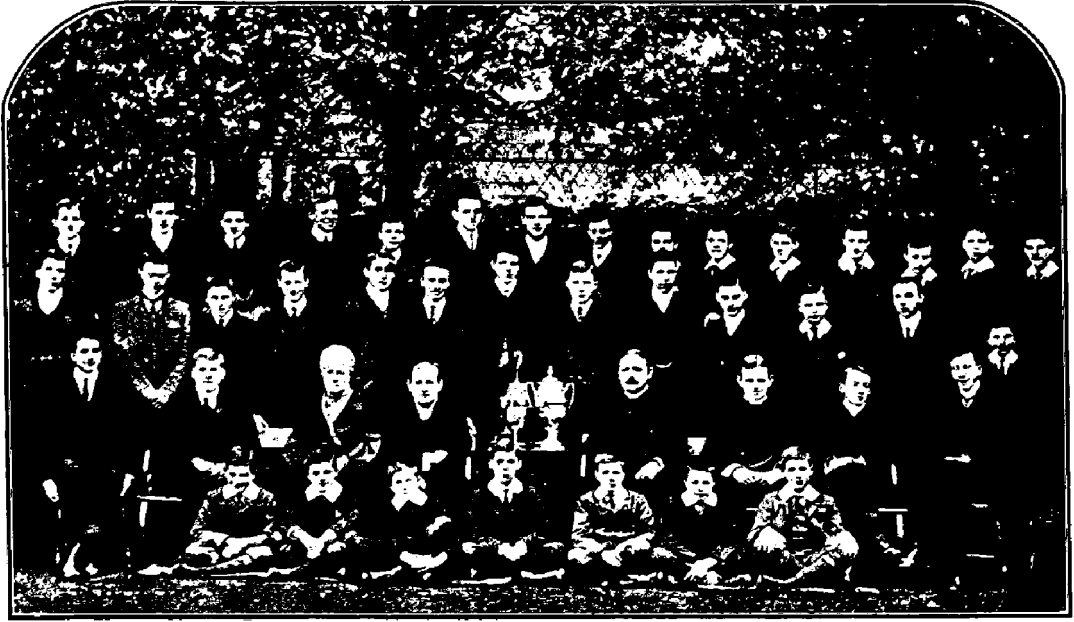
Delightful a pastime as swimming is under any circumstances, at Highgate in the summer term the bath becomes invested with

an exceptional charm. For do not the bathing times fall *during school hours*? Each form bathes twice a week, a period of forty minutes being allowed out of morning or afternoon school, as the case may be, for the purpose on each occasion. From the school on the top of the hill to the bath in the field is a distance of some 400 yards; and the times accomplished between the two points by the score or so of flying boys, with towels flapping in the breeze, who may occasionally be encountered of an afternoon urging their mad course down Hampstead Lane, would astonish *The Field*, if recorded. From the bath to the school is a journey not so eagerly accomplished as that from the school to the bath. It is so easy to stay three minutes too long in the water, and so difficult to dress without the use of a towel; and though it is on record that a culprit once successfully pleaded with his form-master that "the water was so wet, he took a long time drying," valid excuses for lateness are not to be found without the exercise of much ingenuity.

In the winter the bath



IN THE PLAYGROUND—WATCHING A PARADE OF THE CORPS.



A PRIZE-PRESENTATION GROUP.

Photo by M. G. Ferguson.

is boarded over and transformed into a gymnasium. Colours are given for a Gym. VI., and a pair annually represents the School in the Aldershot competitions. Fives also occupies a good deal of attention during the winter and spring terms. A photograph of the Fives VI. for 1903 is included in our illustrations.

Another of our illustrations shows the Highgate Cadet Corps on parade. This brings us to a feature in the school life especially noteworthy. In matters military, Highgate has always done well, as those familiar with the doings of the public school corps are aware. For eleven years the corps has been under the command of Major Lamb, one of the masters, to whose energy it owes not only its inception, but everything that it is. What that "everything" includes, only those, perhaps, who have been through its ranks can say. It is not a large corps, but it is a good corps. In the smallness of its numbers, indeed, lies probably the secret of its excellence. Lukewarm enthusiasm is not tolerated, and no boy is encouraged to join—or, having joined, to stay—who does not intend to do his utmost to maintain the high standard expected. The result is a uniform keenness

throughout all ranks, as rare and difficult of attainment as it is essential to the achievement of good work. "The Corps will parade for field operations on such and such a date. Any man who cannot come had better go home at once," were the incisive terms in which the present writer once heard orders given on parade. A Shooting VIII. represents the School at Bisley every year, and a team of Old Boys usually enters for the Veterans' Trophy. At camp, needless to say, the corps is always represented, and a detachment of over fifty (out of a total strength of seventy odd) joined



"CALL" AT 5 O'CLOCK.



H. M. WOOD,
BALLIOL SCHOLAR, HEAD OF HIGHGATE SCHOOL.
Photo by M. G. Ferguson.

the Public Schools' Brigade at Aldershot this year.

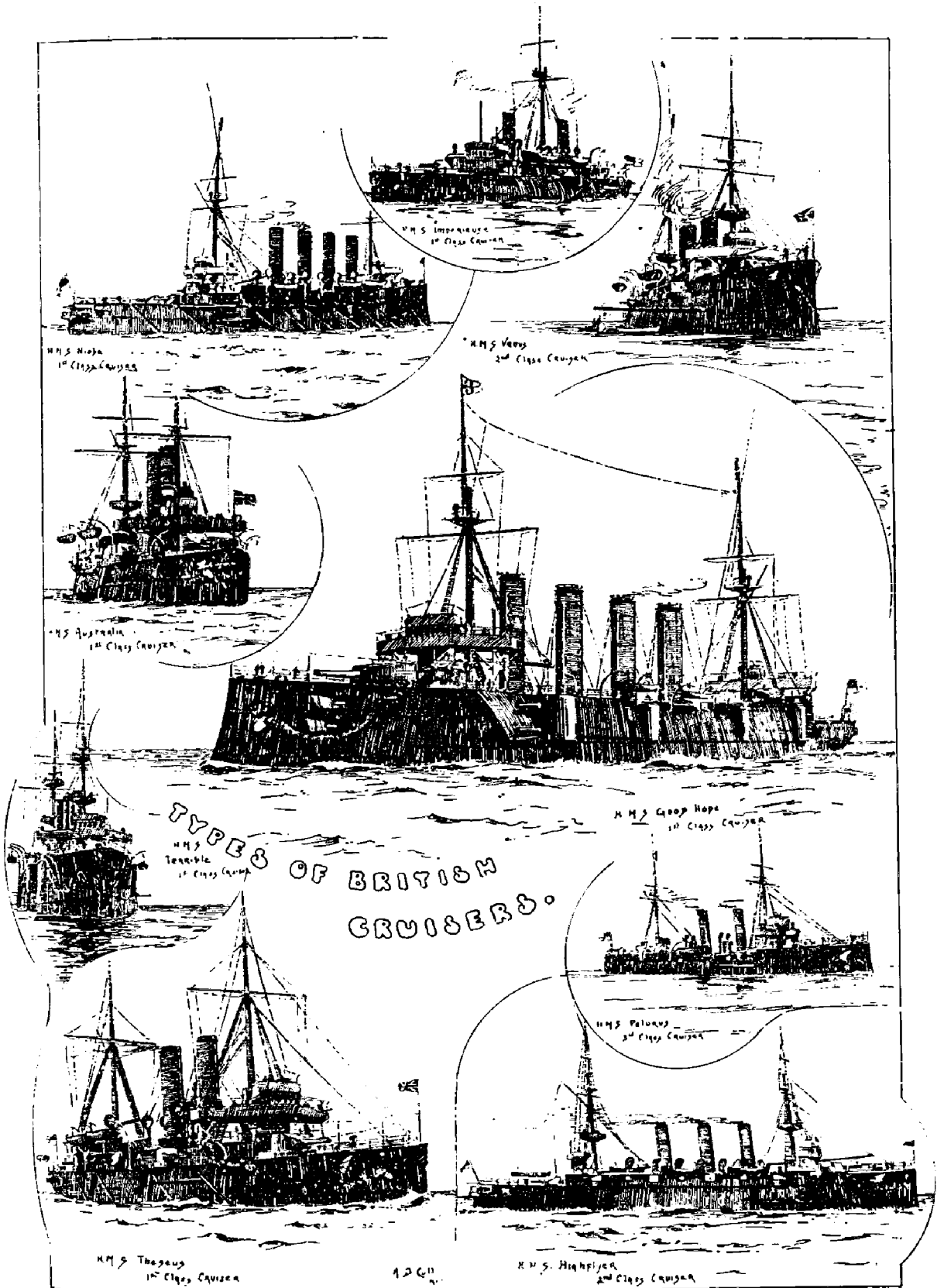
It is difficult to say wherein Highgate differs from other schools. Yet no two public schools (despite the close kinship of them all) are alike, and Highgate, indeed, occupies a position quite apart. In a previous article of the present series, reference was made to Highgate as the school nearest to a counterpart of Dulwich

College. At the same time, however, it was pointed out that the resemblance was superficial only, and based almost entirely on the not dissimilar sites of the two schools (on the northern and southern outskirts of London), and the fact that both were composed of mingled day boys and boarders. Increasingly, year by year, the value of what we may call here the "mixed" public school, in which the community is of the kind just referred to, continues to be appreciated. Whereas the day-boy element tends to counteract the ill results of the exclusiveness and isolation from which the pure boarding-school suffers, the leaven of boarders, on the other hand, serves to strengthen that corporate existence which is one of the chief and most important features of public school life, and in which the pure day-school is usually so lamentably deficient.

It is upon this increasing appreciation of the mixed school that the peculiar position—the unique position—of Highgate, especially as regards her possibilities in the future, turns. Perched on the summit of the loftiest eminence round London, literally overlooking the metropolis, yet upon the borders of most charming rural districts, she occupies, geographically, a position unrivalled. Old as she is, however (having been founded in 1565, by Sir Roger Cholmeley, Lord Chief Justice under Elizabeth), the real history of Highgate, as a school, dates only from some four-score years ago; and honourable as her record of achievement has been in that space, she has yet to "arrive." What Clifton, for example, has become to the West of England, Highgate should be to the Metropolis. And that such will be her position in the future, the steady progress of the school encourages the expectation and belief. At all events, that their Alma Mater will fulfil her destiny, past and present Cholmeleians have the knowledge, born of deep affection, which admits of no doubt.



THE "YOUNG OAK."



Drawn for THE CAPTAIN by A. B. Cull.



SPOILING THE PHILISTINES.

A 'VARSITY TALE.

By STUART WISHING.

Illustrated by ANTHONY HELMER.

I.

HOW JEFF WAS BURNT OUT.

IT began with the leaving of a lighted candle in the gyp-room—or pantry—of little Jeffries. This gentleman was an undergraduate residing in St. Chad's College, Cambridge. He was a small and insignificant little creature who had been tried as a "cox" in his freshman days, but discarded on account of the paucity of his vocabulary and his lack of boldness.

At present he was sitting dolefully in his rooms, surveying a scene of complete desolation. He had left them in good order some five or six hours earlier; but unluckily, he had forgotten to extinguish a candle in his gyp-room. After playing a few rubbers of whist with some congenial spirits, he had returned, to find his room in flames. It was not a very large blaze, and was soon extinguished by the efforts of a few porters. The college itself was saved, with no damage done; but little Jeffries' rooms were spoiled. His furniture was completely ruined, and he now sat amid the charred remains, miserably wondering how on earth he would afford to make good the loss. He was a poor man, living on scholarships which amounted to about a hundred and thirty pounds sterling a year. This may seem—to some—a fair income; but the average man at Cambridge finds it hard to support life on less. There are clubs to be supported, "coaches' " fees to be paid, tutors who demand a price, doctors' bills to meet occasionally, and a host of little things which must be paid for, which are necessary to make life worth living at one of the great universities of the present day. Little Jeffries knew this, and it was only by being extremely careful that he managed to keep things going.

He had a widowed mother and sister at home, too, and he could not ask them for money. Of debt he had a horror; and, to his credit be it said, he owed no man anything in

a town of easy purchases and lax payments. Consequently he was occupied in wondering how he could manage to raise some money to refurnish his rooms. There was nothing worth pawning—the fire had seen to that—and he well knew that the ten or fifteen pounds which were absolutely necessary would be extremely hard to raise. Occupied in these mournful musings, he did not notice a knock at the door. The knock was repeated; so, rousing himself, he cried, "Come in." The door opened, and a young man of some two-and-twenty years entered. He was a broad-shouldered, muscular-looking fellow with a genial countenance and dark brown hair and eyes. "Hallo, Tommy," said little Jeffries.

"My aunt! Jeffy," was the elegant reply. "What *have* you been doing here?"

"Haven't you heard?" said the other, wearily.

"No, I've only just come into coll. What have you been trying to do? Burnt yourself out?"

"That's about it. Sorry I can't offer you a cigarette or some coffee, but my coffee was brewed some hours ago," replied Jeff, laughing bitterly.

"I'm awfully sorry," said the new-comer, heartily. "How did it happen, Jeffy? Tell me all about it."

"Oh, it's soon told. Like an ass, I left a candle burning in here, forgetting all about the wretched thing. I went across to Manners' rooms to play whist, and when I came back the whole shoot was blazing. It was impossible to save anything. That's all."

"By jove, about enough, too!" said the other sympathetically. "Come across to my room and have coffee. It's no use sitting here."

"Thanks, very much," said little Jeffries, gratefully, "I think I will."

They left the scene of desolation, and walked across the courts. Hayman, on reaching his rooms, soon had a kettle boiling on the fire—for it was October—and a comfort-

ing cup of coffee was soon ready for his visitor.

"Beastly bad luck on you, Jeffy," he remarked, after puffing his pipe for some minutes.

"Yes, I suppose it is," said his friend, rather sadly.

"Wish I could do something. Don't hesitate to borrow any of my things—chairs, tea-cups—anything you like," pursued his friend, hospitably. "Anything I can do—"

"Thanks, very much," said Jeffries, quietly. "I know you well enough to take you at your word."

"I should think so," said the other, heartily. "Where'll you get your things from—Eaden Lilley's?"

"I don't know yet. I—I don't quite know whether I shall get any."

"What? You can't possibly live desolate!"

"Look here, Tom," said the little man, hurriedly, "I've known you some time now, so I don't mind telling you. I don't think I shall be able to afford any new things."

"But, I say—you *must*," said Tom, in amazement; "you can't exist without them."

"I shall have to—but that's absurd, as you say; I shall have to go down, I expect. I can't afford to buy new things."

"Well, but you needn't pay just yet," broke in his friend. "The tradesmen will give you credit."

"Ah—that's where we can't agree, old chap. I can't stand getting into debt. I've never owed a sou since I've been up, and don't mean to."

"Wish I could say the same," remarked Tom, ruefully, though he did not seem particularly troubled by the reflection. "I wish I could offer to lend you a tenner. Let's see what I've got." He investigated his pockets, and found therein thirty shillings and an I.O.U. for ten. "It's not much, old chap," he said candidly. "But you're welcome to the cash, if it's any use."

"Thank you," said

the other quietly. "But I won't borrow from any one—though it's awfully good of you all the same."

"Well, if you won't, you won't," said Tom, reluctantly putting his money back in his pocket. "But I wish you would, nevertheless. Where are you sleeping to-night?"

"In Webb's rooms. He's gone home for a few days on family business. Well, it's getting late, old chap, so I must trot."

He knocked the ashes out of his pipe and rose.

"You're a jolly good sort, Tom," the little man said, with a break in his voice. "You're an—an *abnormally* good sort. Good night."

"My hat!" muttered Tom, staring after his visitor, "I suppose that's his equivalent for strong language!"



HELMER.

"MY AUNT! WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING HERE?"

II.

A NEW WAY OF "RAISING THE WIND."

THE next morning, at half-past nine, three men were sitting at breakfast in Hayman's rooms. One of these was the host, and the other two were his particular friends, Stubbs and Hamilton. Breakfast had been ordered for nine o'clock.

At nine, Hayman was still in bed, and abusing his gyp for waking him. At ten minutes past he was in a demi-toilette of flannels, blazer, and scarf. At 9.15 he was dragging Stubbs from the sheets, while Hamilton—for whom the same performance had been enacted three minutes previously—was standing near with a can of cold water—to be applied if necessary. By dint of these exertions the three men were assembled round Hayman's hospitable board at 9.30.

Hayman was now serving the kedgerée, which he did by dividing it neatly into three portions.

"Pour out the coffee, Flick," he commanded, and the person addressed—Hamilton, to wit—performed the duty very creditably.

"Heigh-ho!" yawned Stubbs, "I'm dog-tired still. Why did you dig us out at this unearthly hour, Tommy?"

"Hang it, man," said that gentleman, virtuously, "it's after the half-hour. You'd sleep away all your days if you hadn't a kind, unselfish friend to look after your welfare."

Stubbs grunted, as if the possession of such a friend was not altogether desirable.

"I don't believe you'd have been up yourself if your gyp hadn't called you, Tommy. My gyp never calls me."

Hamilton laughed, and pursued the subject of kedgerée.

"I say, that's rather a spot toast-rack of yours, Tommy," he remarked suddenly, examining it with the eye of a connoisseur.

"Yes," said his host, "one of my little heirlooms, dontcherknow."

"Argh," grunted Stubbs, "don't come the beastly la-di-da swell over us. It won't work. Where did you get the thing?"

"An old aunt of mine presented it to me as a mark of esteem when I came up. She gave me a long pi-jaw about smoking and gambling, and then handed over this rack—sort of jam after the pill, I s'pose."

"What did you say to her?" asked Hamilton.

"Oh, I acquitted myself rather well, considering how sick I was of the long pi-jaw. Told her I should value it, and all that."

"Been nearer the truth if you'd said you'd *get* it valued," laughed the other.

"Hang it all, Flick," said Tommy, indignantly, "I only tried to pop it once when I was awfully short of cash. My uncle only offered me two bob, though, and I thought it wasn't good enough. I told him so, too, in flowery and embroidered speech—mixed metaphor, isn't it? By the way, can you say, 'mixed metaphor' ten times running in fifteen seconds?"

Hamilton and Stubbs tried simultaneously—the latter with disastrous results, for a crumb went the wrong way, and the next few minutes were spent in "first aid."

"By jove, Tub," said the host, when the unfortunate youth was restored, "I've never seen you so purple before. You gave me quite a fright. Lucky we were here to pat you on the back."

"Here, have some kedgerée," broke in Hayman. "Oh—there's none left. Well, let's start on the kidneys, then. Catch hold, Flick."

The breakfast proceeded for some minutes in silence, until Hamilton asked a question. "Seen anything of little Jeffries? I hear he was burnt out last night."

"Was he?" said Stubbs. "I never heard about it."

"No, you were probably feeding or sleeping at the time. It's a fact, though. Silly little ass left a candle burning—and, of course, it set fire to the place."

"By jove, that's bad luck. Did you know about it, Tommy?"

"Yes—I dropped in by accident last night, and found him sitting there like—who was it?—Cæsar, or Nimrod, or some Johnny—among the ruins of Carthage. He came across and had coffee with me. Poor little chap—he was terribly down in the mouth."

"I suppose he's not too well off, eh?" said Stubbs. "Poor as a mouse, I should say."

Hayman hesitated for a moment. "Look here, you fellows, don't say anything about it, but I expect it will end in his going down."

"Why?"

"Well—he's awfully hard up, and can't afford any new sticks."

"Owe much?"

"No, that's the idiotic part of it. He doesn't owe a sou; and he's such a conscientious little beggar that he won't get anything on tick. He's a fool, but a decent little fool."

"Yes, I like little Jeffy. Not that I see much of him," said Stubbs.

"So do I," said Hamilton, heartily. "I say, couldn't we work up some sub. for him?"

"Good of you to think of it, Flick. The only thing is, we can't ask people to subscribe unless we head the list ourselves. I would, like a shot, only I'm practically penniless. I had thirty bob or so last night. This morning I gave my gyp twenty which I've owed him nearly a month. Five more went to my bootman—whom I haven't tipped for terms. The result is I'm nearly broke. It's a beastly nuisance."

"Same here," said the other. "I paid my Amal. sub. yesterday, and that nearly cleaned me out. What about you, Tubby?"

Stubbs did not reply, but turned his pockets inside out with a doleful gesture.

"This is no luck at all," observed Flick, reflectively. "How much does little Jeffy want?"

"About ten or fifteen quid."

Stubbs sighed. "I popped my dress suit last week—only got a sov. on it—and I must have it out before next Tuesday, as I'm going to dine with my tutor."

"M'yes," said Tommy. "You can't very well turn up there in a morning coat and shooting knickers. Well, gents, any offers? My gyp has impounded all my old clothes, so there's nothing for me to sell. What on earth *can* we do?"

The three sat glumly silent for some moments.

"Well," said the host at last, "it's no use hanging on to the table. You've had as much grub as is good for you, so you may as well assume more comfortable attitudes, and smoke."

They took the hint, and dropped into easy chairs.

"Blooming sickening," said Hamilton, when the pipes were fairly lit, "to think of these dons rolling in wealth, and we can't raise a few pounds. Just look at the old beggars—absolutely coining money. Wish I could break into the 'Varsity chest, wherever it is."

He was interrupted by his host.

"By jove, Flick," he shouted, "you're a genius. That's the very thing!"

"Are you off your nut, Tommy?" was the polite answer. "What do you mean?"

"Why—the chest! the 'Varsity chest! What's put into the chest, you ass?"

"Money, I suppose."

"Yes—but where does it come from?"

"Out of our pockets chiefly, I believe, in progs' fines. But I don't see what you're driving at."

"Just this—why shouldn't *we* be progs?"

"Eh? what?" stammered Hamilton as the greatness of the idea slowly broke on him. "D'you mean we should get ourselves up as progs, and fine men?"

"Yes."

"But 'twouldn't be honest!"

"Bosh! we'd only fine men for doing what's forbidden—smoking in cap-and-gown, etc. It would simply be diverting the flow of shekels from an unworthy course—the 'Varsity chest—to a worthy course—little Jeffy's rooms."

It should be here explained that a "prog"—or proctor—is one of the university professors who patrols the streets, chiefly at night, for the maintenance of law and order among 'Varsity men. He is attended by two servants, popularly known as "bulldogs," and he has the power of inflicting fines and other punishments—such as "gating."

"I say, Tommy," drawled Stubbs, "it's a great idea! We ought to have no end of a lark! It will be ripping!"

"It will," agreed Tommy. "What do you say, Flick?"

"Well, I have some doubts about the goodness of the case, but as it's for a worthy object I'll lend my manly form to a base disguise."

"Good man. That's excellent."

"There'll be no end of a row if we're found out."

"M'yes. We'll have to risk that."

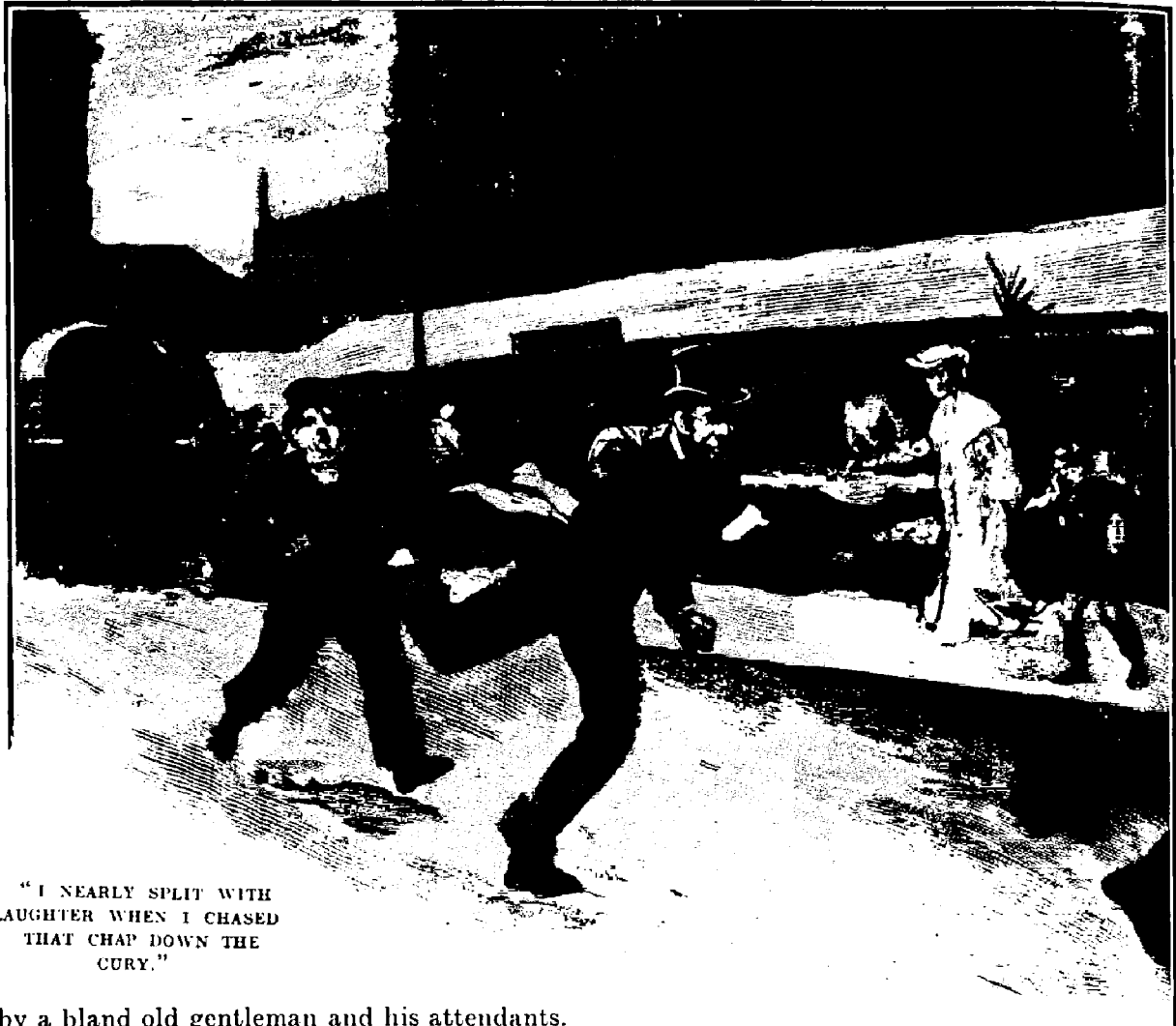
And they adjourned to form a committee of ways and means.

III.

THE FALSE AND THE REAL.

DURING the next few days many things happened.

The undergraduate element in Cambridge noticed with grief that the proctors were unusually active. The previous term had been remarkable for the geniality and "slackness" of the ruling powers, and, as a natural consequence, the change of policy was quickly observed. Men who had hitherto borne their gowns languidly on their arms without let or hindrance were ruthlessly stopped; their names were taken, and—on the morrow—a fine was demanded. Others, who ventured to beguile the tedium of a walk to the theatre by means of a pipe or cigarette, were treated in the same heartless way, if clad in academic garb. Small public-houses, frequented by those of sporting tastes, and hitherto deemed secure places of refuge, were visited



"I NEARLY SPLIT WITH LAUGHTER WHEN I CHASED THAT CHAP DOWN THE CURY."

by a bland old gentleman and his attendants. "Life's not worth livin' nowadays," remarked an amiable youth who had just been fleeced of six-and-eight. "I don't know how these rotters find out what they do. They must be cunnin' old birds—take my tip!"

The mystery would have been as clear as daylight if he could have seen three men in St. Chad's College busily engaged in amateur bookkeeping. "Good haul, Tommy," said one of the three, who was none other than "Flick" Hamilton. "Raked in over two quid on last night's show."

"How much does that make?" inquired his friend, the genial and unscrupulous "Tommy" Hayman.

"H'm. Let's see . . . three and four are seven and six . . . thirteen . . . h'm, carry one—no, two—yes . . . that's it . . . eleven pounds, thirteen and fourpence. Not bad!"

"Jolly good," said Stubbs, approvingly.

"We'll have one more night," said the leader, with pride in his voice, "and then we'll chuck it. We can't run any more risks.

Besides, we'll have enough by then. It won't do to tempt fate too much. It's been jolly good sport, though."

"Rather," said Stubbs. "Never enjoyed anything so much in my life before—beats rat-catching any day. Jove! I nearly split with laughter when I chased that chap down the Cury and collared him in Rose Crescent. I know what it feels like to be a bulldog now."

"Yes," chuckled Hamilton. "And then the wretched beast got his fine doubled for running away!"

"Well," said Tommy, rising. "Time we were off."

They put on their caps and gowns, and strolled casually out of college. It was about seven o'clock, earlier than proctors usually go out, for they minimised risk thereby, and increased their chance of making captures. They walked slowly round to a friend's rooms to assume their disguise. Jenkins—the owner of the rooms—had been taken into

their confidence, and willingly aided them. Arrived at this spot, the leader donned a more voluminous gown, white bands, and a respectable college cap. False whiskers and a pair of spectacles were added, and the disguise was complete. Meanwhile his followers had discarded cap and gown, and assumed tall hats, cut-away coats, and moustaches. Stubbs added to his appearance by affixing a short, rough beard to his clean-shaven chin. Jenkins helped them in the nefarious work,

frequently stopping to admire the effect and to roar with laughter.

"You'll do this once too often, Tommy," he said. "I should chuck it soon, if I were you."

"'Last time, Clemmy, my boy,'" quoted Tommy. "We want just this once, and then we're done."

"Jolly good thing, too," was the answer. "I wouldn't be in your shoes, if you were caught."



THE LOITERERS WERE ASTONISHED BY THE SIGHT OF A RESPECTABLE PROCTOR SHEDDING HIS ROBES IN THE GUTTER AND RUNNING AT HIS TOPMOST SPEED.

The "proctor" and his pseudo-attendants stepped cautiously out into the street, first glancing round to see that no 'Varsity men were near to mark the house.

"Look at them bloomin' bulldogs," observed an errand-boy to his friend. "Startin' pretty early, ain't they?"

Hayman and his friends proceeded in the usual order, and walked calmly up Sidney Street. They had not to wait long for a victim. A man came along, college cap on the back of his head, his gown thrown over his arm, and—oh horror!—a cigarette between his lips. He did not see his foes till they were within a dozen yards. Then he started, vainly tried to conceal the offending smoke, and sulkily submitted to the detested "progs'" inquiries.

"Good business, Flick," whispered Tubby to his companion. "Thirteen-and-four, I suppose, to-morrow. Double offence—carryin' gown and smoking, too."

They marched on their way, attended by looks of hatred from the various undergraduates who chanced to be abroad. Silent curses were invoked on their heads; but, all unconscious, they pursued their way, rejoicing in iniquity.

But a spirit of law and order seemed to be in the air that night. They passed numbers of men ostentatiously wearing their caps and gowns, and—as far as undergraduates went—the goddess Nicotine seemed to be deposed from her *quondam* throne.

Sidney Street was left behind, S. Andrew's Street was drawn without success, and at last, in despair, they turned into Downing Street. Here they were cheered in spirit by the sight of a luckless B.A., who—alas! for degrees!—was smoking. They seized on him joyfully, for a man who has a degree is supposed to know better, and, therefore, incurs a double fine. Having spoiled him of his "name and college," and allowed him to pass on in a painful state of subdued profanity, they halted for a consultation.

"I move we go in now," said Hamilton. "We haven't caught much to-night."

"All right," said the leader. "We'll just go down to the end, and turn round home-wards, picking up anything we find on the way. Fall back, my good fellows! Have you no respect for a don?"

The "good fellows" fell back, and the procession went forward.

Emerging from Downing Street they turned to the right, and soon drew near to Caius. At this point they were almost in-sight of home. Unluckily for them, just as

they were nearing the gates, they caught sight of a real proctor, about to go on his rounds. Their hearts stood still. Tommy recovered his presence of mind in an instant, and, without quickening his pace, wheeled round towards the Market Square. His "bulldogs" faithfully obeyed, though with sinking spirits. "Chad's" seemed very far away just then!

The Caius proctor looked puzzled, and halted. He could not understand why his colleague had not waited to speak to him. Then, in a flash, the truth broke on him, and he gave orders to his men to pursue. The momentary pause gave his prey some thirty yards start. Stubbs looked behind, and saw the real bulldogs break into a run. Concealment was of no avail.

"Run for it, Tommy!" he shouted. "They've spotted us!"

The next moment the loiterers in Market Square were astonished by the sight of a respectable proctor, of about fifty years, shedding his robes of office in the gutter and running at his topmost speed. They were still more amazed to see his two familiars discard their top-hats and follow his example. Their amazement was further increased when two more bulldogs (with their hats crammed down on their heads) came tearing round the corner in hot pursuit. One of these was a short, fat man, obviously unfitted for the racing track; but the other was tall and lean, and appeared to be a good stayer.

Tommy and his friends dashed on together, across the Market Square, and into Petty Cury. Then Tommy showed his powers of generalship, and gave orders as they ran.

"Down to the left you two," he muttered. "I'll go to the right. We must separate."

They heard and obeyed. Hamilton and Stubbs dashed down to the left, while Hayman pursued his rapid course to the right. Separation was the only chance—Tommy was right.

But the lean and wiry bulldog was a general, too. He saw that Hayman was the best runner, and would, therefore, afford the best sport. The art of chasing was a passion with him, and he had never been beaten yet.

"Follow those two, George," he said quickly to his stout companion, "I'll get this gent," and he disappeared from view.

George, as we remarked before, was a short and stout man. He was also past middle age. By this time he had outrun his scanty allowance of wind and was glad to separate from his more athletic friend. He trotted on desperately for a few minutes in

pursuit of Hamilton and Stubbs, and then, finding that they were gaining on him every yard, abandoned the chase and mopped his forehead.

Tubby and Flick still ran as though some one more to be feared even than proctors and bulldogs, was after them, and in a few minutes arrived, panting, at Jenkins' rooms. There they dropped into lounge chairs, and discarded the majority of their clothing by way of getting cool.

"What's up?" asked their amazed host.

They only groaned and asked for drink.

Jenkins produced a whiskey bottle and a syphon, and, when their thirst was slaked and their breath recovered, again inquired the reason of their abrupt entry.

"We were almost nabbed," said Stubbs, with the unctious of one who has escaped his enemy. "Jove—we did hop it! Met a real prog outside Caius, and just got away!"

"Told you so," was the cheering reply.

"What have you done with Tommy?"

"We separated—more chance to get off," said Hamilton, laconically. "Tommy's being chased."

"Oh, well, he's all right then," said Jenkins, with conviction. "He'll beat any bulldog in Cambridge, I'll bet."

"Don't know," said Flick, gloomily. "The bulldog who was after him seemed pretty well in his stride, eh, Tubby?"

"Looked a terror to run!" answered that gentleman emphatically, still panting.

They sat together, waiting for the return of the prodigal. They cooled down, and condescended to accept Jenkins' cigarettes. They even told him that he might order some coffee if he was good. But still there was no sign of their leader. A quarter of an hour passed slowly, and then half an hour. They glanced uneasily at one another, afraid that their comrade's doom was sealed. As they were discussing the probabilities of his fate there came a hurried pattering on the stairs, the door opened, and—he entered.

He was greeted with a shout of joy, and, after plying him with refreshment—mindful of their own sad case—they plied him with questions.

"Tell us about it, Tommy!" commanded Stubbs. "How did you shake him off?"

"By Jove! I've had a run!"

"We can see that," said Jenkins. "Tell us the story of it."

Tommy settled down, and, between the whiffs, told his tale.

"When I left you chaps, I saw that the little fat bulldog wouldn't last out, and judged that the tall man would follow me. Well, I thought I could shake him off fairly easily, as I was always good at a long run at school. But that chap could go! By the time I'd got up to the theatre, I saw that he was out for business. I didn't think much of it then, for there were thirty yards between us, and I thought I could beat him. I led him up to the R.C. (Roman Catholic Cathedral), round Lensfield Road, down Trumpington Street, and then I looked round, thinking he wouldn't be in sight. I can tell you, it gave me a bit of a jar when I saw him just as close, pegging away, head up, and running easily. I saw then that it was no joke, so I put on the pace. I fairly tore down past the Fitz-Billy, and got into the Market Place again in good time. Then I looked round again and the beggar was still there! This was no nuts at all, so I went on, up the same round, past the post office, and up St. Andrew's Street. I looked round again, and the chap was still going strong—better than I was, in fact. Then I knew that it would have to be a case of subtlety. By the time I'd reached the theatre I had my plan prepared, and slowed down a bit. I looked round; he'd gained ten yards, and there was a gleam in his eye. I thought that was enough for the present, so I egged on to Parker's Piece, and ran across the grass. He thought he had me there, and spurted. I slowed a bit, and, just as I heard him chuckle, I stopped dead, and fell on one knee. He hadn't time to save himself, but went clean over! The fall knocked all the wind out of him, and I left him gasping on the grass. Then I made tracks."

"Good for you, Tommy. Another drink?"

* * * *

Next night little Jeffries found a bag containing some thirteen pounds on his table with an anonymous note. He wept tears of joy.



MY ONE EVENTFUL DAY.

BY AN OLD ROSSALLIAN.

FIGHTS at English public schools, in the "sixties" and "seventies," differed materially from the pugilistic encounters of the present day. Indeed, I am not sure that fights, worthy of the name, are permitted, or even winked at, in the big public schools nowadays. There is a feeling against them, and boys do not want to settle their differences with fists to the same extent as formerly. Things had toned down a bit in the early "seventies," and fights were not officially recognised by the masters, though they were silently acquiesced in, to keep up, as it was thought, the manly spirit of English boys.

By some peculiarly paradoxical principle, at most of the big schools the great fights were celebrated outside the college chapel, though why such a hallowed spot should have been the chosen scene of blood-letting and eye-blackening, was as unaccountable as some of the causes of quarrel themselves.

But to my one eventful day. In the year 187—, the college walls were still ringing with the records of the mighty fight which had taken place about twelve months previously between Tom B—e, of Galway, and Jack Kirch, a stalwart youth from Yorkshire. Given such material, it can be easily imagined how warm was the encounter. The quarrel arose over a football dispute, and words soon led to blows. Just as the pair were about to proceed to business a prefect interfered, and in cold but measured tones, very much after the old duelling fashion, said, "Behind the chapel to-morrow morning, gentlemen, please." No one in those days at Rossall dared disobey this mandate, as the idea of two fellows settling a dispute coolly, without giving the whole school a chance of seeing the fun, would have been voted unsportsmanlike and altogether bad form. So the precious pair had to bottle their wrath till the following morning. A night's cool reflection was calculated to temper the blood and give force to the blows.

Accordingly, Tom B—e and Jack Kirch, the former of whom has since been a distinguished officer in the 52nd Foot and the latter a personality among African explorers,

turned up in the chill of the morning behind the college chapel, whereupon one of the most spirited and determined battles that ever took place in the annals of old Rossall School was fought to a finish. Just how many rounds were fought, or which of the combatants was eventually declared victor, does not matter after a lapse of nearly thirty years. I remember both of them were carried off the field, absolutely *hors de combat*, and were tenderly conveyed to the college "Sangit," as we termed the infirmary. Here their wounds were dressed by the school medical officer, who, all unsuspectingly, placed the blood-stained sons of Mars side by side in the same ward. Little did the good doctor dream of the indomitable spirit still burning within those youthful bosoms.

Scarcely had the first signs of convalescence begun to display themselves, than one morning, on the doctor's entering the room, he found the valiant pair punching one another for all they were worth, although one of them had had his finger broken in the original fight. Of course, there was nothing for it but to separate them at once, and place them in wards as far apart as the exigencies of space in a small sanatorium would permit. The doctor lectured them, with a twinkle in his eye, and the fight was the talk of the school for many a year afterwards. Needless to add, they became the dearest of friends.

But in my case the fight arose from very different causes. I was the victim of a persistent bully, and, though in the Fifth at the time, was never free from his malignant attacks. He was a much bigger chap than I was, and had a clique of small satellites, who always did his bidding.

In those days Rossall was rather a roughish school, counting among its numbers a good many sturdy Lancashire lads, whose horseplay was hardly of the gentle kind. Anyway, "Threlfall," as we will call him, made rather a butt of me, and, being very susceptible to chaff, I suffered accordingly. I knew that he did this largely from spite, because I had always been above him in class; and I felt sure that, sooner or later, a climax would arrive. And it



"CROWN HIM! CROWN HIM!"

arrived, as all such things do, in the most unexpected manner.

One evening, at Prep., I observed that Threlfall was getting through his work much earlier than usual, and that no sooner had he discarded his books than he at once began whispering to one or two others near him, after which they all became very busy in some operations, beneath their desks, which were concealed from my view. They all seemed highly amused, and occasionally glanced round in my direction, which, naturally, gave me the cue that I was to be the subject of some new joke of my tormentor's. I perceived, before the "end Prep." bell rang, that a good many fellows in other classes had got wind of what was up, and, with a boy's intuition, I soon guessed that they were going to "crown" me, *i.e.*, pour all over my devoted head hats full of scraps of paper, as soon as I came out of the school-room. It need hardly be added that this was considered a fearful insult by a high-spirited fellow, especially as the victim's tormentors danced and jeered round him like wild Indians.

A moment's reflection decided me to remain in the big schoolroom until everyone had cleared out. It was a pretty stiff ordeal to face a huge mob of boys, all jeering and laughing at you, and, to be truthful, I can well remember my inward trepidation at the prospect. Presently, the bell rang, and the fellows trooped out, full of excitement at the fun they were going to have. Threlfall led the way, and, as he quitted the room, he glanced back maliciously at the lonely figure still, apparently, poring over his books. Of course, the one kind friend remained, just to whisper to me what was about to happen; thanking him for his kindness, I proceeded to strap up my books, with the coolest face I could assume over a distinctly palpitating heart. My friend asked me if he should accompany me, but I said I preferred to go alone. Whether my young friend was actuated by a desire to save me the humiliation of the situation, or possessed a burning dislike for Threlfall, I shall never know, but he certainly urged me to escape by the prefects' door, an opportunity which I declined with scorn.

My mind was made up, and I determined "to face the music," whatever the consequences might be. On arriving at the great central door a crowd of fully 150 boys came rushing towards me. Shouts of "Crown him!" "Crown him!" were raised on all sides, as the inky contents of numberless hats were emptied over my unoffending head. The quadrangle was seething with excitement as, quickly dropping my books, I straightway made for

Threlfall and struck him a swinging blow between the eyes. He was so taken aback at my daring that he had not time to return the blow before the boys, who had looked for this result, interfered, and the scene was changed in the twinkling of an eye. My former tormentors became my backers, and many were the cries of "Bravo! Kempster knocked old Swapem in the eye." The organisers of the fight were determined that their sport should not be spoiled, so the cry of "Behind the chapel to-morrow morning" was raised, and we had no choice but to obey. Each party retired to their respective studies, talking gaily of the stirring incident which had taken so unexpected a turn—at any rate, to most of them.

An iradé was issued, and very shortly after received by me, ordering me on no terms to give way, as my opponent was sure to collar me after evening chapel and ask me to shake hands. Sure enough he did; but I declined the proffered hand, and told him that if he was not man enough to see it through I would lick him there and then. Our rising hour was, if memory serves, at 6.30, and I can well recall some of the boys coming over from his dormitory to tell me how badly he had slept, and "what an awful funk he was in." Kindly inquiries were added as to the general state of my health and the condition of my nerves. Doubtless a similar deputation had waited upon my rival with equally solicitous inquiries as to *his* physical and mental well-being. For it must be remembered that the sole purpose of these young bloods was to keep up any wavering courage by mock heroics, being fully aware that any kind of sarcasm would only tend to make our determination the stronger.

The mode of pugilistic encounters in those days was no trifling ordeal, and required all a boy's manhood to support. The day was a most unfortunate one for me, as in the afternoon I was to run in the final heat of the school handicap, and I was first favourite for the race. However, in for a penny in for a pound.

There was no backing down now, and I must sink or swim on the fortunes of war. Morning chapel over, and breakfast—which had been but lightly partaken of by Threlfall and myself—consumed, the whole school made their way in groups to the well-known spot behind the chapel, the scene of so many famous encounters. A stranger observing this strange exodus might well have wondered what it was all about. Parties of boys making their way past the needle room, down by the head-master's house, and out into the line playground, to disappear suddenly

behind the chapel, without apparently rhyme or reason, might well have made a visitor wonder. The combatants generally brought up the rear, or appeared suddenly, accompanied by their seconds, from the other side of the chapel. When stripped to await the attack they became the subjects of the keenest criticism as to their respective merits and chances. In our particular case we were neither of us great bruisers, but the fight was of much interest owing to our comparatively high position in the school and the fact that my opponent was a noted bully. So a great wave of enthusiasm swept over the ground as I took my place in the ring. My opponent, on the other hand, was left absolutely without a sympathiser, except for his second, who stuck loyally to him from the start to the finish.

A detailed account of the fight is entirely unnecessary. Suffice it to say that the battle lasted for nearly half an hour, and that both were pretty severely punished, I suffering the more on account of my impressionable skin. Threlfall finally gave in through faintness, just as he should have given me the knock-out blow. I remember I was severely bruised about the face and had a shocking black eye, but I forgot the pain in the consciousness of victory and the joy I felt on learning that I had split his nose and that it was causing him horrible pain.

But how was I to be in form for the race? That was the question. After I had been conveyed to the "Sangit," where my wounds were bandaged, my sign-master, or house-master, sent for me. He said that he had happened to hear that I had been disgracing myself by fighting, and he read me a short lecture thereon. The exams. were commencing that day, but he would allow me to stay in his rooms, and try, by stupes and lotions, to get myself fit for the afternoon race. He was very kind and very gracious, first, because I had fought a chap so much bigger than myself, and secondly, because this would break Threlfall's power with the smaller boys, amongst whom his influence was unhappily not for good. And so I was given the run of his rooms, and my attention was devoted entirely to getting myself fit for the race, which, by the way, was one-third of a mile handicap, open to the whole school, most of the heats of which had already been run. The doctor had assured me that, if I ran, erysipelas would set in, and I might be laid up an invalid for days; but, if I could only get down the swelling and reduce the pain, I was determined to chance this, as my heart was set

upon winning the race. The good chambermaids of the dormitory came to my aid as soon as my master had gone into school, and, with the aid of lotions, and bathing, and cold irons, we managed to get the swellings down to quite reasonable dimensions. The master had left me some good things—cakes and biscuits—so when he came back at lunch time he found a much more cheerful boy, looking like a mended bicycle, but perhaps just a little lopsided. I told him I would run at any cost, and he did not attempt to dissuade me, but was, all the same, a little uneasy as to the possible consequences.

The head boy came and had a talk with me. He told me the school was ringing with my prowess in thrashing that brute Threlfall. We talked about the race, and it was decided that I should run with the bandages on, as the doctor would not hear of their being removed.

I did not appear on the ground until the bell for the final rang. My start was 55yds., and the bandages had been so arranged that I could see perfectly well. Of course, I was treated to a tremendous ovation when I took up my place at the starting point, and was really becoming rather overwhelmed by this notoriety, being so thoroughly unaccustomed to it. From the moment the flag fell I was paced and followed by a number of the bigger fellows, including the head boy, who backed me and egged me on for all I was worth. Even the headmaster's wife, a most austere lady, waved her handkerchief as she saw a grotesque figure, with bandages all around his head, coming into the straight for home.

Never was there such a scene in the old school. Never since that day—not even with a British policeman on my track—have I run with such zest and pace! I was determined I would win, and not all the speed and skill of a young Welsh competitor, who was quite as eager to win as I was, could overhaul me. To add to the interest, however, the finish was an exciting one; but I won by the shortest of heads. To say that I was chaired round the ground amid scenes which defy description is but what must have been expected, but I know I shall never forget that one eventful day of my career so long as I live. Since then, I have returned to my normal condition of comparative insignificance, and there I expect to remain for the rest of my days.



RECENT SEYCHELLES PROVISIONALS.

THE group of islands known as the Seychelles is politically a part of Mauritius, but as it is nearly a thousand miles away to the north, it is allowed to paddle its own canoe in many directions, especially in postal matters. Its population, all told, is only about 16,000, and if left undisturbed by outside demands very few values and very small printings of postage stamps would amply suffice for all its real postal needs.

But the Seychelles Islands are a curious example of the extent to which the stamp collector pays the piper and calls the tune in the issue of postage stamps.

The islands are infested with gangs of stamp speculators who are ever on the watch for a favourable opportunity to manipulate an issue. They seem to be well informed concerning the stocks of stamps in hand, and their plan of operations is very simple, and, unfortunately, very effective. When a particular common value is running short, they will suddenly buy out the small remnant which the postal officials hoped would last until a fresh supply could be got from London. Then, to provide for immediate demands, the postal authorities take some higher value of which they happen to have a good supply, and these they surcharge with the lower value required. As a rule, of such make-shift stamps only sufficient are printed to tide over the delay in getting a fresh printing of the regular value. The speculators, however, having caught the postal authorities "out of stock," make a regular harvest of the opportunity. They besiege the post office with their agents on the morning of issue, and in an hour or two absolutely clear out the new provisional. The public, such as there is in the Seychelles, has to take

a back seat and beg in vain for even a few of the genuinely needed value. The postal authorities, at their wits' ends, proceed to surcharge what they can spare of another value, but again the speculators lay siege to the post office, and once more they "corner" the lot. These hauls the speculators subsequently retail at their own fancy prices to stamp dealers all over the world. And so the game goes on. Every now and again the unfortunate little colony has to resort to the very objectionable expedient of surcharging their stamps. They apparently do all they can locally to outwit the speculators, but to little or no purpose, and so long as so small a colony is allowed to issue a separate series of postage stamps for a population numbering no more than that of a very small English provincial town, so long will the stamp speculator run the post office to suit his own ends. The remedy is in the hands of the higher colonial authorities. Let them put an end to separate stamp issues and make the stamps of Mauritius serve the postal needs of the little group. Then the stamp speculator would soon be compelled to confess that his occupation had come to an end, for whilst he can very comfortably and profitably manipulate printings which run only into a few thousands, he would be appalled by printings running into millions.

The recent issue of provisionals furnishes a very fair example of how the game is played. At the beginning of July the 3 cents of the recently received King's head stamps was exhausted, and a supply of the 15 cents was surcharged "3 cents" to provide the needful value. In order to outwit the speculators notice was given by the post office that no one person would be permitted to purchase more than one sheet of 60 stamps. Those

desirous of getting supplies were on the scene at an early hour, and gave money to different people to buy sheets for them, but many could not even get near the door of the post office, and it is said that, despite the restrictions of the postal officials, nearly all these provisionals got into the hands of one man who had a crowd of fifty negroes on the spot. As there were only 33,000 stamps surcharged, the fifty negroes, taking one sheet of 60 each, would monopolise 30,000 stamps, leaving only 3,000 for the other speculators and dealers' agents, to say nothing of the general public for whose use the stamps were provided.

So that, before the day was done, the post office was once more out of stock of its 3 cent stamps. Consequently the supply of another value this time the 45 cents was surcharged "3 cents." Again the restrictions were put into force with a further restriction that when the daily sale reached 400 stamps no more would be sold until the next day. By these means the local authorities hoped to make the new provisional last until a fresh supply of the ordinary 3 cent stamps was received from London. But Seychelles is far away in the Indian Ocean, and though the fresh printing was probably ordered by cable, it is very doubtful if the period of waiting was tided over without a further surcharge.

This spectacle of a gang of speculators subordinating a colonial post office to speculative purposes for purely personal ends is neither edifying nor creditable, but, as I have suggested, a definite remedy is in the hands of the authorities. From the stamp collector's point of view, there is an unnecessary multiplication of varieties which are not the result of natural postal causes. The only persons who benefit are speculators who are in no philatelic sense stamp collectors.

Some Notable Issues.

The separate issues for the Leeward Islands are coming in. Already we have chronicled the St. Kitts-Nevis, and this month we give particulars of the new Antigua. There are yet to come separate series for Dominica and Montserrat. The design of the Dominica will show a view of Dominica from the sea, for all values, with the exception of the 5s. stamp, which will bear the King's head. The design of the Montserrat will embody the central figure in the Public Seal of the Presidency, for all values, with the exception of the 5s., which will have the King's head. There is one unpleasant piece of

news in connection with these separate issues, and that is the announcement that they are to be used concurrently with the current Leeward Islands stamps, which means in plain English that these little poverty-stricken presidencies are thus each issuing a supplementary series of postage stamps, purely for sale to collectors. If that be so, and I see no other interpretation of the announcement, I should strongly advise the readers of *THE CAPTAIN* to leave them severely alone. It is always safe and wise to exclude from all collections all stamps that are not issued for *bona fide* postal purposes.

The new Australian preliminary Commonwealth issue is, after all, to be designed, engraved, and printed in Australia, and not by De la Rue, our English engravers, as at first announced. The *Melbourne Argus* publishes the following interesting particulars concerning the forthcoming issue:—"Several hundreds of pounds were expended in obtaining suitable designs for the first Commonwealth flag and seal. But no invitation was publicly extended, or even issued departmentally, to any one to submit designs for the first Federal stamp to be printed in the Union. The new stamp, of which we publish a copy, is not therefore the choice of the Postmaster-General after examining specimens of the best draughtsmanship that Australia can produce, but simply a selection made by Senator Drake from a few designs which were furnished to him by persons whose names have not been disclosed. The stamp cannot be regarded as an artistic triumph, and regret will probably be felt that the postal authorities should issue what is claimed to be a distinctly Australian stamp without taking the trouble to obtain designs from the best artists available. The new stamp will be issued in New South Wales and Queensland, almost immediately. Ninepenny stamps have never been printed in those States, and as they are required in large numbers for telegrams, the Federal stamp will probably be welcomed. Victoria has a large stock of stamps of all denominations on hand, so none of the new stamps will be issued in this State for the present. The general colour of the Federal stamp will be brown, but the name of the State in which it is to be current and the figure denoting its value will be printed in blue on a white background." The design is stated to have been taken from a medal in the possession of the Postmaster-General, and is described as "Britannia seated." The design which has been published in the Australian newspapers seems to have created quite a commotion and aroused considerable adverse comment, and the council of the Royal Victorian Institute of Architects has solemnly condemned the design as "utterly weak."

Aitutaki.—Six of the current New Zealand stamps, as in the case of Niué and Penrhyn, consisting of the $\frac{1}{2}$, 1, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$, 3, 6p. and 1sh. values, have been surcharged in two lines with the word "AITUTAKI" and value in the native dialect, for use in this island, which is one of the Cook Islands. Why separate stamps are issued for this one little island of the group wants explanation. Hitherto the Cook Islands have been provided with one series of stamps for all the group. Evidently there is a stamp providing epidemic in islands around New Zealand. The population of Aitutaki is only 2,000.

New Zealand stamps overprinted.

Wmk. N.Z. and star.

- $\frac{1}{2}$ d. green, surch. "Aitutaki—Ave Pene" in red, perf. 14.
 1d. carmine, surch. "Aitutaki—Tai Pene" in blue, perf. 14.
 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. blue, surch. "Aitutaki—Rua Pene" Ma Te Ara in red, perf. 11.
 3d. brown, surch. "Aitutaki—Toru Pene" in blue, perf. 11.
 6d. rose-red, surch. "Aitutaki—Ono Pene" in blue, perf. 11.
 1s. brown-red, surch. "Aitutaki—Tai Tiringi" in blue, perf. 11.

Antigua is once more provided with a separate series of postage stamps. From 1862 to 1890 it had its own stamps, but in 1890 its separate issue was superseded by the general issue for "Leeward Islands." Now it reverts to a separate issue. The design of the low values including the 1s., is that of the Seal of the Presidency of Antigua, and of the three high values, 2s., 2s. 6d., and 5s., bears the King's head.



Wmk. Cr. C.C. Perf. 14.

- $\frac{1}{2}$ d. green, centre black.
 1d. carmine, centre black.
 2d. brown, centre purple.
 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. ultramarine, centre black.
 3d. orange, centre green.
 6d. black, centre mauve.
 1s. purple, centre royal blue.
 2s.
 2s. 6d.
 5s.

Canada.—Of the new King's Head series the following values have been received:—1c., green, 2c. carmine, 5c. deep blue, 7c. olive yellow, and 10c. brown lilac. The American Banknote Co. has redrawn the design engraved and prepared by Messrs. Perkins, Bacon and Co., and spoilt much of the effect of the original design. The American Co. is evidently unequal



to the reproduction of such a fine design as that which was prepared for their use by the well-known English firm.

Perf. 12.

10. green.
 20. carmine.
 50. deep blue.
 70. olive yellow.
 100. puce.

Ceylon.—We have received two more values of the King's head series, viz., 5c. purple, and 15c. ultramarine. The 5c. is a new design, the 15c. is of the same design as the 30c. illustrated. Up to date the list of King's heads stands as follows:—



Wmk. Cr. CA. Perf. 14.

- 4c. orange, value in blue.
 5c. purple.
 15c. ultramarine.
 30c. violet, value in green.

Johore.—The obsolete 4 cents, green and carmine, has been surcharged "10 cents." and the current 4 cents, yellow and carmine has been surcharged "3 cents." It is very unusual to overprint any value with a higher denomination, as in the case of the 10c. on 4c., for it opens the door to fraud.

Wmk. Cross. Perf. 14.

- 10c. on 4c. green and carmine.
 3c. on 4c. yellow and carmine.

Orange Free State.—All the low values of the new series with the King's head have been received from this colony. The colours are striking and effective, especially in the bi-coloured stamps of the series.



Wmk. Cr. CA. Perf. 14.

- $\frac{1}{2}$ d. green.
 1d. carmine.
 2d. chocolate.
 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. ultramarine.
 3d. mauve.
 4d. olive, head carmine.
 6d. mauve, head carmine.
 1s. ochre.

Servia.—As stated in the last number of THE CAPTAIN, a new series with the portrait of the late King, which was prepared in Paris, has been overprinted with the arms of Servia, and issued pending the preparation of a new series. As will be seen from our illustration, the portrait of the murdered King Alexander has been most effectually obliterated. The stamps are bi-coloured, the portrait being printed, as some superstitious folks will think, most ominously in black

throughout the series. None of this Alexander series have been issued without the overprinted arms.

Overprinted Arms. Perf. 13½.

- 1p. pale rose, portrait black, overprint in blue.
- 5p. yellow green, portrait black, overprint in blue.
- 10p. carmine, portrait black, overprint in black.
- 15p. olive, portrait in black, overprint in black.
- 20p. orange, portrait black, overprint in black.
- 25p. blue, portrait black, overprint in black.
- 50p. grey, portrait black, overprint in red.
- 1d. green, portrait black, overprint in brown.
- 3d. violet, portrait black, overprint in claret.
- 5d. brown, portrait black, overprint in blue.

Sierra Leone has commenced the issue of a King's Head series with a penny value which has just come to hand. It is of the more common colonial De la Rue type, and is printed in the favourite fugitive colour, purple, with the name and value in carmine.



Wmk. Cr. CA. Perf. 14.

1d. purple and carmine.

Spain, Morocco. — Here is an illustration of the current stamps of Spain overprinted for use in Morocco. So far only three values have been issued.



Current Stamps of Spain Overprinted.

- 5c. green.
- 10c. rose.
- 25c. blue.

United States. — The 15c and the high values have now been received, completing the new series. The stamps of this series make one of the finest sets of modern issues.



The full series is made up as follows:—

- 1c. green, Franklin.
- 2c. carmine, Washington.
- 3c. violet, Jackson.
- 4c. brown, Grant.
- 5c. dark blue, Lincoln.
- 8c. black, Martha Washington.
- 10c. brown, Webster.
- 13c. sepia, Harrison.
- 15c. olive green, Clay.
- 50c. orange, Jefferson.
- 1d. black, Farragut.
- 2d. dark blue, Madison.
- 5d. dark green, Marshall.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. M. (Manchester).—"Chalky paper" means paper with a surface highly got up with a composition of chalk, which is considered more effective for printing the stamps. You can tell a chalky surfaced paper by lightly drawing a silver coin over the surface. If the paper is what is termed chalky, the coin will make a light pencil line, if it is not chalky the coin will not mark. As further evidencing the chalky character of the surface the line made by the silver can be easily dusted off with a clean silk handkerchief.

Swapo.—It is impossible for me to say from your list whether your St. Helenas are rare or otherwise. There are over 40 varieties of surcharged varieties, some in length of line, some in perforation, etc. You had better consult a catalogue. The New Zealand error, "Wakátipu," instead of "Wakatipu," is catalogued at 8d. unused and 10d. used. It is not by any means scarce, nor is it ever likely to be, for too many were issued.

W. G. (Leicester).—The varieties you mention are not priced in any catalogue.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Stanley Gibbons, Ltd., U.S. 15c., 1dol., 2dol., and 3dol., Servia, full set.

J. W. Jones, Antigua, ½d.

W. H. Peckitt, Antigua, 2s., 2s. 6d., and 5s., Orange Free State, ½d. to 1s.

Whitfield King & Co., Antigua, ½d. to 1s., Canada, King's head, 1c. to 10c., Ceylon, 5c. and 15c., Servia, full set, Sierra Leone, King's head, 1d.

VALUATION OF STAMPS.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Our readers are requested to bear in mind that Mr. Nankivell can only undertake to give advice by post in exceptional cases. Such excellent Catalogues are now available that any collector may, with very little trouble, work out for himself the catalogue value of his collection. There is, therefore, no necessity for sending Mr. Nankivell ordinary stamps for valuation, but he will always gladly help in the case of any stamp that puzzles a CAPTAIN reader, or that is left unpriced in the Catalogues. It must be understood, however, that we cannot hold ourselves responsible for stamps thus sent for valuation.

ED. CAPTAIN.

CONCERNING DARRELL

By H. N. DICKINSON.

Illustrated by
REX OSBORNE.



I

FIVE boys were assembled one evening in a small room in a house at one of the greater public schools. One of them was standing by the fireplace with his back to the chimney-piece, and the others were at the table, rather in the manner of a committee meeting. They were all fifteen years old, except one, who was fourteen, and it was he who had last spoken, banging his fist on the table and saying, "I give it up!"

After that there was a pause. For an hour and more they had sat here discussing a vital matter, and their faces were blank with disappointment and despair. One of their number, Tommy Darrell, the one who was standing in sullen wretchedness by the fireplace, had for the fourth time been discovered smoking. He was caught by Brockley, the captain of the house, between whom and the housemaster there existed a notorious alliance for the uprooting of this particular vice. A month ago, Darrell had been told that if he smoked again he would be sacked from the house, and as Brockley had declared his intention of reporting him this time, the sentence was as good as passed. *If only Brockley could be kept back!* This was the problem which had kept Darrell's four friends locked in council in his room for an hour past. A string of futile suggestions had been made, and a deputation had been sent to wait on Brockley himself, but all without avail. Despair grew upon them like a fever, and the suggestions became wilder and wilder. The awful thing was that at half-past eight the time would come for Brock-

ley to fling his bomb and report the case to Mr. McMichael, for from half-past eight to half-past nine each night this worthy housemaster waited in his study to grant interviews to such of his boys as should wish to see him. And it was ten minutes past eight already! Darrell himself had long since given up all hope, and his brown face was set doggedly in contemplation of disaster, and no one was more scornful than he in ridiculing the silly proposals that were made. The others were all much distressed. One of them in particular was suffering acutely. This was Peter Wenburn, the fourteen-year-old boy whose mind had somehow fixed itself upon a picture in the past in which he saw himself the small victim of a band of school-boy persecutors, terrified and despairing, but rescued at last by this same rough Darrell who was now in peril. How much would he have given to be able to say at this moment, "You saved me and now I will save you!"

Suddenly the three boys at the table became excited.

"Hullo, Wenburn," said one of them, "what's up? Out with it!"

Even Darrell was interested, and a gleam

of hope came into his face. Fitzgerald positively clutched at the table-cloth in his excitement. And the cause of it was that Peter Wenburn's big blue eyes were slowly filling with tears, while a most seraphic expression began to appear upon his face. To an outsider there would have seemed but little room for hope in this. These boys, however, were well acquainted with Peter. It was one of his peculiarities that he would persist in weeping where others laughed, and in laughing when you would have expected him to weep. And the sight of his saint-like countenance and swelling tears was the one encouraging feature of the whole hour.

"I've had a most beautiful thought," he said.

"Oh, stop that rot," said one of the others; "what have you thought of?"

But Peter had not the smallest intention of lessening the dramatic interest of the situation. He continued to weep.

"It's simply beautiful," he said. He took out his watch and laid it on the table in front of him. "And we've twenty minutes to do it in. If there was time I'd explain all about it. But you see, the sad thing is that there isn't any time." And yet he did not appear to be hurried in the slightest degree.

They all fell upon him and battered him till he should behave himself more sensibly. They knew so well how to manage him.

"Perhaps," he said, "when you've all quite done, you'll do something useful. Of course, it is very useful to smash my back-bone, but it would be more useful just now if one of you would go and get my brother. I know you all hate him, but we must have him. You go, Fitz, will you. And look here, Fatty, you go and get Mackenzie. We want him, too. And go as fast as ever you can cut."

The boys obeyed him without a word. Each one of them had the blindest confidence in Peter and his tears. He was a fool at games, and a fool at work, and a fool among most of his schoolfellows. But his friends very well knew that when they were at their wits' end for a way of escape from a difficulty, or, indeed, for a means of getting themselves fairly launched upon one, or for a way of passing an hour that was boring and without employment, Peter was pretty sure to find a method before it was too late.

So Mackenzie and the elder Wenburn were brought to Darrell's room, and there, to the wild delight of his friends, Peter expounded the most beautiful thing he had ever thought

of. His emotion was so intense that he began gesticulating and throwing himself about like an excited bishop. When they held back from his proposals he poured forth his eloquence till he had won them over, and when any one of them could not understand what was expected of him by the plan, Peter seized hold of him and bubbled and spluttered and raved till his victim felt confident he could have won the battle of Waterloo over again. And before the clock gave out the half hour the plan had in real earnest begun to work, and they had nailed up Brockley in his room.

"Just wait!" said Brockley.

II.

HERBERT JAMES McMICHAEL, Master of Arts, and famous player of golf, had partaken of coffee in his wife's drawing-room. It was half past eight, and the stern calls of duty demanded that he should leave the partner of his life with her novel and her knitting and take up the burden of his official position in his study. But if you had seen him trotting across the hall, you would have felt pretty sure that something besides the performance of his duty awaited him there. Almost forgetting to switch on the light, so great was his eagerness, he dashed himself into the chair at his desk and spread out before him the proof sheets of his annotated translation of *Æschylus*, which was his hobby and passion. It was not very often that his boys made use of the privilege of interviewing him, and from now till prayer-time at ten o'clock he could work at his papers, nor would Mrs. McMichael have any reasonable grounds for saying she was neglected. It was the happiest hour of the twenty-four, and it was not only an hour but an hour and a half. Careful Thompson had placed the cigarettes ready to hand. This was, indeed, heavenly.

But it was not for three minutes that he had enjoyed his pleasures before some one knocked at the door and he was compelled to sigh, "Come in!"

It was Wenburn minor, an uninteresting, unsatisfactory lad.

"Ah, Wenburn," he said, resolved to do his duty, "you wish to see me?"

Peter looked as if he had met a ghost in the hall. He shut the door hastily, and stood in front of Mr. McMichael, trembling. Evidently the poor boy was going to confess some terrible crime. The master hoped it would not be a long one.

"Oh, please, sir," said Peter, nervously, "please sir, I want to speak to you, sir. It's about Darrell, sir."

"About Darrell! Well, well?" Mr. McMichael cast longing glances at his proof-slips.

"You said we might come to you if we were in trouble, sir."

"Yes. Make haste, my dear boy."

"And I *am* in trouble, sir. I'd like to die. Darrell is so unkind to me. No one has any idea what I suffer. He's a bully, and he bullies me, sir, and I'm very unhappy. My life's a burden."

"What has Darrell done to you?" the master asked.

"He flicks me, sir, with a wet towel, and puts salt in my tea, and tells me I'm poisoned."

"You should have told me before," said Mr. McMichael. "And you should never have allowed yourself to be bullied like that. It shows a cowardly spirit, and I am ashamed of you. However, I will stop it. I will speak to Darrell to-morrow. Now you can go."

Peter withdrew slowly. At the door he whimpered a farewell.

"I beg your pardon for troubling you, sir," he said, "but I was so very unhappy, sir."

Mr. McMichael spared an instant to reflect on Peter's unpleasant meanness, and to congratulate himself upon having judged Darrell's character rightly. Then to his Æschylus again! One interruption does not spoil an evening any more than one swallow makes a summer. In five minutes' time he was smiling and itching with the pleasure of it. He made a correction in red ink, and an addition in green, and changed a comma into a semi-colon. Then came

another tap at the door. Poor Mr. McMichael had not had such bad luck for a fortnight.

It was young Fitzgerald, and though he was a favourite, Mr. McMichael felt extreme annoyance.

"Well, Fitzgerald, what can I do for you?"

The boy was unusually nervous and uncomfortable. He hesitated for a moment.



THEY NAILED UP BROCKLEY IN HIS ROOM.

RED OGDON

and then, putting his hands behind his back, blurted out his business.

"If you please, sir, I want to speak to you about something. I am thinking of 'the honour of the house, or I would not betray a schoolfellow. It's about Darrell."

"Thank you, Fitzgerald," said Mr. McMichael, with sudden cheerfulness, "I've heard all about Darrell already. You need

not trouble. I have promised to see to it. He shall not bully any of the boys in the future."

"It's not bullying, sir," replied Fitzgerald, "it's using cribs. He uses cribs every day. I have asked him to stop, but he won't, so I have come to you. Cribs aren't fair, and it's very wrong to use them. Darrell says he doesn't care about the honour of the house, because if he uses cribs it saves him trouble."

Here Fitzgerald gave a sigh of relief, like one whose work is done. He began to cast glances at the door.

"What cribs does he use?" said the master.

Fitzgerald looked up to the ceiling and down again.

"Livy," he said, with conviction.

"Darrell is in my form," replied Mr. McMichael, "and, as we are not doing Livy, I fail to see of what use it would be to him."

"Oh—er—I expect he keeps the Livy crib to deceive us," said the boy. "He probably has lots of others. I've done my duty in telling you. May I go now, sir?"

"You may, Fitzgerald. I shall be speaking to Darrell to-morrow, and I will ask him about this."

Fitzgerald's anxious face cleared, and he left the room.

Mr. McMichael settled himself to work again, but peace was not his portion that night. Thompson brought him a telegram from some blockhead of a parent who was going to descend upon him the next day. Then came Mackenzie, a goggle-eyed, round-backed scholar of seventeen, whose position in the school demanded attention. The master wearily listened to a long preliminary announcement, and then awoke to some sort of interest when Mackenzie said his reason for coming was that he had found a clue to the recent mysterious fire in Westley's tea-rooms. It would be interesting for Mr. McMichael to get news even before the police. He enquired what Mackenzie's idea might be, and Mackenzie regretted to say that there was a boy in the house who had recently been seen playing with matches and expressing dislike for Mr. Westley, with whom he had contracted debts. Who was the boy? It was Darrell.

Certainly, the coincidence was remarkable, and it forcibly struck Mr. McMichael. That three people should accuse Darrell of three crimes within one half hour was very strange, and had not Mackenzie been a person of such worth and respectability, Mr. McMichael would have almost believed that he was being

imposed upon. He could not conceive of Mackenzie being connected with such a plot. On the other hand, it may be added, he did not know that the quiet scholar detested Brockley and all his works.

So adverse were the fates that night that even before Mackenzie had left the room, another boy had come to seek an interview. It was Leacroft, one of Darrell's four friends.

"Please, sir, I've come to tell you about the drinking that goes on in the house. It's disgraceful. I'm made to join in, and my life's a burden."

Mr. McMichael had heard that phrase before. He waved Mackenzie from the room and assumed a very severe expression of face.

"I presume you mean that Darrell drinks?" he said, sarcastically.

"Yes, sir, it was Darrell I meant."

"Then you can write me out a Georgic before to-morrow evening. This is the most disgraceful impudence I ever met with. Leave the room! If any other boy comes to me with these stories, I shall send him to the head-master."

"But, sir——!"

"Leave the room!"

Since Leacroft was Darrell's bosom friend, and since all the world knew it, Mr. McMichael was justified in suspecting that Leacroft's accusation, coming after the others, was not worthy of very serious consideration. And that four of his boys should conspire to play this abominable trick upon him at a time when he was pining and craving for an opportunity to work at his *Æschylus* was enough to try severely the temper even of so noted a golf-player as Mr. McMichael. He grasped his pen desperately and cast a vindictive glance at the clock, which stood at ten minutes past nine. He had still nearly an hour in which to do his work. But unfortunately his temper could not well stand such a shock as he had received. Instead of thinking of *Æschylus*, his mind wandered off and poked about for reasons for the strange conspiracy which these boys had formed for his annoyance. It was not usual. Was it merely to annoy him, or had Darrell incurred unpopularity, and did the boys hope to bring him into trouble? Mr. McMichael drew his pen heavily through a sentence that he had no sort of desire to erase, a calamity which so embittered his disposition that he got up and paced the room till he should feel better. At a quarter past nine he was visited by the elder Wenburn, Peter's brother. He assumed a judicial air, and asked what the boy wanted.

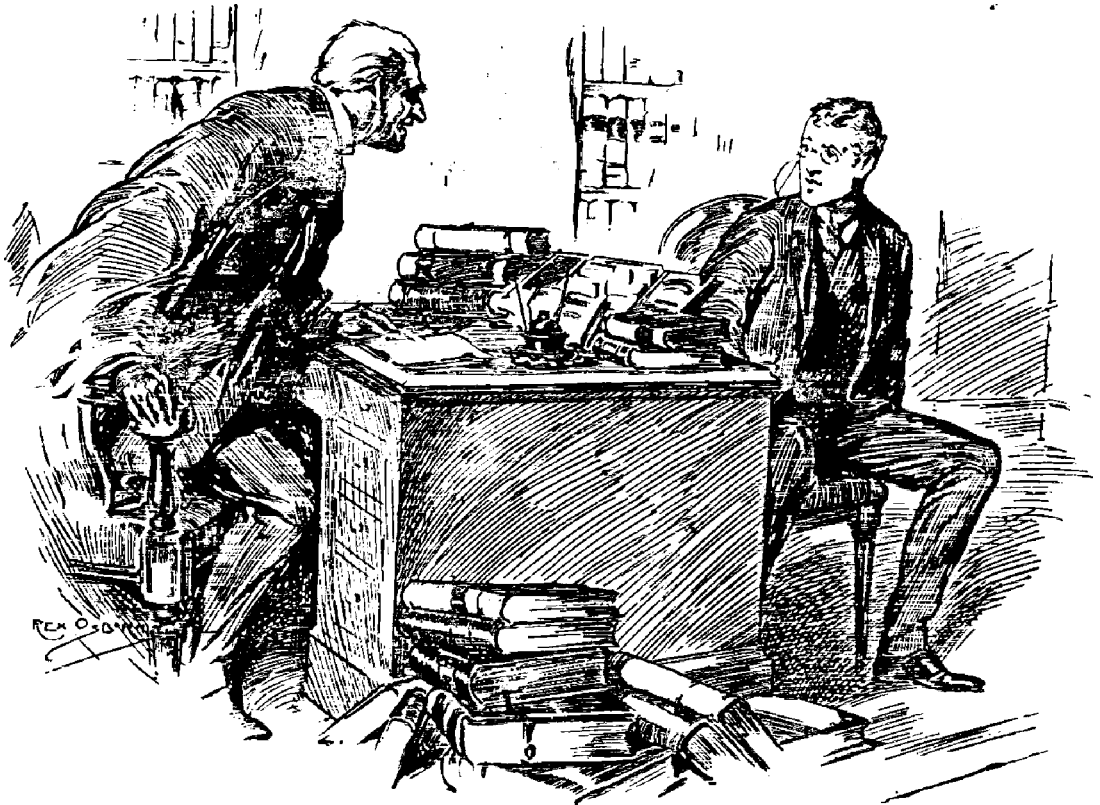
"I'm sorry to say, sir," said Wenburn,

gravely, "that money has recently been missed in the house."

"Then if you propose to accuse Darrell of stealing it," replied the master, "I advise you to proceed no further. I am in no mood to be trifled with."

"I do not wish to accuse any one," said Wenburn, "but Matthews lost a postal order the day before yesterday, and to-day it has been found in another boy's pocket, and, thinking of the honour of the house, I thought I ought to let you know. It is a fact, not an accusation."

repented of having lent himself to Peter's plots. He was thankful to get out of the room, and so to escape from the terrors of the law, if only for a season. His first thought was to find Peter and make use of some of the expressive words he had just heard from Mr. McMichael's lips. But Peter and company received him with amiable enthusiasm, and quite ignored his anger. One look at his face was enough to tell them how remarkably fitting was the occasion for Brockley's visit to the house-master.



"WHAT?" ROARED MR. McMICHAEL. "WHAT, SIR?"

"Whose pocket was it found in?"

"I can't say."

"Why not?"

"Because I have been told that if I mentioned his name I should be sent to the headmaster."

"Am I to understand that you refer to Darrell?"

Wenburn looked despairingly into the master's face.

"Yes, sir," he said, "I refer to Darrell."

Then Mr. McMichael's judicial coolness forsook him, and he shouted out his wrath in loud, full-mouthed abuse, threatening the direst penalties, till poor Wenburn bitterly

III.

THEY hurried to the door of Brockley's room.

"Too late, Brockley! Too late, poor Brockley! You can't do it to-night," sang out Peter.

"Don't you wish it wasn't half past nine, you bearer of false witness against your neighbour!"

"We're going to let you out, now."

"All dogs are to be unmuzzled at half past nine!"

The nails were drawn out, the door was opened, and Brockley was disclosed, in appearance not altogether dignified, but very terrible.

"You will all suffer for this," he said. "And you may not be aware that it isn't twenty-five past nine yet, and so all your pretty plans have failed. Let me pass, please!"

"Oh, Brockley, *don't*," said Peter.

"Let's nail him up again," said another.

Despair sat on the faces of all as the triumphant Brockley passed between them and marched off proudly with flying colours to do the deed. He stalked downstairs with uplifted head. He blew his nose haughtily, and fixed his spectacles firmly upon the same member, and smoothed his hair. He knocked at the door, and entered with the assurance of a conquering general or a favourite Persian cat. But he was not welcome.

"I'm sorry to disturb you, sir," he said.

"I've been a good deal disturbed to-night," Mr. McMichael replied.

"Have you, sir?" said Brockley, full of sympathy. "I'm sorry; I wonder why!"

"Then you haven't heard of all this nonsense that has been going on in the house?"

Naturally poor Brockley had not. He did not wish the master to hear of the rather ignominious manner in which his last hour had been passed. But he resolved to clear himself of all suspicion of sharing in any nonsense whatsoever.

"I've heard of nothing to-night," he replied. "Indeed, I've spoken to no one. I've been alone in my room. I had no idea there was anything at all going on in the house—no idea at all."

This explicit and thorough denial, though characteristic of the poor boy, did not please Mr. McMichael. He looked unpleasant. Brockley became nervous.

"But there's a matter I wanted to mention to you," he said. "I would not have troubled you if it had not been that the honour of the house——"

"Well, well, what is it?" demanded Mr. McMichael. His sharp manner alarmed poor Brockley dreadfully.

"There's been more smoking," he said.

"I'm afraid it'll make you very angry, sir, but this afternoon I smelt smoke and went round from room to room, and when I came to Darrell's——"

"*What?*" roared Mr. McMichael. "*What, sir?*"

Brockley felt the room going round him.

"Do you think I am going to allow this insolence from you? You, the head boy of this house? Are you off your head? Never in all my life have I known such rank impertinence! It's a disgrace to the school. It's a——"

"I didn't mean to make you angry, sir, really I didn't," the astonished Brockley pleaded.

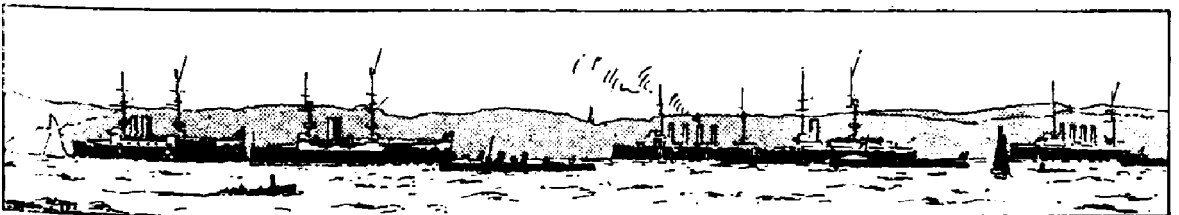
"Oh, you didn't, didn't you? It's just a joke, I suppose. You wish me to see the humour of it, do you? It's a joke!"

"No, sir," said Brockley; "it wasn't meant for a joke. It was only a—a sort of indiscretion, I'm afraid. I didn't think—I didn't realise——"

"Leave the room!" the master shouted; "leave the room! Thank your past good character for your escape. And if ever you dare to mix yourself up in such an affair again—you'll have cause to remember it. Never let me hear you mention Darrell's name again. Go!"

And thus Darrell was saved. There was Mr. McMichael's vengeance for the insult, Brockley's vengeance for his hour's imprisonment, everybody's vengeance on Peter for the trouble he had caused by the beautiful plan that had so greatly delighted them at first. But to Peter it was delightful still. He wrote yards of lyrical poetry in commemoration of it.

For it is to be feared he did not realise, as we do, how very wicked it was. You see, it made such a good story. Even Mr. McMichael saw what a good story it made, when Peter was at a leaving dinner three years afterwards and told him about it. Peter told a story well, and the translation of Æschylus had been published by that time.





SOME ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Football.—Nearly all the leading makers of cricket goods also supply football gear of every description. You may rely upon excellent football gear from any well-known cricket firm, which naturally does not wish to lose its name for cricket material by selling poor footballs, etc. You are sure of attention and satisfaction from Messrs. Gradidge and Sons of Woolwich; they are as well-known for footballs as for cricket bats.

R. L. Foster.—The fact that the bowler knocks the bails off his end in delivering the ball makes no difference. In such a case the striker is out if he is bowled or caught, etc. But the striker has, in such a case, the option of not taking the ball, for he might find himself baulked by the breaking of the bowler's wicket. But the striker must make it quite clear that he has not attempted to play the ball. I cannot give you the correct dimensions of a No. 6 bat. There is no uniform standard.

Playfair.—There is no rule against a bowler varying his delivery from under- to over-arm. The umpire decides points of fair and unfair play not directly provided for in the rules; but I do not think there is anything unfair in such a change of delivery. There is no rule against the use of resin or other sticky stuff on wicket-keeping gloves.

E. C. Aitken (Jamaica).—I do not know what cocoa-nut oil is like, but I see no reason why it should not do very well for bats. There is no particular virtue in linseed or olive oil as far as I am aware. You might try your native oil. Odd and Sons are famous bat makers. Their bats have been much used by county cricketers.

Walkererde.—There are many absurdities in the county championship. It would certainly be fairer if all counties played the same number of matches. Middlesex please themselves about the number they play, provided they play enough to qualify. But it is only fair to remember that they play all the stronger counties. Thank you for your kind remarks.

Myop.—I am afraid I can only refer you to an oculist. Take my advice and have your eyes examined at once. The eyesight is a very precious possession. It is, I believe, a great mistake to try to dispense with glasses if your eyesight requires them.

A New Reader.—K. S. Ranjitsinhji was, I believe, the first to make 3,000 runs. I do not think either Dr. W. G. Grace or Major Poore has done so.

J. A. Duff.—See answer to Playfair above. I

shall be glad to give you any advice I can about your shoulder; but I am not a surgeon!

Anonymous (Bognor).—When in use wipe your bat over with an oily rag two or three times a week. Keep it in a dry, cool place in winter, and oil it about once a fortnight. If the batsmen have run nine runs before lost-ball is called, they score nine runs, not six or fifteen.

G. G. R.—I will give some hints about playing off-break bowling on sticky wickets next spring, if you will remind me. Once master the correct method of playing back to straight, good length balls, and you will find off-breaks easy enough to negotiate on all wickets that do not play very quick as well as very sticky.

A. C. Y.—Nearly all the county grounds are first-rate. The pitches at Taunton and Nottingham are probably the most favourable to batsmen. But for fielding and all points included, I consider Old Trafford to be the best ground.

H. B. Speight.—Bingfield had no right to refuse to play for the 35 remaining minutes. A win on the first innings only counts when it is finally proved that the sides cannot finish two innings each, or decide the game on two innings each; unless, of course, both sides agree. According to the law, Shipton could claim the match.

Cello.—I cannot enter into controversies about the merits of county captains. We all hope sincerely that Bobby Abel will recover his best health and form.

H. Bond.—People often grow considerably between the ages of 17 and 21, so you have certainly a chance of reaching the standard height for the Metropolitan Police. Yes, it would do you good to join a volunteer corps, and take part in drills. But you should also get as much out-door exercise as possible, and play games.

W. B. Fauli.—The captains are as follows:—Gloucester, G. L. Jessop; Surrey, L. Walker; Middlesex, G. Macgregor; Hants, E. M. Spott; Warwick, F. J. Byrne; Leicester, C. E. de Trafford; Derby, F. A. Lawton. Buckenham and Brearley are fast bowlers; Mead, Hearne, Haigh, Lee, and Rawlin are medium pace; Vine, slow medium.

W. F. Allen.—B. J. T. Bosanquet is pronounced with a long o, and the accent on the first syllable.

Lee-Metford.—Any gun-maker would get you a regulation sling, or one of the same sort, for your rifle. The violent throbbing you feel in your head after hard exercise is a sign that you have put considerable strain on your heart. You would do

well to be examined by a doctor to discover whether you are fit for violent exercise.

A. Newsome.—The ball is not made dead by hitting the umpire, so the batsman was legally out. It was the duty of the batsman to see all that happened, and it was his failing to do so that cost him his wicket. Of course it was very bad luck.

J. F. Dimock.—If the batsman is out of his ground and misses the ball, and it rebounds from the wicket-keeper's pads into the wicket, the batsman is out stumped. If the batsman just nicked the ball, and the same thing occurred, he would be accounted run out.

A. Wallace.—Your measurements are good, especially the chest expansion. Clearly, as you are only sixteen, you are likely to grow taller.

J. and H. Ward.—(1) One side boundary at Hove is on the short side when the wicket is pitched on the edge of the wicket-area. Runs are not any easier to get at Hove than on most of the county grounds. (2) If I could not afford to play first-class cricket, I certainly should not become a professional. I do not know what a paid amateur is. (3) H. K. Foster has taken wickets.

C. M'C. Brooks.—The reason you cannot play your former game on your present wickets is that bad wickets require a totally different style from good. On bad wickets you must rely on back

play except for over-pitched balls, which you must drive. Forward play of the orthodox style is entirely useless on bad wickets.

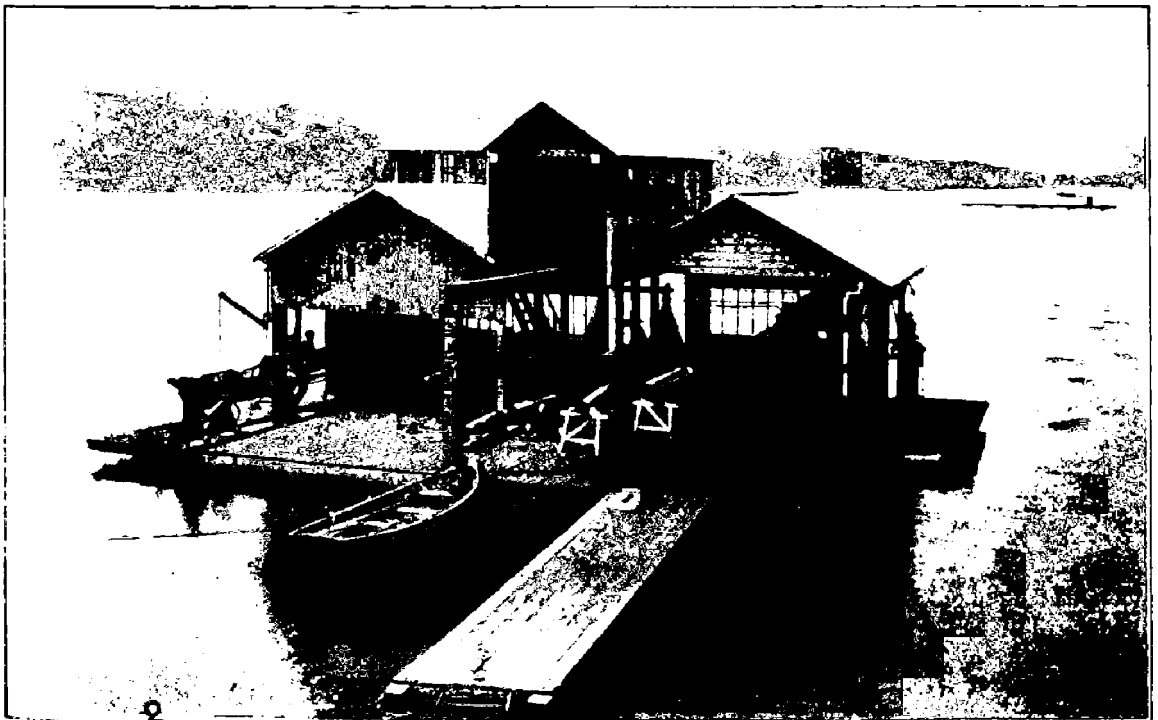
K. Dowie (Montreal).—Practise taking the same run-up to bowl every time. Make a mark where you start the run, and if you find yourself over-stepping the crease, move the mark back about a foot. You should not have to think about your run-up; if you do you are likely to bowl badly. Make a habit of a certain run-up, and concentrate your mind upon bowling a good ball.

Aug.—Unless you are a natural cutter, the best way to play shortish good length balls on and outside the off-stump (unless too wide), is to play them back. Get well over the ball, and if you find you can force the ball past the in-field, by all means do so.

Post-cards.—Readers who send me picture post-cards to various cricket grounds must understand that I cannot undertake to sign them, much less to get other players' signatures. The cards may turn up again or they may not. I disclaim all responsibility.

C. B. Fry

WHERE TORPEDO SHELLS ARE TESTED.



The above illustration shows how makers of torpedo shells test their wares before handing them over to the Governments. They are fired at the targets from special machines. Although the work is naturally attended with some amount of danger, it is very seldom indeed that any serious accident occurs.

Twice in the Jaws of a Tiger.

By R. EVANS.



OME time ago an article in a magazine on tiger-hunting called forth a lively discussion amongst some friends of mine as we were smoking our after-dinner pipes. Some one pooh-pooed the whole thing, and said that there was no sport in it—the animals were afraid of you, and so on, and there was no pluck required. I do not take upon myself to say whether this is true or false. It may or may not require a certain amount of courage to face a brute which is quite capable of killing you if you miss it, even though you have a splendid breechloading gun. But this I do maintain, as I then maintained it: in the old days of muzzle-loaders a very considerable degree of pluck was required on the part of the tiger-hunter. The following incident will, I think, amply bear out my contention. The hero of the story was my great-great-grandfather, and his original letter, which I copy word for word, now lies before me. One cannot but admire the matter-of-fact way in which he treats the whole thing. He was twice in the jaws of a tiger. I have never heard of any one who was more than once in that singularly unpleasant position; he first found the tiger “devouring his left arm,” next, while he was congratulating himself on having escaped from his clutches, the brute got him again, this time by the right thigh. And yet, in responding to a request to write an account of what was in all probability an escape without any parallel, he simply says, “The event is sufficiently impressed on my memory to enable me to comply with your request.” I will not, however, spoil the story by commenting further upon it. I place the simple record before the readers of *THE CAPTAIN* as a really remarkable adventure which tends to show that in the last century, at least, tiger-hunting was attended with considerable dangers, and demanded no ordinary degree of pluck; it shows, moreover, what manner of men they were who built up our Indian empire.

“LONDON,
“FEBRUARY 1ST,
1800.

“SIR,

“Though a considerable time has elapsed since my rencontre with the tiger, yet it is sufficiently impressed on my memory to enable me to comply with your request, and to relate the most particular circumstances.

“On the 15th January, 1776, being chief of the Council of Revenue of Dinagepore, in Bengal, Rajah Bidentant sent to inform me that his huntsmen had surrounded a tiger with a net at about two miles distance, and invited me and the gentlemen of the factory to see some royal sport. I accepted this invitation, and, accompanied by all the Europeans present, to the number of fifteen or sixteen, went after breakfast to the spot, where I found the Rajah had erected a temporary stage for our accommodation. The space enclosed by the netting might be about thirty yards square, full of briars and underwood and very long grass. It was a considerable time before the rockets and crackers which were thrown in to rouse the tiger had any effect. At length, however, he sprang up, and, with a tremendous roar, made a violent effort to escape; but the netting withstood his endeavours, and the multitudes of spearmen, etc., who received him with weapons of all descriptions, obliged him almost instantly to retire into the thickest part of the cover. It was not long, however, ere he made a second attempt. Evidently perturbed by the fire and noise which surrounded him, with a fierceness and fury not to be resisted he again sprang upon the netting; it gave way before him, and in a moment he was at large and in the midst of the mob who were collected in great numbers to enjoy the sport. Thus situated, as you may easily suppose, he had little time to attack particular persons, but hastened to rid himself of such troublesome visitors as speedily as possible. It was, therefore, almost laughable to observe with what expedition he put this



WILLIAM HARWOOD, WHO
WAS TWICE ATTACKED BY
A TIGER.

From a painting.

man by to the right, and that to the left, marking with his claws the arms of one and the thighs of another, as happened to be in the line of his flight. He immediately made across some meadows and soon reached an-

of prudence and propriety, not to wait for the nets being placed round the copse, but to arouse and attack him without them. Elated by the sport, we neither took nor thought of precautions for personal safety, but pressed



HE HAD MY LEFT ARM FAST IN HIS JAWS.

other thicket, though not till almost every gentleman and many of the natives had discharged their muskets at him. By this time, it was near four o'clock in the afternoon, and it was determined, against every suggestion

round the thicket with as little hesitation as if the enemy were already disarmed and at our mercy. Just at this time I saw him crouched at a small distance from me; I fired my piece with good aim, and as the

animal did not attempt to move or alter his position, I concluded I had killed him. I had already put the bushes aside, and was proceeding on my hands and knees to creep in and bring the victim to the plain, when my brother (the present Professor of Anatomy at Cambridge, Sir Beusick Harwood) requested me to wait till he had given his fire, that we might make it certain no accident could happen. I objected to this over-caution, as I thought it, saying we should spoil the skin by making too many shot-holes in it. However, he fired his piece, and at that very same instant the tiger sprang upon me and bore me down. On the first moment of recollection I found him devouring my left arm; then, by the utmost exertion of my strength and activity, I contrived to get upon my legs, though much incommoded by briars and underwood. The animal soon succeeded in getting his two fore feet round my body, and had my left arm fast in his jaws; in this way I shoved him, instinctively as it were, before me, till at length, some friendly little bush entangling his hind legs, he fell backwards, and in falling he quitted his hold of me, and thus was I fortunately liberated from my enemy, who then crept very quietly towards the edge of the thicket, intending, no doubt, to seek a safer asylum. But this he was not permitted to do, for the fellows who, with their sticks and staves and spears and drums, surrounded the copse in every direction, feeling themselves valiant from their noise and numbers, met him at the outskirts and literally beat him in again. Unfortunately for me, he returned by the same course he went, and before I had time or recollection to move five steps from the spot where he had left me, he again flew at me and seized me by the right thigh, this, too, at the moment when I began to congratulate myself at having escaped from his clutches. It was in vain that I kicked him and hauled him about, hanging as he was with all his weight on my thigh; but, having recovered from the terror of the first outset, I was now perfectly collected and aware of my situation. A large tree, some of whose branches approached very near the ground, was not many steps from me. I hauled my adversary after me towards it, and, laying

hold of the first branch I could reach, I lifted myself off the ground by the strength of my arms, so that he hung suspended in the air, attached to my thigh by the force of his teeth. It could not have been possible for either of us to continue many minutes in this extremity, and happy it was for me that, maimed and wounded and faint as he was, he once more let go his hold, and, dropping on the ground, crashed away from me into the thick part of the copse. I no sooner saw the way clear than in an instant I forced through thorns and briars and all other obstacles, and rejoined my friends, who had given me up for lost. An examination of my wounds immediately took place, and we were agreeably surprised to find them chiefly confined to the fleshy parts of my arm and thigh. There was none mortal, though I was fainting from the loss of blood. In short, by means of the able and attentive assistance I had with me, I perfectly recovered the use of both arm and thigh in the course of a month.

"Some of my friends, exasperated at what had happened, would not quit the field till they had fully revenged my sufferings, and in the evening I had the satisfaction of seeing the dead tiger brought to my house. The whole time I was actively engaged in this rencontre I am sure did not exceed three minutes, and although my dearest friends and about fifty other people were within five yards of me, it was not possible for any of them to render me the least assistance, fearing that a shot from a musket or stroke from a spear or sabre, though intended to destroy my adversary, in the quick succession and change of place and attitude which fluctuated every minute, might fall upon me.

"I hope the above detail has not been too tedious, and that you will allow me to subscribe myself,

" Dear Sir, etc.,

" WILLIAM HARWOOD."

I venture to think that few men have lived to tell such a thrilling story as this, and that, of those few, not one could have told it more simply and modestly. The pluck and the strength that William Harwood exhibited on this occasion were things that a man might well boast of.



THE GOLD BAT

A
PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY
BY
P. G. WODEHOUSE
AUTHOR OF
"THE POTHUNTERS"
"THE MANŒUVRES OF
CHARTERIS" ETC.

Illustrated by
T. M. R. WHITWELL.

CHAPTER I.

THE FIFTEENTH PLACE.

"OUTSIDE!"
"Don't be an idiot, man. I bagged it first."

"My dear chap, I've been waiting here a month."

"When you fellows have *quite* finished rotting about in front of that bath, don't let me detain you."

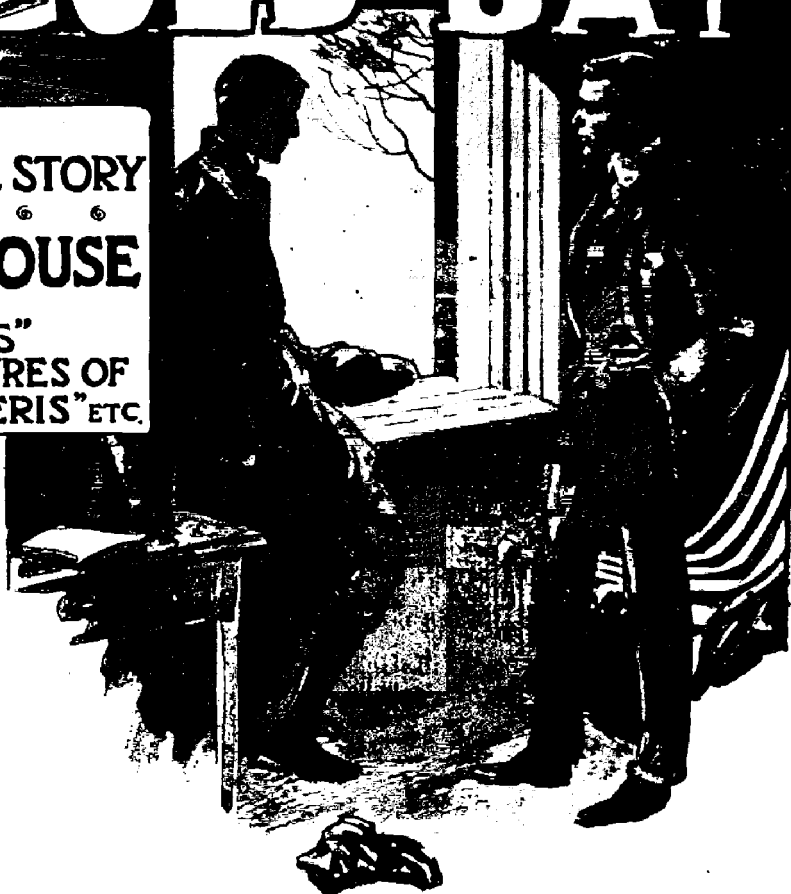
"Anybody seen that sponge?"

"Well, look here"—this in a tone of compromise—"let's toss for it."

"All right. Odd man out."

All of which, being interpreted, meant that the first match of the Easter term had just come to an end, and that those of the team, who, being day boys, changed over at the pavilion, instead of performing the operation at leisure and in comfort, as did the members of houses, were discussing the vital question—who was to have first bath?

The Field Sports Committee at Wrykyn—that is, at the school which stood some half-mile outside that town and took its name from it—were not lavish in their expenditure as regarded the changing accommodation in the pavilion. Letters appeared in every second number of the *Wrykinian*, some short, others long, some from members of the school, others from Old Boys, all protesting against the condition of the first, second, and third fifteen dressing-rooms. "Indignant" would inquire acidly, in half a page of small type, if the editor happened to be



aware that there was no hair-brush in the second room, and only half a comb. "Disgusted O. W." would remark that when he came down with the Wandering Zephyrs to play against the third fifteen, the water supply had suddenly and mysteriously failed, and the W.Z.'s had been obliged to go home as they were in a state of primeval grime, and he thought that this was "a very bad thing in a school of over six hundred boys," though what the number of boys had to do with the fact that there was no water he omitted to explain. The editor would express his regret in brackets, and things would go on as before.

There was only one bath in the first fifteen room, and there were on the present occasion six claimants to it. And each claimant was of the fixed opinion that, whatever happened subsequently, he was going to have it first. Finally, on the suggestion of Otway, who had reduced tossing to a fine art, a mystic game of Tommy Dodd was played. Otway having triumphantly obtained first innings, the conversation reverted to the subject of the match.



The Easter term always opened with a scratch game against a mixed team of masters and old boys, and the school usually won without any great exertion. On this occasion the match had been rather more even than the average, and the team had only just pulled the thing off by a couple of tries to a goal. Otway expressed an opinion that the school had played badly.

"Why on earth don't you forwards let the ball out occasionally?" he asked. Otway was one of the first fifteen halves.

"They were so jolly heavy in the scrum," said Maurice, one of the forwards. "And when we did let it out, the outsides nearly always mucked it."

"Well, it wasn't the halves' fault. We always got it out to the centres."

"It wasn't the centres," put in Robinson. "They played awfully well. Trevor was ripping."

"Trevor always is," said Otway; "I should think he's about the best captain we've had here for a long time. He's certainly one of the best centres."

"Best there's been since Rivers-Jones," said Clephane.

Rivers-Jones was one of those players who mark an epoch. He had been in the team fifteen years ago, and had left Wrykyn to captain Cambridge and play three years in succession for Wales. The school regarded the standard set by him as one that did not admit of comparison. However good a Wrykyn centre three-quarter might be, the most he could hope to be considered was "the best *since* Rivers-Jones." "Since" Rivers-Jones, however, covered fifteen years, and to be looked on as the best centre the school could boast of during that time, meant something. For Wrykyn knew how to play football.

Since it had been decided thus that the faults in the school attack did not lie with the halves, forwards, or centres, it was more or less evident that they must be attributable to the wings. And the search for the weak spot was even further narrowed down by the general verdict that Clowes, on the left wing, had played well. With a beautiful unanimity the six occupants of the first fifteen room came to the conclusion that the man who had let the team down that day had been the man on the right—Rand-Brown, to wit, of Seymour's.

"I'll bet he doesn't stay in the first long," said Clephane, who was now in the bath, *vice* Otway, retired. "I suppose they had to try him, as he was the senior wing three-quarter of the second, but he's no earthly good."

"He only got into the second because he's big," was Robinson's opinion. "A man who's

big and strong can always get his second colours."

"Even if he's a funk, like Rand-Brown," said Clephane. "Did any of you chaps notice the way he let Paget through that time he scored for them? He simply didn't attempt to tackle him. He could have brought him down like a shot if he'd only gone for him. Paget was running straight along the touch-line, and hadn't any room to dodge. I know Trevor was jolly sick about it. And then he let him through once before in just the same way in the first half, only Trevor got round and stopped him. He was rank."

"Missed every other pass, too," said Otway. Clephane summed up.

"He was rank," he said again. "Trevor won't keep him in the team long."

"I wish Paget hadn't left," said Otway. Paget was the wing three-quarter who, by leaving unexpectedly at the end of the Christmas term, had let Rand-Brown into the team, and his loss was likely to be felt. Up till Christmas Wrykyn had done well, and Paget had been their scoring man. Rand-Brown had occupied a similar position in the second fifteen. He was big and speedy, and in second fifteen matches these qualities make up for a great deal. If a man scores one or two tries in nearly every match, people are inclined to overlook in him such failings as timidity and clumsiness. It is only when he comes to be tried in football of a higher class that he is seen through. In the second fifteen the fact that Rand-Brown was afraid to tackle his man had almost escaped notice. But the habit would not do in first fifteen circles.

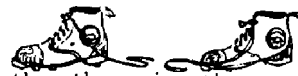
"All the same," said Clephane, pursuing his subject, "if they don't play him, I don't see who they're going to get. He's the best of the second three-quarters, as far as I can see."

It was this very problem that was puzzling Trevor, as he walked off the field with Paget and Clowes, when they had got into their blazers after the match. Clowes was in the same house as Trevor—Donaldson's—and Paget was staying there, too. He had been head of Donaldson's up to Christmas.

"It strikes me," said Paget, "the school haven't got over the holidays yet. I never saw such a lot of slackers. You ought to have taken thirty points off the sort of team you had against you to-day."

"Have you ever known the school play well on the second day of term?" asked Clowes. "The forwards always play as if the whole thing bored them to death."

"It wasn't the forwards that mattered so much," said Trevor. "They'll shake down all



right after a few matches. A little running and passing will put them right."

"Let's hope so," Paget observed, "or we might as well scratch to Ripton at once. There's a jolly sight too much of the mince-pie and Christmas pudding about their play at present." There was a pause. Then Paget brought out the question towards which he had been moving all the time.

"What do you think of Rand-Brown?" he asked.

It was pretty clear by the way he spoke what he thought of that player himself, but in discussing with a football captain the capabilities of the various members of his team, it is best to avoid a too positive statement one way or the other before one has heard his views on the subject. And Paget was one of those people who like to know the opinions of others before committing themselves.

Clowes, on the other hand, was in the habit of forming his views on his own account, and expressing them. If people agreed with them, well and good: it afforded strong presumptive evidence of their sanity. If they disagreed, it was unfortunate, but he was not going to alter his opinions for that, unless convinced at great length that they were unsound. He summed things up, and gave you the result. You could take it or leave it, as you preferred.

"I thought he was bad," said Clowes.

"Bad!" exclaimed Trevor, "he was a disgrace. One can understand a chap having his off-days at any game, but one doesn't expect a man in the Wrykyn first to funk. He mucked five out of every six passes I gave him, too, and the ball wasn't a bit slippery. Still, I shouldn't mind that so much if he had only gone for his man properly. It isn't being out of practice that makes you funk. And even when he did have a try at you, Paget, he always went high."

"That," said Clowes thoughtfully, "would seem to show that he was game."

Nobody so much as smiled. Nobody ever did smile at Clowes' essays in wit, perhaps because of the solemn, almost sad, tone of voice in which he delivered them. He was tall and dark and thin, and had a pensive eye, which encouraged the more soulful of his female relatives to entertain hopes that he would some day take orders.

"Well," said Paget, relieved at finding that he did not stand alone in his views on Rand-Brown's performance, "I must say I thought he was awfully bad myself."

"I shall try somebody else next match," said Trevor. "It'll be rather hard, though. The man one would naturally put in, Bryce, left at Christmas, worse luck."

Bryce was the other wing three-quarter of the second fifteen.

"Isn't there anybody in the third?" asked Paget.

"Barry," said Clowes briefly.

"Clowes thinks Barry's good," explained Trevor.

"He is good," said Clowes. "I admit he's small, but he can tackle."

"The question is, would he be any good in the first? A chap might do jolly well for the third, and still not be worth trying for the first."

"I don't remember much about Barry," said Paget, "except being collared by him when we played Scymour's last year in the final. I certainly came away with a sort of impression that he could tackle. I thought he marked me jolly well."

"There you are, then," said Clowes. "A year ago Barry could tackle Paget. There's no reason for supposing that he's fallen off since then. We've seen that Rand-Brown *can't* tackle Paget. Ergo, Barry is better worth playing for the team than Rand-Brown. Q.E.D."

"All right, then," replied Trevor. "There can't be any harm in trying him. We'll have another scratch game on Thursday. Will you be here then, Paget?"

"Oh, yes. I'm stopping till Saturday."

"Good man. Then we shall be able to see how he does against you. I wish you hadn't left, though, by Jove. We should have had Ripton on toast, the same as last term."

Wrykyn played five schools, but six school matches. The school that they played twice in the season was Ripton. To win one Ripton match meant that, however many losses it might have sustained in the other matches, the school had had, at any rate, a passable season. To win two Ripton matches in the same year was almost unheard of. This year there had seemed every likelihood of it. The match before Christmas on the Ripton ground had resulted in a win for Wrykyn by two goals and a try to a try. But the calculations of the school had been upset by the sudden departure of Paget at the end of term, and also of Bryce, who had hitherto been regarded as his understudy. And in the first Ripton match the two goals had both been scored by Paget, and both had been brilliant bits of individual play, which a lesser man could not have carried through.

The conclusion, therefore, at which the school reluctantly arrived, was that their chances of winning the second match could not be judged by their previous success. They would have to approach the Easter term fixture from another—a non-Paget—standpoint. Under these circumstances it became a serious problem: who

was to get the fifteenth place? Whoever played in Paget's stead against Ripton would be certain, if the match were won, to receive his colours. Who, then, would fill the vacancy?

"Rand-Brown, of course," said the crowd.

But the experts, as we have shown, were of a different opinion.

CHAPTER II.

THE GOLD BAT.

TREVOR did not take long to resume a garb of civilisation. He never wasted much time over anything. He was gifted with a boundless energy, which might possibly have made him unpopular had he not justified it by results. The football of the school had never been in such a flourishing condition as it had attained to on his succeeding to the captaincy. It was not only that the first fifteen was good. The excellence of a first fifteen does not always depend on the captain. But the games even down to the very humblest junior game had woken up one morning—at the beginning of the previous term—to find themselves, much to their surprise, organised going concerns. Like the immortal Captain Pott, Trevor was "a terror to the shirker and the lubber." And the resemblance was further increased by the fact that he was "a toughish lot," who was "little, but steel and india-rubber." At first sight his appearance was not imposing. Paterfamilias, who had heard Young Hopeful's eulogies on Trevor's performances during the holidays, and came down to watch the school play a match, was generally rather disappointed on seeing five feet six where he had looked for at least six foot one, and ten stone where he had expected thirteen. But then, what there was of Trevor was, as previously remarked, steel and india-rubber, and he certainly played football like a miniature Stoddart. It was characteristic of him that, though this was the first match of the term, his condition seemed to be as good as possible. He had done all his own work on the field and most of Rand-Brown's, and apparently had not turned a hair. He was one of those conscientious people who train in the holidays.

When he had changed, he went down the passage to Clowes' study. Clowes was in the position he frequently took up when the weather was good—wedged into his window in a sitting position, one leg in the study, the other hanging outside over space. The indoor leg lacked a boot, so that it was evident that its owner had at least had the energy to begin to change. That he had given the thing up after that, exhausted with the effort, was what one naturally

expected from Clowes. He would have made a splendid actor: he was so good at resting.

"Hurry up and dress," said Trevor; "I want you to come over to the baths."

"What on earth do you want over at the baths?"

"I want to see O'Hara."

"Oh, yes, I remember. Dexter's are camping out there, aren't they? I heard they were. Why is it?"

"One of the Dexter kids got measles in the last week of the holidays, so they shunted all the beds and things across, and the chaps went back there instead of to the house."

In the winter term the baths were always boarded over and converted into a sort of extra gymnasium where you could go and box or fence when there was no room to do it in the real gymnasium. Socker and stump-cricket were also largely played there, the floor being admirably suited to such games, though the light was always rather tricky, and prevented heavy scoring.

"I should think," said Clowes, "from what I've seen of Dexter's beauties, that Dexter would like them to camp out at the bottom of the baths all the year round. It would be a happy release for him if they were all drowned. And I suppose if he had to choose any one of them for a violent death, he'd pick O'Hara. O'Hara must be a boon to a house-master. I've known chaps break rules when the spirit moved them, but he's the only one I've met who breaks them all day long and well into the night simply for amusement. I've often thought of writing to the S.P.C.A. about it. I suppose you could call Dexter an animal all right?"

"O'Hara's right enough really. A man like Dexter would make any fellow run amuck. And then O'Hara's an Irishman to start with, which makes a difference."

There is usually one house in every school of the black sheep sort, and, if you go to the root of the matter, you will generally find that the fault is with the master of that house. A house-master who enters into the life of his house, coaches them in games—if an athlete—or, if not an athlete, watches the games, umpiring at cricket and refereeing at football, never finds much difficulty in keeping order. It may be accepted as fact that the juniors of a house will never be orderly of their own free will, but disturbances in the junior day-room do not make the house undisciplined. The prefects are the criterion. If you find them joining in the general "rags," and even starting private ones on their own account, then you may safely say that it is time the master of that house retired from the business, and took to chicken-farming.

And that was the state of things in Dexter's. It was the most lawless of the houses. Mr. Dexter belonged to a type of master almost unknown at a public school—the usher type. In a private school he might have passed. At Wrykyn he was out of place. To him the whole duty of a house-master appeared to be to wage war against his house.

When Dexter's won the final for the cricket cup in the summer term of two years back, the match lasted four afternoons—four solid afternoons of glorious, up-and-down cricket. Dexter did not see a single ball of that match bowled. He was prowling in sequestered lanes and broken-down barns out of bounds on the off-chance that he might catch some member of his house smoking there. As if the whole of the house, from the head to the smallest fag, were not on the field watching Day's best bats collapse before Henderson's bowling and Moriarty hit up that marvellous and unexpected fifty-three at the end of the second innings!

That sort of thing definitely stamps a master.

"What do you want to see O'Hara about?" asked Clowes.

"He's got my little gold bat. I lent it him in the holidays."

A remark which needs a footnote. The bat referred to was made of gold, and was about an inch long by an eighth broad. It had come into existence some ten years previously in the following manner. The inter-house cricket cup at Wrykyn had originally been a rather tarnished and unimpressive vessel, whose only merit consisted in the fact that it was of silver. Ten years ago an Old Wrykinian, suddenly reflecting that it would not be a bad idea to do something for the school in a small way, hied him to the nearest jeweller's and purchased another silver cup, vast withal and cunningly decorated with filigree work, and standing on a massive ebony plinth, round which were little silver lozenges just big enough to hold the name of the winning house and the year of grace. This he presented with his blessing to be competed for by the dozen houses that made up the school of Wrykyn, and it was formally established as the house cricket cup. The question now arose: what was to be done with the other cup? The School House, who happened to be the holders at the time, suggested disinterestedly that it should become the property of the house which had won it last. "Not so," replied the Field Sports Committee, "but far otherwise. We will have it melted down in a fiery furnace, and thereafter fashioned into eleven little silver bats. And these little silver bats shall be the guerdon of the eleven members of the winning team, to have and to hold

for the space of one year, unless, by winning the cup twice in succession, they gain the right of keeping the bat for yet another year. How is that, umpire?" And the authorities replied, "O men of infinite resource and sagacity, verily is it a cold day when *you* get left behind. Forge ahead." But, when they had forged ahead, behold! it would not run to eleven little silver bats, but only to ten little silver bats. Thereupon the headmaster, a man liberal with his cash, caused an eleventh little bat to be fashioned—for the captain of the winning team to have and to hold in the manner aforesaid. And, to single it out from the others, it was wrought, not of silver, but of gold. And so it came to pass that at the time of our story Trevor was in possession of the little gold bat, because Donaldson's had won the cup in the previous summer, and he had captained them—and, incidentally, had scored seventy-five without a mistake.

"Well, I'm hanged if I would trust O'Hara with my bat," said Clowes, referring to the silver ornament on his own watch-chain; "he's probably pawned yours in the holidays. Why did you lend it to him?"

"His people wanted to see it. I know him at home, you know. They asked me to lunch the last day but one of the holidays, and we got talking about the bat, because, of course, if we hadn't beaten Dexter's in the final, O'Hara would have had it himself. So I sent it over next day with a note asking O'Hara to bring it back with him here."

"Oh, well, there's a chance, then, seeing he's only had it so little time, that he hasn't pawned it yet. You'd better rush off and get it back as soon as possible. It's no good waiting for me. I sha'n't be ready for weeks."

"Where's Paget?"

"Teasing with Donaldson. At least, he said he was going to."

"Then I suppose I shall have to go alone. I hate walking alone."

"If you hurry," said Clowes, scanning the road from his post of vantage, "you'll be able to go with your fascinating pal Ruthven. He's just gone out."

Trevor dashed downstairs in his energetic way, and overtook the youth referred to.

Clowes brooded over them from above like a sorrowful and rather disgusted Providence. Trevor's liking for Ruthven, who was a Donaldsonite like himself, was one of the few points on which the two had any real disagreement. Clowes could not understand how any person in his senses could of his own free will make an intimate friend of Ruthven.

"Hullo, Trevor," said Ruthven.

"Come over to the baths," said Trevor, "I



want to see O'Hara about something. Or were you going somewhere else?"

"I wasn't going anywhere in particular. I never know what to do in term-time. It's deadly dull."

Trevor could never understand how any one could find term-time dull. For his own part, there always seemed too much to do in the time.

"You aren't allowed to play games?" he said, remembering something about a doctor's certificate in the past.

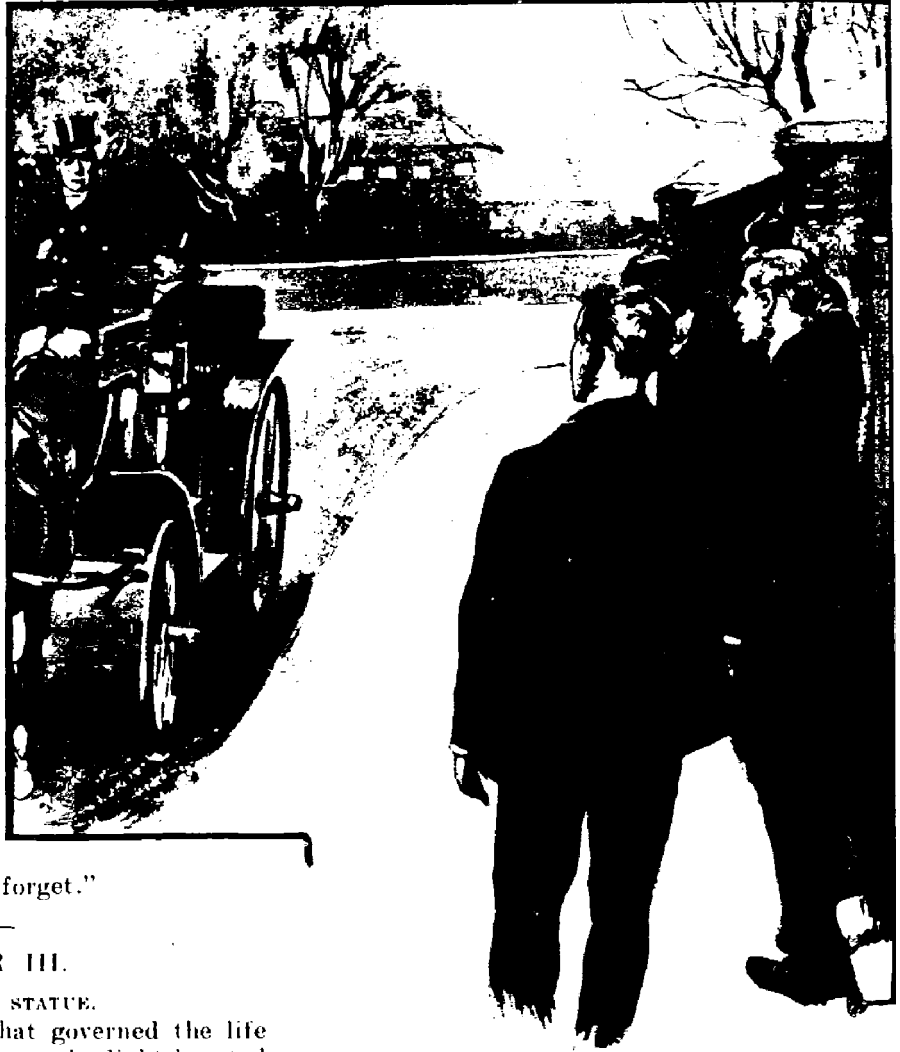
"No," said Ruthven. "Thank goodness," he added.

Which remark silenced Trevor. To a person who thanked goodness that he was not allowed to play games he could find nothing to say. But he ceased to wonder how it was that Ruthven was dull.

They proceeded to the baths together in silence. O'Hara, they were informed by a Dexter's fag who met them outside the door, was not about.

"When he comes back," said Trevor, "tell him I want him to come to tea to-morrow directly after school, and bring my bat. Don't forget."

"Come to tea and bring your bat," repeated the fag, obediently; "all right—I won't forget."



"THAT IS SIR EUSTACE BRIGGS."

CHAPTER III.

THE MAYOR'S STATUE.

ONE of the rules that governed the life of Donough O'Hara, the light-hearted descendant of the O'Haras of Castle Taterfields, co. Clare, Ireland, was "Never refuse the offer of a free tea." So, on receipt—per the Dexter's fag referred to of Trevor's invitation, he scratched one engagement (with his mathematical master—not wholly unconnected with the working-out of Examples 300 to 306 in Hall and Knight's Algebra), postponed another (with his friend and ally Moriarty, of Dexter's, who wished to box with him in the gymnasium), and made his way at a leisurely pace towards Donaldson's. He was feeling particularly pleased with himself to-day, for several

reasons. He had begun the day well by scoring brilliantly off Dexter across the matutinal rasher and coffee. In morning school he had been put on to translate the one passage which he happened to have prepared—the first ten lines, in fact, of the hundred which formed the morning's lesson. And in the final hour of afternoon school, which was devoted to French, he had discovered and exploited with great success an entirely new and original form of ragging. This, he felt, was

the strenuous life; this was living one's life as one's life should be lived.

He met Trevor at the gate. As they were going in, a carriage and pair dashed past. Its cargo consisted of two people, the headmaster, looking bored, and a small, dapper man, with a very red face, who looked excited, and was talking volubly. Trevor and O'Hara raised their caps as the chariot swept by, but the salute passed unnoticed. The head appeared to be wrapped in thought.



"What's the Old Man doing in a carriage, I wonder," said Trevor, looking after them. "Who's that with him?"

"That," said O'Hara, "is Sir Eustace Briggs." "Who's Sir Eustace Briggs?"

O'Hara explained, in a rich brogue, that Sir Eustace was Mayor of Wrykyn, a keen politician, and a hater of the Irish nation, judging by his letters and speeches.

They went into Trevor's study. Clowes was occupying the window in his usual manner.

"Hullo, O'Hara," he said, "there is an air of quiet satisfaction about you that seems to show that you've been ragging Dexter. Have you?"

"Oh, that was only this morning at breakfast. The best rag was in French," replied O'Hara, who then proceeded to explain in detail the methods he had employed to embitter the existence of the hapless Gallic exile with whom he had come in contact. It was that gentleman's custom to sit on a certain desk while conducting the lesson. This desk chanced to be O'Hara's. On the principle that a man may do what he likes with his own, he had entered the room privily in the dinner-hour, and removed the screws from his desk, with the result that for the first half-hour of the lesson the class had been occupied in excavating M. Gandinois from the ruins. That gentleman's first act on regaining his equilibrium had been to send O'Hara out of the room, and O'Hara, who had foreseen this emergency, had spent a very pleasant half hour in the passage with some mixed chocolates and a copy of Mr. Hornung's "Amateur Cracksman." It was his notion of a cheerful and instructive French lesson.

"What were you talking about when you came in?" asked Clowes. "Who's been slanging Ireland, O'Hara?"

"The man Briggs."

"What are you going to do about it? Aren't you going to take any steps?"

"Is it steps?" said O'Hara, warmly, "and haven't we——"

He stopped.

"Well?"

"No. Ye're prefects."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Ye won't report it?"

"If you want a plug in the eye, George," said Clowes, in the deathless words of Mr. W. W. Jacobs' able-bodied seaman, "you've only to say so, you know. What do you take us for? Go ahead."

O'Hara explained that he "did but jest."

"But really, ye know," he said, seriously, "ye mustn't let it go any further. I shall get sacked if it's found out. An' so will Moriarty, too."

"Why?" asked Trevor, looking up from the

tea-pot he was filling, "what on earth have you been doing?"

"Wouldn't it be rather a cheery idea," suggested Clowes, "if you began at the beginning?"

"Well, ye see," O'Hara began, "it was this way. The first I heard of it was from Dexter. He was trying to score off me as usual, an' he said, 'Have ye seen the paper this morning, O'Hara?' I said, no, I had not. Then he said, 'Ah,' he said, 'ye should look at it. There's something there that ye'll find interesting.' I said, 'Yes, sir?' in me respectful way. 'Yes,' said he, 'the Irish members have been making their customary dislturbances in the House. Why is it, O'Hara,' he said, 'that Irishmen are always thrusting themselves forward and making dish-turbances for purposes of self-advertisement?' 'Why, indeed, sir?' said I, not knowing what else to say, and after that the conversation ceased."

"Go on," said Clowes.

"After breakfast Moriarty came to me with a paper, and showed me what they had been saying about the Irish. There was a letter from the man Briggs on the subject. 'A very sensible and temperate letter from Sir Eustace Briggs,' they called it, but, bedad! if that was a temperate letter, I should like to know what an *intemperate* one is. Well, we read it through, and Moriarty said to me, 'Can we let this stay as it is?' And I said, 'No. We can't.' 'Well,' said Moriarty to me, 'what are we to do about it? I should like to tar and feather the man,' he said. 'We can't do that,' I said, 'but why not tar and feather his statue?' I said. So we thought we would. Ye know where the statue is, I suppose? It's in the recreation ground just across the river."

"I know the place," said Clowes. "Go on. This is ripping. I always knew you were pretty mad, but this sounds as if it were going to beat all previous records."

"Have ye seen the baths this term," continued O'Hara, "since they shifted Dexter's house into them? The beds are in two long rows along each wall. Moriarty's and mine are the last two at the end furthest from the door."

"Just under the gallery," said Trevor. "I see."


"That's it. Well, at half past ten sharp every night Dexter sees that we're all in, locks the door, and goes off to sleep at the Old Man's, and we don't see him again till breakfast. He turns the gas off from outside. At half-past seven the next morning, Smith"—Smith was one of the school porters—"unlocks the door and calls us, and we go over to the Hall to breakfast."

"Well?"

"Well, directly everybody was asleep last night --it wasn't till after one, as there was a rag on—Moriarty and I got up, dressed, and climbed up



"WE DID HIS FACE FIRST. IT WAS TOO DARK TO SEE REALLY WELL. BUT I THINK WE MADE A GOOD JOB OF IT."



into the gallery. Ye know the gallery windows? They open at the top, an' it's rather hard to get out of them. But we managed it, and dropped on to the gravel outside."

"Long drop," said Clowes.

"Yes. I hurt myself rather. But it was in a good cause. I dropped first, and while I was on the ground, Moriarty came on top of me. That's how I got hurt. But it wasn't much, and we cut across the grounds, and over the fence, and down to the river. It was a fine night, and not very dark, and everything smelt ripping down by the river."

"Don't get poetical," said Clowes. "Stick to the point."

"We got into the boat-house——"

"How?" asked the practical Trevor, for the boathouse was wont to be locked at one in the morning.

"Moriarty had a key that fitted," explained O'Hara, briefly. "We got in, and launched a boat—a big tub—put in the tar and a couple of brushes—there's always tar in the boathouse—and rowed across."

"Wait a bit," interrupted Trevor, "you said tar and feathers. Where did you get the feathers?"

"We used leaves. They do just as well, and there were heaps on the bank. Well, when we landed, we tied up the boat, and bucked across to the recreation ground. We got over the railings—beastly, spiky railings—and went over to the statue. Ye know where the statue stands? It's right in the middle of the place, where everybody can see it. Moriarty got up first, and I handed him the tar and a brush. Then I went up with the other brush, and we began. We did his face first. It was too dark to see really well, but I think we made a good job of it. When we had put about as much tar on as we thought would do, we took out the leaves—which we were carrying in our pockets—and spread them on. Then we did the rest of him, and after about half an hour, when we thought we'd done about enough, we got into our boat again, and came back."

"And what did you do till half-past seven?"

"We couldn't get back the way we'd come, so we slept in the boat-house."


"Well—I'm—hanged," was Trevor's comment on the story.

Clowes roared with laughter. O'Hara was a perpetual joy to him.

As O'Hara was going, Trevor asked him for his gold bat.

"You haven't lost it, I hope?" he said.

O'Hara felt in his pocket, but brought his hand out at once and transferred it to another pocket. A look of anxiety came over his face, and was reflected in Trevor's.



"I could have sworn it was in that pocket," he said.

"You haven't lost it?" queried Trevor again.

"He has," said Clowes, confidently. "If you want to know where that bat is, I should say you'd find it somewhere between the baths and the statue. At the foot of the statue, for choice. It seems to me—correct me if I am wrong—that you have been and gone and done it, me broth av a bhoys."

O'Hara gave up the search.

"It's gone," he said. "Man, I'm most awfully sorry. I'd sooner have lost a ten-pound note."

"I don't see why you should lose either," snapped Trevor. "Why the blazes can't you be more careful?"

O'Hara was too penitent for words. Clowes took it on himself to point out the bright side.

"There's nothing to get sick about, really," he said. "If the thing doesn't turn up, though it probably will, you'll simply have to tell the Old Man that it's lost. He'll have another made. You won't be asked for it till just before Sports Day either, so you will have plenty of time to find it."

The challenge cups, and also the bats, had to be given to the authorities before the sports, to be formally presented on Sports Day.

"Oh, I suppose it'll be all right," said Trevor, "but I hope it won't be found anywhere near the statue."

O'Hara said he hoped so too.

CHAPTER IV.

THE LEAGUE'S WARNING.

THE team to play in any match was always put upon the notice-board at the foot of the stairs in the senior block a day before the date of the fixture. Both first and second fifteens had matches on the Thursday of this week. The second were playing a team brought down by an old Wrykinian. The first had a scratch game.

When Barry, accompanied by McTodd, who shared his study at Seymour's and rarely left him for two minutes on end, passed by the notice-board at the quarter to eleven interval, it was to the second fifteen list that he turned his attention. Now that Bryce had left, he thought he might have a chance of getting into the second. His only real rival, he considered, was Crawford, of the School House, who was the other wing three-quarter of the third fifteen. The first name he saw on the list was Crawford's. It seemed to be written twice as large as any of the others, and his own was nowhere to be seen. The fact that he had half expected the calamity made things no better. He had

set his heart on playing for the second this term.

Then suddenly he noticed a remarkable phenomenon. The other wing three-quarter was Rand-Brown. If Rand-Brown was playing for the second, who was playing for the first?

He looked at the list.



"YOU HAVEN'T LOST IT?"

"Come on," he said hastily to McTodd. He wanted to get away somewhere where his agitated condition would not be noticed. He felt quite faint at the shock of seeing his name on the list of the first fifteen. There it was, however, as large as life. "M. Barry." Separated from the rest by a thin red line, but still there. In his most optimistic moments he had never dreamed of this. McTodd was reading slowly through the list of the second. He did everything slowly, except eat.

"Come on," said Barry again.

McTodd had, after much deliberation, arrived at a profound truth. He turned to Barry, and imparted his discovery to him in the weighty manner of one who realises the importance of his words.

"Look here," he said, "your name's not down here."

"I know. *Come on.*"

"But that means you're not playing for the second."

"Of course it does. Well, if you aren't coming, I'm off."

"But, look here —"

Barry disappeared through the door. After a moment's pause, McTodd followed him. He came up with him on the senior gravel.

"What's up?" he enquired.

"Nothing," said Barry.

"Are you sick about not playing for the second?"

"No."

"You are, really. Come and have a bun."

In the philosophy of McTodd it was indeed a deep-rooted sorrow that could not be cured by the internal application of a new, hot bun. It had never failed in his own case.

"Bun!" Barry was quite shocked at the suggestion. "I can't afford to get myself out of condition with beastly buns."

"But if you aren't playing—"

"You ass. I'm playing for the first. Now do you see?"

McTodd gaped. His mind never worked very rapidly.

"What about Rand-Brown, then?" he said.

"Rand-Brown's been chucked out. Can't you understand? You *are* an idiot. Rand-Brown's playing for the second, and I'm playing for the first."

"But you're—"

He stopped. He had been going to point out that Barry's tender years—he was only sixteen—and smallness would make it impossible for him to play with success for the first fifteen. He refrained owing to a conviction that the remark would not be wholly judicious. Barry was touchy on the subject of his size, and McTodd had suffered before now for commenting on it in a disparaging spirit.

"I tell you what we'll do after school," said

Barry, "we'll have some running and passing. It'll do you a lot of good, and I want to practise taking passes at full speed. You can trot along at your ordinary pace, and I'll sprint up from behind."

McTodd saw no objection to that. Trotting along at his ordinary pace—five miles an hour—would just suit him.

"Then after that," continued Barry, with a look of enthusiasm, "I want to practise passing back to my centre. Paget used to do it awfully well last term, and I know Trevor expects his wing to. So I'll buck along, and you race up to take my pass. See?"

This was not in McTodd's line at all. He proposed a slight alteration in the scheme.

"Hadn't you better get somebody else —?" he began.

"Don't be a slack beast," said Barry. "You want exercise awfully badly."

And, as McTodd always did exactly as Barry wished, he gave in, and spent from four-thirty to five that afternoon in the prescribed manner. A suggestion on his part at five sharp that it wouldn't be a bad idea to go and have some tea was not favourably received by the enthusiastic three-quarter, who proposed to devote what time remained before lock-up to practising drop-kicking. It was a painful alternative that faced McTodd. His allegiance to Barry demanded that he should consent to the scheme. On the other hand, his allegiance to afternoon tea—equally strong—called him back to the house, where there was cake, yea, and muffins. In the end the question was solved by the appearance of Drummond, of Seymour's, garbed in football things and also anxious to practise drop-kicking. So McTodd was dismissed to his tea with opprobrious epithets, and Barry and Drummond settled down to a little serious and scientific work.

Making allowances for the inevitable attack of nerves that attends a first appearance in higher football circles than one is accustomed to, Barry did well against the scratch team—certainly far better than Rand-Brown had done. His smallness was, of course, against him, and, on the only occasion on which he really got away, Paget overtook him and brought him down. But then Paget was exceptionally fast. In the two most important branches of the game, the taking of passes and tackling, Barry did well. As far as pluck went he had enough for two, and when the whistle blew for no-side he had not let Paget through once, and Trevor felt that his inclusion in the team had been justified. There was another scratch game on the Saturday. Barry played in it, and did much better. Paget had gone away by an early train, and

the man he had to mark now was one of the masters, who had been good in his time, but was getting a trifle old for football. Barry scored twice, and on one occasion by passing back to Trevor after the manner of Paget enabled the captain to run in. And Trevor, like the captain in "Billy Taylor," "werry much approved of what he'd done." Barry began to be regarded in the school as a regular member of the fifteen. The first of the fixture-card matches, versus the Town, was due on the following Saturday, and it was generally expected that he would play. McTodd's devotion increased every day. He even went to the length of taking long runs with him. And if there was one thing in the world that McTodd loathed, it was a long run.

On the Thursday before the match against the town, Clowes came cluckling to Trevor's study after preparation, and asked him if he had heard the latest.

"Have you ever heard of 'The League?' he said.

Trevor pondered.

"I don't think so," he replied.

"How long have you been at the school?"

"Let's see. It'll be five years at the end of the summer term."

"Ah, then you wouldn't remember. I've been here a couple of terms longer than you, and the row about the league was in my first term."

"What was the row?"

"Oh, only some chaps formed a sort of secret society in the place. Kind of Vehmgericht, you know. If they got their knife into any one, he usually got beans, and could never find out where they came from. At first, as a matter of fact, the thing was quite a philanthropical concern. There used to be a good deal of bullying in the place then—at least, in some of the houses—and, as the prefects couldn't or wouldn't stop it, some fellows started this League."

"Did it work?"

"Work! By Jove, I should think it did. Chaps who previously couldn't get through the day without making some wretched kid's life not worth living used to go about as nervous as cats, looking over their shoulders every other second. There was one man in particular, a chap called Leigh. He was hauled out of bed one night, blindfolded, and ducked in a cold bath. He was in the School House."

"Why did the League bust up?"

"Well, partly because the fellows left, but chiefly because they didn't stick to the philanthropical idea. If anybody did anything they didn't like, they used to go for him. At last they put their foot into it badly. A chap called

Robinson—in this house, by the way—offended them in some way, and one morning he was found tied up in the bath, up to his neck in cold water. Apparently he'd been there about an hour. He got pneumonia, and almost died, and then the authorities began to get going. Robinson thought he had recognised the voice of one of the chaps—I forget his name. The chap was had up by the Old Man, and gave the show away entirely. About a dozen fellows were sacked, clean off the reel. Since then the thing has been dropped."

"But what about it? What were you going to say when you came in?"

"Why, it's been revived!"

"Rot!"

"It's a fact. Do you know Mill, a profect, in Seymour's?"

"Only by sight."

"I met him just now. He's in a raving condition. His study's been wrecked. You never saw such a sight. Everything upside down or smashed. He has been showing me the ruins."

"I believe Mill is awfully barred in Seymour's," said Trevor. "Anybody might have ragged his study."

"That's just what I thought. He's just the sort of man the League used to go for."

"That doesn't prove that it's been revived, all the same," objected Trevor.

"No, friend. But this does. Mill found it tied to a chair."

It was a small card. It looked like an ordinary visiting-card. On it, in neat print, were the words, "*With the compliments of the League.*"

"That's exactly the same sort of card as they used to use," said Clowes. "I've seen some of them. What do you think of that?"

"I think whoever has started the thing is a pretty average-sized idiot. He's bound to get caught some time or other, and then out he goes. The Old Man wouldn't think twice about sacking a chap of that sort."

"A chap of that sort," said Clowes, "will take jolly good care he isn't caught. But it's rather sport, isn't it!"

And he went off to his study.

Next day there was further evidence that the League was an actual going concern. When Trevor came down to breakfast, he found a letter by his plate. It was printed, as the card had been. It was signed "The President of the League." And the purport of it was that the League did not wish Barry to continue to play for the first fifteen.

(To be continued.)

NATURALISTS' CORNER



CONDUCTED BY
EDWARD STEP-F.L.S.

Preserving Crabs and Starfishes.

—T. Haskins (Warmley) wishes to know how to kill and preserve crabs and starfishes. So far as the killing is concerned most species will be found to die readily if placed in fresh-water. When dead the starfishes should be dried by wrapping them in a dry towel or other cloth. Arrange the "arms" in a natural position on a piece of board, and allow them to harden in this position by placing them in a cool, shady place, where there is a draught if possible. They need no further care until quite hard, when they can be mounted, as taste suggests, for the collection. Crabs must be dealt with differently. The upper crust, or carapace, must be carefully separated from the body and limbs, and as

carefully cleaned out. Every particle of animal matter must be scraped out with a small flat stick of wood, and the inside and outside washed in fresh water and dried with a soft rag. Next take the body and legs. Scrape off all the gills from the internal skeleton, then with a pair of scissors cut away a good portion of the bony ridges thus exposed and scrape out as much as possible of the white flesh and other soft parts. Wash well and dry. Some flesh will be left at the base of the legs which you cannot get at, but this should be dried up by dusting the interior with powdered alum. Place the body on a flat board and fix in

position by pins at intervals close against the body. Arrange the limbs symmetrically by fixing pins against them, and let it remain in a draughty shaded place for a week. Then shake off all loose alum, dust with naphthaline and carefully press the carapace into its original position. Remember that warmth, whether from the sun's rays or artificial heat, will destroy the natural colours and turn all red. This caution applies to starfishes as well as crustacea.

Entomological.—In reply to "Entomologist" (Hadley Green), the sexes of the little moth (*Naxia ciliatis*) do not vary in their markings, and the only superficial difference is in the more slender body of the male as compared with that of the female. The same reader calls our attention to a paragraph by "Red Deer" (Walthamstow), which appeared in another department of THE CAPTAIN, in which the Ruby Tiger and the Purple Thorn are included under the head of "Rare Butterflies," whilst in reality they are moths and far from rare. No doubt "Red Deer" intended to have said, *butterflies and moths*.

Water Tortoise in Winter.—"Trojan" (Cricklewood) asks what to do with his water tortoises during the winter. They have the run of the garden, with a pond, at the bottom of which they sometimes remain until embedded in ice, "and have to be thawed out with hot irons." Well, Trojan, it appears to me that your tortoises have been trying to teach you their proper treatment. There is no doubt that, in a state of nature, they pass the winter in the mud at the bottom of ponds, and there they should be allowed to remain until spring awakens them. Leave out the hot-iron treatment and I think your tortoises will do very well. The young ones, you say, will not take the same food as the larger ones. If the pond contains water-insects, snails, &c., I should leave them to find their own food, which they are sure to do when they are hungry. Frogs live upon insects and worms, and will find sufficient if they are free in the garden, but if kept in a fern-case they should be supplied with caterpillars (not hairy ones), worms, beetles, and flies.

Passenger Pigeon.—In answer to C. W. Campbell (St. Asaph), the Passenger Pigeon is a North American bird, famous for its migratory habits. Enormous numbers of these birds fly in vast flocks in search of fresh feeding grounds, their food consisting of rice, corn, and other seeds. Audubon has given an account of his observations on the passage and arrival of these migratory birds, but in the present day both the size and frequency of these flocks have decreased. Its habits make it quite unsuitable for domestication, and therefore I can give you no information as to where you can obtain specimens or the price. Possibly, the great

importers of wild animals, such as Cross, of Liverpool, may occasionally have them, but it is not a bird that is likely to be kept in stock, as a rule. The "Passenger" is not a fancy breed of the common pigeon, but a distinct species.

Green Slime in Pond.—"Aquatius" has an ornamental pond with stone bottom, and is troubled with the growth of confervæ, which he calls green slime. He has tried weed-killer and snails, but still it grows. Perhaps it is in too sunny a position and the water gets warm, and so encourages a too rapid growth. Scrub the stone with diluted hydrochloric acid, taking care to well wash out all trace of the acid before putting any living things in. To keep down further growth increase the number of snails, which are the best remedy I know of. A moderate amount of it is desirable, as it gives off great quantities of oxygen by which the water is kept pure.

Silkworms.—Lucy H. Jervis (Bitterne) wishes to know how a silkworm manifests its desire to spin up, and how to treat it at that time. When



SILKWORMS AT WORK—SPINNING.

From a photo.

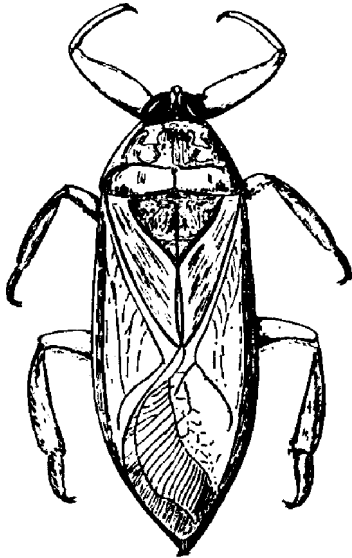
the silkworm is fully grown, it will crawl away from the mulberry leaves and seek a corner of its box or tray, across which it will begin to spin a few threads of silk. In the days when I kept silkworms, we used them to twist up a sheet of note-

paper into a "sugar-paper," put the silkworm into it, and pin the paper up to the wall or a curtain. The silkworm would find support all round for its cocoon without wasting much silk in filling corners for its foundation. I do not know that any improvement on this plan has been invented since.

Preserving Insects.—G. W. Newton (Northumberland) wishes to know what I use for preserving butterflies, moths and beetles. After the insects have been carefully "set," and their joints allowed to dry thoroughly, all that is needed to preserve them is to put some naphthaline in the cases or cabinet drawers to keep out the destructive mites.

A Big Bug.—I have received a couple of letters from a CAPTAIN reader (R. C. Guezdán), in far-away Trinidad, W.I. First he asks for a list of my books, which I have sent to him by post, as I cannot decently fill this page with an advertisement. With his second letter he sends me a specimen of what he calls the Electric Cockroach (*Belostoma grande*), thinking I should be glad to include it in my collection, and asks whether we have them as large in England? I am very glad to have this

specimen, and thinking my readers would be interested in it. I have had its portrait drawn, life-size; but I expect the tyrannical art editor will cut it down to about one-fourth, so I may as well state its actual length. From eyes to tail it measures four and a quarter inches. Now, I expect you will join me in answering our West Indian friend's query by saying, "Thank goodness! we have not got them



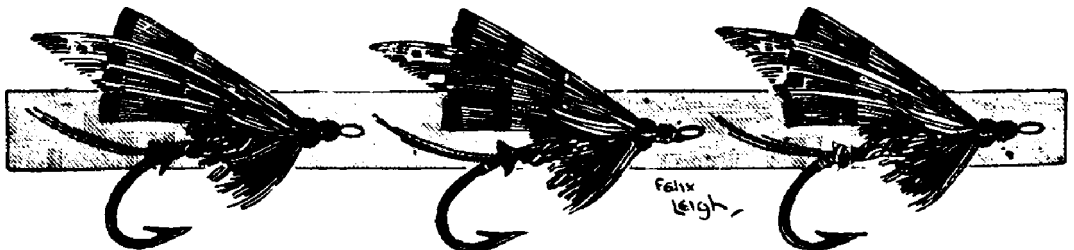
ELECTRIC "COCKROACH."
One-fourth natural size.

so large here!" I can quite understand his calling it

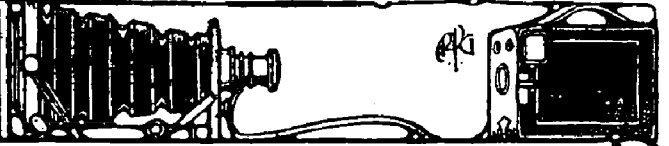
a cockroach (but why *electric*?), because it is not unlike the great West Indian Cockroach; yet it is not related to the Cockroach family, but is a huge bug. It is found in South America as well as Trinidad, and it lives in fresh water, where it destroys great numbers of young fish. Like all the bug family, its mouth parts take the form of an exceedingly fine-pointed beak, through which it sucks the blood of its victim. Taking a firm hold with the two forelegs, it drives its beak into the fish's back and drains it of its blood. At night-time it leaves the water, expands its great wings, and flies through the air, being strongly attracted to artificial light. The beak is not shown in the drawing, because the insect keeps it folded against his chest when not in use, to prevent accidents to the fine point. I do not know whether *Belostoma*, like some other members of his family, ever shows a disposition to sample human blood, but I certainly should not like to have him experiment on me.

Sea Anemone.—A. H. Brett (Loughborough) sends me a detailed and careful description, with pen and ink sketches, of a Sea Anemone, which he obtained in plenty at Cleethorpes, and asks me to identify. He has supplied me with such good material for the purpose that my task is an easy one, and I have no hesitation in saying that it is the species which Gosse named the Daisy (*Ureus pedunculatus*). I have usually found it in large colonies, with its base deep down in clefts of the rock, where it was difficult to get at.

Taxidermy.—J. W. F. Grahame (Port of Monteith) wishes to stuff birds, and asks if it is possible to do so without having lessons in the art. It is quite possible, and there are many good bird-stuffers—I beg pardon, taxidermists—who have been entirely self taught. Of course, a few lessons would save much time and trouble, but observation of the natural forms and habits of birds are what are most required to give your specimens a life-like appearance. The mechanical part of it may be learned from books. You do not mention suitable price for book required, so I give you choice of two. Wood's *British Bird Preserver* is published by F. Warne and Co. at 1s.; a bigger and more comprehensive work is Montague Browne's *Practical Taxidermy*, published by L. Upcott Gill at 7s. 6d.



THE CAPTAIN



CAMERA CORNER

TWO PICTURES ON ONE PLATE.

HOW often this is done, and how grotesque are the results! Still, it should not happen. Almost all hand cameras are now fitted with automatic apparatus for registering the number of plates exposed. Every user of a hand camera should keep an exposure note-book—it need not be of an elaborate character—but the day of the month, time of day, number of plate, stop used and the exposure given, should be noted, also particulars of the subject. We have known many a hand camera worker come home from his holidays, with, perhaps, dozens of undeveloped plates of which he possessed no particulars, and consequently found much difficulty, after development, in recognising the places photographed. Still less was he

done in the same corner of the plate, it will be handy for reference when the negatives are put away, as they always should be, in grooved negative boxes. The contents of these boxes can then be indexed for future reference.

LIGHT FOG.

We have a long letter from a correspondent setting forth his troubles in connection with the use of a certain make of dark room lamp



THE REAPER.



HAYMAKING. TAKEN WITH A "WIZARD" HAND CAMERA.
By W. J. Jones.

that evidently is not actually light proof, or, rather, one that allows white light to escape. During the last few days we have had occasion to examine a lamp of similar construction. This lamp may be called a dark-room lamp of commerce; the same type is sold by almost all photographic dealers under a variety of names; it is catalogued at prices ranging from 2s. 3d. to 3s. The shape and general appearance are all that can be desired; it is triangular in

form, has one ruby glass and one yellow, the back being of tin—not japanned—which serves as a reflector. The top, a sort of ventilator, emits white light, but in a slight degree; still, quite sufficient to fog a very sensitive plate. The chief fault, in our opinion, is the poor quality of glass used; the glass is only stained in the process of manufacture, and is not what is known as "pot" glass. This will be seen on examination of the edges, and it does not give a safe light. To test the light, place an unex-

posed to give a title to them. It is a good plan to number plates before development. This can be done when loading the sheaths—before putting them into the camera—taking care that the numbers coincide with the plate-changing register. If the camera is loaded several times in the day, start the first batch $\frac{1}{2}$ and so on for the whole dozen, and the next batch $\frac{1}{3}$, $\frac{2}{3}$, etc. This numbering can easily be done by means of a hard, finely-pointed lead pencil; if the numbering be always

posed plate upon the developing bench, cover half of it with a book, and leave it for about six or seven minutes. Should the uncovered part darken during development, it will be a certain sign that the illumination of the dark room is not safe. As a preventive, we would advise all workers to make a cylinder of orange or canary fabric (this can be bought of most dealers) of a sufficient diameter to place over the lamp; if this is done before commencing development, it may be removed when the image is fairly out.

DEVELOPERS.

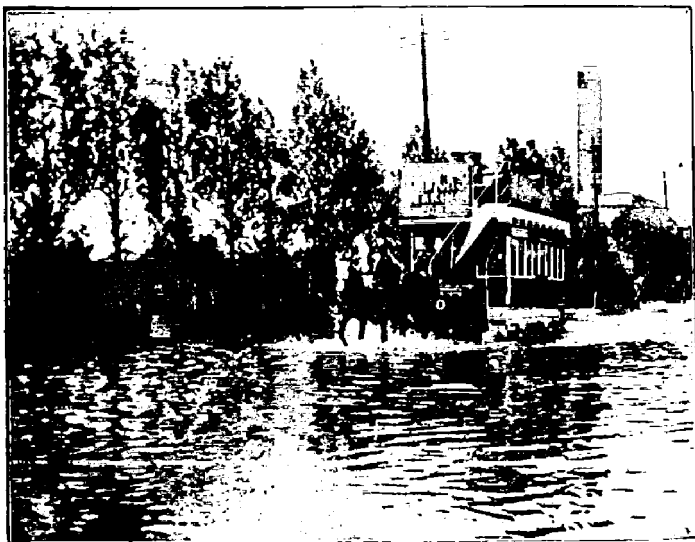
"Of the making of developers there is no end." Try all you like, but make up your mind to use one formula, and one only; don't be led away by all the talkers to chop about, for those who talk most, as a rule, know least. It is a very safe rule to use the developer—and the formula—recommended by the maker. Depend upon it that the maker suggests the one that will give the best result. Never let developers get stale; very few chemicals keep when made up into solutions, for either the constituents deteriorate, lose energy, or precipitate. Make up your solutions fresh for each batch of negatives you wish to develop. Beware of both under and over exposure, but rather err on the side of over exposure, and commence developing with the solution at half strength; it is easy enough to increase the strength. Let the image come up slowly. In developing, don't hurry. There's an old adage which runs:—"Hurry hinders haste." The beginner in photography will do well always to keep this adage in mind.

FIXING BATH FOR PRINTS.

Fixing can never be safely performed with a weak hypo. bath. It must be remembered that it takes a strong solution of hyposulphite of soda to dissolve the hyposulphite of silver which is formed. A good average strength is one part of hypo. to five or six of water, and an immersion of at least fifteen minutes is advised; the prints should be turned, separately, in it during that period. The next step is the complete elimination of the adherent hypo. by washing, if possible, in running water, with a final careful washing in several changes of water. Prints should be washed for several hours, and then they will remain permanent. In warm weather the water must not be allowed to get above 60°, or the film may leave the paper. If a weak hypo. bath be used and short immersion, no matter how much washing the prints may afterwards have, they will never make even fairly permanent prints.

HALATION.

It is very advisable to use backed plates to prevent halation. In its usual form halation is a spreading of the high lights into the adjacent shadows, and is assumed to proceed from the reflection of such lights from the back of the plate. A second cause may be, and often is, the reflection of small portions of light in all directions from the crystals of haloid salt in the film. This can often be removed, from the negative, when dried, by applying methylated spirit with a tuft of wool, and gently rubbing that part of the negative which shows this particular form of halation. Yet another cause of fog is to be traced to light which is reflected from the edges of badly finished lenses, and, even when the lens is perfect, a ghost image will sometimes be



A SUMMER FLOOD IN LEA BRIDGE ROAD.

By S. M. Hills, Leyton.

forward when taking a negative with very pronounced contrasts. Halation is caused by the motes of dust in interiors, which will cause brilliant light to be dispersed and form fog upon the plate.

PHOTOGRAPHY ON THE CONTINENT.

Several correspondents have recently written asking questions respecting the taking of photographs on the Continent. Generally speaking, photographs can now be taken of anything anywhere, with the exception that the photographing of military stations, forts and fortified places is strictly prohibited, and the photographer who attempts such work will run the chance of having his camera, plates, etc., confiscated and may himself be lodged under the protection of the military, and with difficulty escape punishment. The customs are not suspicious if the photographic apparatus is declared; and a dark

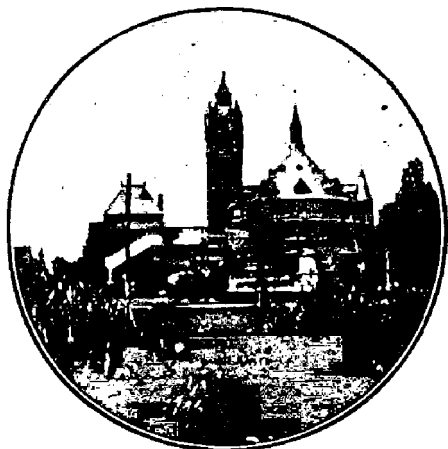
room is very general. It is well to label the plate boxes. We give examples:—

FRANCE.—*Placques photographiques—sensibles—prendre garde de n'ouvrir la boîte que dans une chambre parfaitement obscure.*

GERMANY.—*Photographische Trocken Platten. Müssen nur in einem absolut dunkeln Zimmer geöffnet werden.*

ITALIAN.—*Non aprite questo pacco che alla luce rossa altrimenti sarebbe inservibile.*

These labels can, we believe, be obtained of many dealers and some of the plate makers. A



THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATRE, STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

By H. G. M. Miles, Pangbourne.

very safe way to go to work when photographing on the Continent, is to first make enquiries at the municipal offices as to whether permissions are needed and—as at home—if courteously applied for, they will, no doubt, be readily granted.

TRICK PORTRAITS.

The following short but thoroughly practical answer to a correspondent who wanted to know how portraits of an individual playing cards with himself were made, appeared in a recent issue of the *Amateur Photographer*. Many readers of the "Camera Corner" may like to try their hand at "doubles," as they are often called:— "Cut a piece of thin cardboard to exactly fit the hood of the lens, and from this cut a small segment, equal to about one-third (or a trifle less), of the diameter. Blacken the larger piece, insert it in the hood of the lens, and unscrew the hood a few turns so that it will revolve freely. Focus the sitter against a reasonably dark background, at each side of a table, and then insert the card disc with its straight edge perpendicular. Examine the screen and see that the sitter is in a good position; then make the exposure. Close the plate holder, put the sitter at the opposite side of the table, re-

volve the hood until the position of the blackened card is reversed, examine the screen to see that the pose is correct, and again expose on the same plate. Development will complete the negative, which, if the exposures are uniform, should show no sign of junction. If there should be any fear of moving the camera after the first exposure, it is only necessary to cap the lens, reverse the position of the sitter, revolve the hood of the lens, and expose again without closing the dark slide."

We shall be interested to see results obtained by any who may try taking trick portraits.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Linekar (Colwyn Bay).—You can take photographs in Switzerland, but be careful not to use your camera in the neighbourhood of fortifications. Dark rooms are now generally provided by Customs authorities. Label your plate-boxes; examples are given in a note upon the subject.

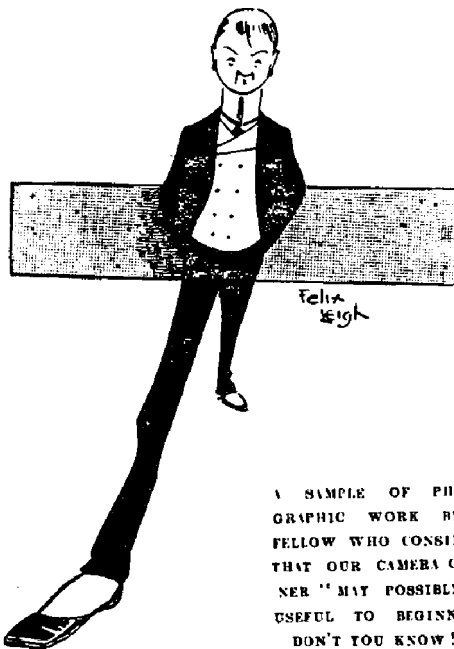
F. P. K. (Sutton).—You had better write the makers about your films; there may be reflected light from lens or shutter that has fogged the film.

L. E. N. R. (Kingston-on-Thames).—A "Premo" or "Autoerat" 1/4-plate folding hand and stand would cost about £3 3s. See advertisement pages.

X. (Godalming).—There are many capital quarter plate cameras that can be bought for 35s. Send to some of the advertisers for catalogues.

TO PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITORS.

The photograph, "Kittens," reproduced on page 526, September number, was a copy from a photograph by that well-known photographer, Mr. Charles Reid, Whishaw, N.B. All photographs sent in for CAPTAIN competitors *must be original*, and not copies of other artists' work.



A SAMPLE OF PHOTOGRAPHIC WORK BY A FELLOW WHO CONSIDERS THAT OUR CAMERA CORNER "MAY POSSIBLY BE USEFUL TO BEGINNERS, DON'T YOU KNOW!"

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR OCTOBER.

List day for sending in, October 17th.

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 Oct. 17th.

The Results will be published in December.

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.—"Well-Known Men."—Below we give the names—a little mixed up—of twelve well-known living men. Send these names correctly spelt on a CAPTAIN postcard, a packet of which can be obtained from this office for 1½d., post free.

DAYHRWA	A Batsman.
EWENOB	An Artist.
MGAHNBI	A Song Writer.
HERIMDET	An Author.
LADNEK	An Actor.
EASTYNL	A Singer.
LRSOL	A Motorist.
YELTUHN	A Comedian.
MAGHIB	A Judge.
SALTOE	A Jockey.
STUNIA	A Poet.
SERNAB	A Bowler.

Prizes: Three Sets of D. and M. Yucatan Kid Boxing Gloves (four to the Set) as illustrated on THE CAPTAIN Prizes page.

Class I. Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 2.—"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, as illustrated on THE CAPTAIN Prizes page.

Class I. Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III. Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 3.—"My Favourite Quotation."—Send us your favourite quotation—from prose or poetry—on a CAPTAIN postcard, a packet of which can be obtained from this office for 1½d., post free. Prizes: Six Sets of Messrs. C. Lindner's "Family" Printing Outfits. Three to each Class, as illustrated on THE CAPTAIN Prizes page.

Class I. Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 4.—"Handwriting."—Copy the first ten lines of "Across the Wilderness" in your ordinary, everyday handwriting. Nine Pictorial Postcard Albums, supplied by Messrs. W. J. Jones, will be awarded as prizes. See illustrations on CAPTAIN Prizes page.

Class I. Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. Age limit: Twelve.

No. 5.—"Missing Words."—Supply the words indicated by dots in the following passage:

"The true end of reading is the of individuality. Like a certain insect, the reader instinctively from the outspread of books the building material for the of his soul. He here and rejects there, and or forgets to the formative desire of his nature. Yet it happens that he forgets that he to remember, and thus the of methodical aids to memory arises."

Prizes: Three Sets of Sandow's Own Combined Developes, value 12s. 6d. each, as illustrated on THE CAPTAIN Prizes page.

Class I. Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 6.—"Vegetarianism."—Send a letter, not exceeding 300 words, stating whether you are for or against vegetarianism, and why. Write only on one side of the paper. Three Prizes of any book to the value of six shillings.

No Age limit.


"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 Stanley C. Croager, D. L. M., F. R. Bourne, M. H. Sabine, and J. Johnston 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 Lifeboat Hero.

 LD Thomas Clarkson, the Lytham hero, has just retired at seventy years of age from lifeboat service, in which he has spent fifty years of his life, during which time he and his mates have saved three hundred lives. For twenty-four years he has

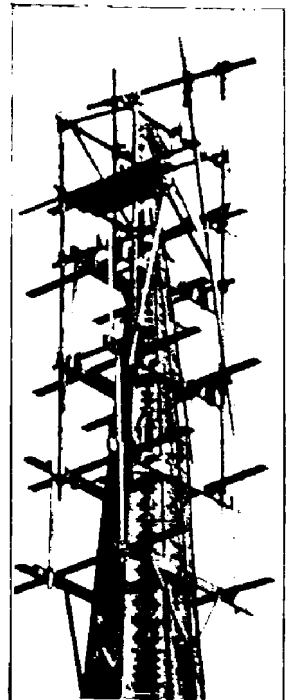
been coxwain of the Lytham lifeboat, and the brave veteran has just been presented with a purse of gold by the Lytham public, in recognition of his splendid services in the cause of humanity. Perhaps the most dreadful storm Clarkson was ever out in was on a terribly wild December night in 1886, when signals of distress were observed from some vessel off the Lancashire coast. Clarkson took out his brave colleagues in the Lytham lifeboat, a new one, as it happened, and then used for the first time. It was snowing and blowing big guns, and for nine hours the gallant fellows fought with the waves before they could get the men off the wrecked ship, which proved to be the *Mexico*, a German barque from Liverpool. The crews of the Lytham and St. Anne's lifeboats, with the exception of two men, were drowned in the same storm, whilst attempting the same rescue.

St. Michael's Spire, Highgate.

 HIS spire was struck by lightning during a severe thunderstorm in the spring of this year; it is represented whilst being repaired by the steeple jacks. This photograph was taken by our CAPTAIN Clubite, Stanley C. Croager, who employed the very modern process of what is known as telescopic photography.



COXWAIN CLARKSON.
Photo by W. H. Knowles.



By Stanley C. Croager.

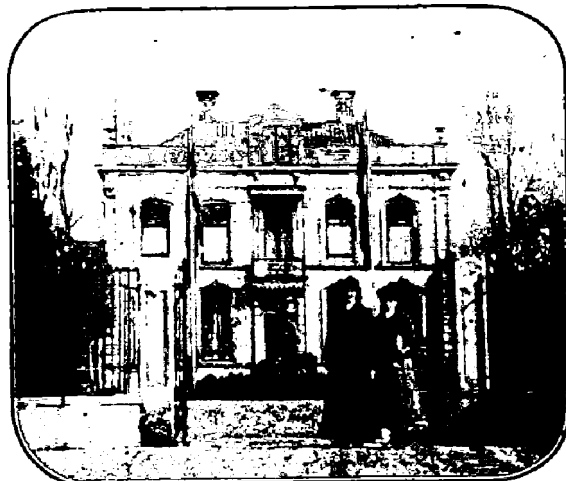
The Whaler "Vega."

THE accompanying picture represents the historical Dundee whaler, *Vega*, leaving that port for Davis Straits, in April, last year, amid showers of oranges, red herrings, and much cheering. She rounded Cape Farewell on April 30th, and a fortnight later



THE "VEGA" LEAVING DUNDEE, ON APRIL 11TH, 1903.
From a sketch by J. Johnston, Dundee.

spoke the other ships of the whaling fleet. Leaving Upernivik on May 29th, the *Vega* entered Melville Bay, and was caught in the ice-floes. Her port side was burst by the jagged ice, and she settled down in a short space of time, Captain Cooney and his crew being left to plod



"ORANJE LUST," UTRECHT, WHERE EX-PRESIDENT KRUGER RESIDED IN 1902. THE TRANSVAAL AND "ORANGE FREE STATE" FLAGS ARE SEEN IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE.
By D. L. M.

their perilous way back to Upernivik. The dangers of the journey are almost indescribable. Biscuit and bully beef were their only sustenance; frost-bite and blizzard proved terrible foes. Finally, however, the journey was accomplished, and with the aid of the Norwegian steamer *Nor*, the party got back to Aberdeen. The loss of the *Vega* removes a historical mark in Arctic exploration. In the hands of Baron Nordenskiöld she fulfilled the dreams of centuries of mariners, beginning with Frobisher and Willoughby, by discovering the North East Passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

J. O.



A POSER FOR THE OLD FAG.—A SOUTH AFRICAN C. C. MEMBER WHO WANTS TO BE CLUBBED.

By J. Cash.

Heard This Before?

Q. : What is the difference between an overcoat and a baby?

A. : One is what you wear, t'other's what you was.

A. L. P.

Or This?

Q. : Why is a mouse like grass?

A. : Because the cat'll eat it.

A. L. P.

The Gleaning Bell at Willingham.

AN interesting custom of ancient origin is still observed in this village during the harvest season, namely, tolling a bell in the morning to let the gleaners know that they may start gathering in the corn, and in the evening as a signal for them to stop. Nobody may start before the bell is tolled in the morning, or continue gleaning after it has been tolled in the evening. This rule gives everybody an equal chance. When the season has come to an end, the sexton who tolls the bell goes round and collects from the gleaners small donations of a penny and upwards.

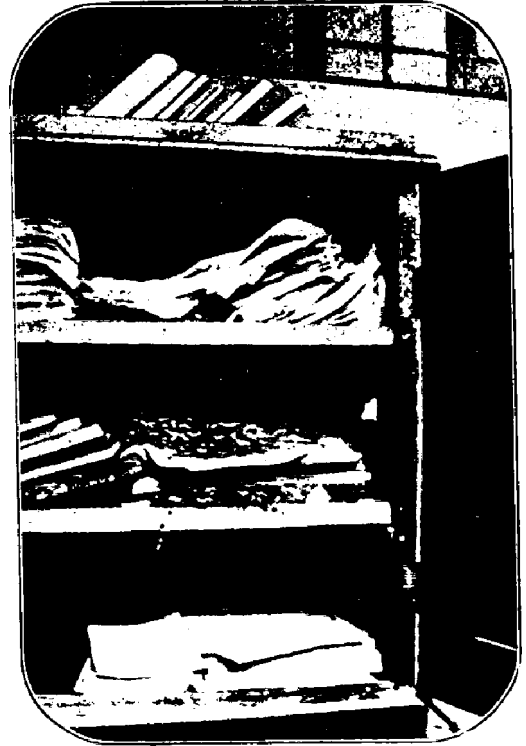
EDWIN L. REED.

In a Master's Desk.



THIS IS HOW THE GARDENER AND MILKMEN GET ABOUT THE TOWN AT ZEIST, NEAR UTRECHT, DOGS TAKING THE PLACES OF HORSES.

By D. L. M.



THIS BIRD'S NEST WAS BUILT IN A MASTER'S DESK AT CHRIST'S HOSPITAL. THE HOLE BY WHICH THE BIRD ENTERED CAN BE SEEN IN THE RIGHT-HAND SIDE OF THE DESK.

Taken by F. R. Bourne with a No. 2 Express Camera.

Perivale Church.

PERIVALE church, near Ealing, seven miles from the Marble Arch, is a unique specimen of church architecture of the Norman period, and is mentioned in Domesday Book. In the churchyard are some



wooden tombstones, and a little stream to the right of the photo is crossed by a rustic bridge. The sundial on the right hand wall of the tower was put up in 1818. The church accommodates about sixty worshippers, the organ standing inside the altar rails. Adjacent are the Castlebar Golf Club links.

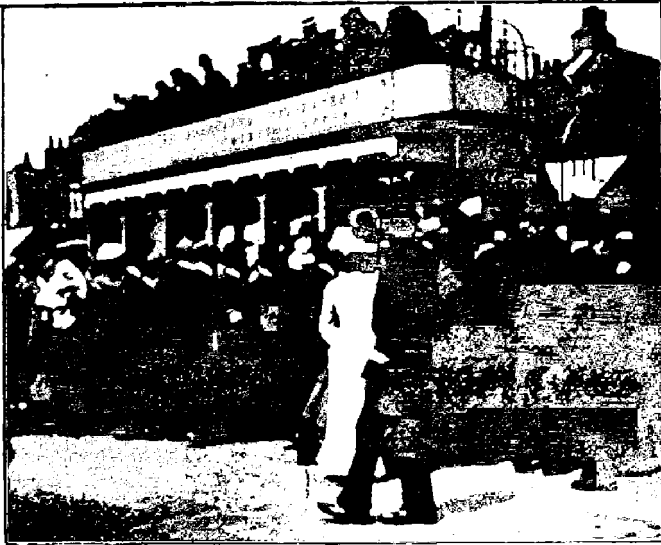
M. H. SABINE.

Criticisms.

Lavan (Plymouth), and several other readers wish to know how they can become black and white artists. This question has often been touched upon in these pages, but it may be of interest to readers to hear what Mr. C. Dana Gibson, the great American black and white artist, has to say to young students on this subject:—

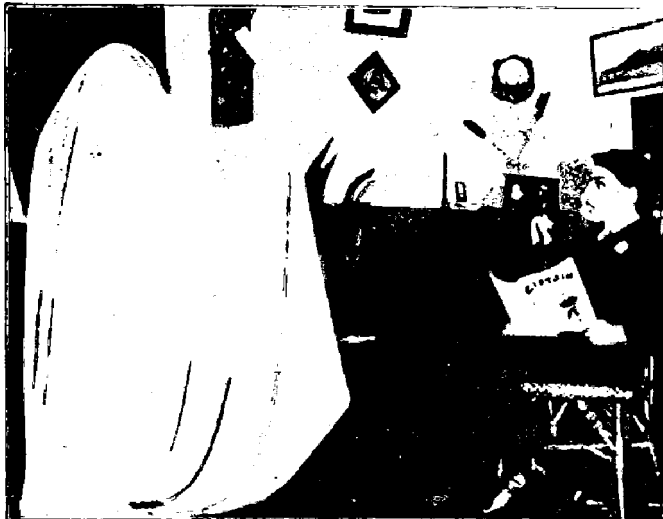
"If a man knows how to draw, he will draw; and all the discouragements and all the bad teachers in the world cannot turn him aside. If he has no ability, he will drift naturally into school teaching and buying stocks, without anybody's rules to direct him either way. The main thing is to have been born an artist. If you were that, you yourself know it far better than any one can tell you, and you know also in your heart, that neither wrong teaching nor anything but idleness can prevent your success. If you are not a born artist, you may not know

it. I think I can soon say something about the way to find your limitations, but no one can say much to help a born genius. His genius is largely, indeed, that he knows how to help himself. I do not think that the previous training of a student who begins studying illustrating has much to do with his career. It seems to me that his actual previous education matters very little. If he wants to learn, he will learn. If he does not, he will not. If he does not want to learn, his attempt at an



A HOLIDAY CROWD BOARDING ONE OF THE SHEPHERD'S BUSH ELECTRIC TRAMS.
Snapshot by G. H. Davis.

education will profit him very little. His gift for illustrating, if he has it, is a thing not more dependant upon his education than upon his surroundings. While there are instances in which an education forced upon a pupil has been acknowledged by him afterwards to mean much to him, there are also cases in all arts of which we say that contact with the schoolmen would not have been an advantage. If you are a born illustrator, you will know your own mistakes better than any one can tell you about them. If you do not see your mistakes, nobody can ever help you to be anything. *All the teachers in the art schools cannot help you if you cannot see*



THIS IS WHAT HAPPENED TO ONE OF OUR CANADIAN READERS WHILST HE WAS READING "THE LONG 'UN" IN HIS HOME AT MONTREAL.

Sent by Kenneth W. Dowie, Montreal, Canada.

your mistakes. . . . If your own work looks quite finished and perfect to you, or if it looks wrong and you cannot tell exactly what is the inaccuracy or lack, you may depend upon it that you were not born to be an illustrator. . . . A natural artist will never require an instructor, and if you do not see your mistakes, no one else can."

Frank Swallow.—Photos. are good. Will try and find space in November.

H. C. Hall (Dublin).—Snapshots of Royal visit too misty for publication.

Kenneth Dowie (Montreal).—The O. F. thanks you. Will publish photo. of your school when space permits. Send views of a local nature, as these are of great interest to English readers.

F. R. Bourne.—Your "Express" hand-camera has certainly done good work. I can only find space at present for that of the bird's nest.

W. Jones.—(1) See answer to Lavan. (2) The late Phil May was the son of a Staf-



IN COOL WATER. A CLEVER LITTLE SNAPSHOT BY W. A. OLDFIELD, DONCASTER.

fordshire engineer. I am not aware that he had any so-called artistic training at all, as when quite a boy he was time-keeper at an iron foundry in Leeds, and then began to design costumes and paint character sketches for theatre bills. There is no royal road to Art.

Esmé.—The lines you want are by Montrose. This is the correct version:—

"He either fears his fate too much
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch
To gain or lose it all."

Contributions have also been received from: A CAPTAIN Reader (Lee, S.E.), J. R. Burgess, F. Walter Atterbury, Walter John Goodbrand (Durban), E. Allriott, Geoffrey T. Butler (Sandy Bay, Hobart), K. Glover, C.C., Dorothy G. Riley (Strood).

THE OLD FAG

EDITORIAL



12, BURLINGH STREET,
STRAND, LONDON.

I have just been having a sort of field-day among the manuscripts submitted for my inspection during the past month, and the net result of my labours is two stories that I am able to accept. This is a disappointing result, and leads me to offer a few words of advice to such writers as would make their bow to THE CAPTAIN public. Write of what you *know*. Write of real things. Don't bang off stories with commonplace plots on your type-writers and switch them along to me under the impression that "anything will do for boys." Anything will *not* do for boys. So pray understand that I am not to be bamboozled with done-to-death plots or unreal sentiment. I want the best work you can do.

The above advice is given in order to save folks the trouble and expense of sending me things which they *know* are not their best work, but which, they fondly imagine, may manage to pass muster, and scrape somehow into my "Accepted" drawer. I am making these remarks with another purpose, moreover, and that is to encourage people who have a tale to tell to tell it and send it along to me. In a word, I am open just now to consider and accept a lot of *short stories*. So send them in, gentle contributors, and for goodness' sake look after your punctuation and grammar, and the balance of your sentences, and all those little embellishments which go to make up an artistic story. In short, take a great deal of trouble with your tales.

Study the *art* of story-telling. Don't, for instance, start off with a long preamble explaining why you were in such-and-such a place on a particular day—or night. The fact that you were there is enough for CAPTAIN readers. Get away sharp from the

mark, and keep the pace up all the way until you breast the "Finis" tape. When you have written your tale, go through the first draft and cut it down severely. Then write it all over again. See that you keep the action brisk. Remember, you are not writing a book of 300 pages, but a story of 2,000 words. And, if you have a regard for my temper and digestion, leave all the time-honoured plots alone. Don't tell me about the two boys who, having broken bounds and gone to rob an owl's nest in a neighbouring ruin, overhear a conversation carried on by "two gruff voices," the purport of which is that burglars meditate a descent on the Head's plate (and other valuables) that night. And you needn't set out to tell me about the boy who was always called a Muff, because he was so weak and such a duffer at games, and who, after suffering many taunts from his fellows, redeemed himself by saving "Bully Harker" from a watery grave or that brute Charteris from the flames that were roaring round the window of the top dormitory. These ideas are as old as the hills, and have been worked threadbare.

With these few words, gentlemen, I will pass on to other matters, hoping that, even if I am not able to accept the stories you send me, we shall be as good friends as ever. One last hint: If you write clearly, I shall be pleased to read tales in your own penmanship, but if you write badly you had better spend a shilling or two at the nearest type-writing office.

Wanted — Enthusiasm! — Mr. Johnson strikes a very good note in his article on Highgate School in referring to the Cadet Corps. "Lukewarm enthusiasm," he says, "is not tolerated, and no boy is encouraged to join—or, having joined, to stay

—who does not intend to do his utmost to maintain the high standard expected." This is a sound and sensible plan, because slackers are no good anywhere. How irritating it is, for instance, to play fives or tennis with a man who "doesn't care" if he wins or loses! What a difference to meet an opponent who is as keen as mustard! Then you set your teeth, and the game becomes a duel, and while it is being played all your best energies are concentrated upon it. You live! So it is in all the affairs of this life. If a thing is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well, and all members of school cadet corps, all members of house fifteens and elevens, all boys selected to uphold the reputation of their schools in playing-field or gym., no matter how lowly or how great the school may be, should bear this fact in mind. *"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."*

Honour for Blundell's. — All present and past Blundellians rejoiced to

hear that an old Blundellian, Philip Edward Marrack, had maintained the honour of the school in this year's Mathematical Tripos, being bracketed Senior wrangler with Harry Bateman. Our readers will be glad to learn that Mr. Marrack is devoted to outdoor exercises. Though he has never distinguished himself on the playing-field in anything like the way he has outpaced others at mathematics, yet he yields to none in his keenness for athletics and outdoor games. This year has been a record for Blundell's.



P. E. MARRACK.

The Scottish Schools Cricket Championship, 1903. — I have to thank "Cricketer" (Aberdeen) for the following account of the Scottish Schools Cricket Championship for this year. It will be observed that Fettes has run out first, losing no matches, and beating Loretto, Blairlodge, and Edinburgh Academy. Merchiston managed to draw with the same trio, but unfortunately the last match with Glenalmond could not be played. Loretto

finished second, beating Merchiston, Glenalmond, Watson's College, and Edinburgh Academy. Glenalmond began the season badly, losing the first two matches against Loretto and Blairlodge, but afterwards they worked together splendidly and achieved a most creditable victory over Merchiston.

	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Points.
1. Fettes	4	3	0	1	3
2. Loretto	5	4	1	0	3
3. Blairlodge	4	3	1	0	2
4. Glenalmond	5	3	2	0	1
5. Merchiston	5	2	2	1	0
6. Watson's Academy	5	1	4	0	-2
7. Edin. Academy	6	0	6	0	-4

"As Others See Us."—In this competition our readers displayed much common sense and observation. Below will be found a selection of opinions, the most general idea being that foreigners visiting our shores for the first time are most profoundly impressed by the enthusiasm we display for sport—football and cricket in particular. It is also opined, and correctly, that foreigners evince considerable surprise at the manner in which our police control the traffic; our love-matches, as opposed to the French "marriage by arrangement"; our quiet Sunday; the stolid demeanour of the Briton in times of stress and trouble; and the fearless manner in which the King mixes with his subjects. Here is my selection of the best opinions submitted:

Perhaps the first custom of ours to attract a foreigner's attention whilst visiting England is the way we are in the habit of taking our amusements. In no other country does sport hold such a sway, nor is it taken so seriously, as in England. Such games as cricket and football were practically unknown on the Continent until of late years, for the simple reason that they had few supporters and possessed very little interest for the general public. In England a man will play cricket under a blazing sun for hours, and enjoy himself at it, whereas a foreigner would never dream of finding amusement in a similar manner, and looks upon him as a kind of harmless lunatic; moreover, he will probably never understand our custom of making hard work of our play simply because he has not got the sporting instinct born in him.

H. C. BENTLEY (Hassocks).

To my mind the thing most surprising to foreigners is the utter absence of anything pertaining to militarism or espionage in any of our large towns, and the consequent great freedom, both of speech and action, enjoyed by all sections of his Majesty's subjects; in other words, our *non-militarism*.

THOMAS MAQUIRE (Glasgow).

An English custom which would probably vividly impress a foreigner is our somewhat rigid observance of the Sabbath. The Spaniard would miss the bull-fight, the German would notice with surprise the deserted appearance of the main thoroughfares while the Frenchman would sadly miss the open theatres and *cafés*, and the absence of the gay and festive crowds from the streets on Sunday.

C. GRENVILLE MAILE (Hampstead).

What must seem a most wonderful thing to a foreigner is the way in which our King mixes with his subjects on many occasions without any protection other than our love and respect for him.

A. TAPPLY (Wateringbury).

The most surprising English custom in the eyes of foreigners is the large number of males with their hands in their pockets.

E. B. DALKER (Bradford).

The custom which, I think, surprises a foreigner most when he visits England, is the way in which a Metropolitan constable is able, by raising his finger, to "hold up" the traffic for any period, a thing which is absolutely impossible on the Continent.

FRANK L. CLOUX (Herne Hill).

What strikes a foreigner most is our custom of permitting girls to marry husbands of their own choosing, instead of marrying them, without reference to their own feelings, to the richest man available. With the foreigner, money matches are considered superior to matches of inclination; and the splendid independence of the British girl, who loves and marries whom she will, is a constant source of wonder to him.

ARCHIBALD LOY (Wombwell).

I think that what strikes a foreigner most when visiting this country for the first time, is the great attention given to all kinds of sport. Any important event, such as the "Derby," or a cricket Test Match, becomes, for the time being, the almost sole topic of conversation.

ALEXANDER SCOTT, JUN. (Tillicoultry).

The custom that, in my opinion, surprises foreign visitors most is the Englishman's notion of when to get excited. Should an alarming accident happen your average Englishman will stroll up and ask "What's the matter?" in the calmest way in the world. But see the same man at a football match, when there are ten minutes to go and the teams are level, or at a cricket match when there's ten minutes to time and the last man in. He shouts, raves, stamps, and struts up and down in his excitement, and the foreign visitor wonders what is the matter, and looks at the yelling crowd open-mouthed, not being at all excited himself.

T. W. SPIKIN (Basingstoke).

The perfect freedom of foreigners to enter and travel in the country without interference of any sort provided they do not infringe the laws of the country.

F. BELLERBY (Chingford).

The custom which English people have of flocking in thousands and tens of thousands to see a football match, is undoubtedly the most surprising to a foreigner. Having always regarded the English nation as being rather phlegmatic in its temperament, he is vastly surprised to see an otherwise self-contained gathering of Englishmen roused to such a high pitch of excitement over what seems to be (to him) a mere rough scramble for a ball.

JOHN W. LEWIS (Taff's Well).

Men helping the women, instead of the women helping the men.

EDWARD STUDDY (Bedford).

I think the thing that strikes a foreigner most is the scarcity of soldiers in uniform in the streets. In other countries there are always plenty.

ROBERT JACKSON (Blantyre).

I think the most surprising English custom to foreigners is "the freedom of the British subject."

H. M. MITTLAND (Cambs).

The inscription on hospitals: "Supported solely by voluntary contributions."

R. JARDINE (Notting Hill).

The English custom which I think is most surprising to a foreigner is that a schoolmaster who is often a gentleman and a clergyman should himself perform the degrading task of flogging boys.

R. M. CLUER (Bromley).

My answer is "Cricket." The foreigner who has never seen the game before does not know the amount of strength, smartness and calculation one needs to play the game. To him it is merely a game of luck.

WALTER LEES (Portobello).

The absence of all open-air *cafés*.

EDITH ADAMES (Putney).

The most surprising English custom is demonstrated by the following anecdote:—A French visitor met his English friend on a pier, and together they adjourned for refreshment. The Englishman called for whisky hot, then he put some lemon and sugar in, and waited for it to get cold. This caused his foreign friend to remark as follows: "I no understand you English. You have whisky because it's strong, add water to make it weak, put lemon to make it sour, then sugar to sweeten it. You have hot water to make it warm, then you wait for it to get cold before you drink it. Ah! you have very funny customs, you English!"

E. WALTER SIMMONDS (Bronesbury).

I think the most surprising custom which foreigners observe when they first come to England is the quiet and reserved manner in which the Englishman goes about his business.

FRANK HOTINE (Liverpool).

The custom, I think, which surprises foreigners entering England, is our very popular custom of "sweet-hearting." For, in most other countries, all the arranging of marriages is done by the parents. Here, in England, on a fine night, you see nothing but couples arm-in-arm, a thing which I have not seen in Europe elsewhere than in England, and, having known a lot of foreigners, I have noticed how it struck them as being peculiar.

T. CONSTANTINIDES (Highgate).

I think you will agree with me that the above form a very interesting collection of opinions. It is "le sport," I verily believe, that has made England (and when I say "England," I mean the word to embrace her sister countries—Wales, Scotland and Ireland) what she is. And it is "le sport" (of all kinds) which most surprises the foreigner. Mr. Bentley summed up this idea more concisely than any other competitor, and so, after much careful deliberation and comparison, I awarded him the prize.

What Wellington said.—Talking of "le sport," by the way, I daresay, you have heard cynical people scoff at Wellington's dictum to the effect that Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton. But I say Wellington was right. He meant that the Englishman's games harden him, and give him pluck and endurance. Somebody once told Wellington that Napoleon

had said that the French soldiers were quite as brave as the English. "Yes," said Wellington, "but the English are brave for a quarter-of-an-hour longer."

Of a truth the great Duke's tongue was as sharp as his sword! In this one little sentence he explained that the Englishman's superiority lay in his extra amount of doggedness—in his never knowing when he's beaten!

How to Become a Chemist.

To those of your readers with a taste for science (writes a correspondent), I cannot too strongly recommend a career as a chemist. As a hobby, chemistry is most fascinating; as a business it is full of infinite possibilities. The regret is that hitherto the English have allowed most of the great chemical work of this country to be done by French and German chemists.

The writer well remembers that at Watson's soap-works, in Leeds, the whole of the laboratory work was done by German chemists. At Burmantofts pottery, whose ware is known throughout the world, the question of pigments and chemical processes for delicate effects was decided by reference to a body of French chemists who had been brought over to this country from Paris. The salaries such men can command may be anything from £500 a year. But this is a fraction of the value of chemistry where the chemist is also running the business. Recently the writer met a Fellow of the Chemical Society, whose father was engaged in the manufacture of starch. The numerous economies which this man had been able to effect in the treatment of rice, maize, millet, etc., meant a saving of thousands of pounds a year. We have in mind also a pharmaceutical chemist who sent his son to the German chemical laboratories for special training. On his return, the father commenced a mineral water business, as supplementary to the business of pharmacy, with his son as chief chemical adviser. Is it surprising that the mineral water business has long ago outpaced the pharmacy as a profit-making concern? Take again the case of a firm like Messrs. Bevan and Cross, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, the chief authorities on cellulose. With the enormous growth of the pulp and paper trade, the value of specialists like Mr. Bevan and Mr. Cross cannot be over-estimated. A word of warning.—Make up your mind as to what branch of trade your chemical knowledge is intended to be applied. Are you going

to be analyst to a gas company or municipal authority? Are you going to be an assayer of metals to smelters and iron-founders? Do you prefer mineral analysis or organic analysis? Get your ideas sharp and clear, and then the map of your life can be drawn and filled in and made valuable to yourself and those around you.

"Bush" Reading - Matter.

There is a great deal more up-to-dateness on the goldfields in the way of the Old Country news (writes a CAPTAIN reader who once went for a sketching tour in Australia) than many suppose there might be. Far into the interior you will meet with most of the weeklies, illustrated and otherwise, and many of the dailies. In one humpie I found:—The *Graphic*, *Illustrated London News*, *Black and White*, *Truth* (a good many copies of *Truth* seem to reach Western Australia), the *Daily Chronicle*, and *To-Day*. In others I noticed:—The *Times*, the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Daily News*, the *Standard* (we found a copy of the *Standard* in the silent bush), and (but more rarely) I have made happy by being able to look up those notes, "Mainly About People," in the *Star*, and take a rural walk "At Home" with Luke Ellis in the *Echo*, and learn of recent events in the art world in one of the *Globe's* Wednesday columns. Mr. *Punch* has a robust existence "out back," too. But one meets with so many papers and periodicals from home—the delivery of the last mail—i.e., papers anti-dated about six weeks—that it seems invidious to name some and leave others to suggestion. Still, I have merely named those I came across most frequently. The others, of course, will have their friends. The press of Australia itself—which generally can hold its own with any in the world—is, it is scarcely necessary to say, fully represented throughout the colony. A great favourite in all mining camps is the *Sydney Bulletin*, the first of Antipodean humorous and satirical journals, and a paper which can pride itself on contributors of much distinction, both literary and artistic. The *Bulletin*, as a censor, is a potent force and generally has good reason to back up the "wrigglings" it causes, while the humour of this popular journal is not surpassed by any other the world over.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

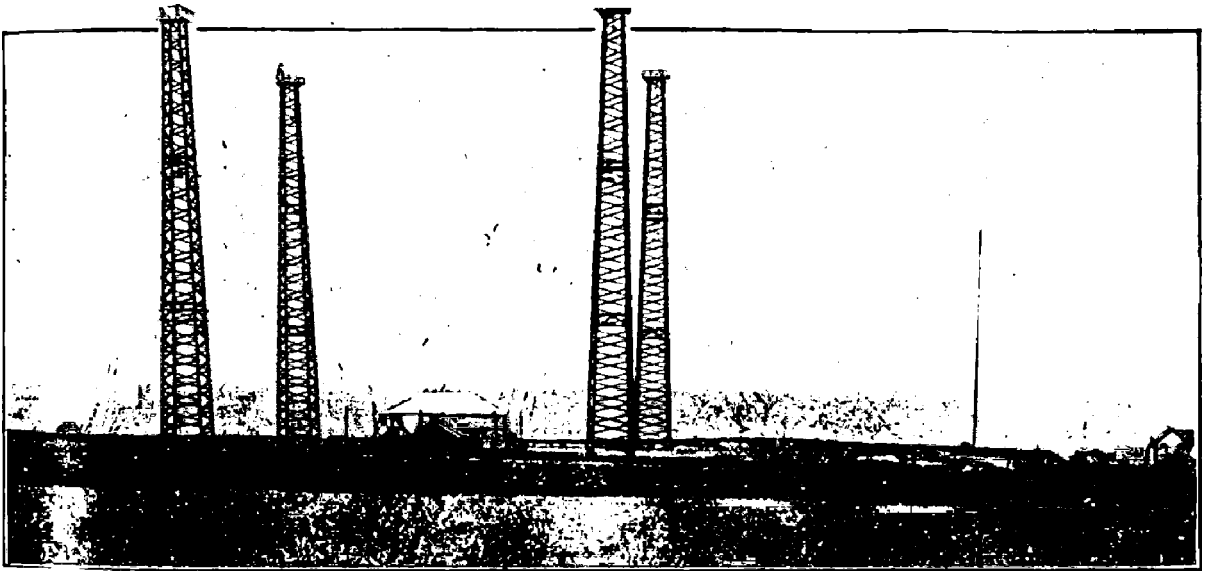
Would-be Editor (Edinburgh).—Graphology is very amusing, but it can hardly be described as

scientific. I think probably handwriting may suggest a rough estimate of certain characteristics, but it cannot be relied upon as any real guide to King Solomon's injunction: "Man, know thyself." Am considering suggestions for a geographical competition.

C. A. W. (Lewisham).—Writing very good. Learn Pitman's system of shorthand. It is simple, and does not require a teacher. I have studied many others, but Pitman's proves the most useful. Pity you're abandoning the London matric. Even in Matafeleland you would find it comforting to feel you had reached a certain standard of knowledge. Whether you could exchange it for £ s. d. does not signify.

Plato (Market Harborough).—The London B.A. will excuse the Bar Prelim. only. The London LL.B. would be far more useful than the B.A., and covers all the subjects you may need. The subjects are: Roman Law, Constitutional Law, Legal History, Common Law, Equity, Real Property, Conveyanc-

tarian, never having tasted fish, flesh, or fowl all her life. She intends, she adds, to be a "veg." as long as she lives. Both of her sisters are vegetarians. One is married, and her two children are vegetarians. But her three brothers have fallen away from the Cause, and eat meat. "People so often infer," adds my correspondent, "that we can't eat anything but vegetables and fruit. By 'vegetarianism' we mean all belonging to the vegetable kingdom. Of course we eat butter and eggs, etc., as that does not necessitate taking life. We consider it cruel to kill animals, as it is quite unnecessary. Many people think they could not change their diet and adopt a non-flesh-eating one, but if they were to change gradually and really go in for the thing, I think it would benefit them and not harm them. My father, for instance, has been in much better health since he became a vegetarian. Before my mother became one she was not able to walk far or go up a hill, and now she runs up and down stairs without feeling it at all, and goes



THE MARCONI INSTITUTION AT POLDHU, CORNWALL.

The wireless telegrams to and from America are sent from and received at this station.

Photo by Press Picture Agency.

ing. Contract and Tort Bankruptcy. Companies, Wills, Administration, Criminal Law, Evidence, and Procedure.

Floris (Stalybridge).—Fear cannot undertake to supply CAPTAIN lounge jackets such as you suggest. Write to King's College Hospital, or St. Bartholomew's, or any local infirmary. Certain exams. are necessary, particularly in physiology, and a year's probation in the wards. You must be over twenty, otherwise you can only get into a children's hospital.

An Ardent Admirer (Dalston).—I incline to "gymnasia" as a more euphonic plural. Fortunately, or unfortunately, we have a tendency to Anglicise every word we appropriate from other languages. For further information write to the Art Editor, specifying what branch you wish to pursue.

T. H. Durrans (Regent's Park).—Try for the London B.Sc. It will be the most useful in this country and the Colonies.

"Veg." tells me that she is 15, and a vege-

for long walks, too. We have an old servant who has been with us over 30 years, and she started Vegetarianism with my mother. She is a splendid cook, and that makes a great difference to us."— This all sounds very well, but it would not do for everybody to become a "veg." Many constitutions require animal food. I should also like to ask Miss "Veg." how we should regard oxen, sheep, pigs, etc. Are we to regard them as pets? If we did not eat them, they would multiply to such an extent that they would soon want the whole country for pasturage! However, I like to hear "all sides," so I shall be willing to print extracts from letters *pro* and *con*. Vegetarianism. They should make interesting reading. One thing I am quite certain of—*we eat too much meat*. But, on the other hand, it is quite possible to eat too many vegetables. The happy medium is the best course to adopt at the table, as in everything else.

P. R. Butler.—We simply cannot devote any space to rifle-shooting, because our pages are already

filled to overflowing with other matters. A great many readers want me to devote space to their particular hobby—gardening, chess, golf, swimming, and the like, but I cannot, because there isn't room. We must deal with hobbies that appeal to the majority. However, I appreciate your suggestion and congratulate you on your victories. May you live to bear away the King's prize!

Weary Wille.—The author of the "Long 'Un" looks towards you. Your "one gentle chide" has been made a note of. Mr. Whitwell will not again draw a "Rugger" player in shin-guards now you have chidden him—or should it be "chode" him? [*I believe, Sir, the correct word is "chid."*—The ART ED.]

S.P.Q.R.—Translating is very hard to get. It is generally obtained from personal friends. I fear, therefore, I cannot hold out any hopes in this direction. I would help you if I could, but really I don't know of anybody who would give you work of this kind to do. Your writing might be better, but it is readable.

Anonymous (Chelsea).—What a queer little letter! I shall keep it. Jim's getting better fast. I expect he'll be engaged to Dora for about a year, and then they'll go flat-hunting in Kensington and be as happy as it's possible for two young people to be—bless 'em!

Fagite.—You've exactly hit it. Good black-and-white sketches rarely reach us. That is why we print so many photos in the C.C. pages. We are always keeping a sharp look-out for good pen-and-ink sketches. We cannot, however, devote a special page to this class of work. There is always room and to spare in the C.C. pages.

H. B. E. F. writes from Paris:—"Re your recent 'Lower School Yarns,' M. Jalaguier's French is quite peculiar and his 'pidgin' English would not translate back into French idiom. It is about that gentleman that I want to say a word. I have lived for twenty-five years on this side of the Channel (you see, like your venerable self, I belong to the very large 'old boy' section of the ship's company) and know the people well. I don't think you can have the faintest idea of what harm such a travesty can do, for I am sure that THE CAPTAIN is largely read in France. Of course an Englishman would be the first to laugh at such a caricature of himself; but Frenchmen see things differently, and are only too ready to take offence where none is intended. I have never yet met one who could understand chaff, and have often seen what was meant for an innocent joke interpreted in the worst possible sense. If you want to do your part to promote that *entente cordiale* for which we are all striving so anxiously at the present time, keep such things out of THE CAPTAIN, however innocent they may seem to the Anglo-Saxon mind."—I should like to think that our friend takes too severe a view of the case. Will some French reader tell me if he really objects to the good-humoured caricature of a Frenchman presented in Mr. Burrows' light-hearted stories?

C. McC.—I am so glad you liked my "little sermon." No, I wasn't on holiday when I wrote it. I simply packed up my papers and proof-sheets, because I was feeling a little "chippy," and went away for a change of air, which is the best medicine in the world. You can learn a lot of French and German by yourself, but you can't get the proper pronunciation without a teacher. The best

plan, if possible, is to spend a few months on the Continent.

The Rev. S. B. James.—In referring to this gentleman in a recent editorial, I called him "Adams." More absent-mindedness, I suppose!—and I beg to apologise for it without delay.

Mastiff.—Am interested to hear of your new purchase. Hope you will enjoy many pleasant rides on it. Certainly, 'twas a bargain!

"A Failure."—I cannot find anything in your essay upon which one might hinge a discussion. You sign yourself "A Failure." May I ask your age? Your writing is the writing of a young man, and yet you sign your essay in this hopeless and pessimistic way! All I can say is that if any man in his youth can be so weak as to write himself down "A Failure," he is deliberately courting Success's cold shoulder. Remember, failure is one thing—defeat, another. You may fail, say, twenty times—but you may succeed at the twenty-first effort. Then again, what have you failed at? Possibly at something you are incompetent to master. Then try something else. You say: "Nothing is higher and dearer to all than Success." You are wrong. Health and Happiness come before Success. A wise man once said that, if a careful calculation were to be made of the benefits accruing from mundane existence, Health would absorb 99 per cent. of the best that is to be got out of Life. Nevertheless, worldly success is a thing to be striven for, by all worthy means, so go on pegging away, and do not write to me again with such a dismal *nom-de-plume* at the tail of your letter. Sign yourself "Nil Desperandum," "A Tryer," "Dogged Does it"—anything you like except "A Failure." Surely you know that many a man has failed only, by failing, to achieve greater success in the long run than would have been his lot had he never met with a set back. That's all, then, for the present. Perhaps some reader will write and tell me how, after many failures, he "got home" at last. Such records are most cheering to all the brave, good fellows who are striving to hew niches for themselves in the rock of Success.

E. F. Feurer.—Am sorry to say, Ernest, that your maze is not drawn properly for reproduction. We cannot reproduce pencil drawings. Next time do one in ink, and make it simpler and smaller—in straight lines, if possible.

The Short 'Un.—Clubbed. I fear it would be rather late now to suggest new races for your "Gymkhana." It would be interesting, though, to have an article on "Novel Athletic Contests," contributed by readers. Will ingenious CAPTAIN athletes give their minds to this idea?

E. Fairlie.—I will certainly mention your "grievance" to the Competition Editor, and am much obliged to you for writing to me.

R. M. O. C.—The Prefect was quite right when he said the metre of your poem was "rather funny." You'll leave pepper alone in future. I guess.

Ben Hope.—I haven't the faintest idea what your American bills are worth. A banker should be able to tell you.

K. W. Dowie and A. N. K. (Canada).—I will try to give you more time, but I won't make any rash promise.

F. L. Cloux.—I have "clubbed" you. If your friend wants to be treated likewise, he should apply himself.

E. V. R. R.—I am obliged to you and other correspondents for pointing out that the verses entitled "Read This Quickly" were not original. I am looking into the matter.

Leander.—We should have a rowing corner if THE CAPTAIN were twice as big as it is now. At present, however, there's no room.

Harry Cross.—Glad you're such a keen soldier. I fear our readers would not be greatly interested in discussing the question as to whether every able-bodied man should be taught the use of the rifle. Matters of sentiment are always the most popular, and naturally.

"Rule Britannia."—You're quite a politician, I see. As you observe, I don't discuss politics in this magazine, so I can't "try a fall" with you on the subject of the "Protection" Scheme or the Education Bill. Popular opinion will prevail in the long run, you may be quite sure.

F. P. Atkins.—Yes, a solicitor's managing clerk may now be "admitted" a solicitor. Sorry I cannot oblige you with a pen-and-ink sketch. I am not a drawist.

Molsons (Canada).—I wrote you on Aug. 22nd, and hope you received my letter safely.

F. P. A.—Your idea for a CAPTAIN post-card is good. I'll keep it before me. CAPTAIN Vols. I. to VI. are out of print. A winner may choose whichever of the others he likes.

Percy Young.—Hope you're quite fit again. I daresay you saw my editorial note in September about not writing anything but the address on the address side of a picture post-card when sending one to a friend abroad.

R. Jackson.—Clubbed. Writing capital.

A. H. Middleton.—You are "clubbed" all right.

T. G. Carter.—You have guessed aright, Sherlock!

W. Bullough.—I am afraid the photo is a little too dim to print. Good luck to you!

A Useful Book.—Paton's *List of Schools*, the sixth annual edition of which has recently been published, in addition to containing classified lists of preparatory and public schools, and tutors for all the professions, includes particulars of Scholarships and Exhibitions obtainable at English public schools (boys' and girls'). It is well printed, illustrated, and strongly bound, and published at the low price of 1s. 6d. by Messrs. J. and J. Paton, Educational Agents, 143 Cannon-street, E.C. Altogether it is a most handy book for all concerned in education.

"Red Jacket" (Nova Scotia).—(1) Clubbed. (2) An Official Representative is supposed to do all

he or she can to make THE CAPTAIN more widely known by introducing it to people who do not take it in. (3) By all means send a short account of the Fisheries, with a photograph or two, to the C. C. pages.

"Cordelia."—(1) No entrance fee or sub. to CAPTAIN Club; you take in the magazine regularly, that's all. (2) You will find the addresses you want in *Who's Who*, price 5s. (3) The Photo Editor will reply to this question.

Cecil Robertson.—Please send a photograph of Aberdeen Grammar School; cannot reproduce satisfactorily from illustration.

"Duttilita" (London).—You should have asked your bookbinder to number the volumes for you. Perhaps he will do so now.

Kenneth Chambers (Manchester).—Drop a line to the C. O. G. at Haileybury for the particulars you require, and enclose a stamp for reply.

A. Hertslet.—CAPTAIN stamps should be placed where they will be most in evidence—on envelopes, for instance, *but not on the address side.*

A. Mattinson and "Extra Special."—Send a stamped, addressed envelope for reply.

Clubbed.—Frances I. Broad (Greymouth, N.Z.), C. W. O. Scantlebury, Charles E. Harvey, A. G. Elliott.

Official Representatives Appointed.—G. W. Newton (Monkseaton), Cecil Robertson (Aberdeen Grammar School), Jack S. Potts (Lewisham).

John V. Rogers (Penryn, Cornwall).—Clubbed. Mr. Fry will reply to your questions.

L. Schuster.—(1) See reply to A. Hertslet above. (2) Our experts take it that their correspondents are Members of THE CAPTAIN Club.

F. B. Morton.—Cricketers' birthdays rather untopical in October.

C. Wyvill (Hornsey).—(1) The origin of the word "Tip" is attributed to the fact that fifty years ago, in the coffee houses of London, a notice was usually posted, "To Insure Promptness." (2) For Civil Service examinations and for general training for a commercial career, very good results have been obtained by Clark's College, Chancery-lane. (3) The highest speed attained in shorthand I have known was 293 words per minute.

Letters, etc., have also been received from: K. Pennington, Eustace Alliott, Gifford B. Hindmarsh, W. D. Seville, R. S. R., E. H. Savill, Ernest A. Taylor, T. S. Plowman, Cecil O. Howden (Lausanne), R. L. Gurydon (Trinidad), "Mansfield," A. Reid (Upper Norwood), J. E. Baines (Morley), John E. Rankin (Manchester), Ambrose Borielle (Balham).

THE OLD FAG.

Results of August Competitions.

No. I. "Popular Expressions."

WINNER OF £10 10s. "TRIUMPH" BICYCLE: John Shedden, Kennel, Glen Cottage, Talgarth, Brecon.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: J. Dunn, 1 Kincoira Terrace, Glasnevin, Dublin; John McWhan, jun., Rossville, Cambuslang, N.B.; Alex. Scott, junr., Burnside, Tillycultry, N.B.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Edith Adames, Ernest Neels, Chas. Hopkins, Dora W. Peareall, Wm. C. Haines, Gilbert T. Lucas, Ruby M. Parish, Lionel Chappell, Ben E. Neilson.

No. II.—"Omitted Words."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNERS OF LINDNER'S PRINTING OUTFITS: L. M. Ellacott, 5 Kirkdale Road, Leytonstone; Constance H. Greaves, 15 Powis Square, Brighton; Joseph W. Connell, 26 Finkle Street, Selby.

HONOURABLE MENTION: R. Wynn, James Todd, R. Meeke, W. G. Parkinson.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNERS OF PRINTING OUTFITS: G. T. Fairlie, 61 Vaughan

(Results continued on next page.)

Road, Stratford, E.; R. N. Davis, 6 Thurlby Road, West Norwood, S.E.; P. Ramsay Laird, . . Bellevue Crescent, Edinburgh.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. W. B. Fish, R. B. Firth, H. S. Wildin.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNERS OF PRINTING OUTFITS: T. F. Bishop, Radcliffe-on-Trent, Nottingham; Arthur Betts, 38 Norcott Terrace, Brooke Road, Upper Clapton, N.; G. E. Love, 94 Ridge Road, Stroud Green, N.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. Brimelow, Ernest Malcolm, Edmund G. Gray.

No. III.—“Professional Team for Australia.”

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF LILLYWHITE, FROWD, AND CO.'S CRICKET BAT: Charles Watson, 411 Dumbarton Road, Glasgow.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: S. A. F. Alford, c.o. Northampton Union Bank, Ltd., High Street, Bedford; H. Scholfield, The Thorns, Gardner Road, Prestwich, Lancs.

HONOURABLE MENTION: E. R. Smith, F. H. Swallow, Reg. Smith, John W. Lewis, H. J. W. Adamson, R. Meeke, A. G. Clapham, William Pollock, H. E. Solano, P. W. Bennett, S. J. Dickens, John Gray, F. C. Newton, F. J. Spendlove.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF “GAMAGE” BAT: R. H. Crump, Castlemere Street, Rochdale.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Mary Lewis, Rhymney Cottages, Taff's Well, near Cardiff; R. G. Purcell, 50 Tedworth Square, Chelsea, S.W.; S. J. Wilde, 124 Duke Street, Southport.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Philip Richard, H. Hunter, W. B. Fish, G. E. Wainwright, Louis Pizer, Douglas Hooke, Harry Platt, G. Tattersall, James Clifton, Ernest Bray, Andrew Pearson.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF “GAMAGE” BAT: M. B. Jones, Glen Cottage, Talgarth, Breconshire.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Edmund G. Gray, Robert Gray, A. J. Parry, Bissett, C. S. Cockrell, W. Illium Roberts, David McCartney, Connie Dutton, Frank R. Howse.

No. IV.—“Howlers Competition.”

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNERS OF POST-CARD ALBUMS: Constance Everitt, 6 College Street, Kempston, Bedfordshire; A. W. Herdman, Trent College, Derbyshire.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: Mary Watts, 8 Rylett Crescent, Shepherd's Bush, W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: G. A. Boycott, Constance H. Greaves, Stewart G. Klitz, M. Parker, Maud Sanderson, Gilbert T. Lucas, J. C. Hill, S. A. Hurren, D. J. Watman.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNERS OF POST-CARD ALBUMS: Wallace W. B. Fish, Choristers' Lodge, Ashdown Park, Shrivensham; Kathleen Vigour, 18 Portman Road, Boscombe, Hants.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Fredk. Williamson, E. G. Tupholme, Gladys Wakeling, Ethel Dowson, Edith Adams, J. W. Ridge, H. A. Woolley, Louis Pizer, Leila M. Hawksley, A. C. Eddington.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNERS OF POST-CARD ALBUMS: S. Lewis, Castle Grove, Hamilton; Frank Whittle, 11 Hamilton Road, Ealing, W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: D. A. Bingham, M. B. Jones, Percy Hartill, Edmund G. Gray, J. F. Bishop, Kenneth L. Duckett, Stanley Houtson, Charlie J. Martin, H. Faulk.

No. V.—“Hidden Animals.”

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF W. BUTCHER AND SONS' No. 2 “POM-POM” CAMERA: Dolly Grylls, Park Gate, East Finchley, N.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: G. H. Botson, Thorncliffe, Great Malvern, Worcestershire; Alfred Owen, 25 Marshall's Cross Road, St. Helen's, Lancashire.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. M. Hayman, W. A. Cudlipp, Sydney A. Hurren, F. J. Lyons-Davis, Arthur S. Atkinson, W. G. Masefield, Eustace Bonsfield, J. C. P. Sheherd, F. K. Searancke.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF No. 2 “SCOUT” CAMERAS: H. Cust, Crolyands, Bury Park, Luton, Beds.; M. S. Clay, Albemarle Road, Beckenham.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: A. Baynes, 120 Warwick Street, Eccleston Square, S.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Cyril J. Reed, Leslie H. Fox, Leslie Thomson, Thomas Harrison, H. E. Foster, C. F. L. Ruck, F. E. Laughton, W. J. Jones, C. W. B. Hill.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNERS OF No. 2 “BROWNIE” CAMERAS: Guy Morrison, Salcombe House, Loughton, Essex; Arthur Chapman, Allington, Wberwell Road, Guildford.

HONOURABLE MENTION: D. H. Vawdrey, Donald Rookaby, Capes, Graham B. Jardine, F. Tingle, James Sellar, Estelle Bartlett, Angus Munro, H. H. Wheatley, Lionel Williams, G. R. C. Snow, C. Burrell, J. F. Bishop.

No. VI.—“Photographic Competition.”

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF SANDOW DEVELOPER: Noël E. Lean, 6 Elmore Road, Sheffield.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: Ernest B. Holmes, Hayward Leigh, Tharplea, Bolton.

HONOURABLE MENTION: M. C. Rhodes, Fred. C. Long, W. D. Norris, Robert Barker, J. R. Dunn, Archie Mackenzie, Harold Brunwell, Henry W. Wilson, F. L. Wood.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF SANDOW DEVELOPER: G. M. Tyrrell, 23 Melville Terrace, Edinburgh.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Henry Ponsford, 10 Netherall Gardens, Hampstead, N.W.; R. E. Dickinson, Grove House School, Highgate, N.; Archibald P. Olson, 292 Goldhawk Road, W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Henry Kingscote, Alfred E. Wheatley, W. L. Taylor, Owen C. Howse, W. Hick, William Cook, W. S. L. Holt, Fred. Caddy, C. E. Tavener, John Gray, Eric S. Hallett, Wilfrid Morley, J. T. Irédale, J. E. Haverage, John Tyson, Percy Owen, H. Mancel Sims, John H. Young, W. Anslem Coates, H. F. Mackie, C. Turner, Graham Hunt.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fourteen.)

WINNER OF SANDOW DEVELOPER: Cedric Stokes, 60 Park Mill Road, Hampstead, N.W.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: J. Mounsey, Erdington, near Birmingham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Dorothy Porter, N. C. Moore, C. C. Goodall, C. Till, H. W. Todd, W. J. M. Menzies, David Hall, M. W. Booker, G. H. Berry, Douglas Callingham.

Comments on the August Competitions.

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.”

No. I.—There were a large number of competitors for the “Triumph” bicycle, and one enterprising candidate must have sent in at least four dozen attempts! As, however, they were practically all on the same lines he did not gain the advantage his zeal deserved. Many competitors expressed the same idea several times in their lists, and so failed to get the variety which was necessary. Others confined themselves entirely to topical sayings, forgetting that such a phrase as “Good Morning” is used by all classes, while the catch words of the day are not. The standard list obtained by voting was:—

1. Good morning (including good afternoon and evening, etc.) 2. Good-bye. 3. If you please. 4. Thank you, or No thank you. 5. Excuse me. 6. Good (or bad) weather. 7. How are you? 8. Beg your pardon. 9. All right. 10. Good gracious. 11. By Jove.* 12. Hurry up.

*Or Don't mention it.

No. II.—No one managed to get fewer than three mistakes, but the competition was undoubtedly a difficult one, and the prize-winners have every reason to be satisfied with the result of their efforts.

No. III.—A very popular competition. Quite a large num-

ber of competitors spoiled their chances by not reading the question carefully and sending in an eleven instead of fourteen men, or a representative team of gentlemen and professionals. The winning list was:—

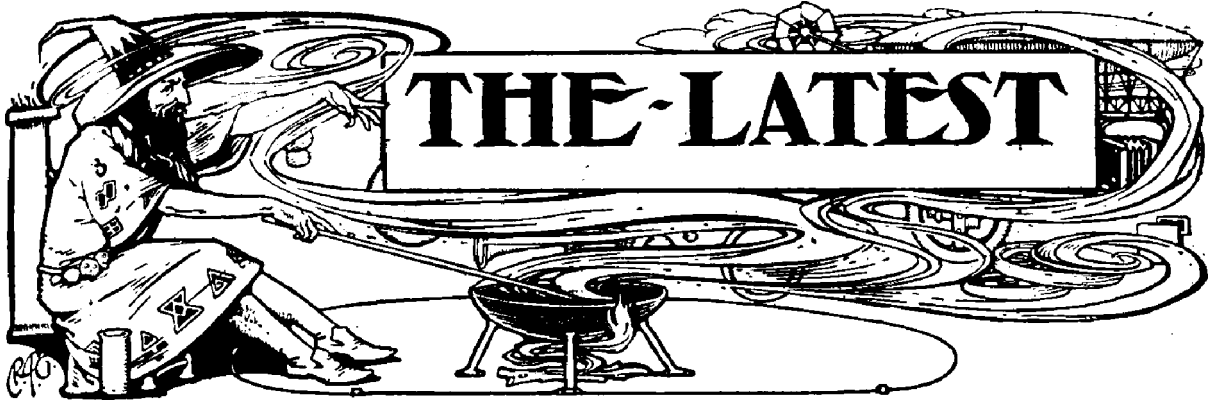
Hayward (Captain).	Rhodes.	Arnold.
Hirst.	Lilley.	Strudwick.
Tyldesley.	Lockwood.	Denton.
Braund.	W. G. Quaife.	Barnes.
J. Gunn.	Hargreave.	

No. IV.—A most amusing competition. One met a certain number of old friends, but many new ones as well, and it was a difficult task to select the most humorous.

No. V.—As usual, this was a very popular competition, though there were not so many in Class III. as I sometimes have. In every class there were some who got all the pictures right. The correct list will be found on an advertisement page.

No. VI.—Taken altogether, photographs this month were rather below the average in quality, but there were several creditable productions in Class II., while Noël E. Lean's excellent “Brownie” pictures were easily first in Class I.

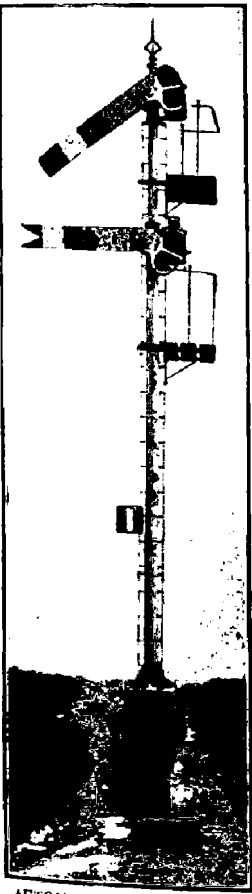
THE COMPETITION EDITOR.



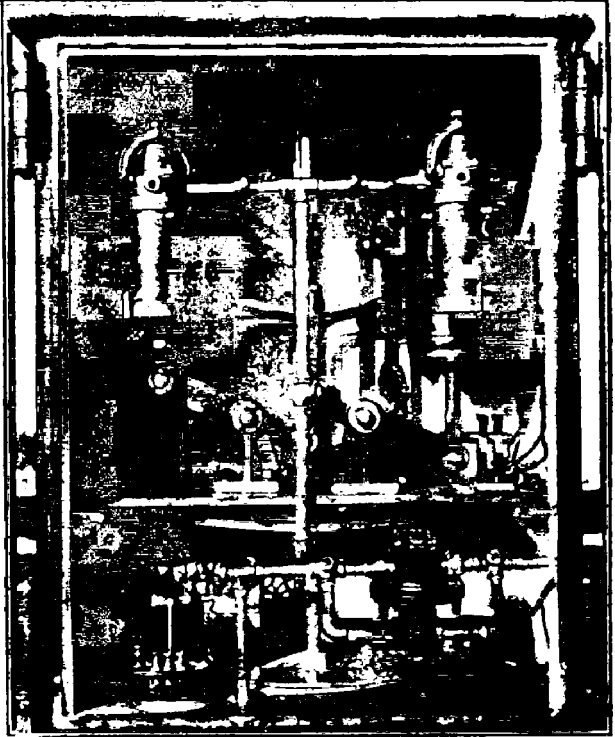
THE LATEST

The Latest In Railway Signalling.

Soon the trains on British railways will themselves work the signals which ensure their safety. The signalman and his cabin will be seen no more except at junctions and large stations. This is essentially an American idea, but now two large railways in this country, the North Eastern and London and South Western will soon have extensive automatic signalling installations at work. Before long the latter company will have no less than seventy miles of track under automatic control. In the system employed on this line, the normal position of each signal is at "clear" instead of at "danger," as is the case with manual signals. The track is divided into "block sections" by means of insulating joints in the rails. Within these sections the rails are joined together by bond wires so as to form a circuit for the flow of electric current. Each track-circuit is provided with a battery situated at the far end from the signal-post, which is fitted with an electro-pneumatic valve and other mechanism. So long as the current is flowing the semaphore remains at clear, but when a train enters a block section it creates a short circuit, the current flowing through the wheels and axles from rail to rail



AUTOMATIC PNEUMATIC SIGNALS ON THE L. & S.W. RY.—A VERY AMERICAN IDEA.

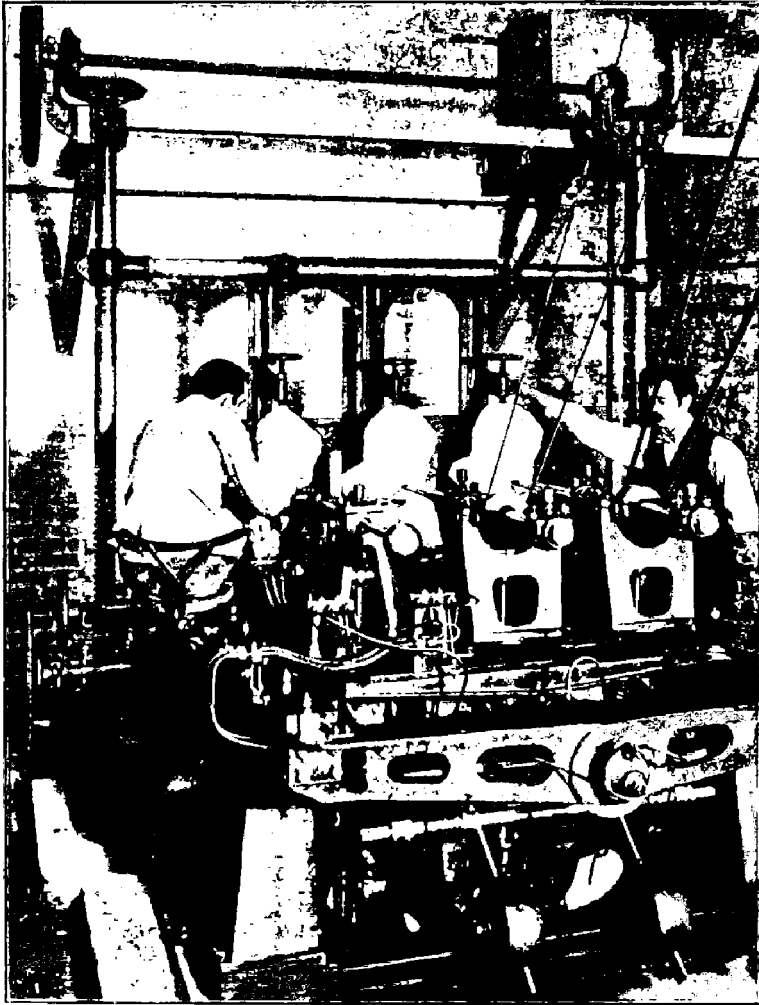


MECHANISM AT BASE OF AN AUTOMATIC PNEUMATIC SIGNAL.

on account of their lower resistance. This results in a number of important things happening, i.e., the air holding the home signal at "clear" is allowed to escape, and the semaphore goes to the "danger" position by gravity. This action causes the distant signal to go to "danger" also, and at the same time the distant signal controlling the block behind is still held at danger. As soon as the train has cleared the block section, the short circuit ceases and the signal again resumes its normal or "clear" position. Any breakage of a rail or other accident short circuits the track battery and puts the signals to danger.

A Truly Marvellous Invention.

Who can essay in these times of rapid change to tell what even but ten years of inventive



THIS PHOTO SHOWS HOW THE ITALIAN SCULPTOR MACHINE IS WORKED.

features immortalised in marble than to have your photo taken.

The accompanying photographs illustrate this "mechanical sculptor." To generalise, this ingenious apparatus seems to be an elaboration of certain machines to be seen in moulding shops which, working on a die, cut an exactly similar pattern or design out of wood or other material. In this case, however, the human face serves as the die. Scarcely touching you, the operator outlines your face with the machine's "pointer," and all the while the mechanically operated cutters move in sympathy on the stone or marble, hewing out an exact facsimile of your face or form. The mechanical sculptor now at work at Battersea can cut two copies of any object at the same time, but it is being enlarged so as to have a capacity for four or more simultaneous models. In working this machine, the operator who has control of the pointer begins with the most prominent part of the model—in a face, this would be the nose—gradually working in small circles over the whole surface of the object to be modelled. The slightest movement of the pointer has its effect on the steel cutters which hew away the marble—on which water is sprinkled so as to prevent overheating.

J. A. K.

progress will bring forth? In the days of our grandfathers, portraiture by photography was in its infancy, and what marvellous strides it has made since then! How cheaply by the aid of sun, negative, and paper can we obtain lifelike pictures of our friends! In less democratic times none save the wealthiest could afford to have his "portrait taken," which meant the requisition of the services of some well-known painter and many hours of tedious "sitting." Even to-day you must needs be well-to-do to be sculptured. But now it seems that too is quickly to be changed. Sir A. Conan Doyle and Mr. W. G. Jones have just introduced into this country a marvellous Italian invention which will soon render it no more expensive for you to have your



AND HERE WE HAVE A NEARER VIEW OF THREE DIFFERENT STAGES OF A HEAD BEING FINISHED.

WHY THE WILD WAVES LAUGHED.



SEEDY PASSENGER : "What's for dinner to-day, steward?"

STEWARD : "To-day, sir? Oh. pea-soup, roast pork, sheep's head, plum pud——"

SEEDY PASSENGER : "Ugh! Bring me an apple."

Drawn by Tom Browne, R.I.



ETAPA STRUCK THE ASTONISHED FOUR-FOOT A HARD RAP WITH HIS BOW.

[See page 113.]

ACROSS THE WILDERNESS



Being an account of the Strange Adventures of Etapa and Zintkala, son and daughter of Fire Cloud, Chief of the Red Indian tribe of Oglalas.

BY FRANKLIN WELLS CALKINS.

Author of "The Bullet-Maker's Strategy" and "Our Uninvited Guest."

Etapa and Zintkala, son and daughter of Fire Cloud, an Oglala chief, are held in captivity by Tall Gun, an Ojibwa village headman. Taking advantage of a favourable opportunity, one spring day, the boy and girl make a desperate dash for liberty, and set off across the wilderness in the direction of their home, eight hundred miles distant. For a time they elude the pursuing Ojibwas, but at length they walk into a trap and find to their consternation that they are hemmed in by Tall Gun's trailers.

CHAPTER VII.

AS THE RABBITS HIDE.

EVEN as the boy stood, considering how he might best cover his tracks in the sand, two men appeared, not five bowshots distant, walking down to the water's edge. Nothing but instant flight and a cunningly blinded trail could save the little voyagers.



Etapa sped back to camp, and, as he burst into the opening, Zintkala read the evil tidings in his excitement. She had already buried the embers of a smokeless fire of charred wood, had

packed their blankets and other articles in two small, tight rolls, and she looked at her brother with a scared, inquiring face. He put up a warning hand until he had come very near.

"The Raratonwan!" he said. "They are coming—we must go quickly."

As by a lightning stroke the sister's mind reverted to the mysterious visit of the wolf. "Brother!" she said, as Etapa seized his pack, "sung-manitu said thus—go in this direction!"

"It is so," said Etapa, struck by the thought, "we should have gone more quickly." He looked at the ducks in his hand. It would not do to leave so much as a feather upon the trail they must make, and he flung his birds into the brook. "Come," he said. They did not run; they slipped into the bushes at a light and hurried walk. The sister followed the brother, and their feet almost unconsciously sought the bare, hard spots, while their bodies weaved from side to side to avoid a tell-tale contact with the evergreen bush.

A swift change had come over the buoyant, hopeful children of the morning. All the helpful spirits, the birds and animals, had seemed to be aiding in their escape from the Ojibwa. Suddenly the enemy had come upon them, and they were flung upon their own resources in this desperate case. The flushed and confident faces of so late a moment were drawn and pinched, and a pair of bloodless, breathless waifs, like ephemeral shadows, flitted from bush to bush.

In this swift, silent walk they progressed in a



general direction toward the tamarack swamp; yet Etapa was continually taking sharp, zigzag courses, now and then going back upon his trail as the fox-chased rabbit does. He had no possible doubt that the upper reaches of this neck of bush land were guarded closely by watching, listening Indians, or that the men below would, within a brief time, discover their night camp and their line of flight. Therefore he and Zintkala must keep going, if need be until night-fall, unceasingly dodging and warily listening for hostile sounds.

Suddenly a gun boomed in the rear. To their scared ears the sound was as if a shot had been fired at them from the bush near at hand. But far away to northward another gun answered, and they knew the first shot had announced the discovery of their tracks or their camp, and the second had been fired in answer to a preconcerted signal. Then a still more distant gun report told them that at least three parties of the enemy hemmed them in upon the neck.

Instinctively, Etapa changed his course, going—as ear and eye decided—in a straight line in the direction of the second gun shot. On this track they advanced swiftly until the boy's instinct told him it was time to stop and listen. Then they squatted under the bushes, and, with ears close to the ground, remained silent for some minutes.

Suddenly there was a rustling of the young pines, and a snapping of twigs, which told of the rapid approach of some creature. A brief moment of listening decided the matter. A man was coming! How the young ears were strained and the little hearts ceased to beat that the direction of those footfalls should be accurately judged! And what faint, long sighs of relief were breathed when it became evident that only one man was within hearing, and that he was going by upon one side, paralleling their course!

Etapa then considered. If there had been several men, and they had all passed, making no discovery, he would have gone straight forward, at least for a considerable distance. But that way lay danger even greater, perhaps, than in the rear, and so again he turned their course toward the tamarack swamp and again resumed the tactics of zigzagging and doubling. And no hunter, merely crossing the trail thus made, could have discovered it except by accident or a prolonged and infinitely patient search. But the best tracker of Tall Gun's band would doubtless shortly be put upon their trail at the other end.

After making their way in a laborious fashion for some distance toward the marsh the fugitives came upon a slight stony ridge the far slope of which extended to the open swamp. Etapa turned to his sister with a sudden light of anima-

tion in his eyes. Zintkala's pale, drawn face responded with an eager flush of comprehension, and again their hearts beat hopefully.

Here, where the bush was not so thick, they made their way more rapidly, stepping from stone to stone, very certain that no human enemy could trail them upon such ground. This tract of rocky soil continued, lying along the marsh, for a considerable distance.

Etapa led the way to within a short distance of the marsh's edge, then followed where the stones were thickest, taking a course parallel to its irregular curves. Thus they actually travelled for a considerable distance back toward their night camp. This course they followed so long as the stones lay thick upon the ground. They had to stoop low at times to keep their bodies under cover.

When they were at the end of the stony tract they had reached a point well down toward where the bog marsh connected with the lake, and had made nearly a half-circuit of their camp. Beyond the two gun shots, and the man running among the bushes, they had heard nothing of their enemies.

Etapa now cast his eyes about for an inconspicuous place of hiding. He finally selected a thin strip of shrub pine, upon the verge of the bog land, where the bush was barely sufficient to cover a prostrate body from prying eyes.

Within this thin fringe of bush—the last covert that a civilised person would have chosen—the Sioux children took to cover after the manner of the rabbits. They chose, with the instinct of wild things, each a spot sheltered by slightly raised boulders and a thin veil of pine foliage. Each spread a blanket in double folds and lay at full length upon it. And here they rested silently, with watchful eyes and wary ears, well knowing that a number of Ojibwa hunters were at the other end of their morning's trail and following with more than the persistence of a wolf pack. The children were now wholly dependent for safety upon their success in having made a blind trail. As to immediate danger, they were not much worried, yet, as the sun rose high and beat warmly upon their covert, each fought a mental battle with drowsiness. They lay thus wearily until the afternoon was waning, seeing or hearing nothing to alarm.

Then their still alert ears caught slight sounds as of some creature walking in the shallow water of the bog marsh. Soon a softly-measured tread, marked by the light plash and drip of water as a foot was lifted or immersed, told the intent ears that a man was approaching, wading along shore. With bated breath, with animation suspended save as nature concentrated it upon the sense of hearing,



the fugitive waifs lay inert as the stones beside them.

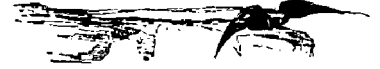
turned toward the open swamp. As their eyes thus rested upon a space veiled lightly by the



THEY DID NOT STIR SO MUCH AS AN EYELID WHILE AN OJIBWA WADED SOFTLY BY.

Both, as it happened, and chiefly for interest in passing flights of water-fowl, had their faces

pencil growth of pine, a man came within their range of vision and so close at hand that a



hiding deer would scarcely have held its covert in their places.

Yet these two did not stir so much as an eye-lid while an Ojibwa, who could almost have touched the bush fringes with his gun, waded softly by, stepping in shallow water between the first bogs of the wet ground. The man was young and a stranger to the voyagers—thus they knew that Bimidji's young men, of another pine-woods village, had joined with Tall Gun's in the chase. In the same instant their torture of fear was lightened by noting that the hunter's eyes were intent upon the tufts of grass which clothed the bogs and drooped into the water. Evidently their trail had been lost when their enemies reached the stony ground!

This man supposed they might have crossed the marsh somewhere about this point where the reach of open bog and water was narrowest, and he was keenly scanning the feathered float of grass for sign of any fresh displacement. In fact, he was looking into the shallow water for their tracks! The man was very cunning—such was the thought of his breathless watchers, and it was with intense relief that they heard the last drip of water from his moccasined heels.

The trail hunter passed so close that had he turned his head to peer intently for an instant into the feather-like fringe of pines he must certainly have discovered the hiders. But, such was the wisdom of these prairie children, it is almost equally certain the hunter would have been astonished at their choice of covert.

Again, had the hunter's faculties been less intently engaged and those of the fugitives less utterly repressed, he might, by his wilderness instinct, have felt their near presence and so have turned his eyes upon them.

Such was the ordeal through which the Sioux children had consciously yet instinctively passed. The rebound of joyful emotion when the danger had gone by was almost more than either could endure in silence. The little girl even found humour in the situation, and she almost laughed outright as she recalled how the man's toes had curled each time as he lifted them from the water. Evidently there was ice at the bottom.

Etapapa's elation ran very high, for he felt very certain this man's report would keep any whom he should meet from going over the same ground. But there was also a sobering second thought in the knowledge that other Ojibwas had joined Tall Gun's young men in the pursuit. This might very well mean that 'Lizbet was dead and her people (relatives) were bent upon revenge.

So wearily he lay, as did his sister, breathing with soft regularity, relaxing no whit of vigilance. It was a matter not only of life or liberty,

but of honour now, to foil these hated Ojibwas. Again, however, their faces were turned to the swamp where flocks of ducks hurtled by in almost continuous flight. Blue wings, green wings, black and white with flashes of red and gold—swiftly the procession passed, whistling upon the wind like swift flights of missiles.

Now and then a flock of white-faced geese skirted the edge of the marsh, flying low—so low that their dove-coloured breasts and great spread of wing seemed, for an instant, to hover protectingly over the hidden voyagers. Yet the wary watchers well knew that in these close flights there was an element of danger to themselves. Should any suspicious stir or glint of colour catch the cocked eye of the wary leader of one of these flocks his whole herd would go hurtling and squalling skyward, as plain a signal to the watchful Ojibwa as the red light of a campfire. So, hungry and bone-weary, the little voyagers lay close in covert until night gathered its curtain close about them and they were free to move with little danger of being seen.

CHAPTER VIII.

INTO THE TAMARACK SWAMP.

W



ICARPI-KIN, the stars, were glimmering here and there out of a hazy sky, but all the bush land lay mottled in thick darkness, and the open stretch of bog and water showed only as a faintly seen and uncertain space, hemmed with a black wall which marked

the line of the tamarack swamp.

This swamp, if it were passable for the feet, offered a line of retreat from the surrounding bush land, where certainly no trail could be followed beyond the extreme edge, and not there if the steps were taken with proper care.

Etapapa was not certain of the depth out where the bog had shown only tufts of grass above the water's surface, but the wader had taught him as well as Zintkala that at the bottom of the bog was solid footing of ice and frozen ground. The marsh ice had been covered early with an overflow of melted snows, and it so lay thawing by degrees.

The boy spoke to his sister in low tones, the general confusion of night sounds in this season of bird migration making it safe to do so.

"Older sister," he said, "we shall go hither



far among those thick trees and there hide for another sun."

They rolled their blankets and effects in close bundles and tied them to their backs about the waist, Zintkala saying nothing.

Etapa led the way and they stepped from some close-lying boulders into the water, where there were few bogs and little grass. They walked very carefully, lifting their feet high and putting them straight down to displace as little as possible of the dead vegetation. They had not waded long until they were sure that no one would follow them far into the swamp. The water was much colder than that of the lakes, and the ice at bottom soon benumbed their feet.

The water was nowhere more than knee-deep, but even so its chill became well nigh unendurable. No man could here have waded for a great length of time. But there was capture or death behind the little voyagers, and they pushed ahead with cramping feet and chilling bones. When they reached the tamarack trees they were compelled to seek low-lying limbs, of the larger growth, and to stand upon them, beating their moccasined feet until the blood returned to them.

Then, hungry and still shivering, they began to thread their way into the depths of a swamp where the growth of small tree trunks was so dense as sometimes to compel them to turn their bodies edgewise, pulling their bundle rolls after them, in order to advance. The water was everywhere half knee-deep and the gloom intense. Now and then, through the skeleton web overhead, one particularly bright star glimmered, and its fitful twinkle was all the guide they had. For the most part they made their way by feeling. Etapa trailed his unstrung bow and bundle in one hand and with the other searched the spaces in his front, and Zintkala followed, treading as closely as possible upon his heels, never daring to drop beyond arms' reach. Thus, slowly and with infinite patience, they advanced into the heart of a perilous swamp. Wherever they could find a limb of considerable size thrust across their path they endeavoured to climb upon it in order to beat warmth into their feet. Sometimes this was possible and sometimes, because of the thick growth overhead, they were compelled to creep beneath or to pass around. In spite of these occasional respites from the biting cold of ice-water, their feet in time became so numb and their legs so cramped that they groped their way stumblingly, nerved only by the necessity of foiling their enemies. Doubtless the unspoken thought of each was that they might easily perish in this unknown swamp for it was better to die here than again to fall into the hands of the Ojibwa.

How many dreadful hours were passed in threading the mazes of the tamarack swamp cannot be known. The voyagers' feet and legs at length became so numb and useless that they were barely able to drag them over the rough under surface, pulling themselves forward by grasping the limbs or small trunks of trees. They could no longer pound life into their legs, even upon a fallen log which they attempted to stand upon.

"Brother," said Zintkala, after a weary time, "brother, I perish. I cannot walk." Her teeth were chattering so that she could hardly speak the words.

"Come, Tanké, let us go on yet a little longer," urged Etapa. "We shall find some large fallen tree and lie upon it to rest."

They did not find the tree, but, after painfully dragging their limbs some little distance further, they came suddenly upon a small open plat of marsh grass—such as is often found, a little oasis in the tamarack woods—where the ground lay quite above the water's level. Half-frozen, faint with hunger, and dizzy with fatigue, they stumbled upon this dry grass as those who are drowning clutch the plank of safety.

Zintkala fell in a heap, her limbs cramping, her teeth chattering, too exhausted for a warming exercise. She had clung to her blanket roll mechanically. Etapa, though he shook as with a fever chill, was yet able to keep his feet. He stamped about clumsily but manfully, crying out to his sister that she should do as he did. In thus tramping and attempting to jump he stumbled backward over a dead tree which had fallen across the opening. As he crashed among the branches some animal of the cat tribe sprang from its warm nest, spitting and growling angrily. This creature scrambled into a near tree-top and continued to menace the intruders with angry snarls.

Somewhat frightened by the threats of the cat, Etapa decided to build a fire. As there was no wind blowing he knew that the smoke must go upward and could hardly carry a telltale scent to the enemy.

Following the dead tree to its broken tops, he soon secured an armful of fagots, and, with a wisp of dry grass for kindling, speedily had a snapping fire going. As the blaze crept out upon the grass he stamped it out with his wet moccasins, and so prevented the disaster of tale-telling light upon the sky. The tamarack sticks burned briskly, and Zintkala crawled on her hands and knees into the grateful warmth.

Seeing her condition, Etapa piled on more sticks, and both sat with their benumbed feet thrust almost into the flames. Ah, how good was the heat! It was truly waste-ste. But they



were no sooner warm than hunger pinched them anew.

by experience the oppressive blackness of a tamarack swamp upon a rayless night can



ETAPA. AFTER MUCH DIFFICULTY, SUCCEEDED IN POKING THE FISH OFF ITS PERCH.

While they sat warming their feet they heard the wildcat scramble away among the trees, but soon a saucy owl, perched near at hand, shrieked at them mockingly, "Hu-hoo! hu! who-who!" and had they understood English they might have answered after the manner of the lost son of Erin—"None, sor, that yer honour should be envyin'."

After a long time, when they were thoroughly dry and warm, they wrapped themselves tightly in their blankets, and, in spite of a gnawing hunger, slept.

It was not yet daylight when the chill air awoke Zintkala, who sat up to draw her blanket more closely around her, and instantly was stricken with fright. The sky was obscured and the darkness intense. None who do not know

imagine its effect upon the mind of this Indian girl. It was a weird, dank darkness which

carried a positive conviction of the reign of under-world spirits. She was smitten with the fear of the water-god of the Dakotas, the fabled monster of the wakan-wicasa, or medicine men.

"Hoye, younger brother," she called, in a sharp, low voice, "awake quickly! I am afraid of Unk-té-hi." She thrust out a hand and shook him, repeating her appeal.

"He-hee, why do you thus wake me?" he grumbled. "Shh-to!" she warned. "Unk-té-hi will hear you, and the under-water people will surely devour us."

At this the boy sat up, shivering. He, too, was stricken with the fear of Unk-té-hi and his under-water beasts.

"Let us keep very still," he murmured, "and pray to the thunder spirits. Perhaps they will keep the evil ones from finding us. Do you not think, older sister, that they have made it very dark against the under-water beasts?"

"It is very dark," she muttered, "but do not speak further, younger brother."

An unwonted, and, as it seemed to these children, a dreadful silence had fallen upon the earth. They did not know it, but a fog had risen and hung densely in the woods, and upon the waters. The migrating birds and woodfolk, seeing nothing, had fallen to rest. A dead stillness reigned save that now and then an intermittent, rasping shriek seemed to pierce all the black depths of the woods, and once a horrible, terrible laugh fell out of the sky. The children were too much frightened to recognise the cries of the swamp owl, and of that unerring swimmer, diver, and flier, the loon. They heard only the voices of Unk-té-hi and his evil ones, who, they doubted not, were seeking to devour the invaders of their dismal swamp.

They snuggled, trembling, close together, and could only whisper the hope that Wakinyan, the spirit of thunders, enemy of Unk-té-hi, had cast a black robe over the woods to blind the evil one. Fervently, but with scarcely audible voices, they prayed to the spirits of the upper air to protect them.

With the coming of light they felt that their prayers had been answered and their fears passed to give place to the gnaw of hunger. Because of the fog in the swamp, no living thing was to be seen or heard.

"Come, older sister, let us go from here," said the brother, and with a hopeless face the little girl packed her bundle. There was no mark of land or sky to guide them, but they felt that they must go while they yet had strength to withstand the cold wading.

Etapa found traces in the dry grass of their tracks in coming in upon the opening, and they left, going in the opposite direction. Again the dismal wading with water from ankle to knee

deep, and the same wedging and winding amid rough, close standing tree trunks, and with the barest flicker of befogged skylight overhead.

There was a single element of cheeriness amid the gloom, for again they heard the whistle of wings overhead, the booming call and the far-off murmur of innumerable water-fowl.

In order to keep a single course, Etapa would fasten his eye upon the farthest tree trunk to be seen ahead, and when this was reached would look on to the next. But there were spots where the small growth stood so close he could only have made a straight path, laboriously, with his hatchet. So the small trail-maker would turn, as he supposed, at a direct angle, until he could pass the thick growth, and take up his former direction. Even to a forest-bred Indian, the tamarack swamp is an intricate puzzle, and the prairie-bred boy was no match for its mazes.

On and on waded the fugitives, veering to this direction or that as necessity demanded, becoming more and more confused, cold and thoroughly wretched as no outlet from the swamp appeared. They were rejoiced when rarely they found a fallen or a leaning tree upon which they could beat their cold feet and rest.

After a fearful length of time, famished with hunger, and ready to drop from the cold-water cramp and fatigue, they came out of the dreadful woods to set their feet gladly again upon dry ground, only to find, to their later amazement, that they had performed the miracle of the lost, and had returned exactly to the starting point. Again, of necessity, they built a fire of the dead tree's branches to warm their chilled legs and dry their clothes, and here they knew they must stay until the sun should shine.

CHAPTER IX.

THE EAGLES PROVIDE.



THEY felt quite safe from search of the Ojibwa, for who would risk life wading in this dreadful swamp upon the mere chance of discovering his friend or his enemy? Therefore, seeing that the smoke went upward, they piled wood upon their fire without fear of the trail hunters. But, having eaten nothing now for more than twenty-four hours, they were

But, having eaten nothing now for more than twenty-four hours, they were

desperately hungry. Etapa fashioned some blunt-end arrows from young tamarack—for he would not use his "war arrows" except in defence—and, walking about the small oasis, scanned all the tree-tops in search of squirrels or small birds. The only sign of life the boy could discover, however, was at the far end of the grass plat, where several dead trees stood upon the dry ground. In the top of one of these trees there was a huge stack of small sticks so interwoven among the limbs as to impress upon the Indian boy a permanent dwelling of some large animal. For, though he had seen many bird's nests—the eagle's among others—built of sticks, he had never seen one anything like so large, or with an appearance so solid and permanent.

Despite the gnaw of hunger, the lad was curiously interested in this immense tepée of the tree-tops, and he sat upon the grass for a long time considering it. He finally reached the conclusion that *mato sapa*, the black bear, might have built his summer home where he could lie and enjoy the cool winds, and perhaps at times there were young bears living in the stick wigwam.

He was thus sitting and puzzling in his mind when a big bird of white breast came flapping heavily out of the fog, flying low over some young tamaracks, and struggling with a large live fish in its talons. The bird dipped downward, evidently having a hard time of it—for the fish was wriggling violently—then soared upward, in an attempt to alight upon the stick house.

In doing so the captor struck its prey heavily upon the edge of its nest, and the fish, suddenly wrenching itself free, fell to the ground. Doubtless the eagle would have recovered it, but Etapa pounced upon the godsend with a cry of wonder and triumph.

He forgot all caution, and ran through the fog shouting with gladness. "See—see, sister," he cried, "what a bird has brought! It is certain Wakinyan has sent this fish!"

And Zintkala, too, cried out with wonder and joy, saying that surely they must now know that the thunder spirits had heard their prayers. "Younger brother," she said, "it is signified that we should not go from here until *Wi* (the sun) gives his light."

Reverently, this child of nature prepared and broiled the fish, and in no less devout spirit, though tortured with hunger, the two ate of it. Who shall say that He whose ravens fed Elijah was less mindful of these truer children of the wilderness?

When they had finished eating, Etapa procured some bark from a cluster of willows upon the grass land, and, filling his wooden pipe, smoked to the spirit of thunders, pointing the

pipe's stem toward the huge fish-eagle's nest as he exhaled the vapour. As if in answer to his prayers, the bird returned presently bearing another fish in its talons. This time the eagle alighted without difficulty upon its nest. A moment later a piercing scream sounded out of the fog, and the bird's mate swooped across to the nest, also bearing a fish.

Etapa and Zintkala approached with awe in their faces. They wished to speak to the birds, and to show a humble and grateful spirit before them. But the eagles both flew away. The one bore its prey, the other left a fish upon the great nest.

By means of a pole which he cut, Etapa climbed into the branches of a tree which stood alongside, and, after much difficulty, succeeded in poking the fish off its perch. It was now quite evident to him that a pair of fish-eagles had built the "house tepée," but he none the less devoutly believed that the birds were obeying some *wakan-waste*, or good spirit, in bringing and leaving the fish. Doubtless the eagles had thought that two fishes were enough for two small Dakotas, and so had carried one away for their own eating.

"Ho, Tanké," said the boy, when he had descended, "we shall stay here a long time, I think, for the Ojibwa cannot find us. They will say the Dakotas have perished."

"The smoke goes upward to the abode of Wakinyan—it is so," said Zintkala.

"Hoye, sister, let us make here a small tepée, so that rain will not fall on us," urged the boy.

"We have no skins for the covering," objected Zintkala.

"You shall see how it is," said Etapa. "I will put my blanket above the top." And forthwith he seized his tomahawk and attacked some young tamarack growth to secure his poles. Zintkala now produced a working kit from her *parflêche* and began to make a pair of moccasins, for those they wore were nearly ruined by wading and rough usage. In a little time the boy had set up a number of stakes and fastened his three-point blanket in the form of a tepée covering about the top.

"See, sister, go into your lodge and there work," pleaded the lad, and Zintkala was obliged to smile approval at the tiny affair. She sat under the covering which came perhaps one-third of the way down, and was barely sufficient to have fended a light rain off her head and shoulders. Still, this bit of shelter made her feel more at home than she had done since leaving her own Oglala village. She spread her work about her and unconsciously assumed the air of a housekeeper.

Zintkala had been well taught at home.

Although small for her age, and yet a mere child in appearance, she had seen eleven winters when taken from her mother's tepée, and she had been taught to do all kinds of work, housewifely and ornamental, which falls to the lot of an industrious Dakota girl.

She had no cutting-board or patterns, but she went very handily about making a plain pair of moccasins. As she worked, she desired to be entertained, as was so often done at home, by some pretty, thrilling or humorous story. Therefore, she said to Etapa, who had seated himself to watch and to criticise her cutting and stitching, "Ho, young warrior, you who have dreamed many curious things, tell me a story of Iktó'."

Etapa was already the story-teller of Firo Cloud's family. He had two older half-brothers who had been to war, but he, Etapa, on account of his influential Isanti relatives, had been chosen to succeed to such hereditary distinctions as the Dakotas recognise. He was to be a medicine chief and keeper of records, and he had been drilled by his grandfather (father's uncle) in much of the Oglala folklore. There are no more vivacious or entertaining story-tellers than may be found among Dakotas of good memory, and a lively manner. Their method is the method of nature, imitative in voice and gesture. Etapa was by nature a mimic, and he had been drilled in story-telling from the time that his vocabulary would permit.

Many of his stories were of Iktomi the spider, a fabulous character, half-goblin, half-fairy, and a pitiful fellow into the bargain. Iktomi and his escapades serve quite often a sober and instructive purpose, pointing a moral to the giddy, the dishonest or the evil-minded.

Etapa liked now and then to give an exhibition of his narrative talent, and he had not for a long time had an opportunity. He was not above flattery, and the sister's complimentary address pleased him, and so he told Zintkala a funny story which made her laugh very much.

"Younger brother," she said, "you indeed dream strange things." And she laughed again merrily.

"No," declared Etapa, "my grandfather told me that tale, younger sister. 'Twas no dream!"

Thus for a time the two enjoyed their newfound liberty, and the undisturbed use of their mother tongue. Just before dark Zintkala held up a pair of rough moccasins she had finished. "See, brother," she said, "they are for you. I know, however, they are very awkwardly done, for I had no try-pieces nor cutting-board."

Etapa accepted the gift, as younger brothers are wont to do, without comment.

This night, remembering the terrors of the

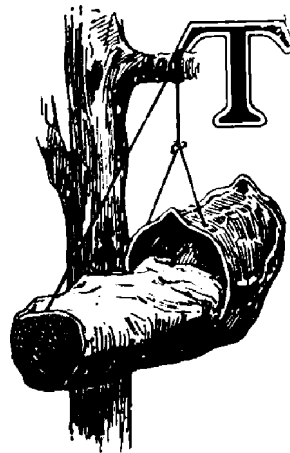
night before, they had supplied themselves with a goodly heap of firewood. The flicker of the fire was better than no light, although their little blaze but emphasised the intensity of the darkness which shut them in.

For a time, after they had eaten the last of their fish, they sat close to their fire, talking in low tones and shutting fears of Unk-té-hi out of their minds. Again the rasping shrieks of the swamp-owl pierced their ears, but they now recognised the voice of the bird. The hollow night-jarring notes of a bittern came to them from the far end of the grass plat, and the trilling of numerous frogs began to be heard. The distant howl of a timber wolf was welcomed, for it admonished them that there was, somewhere in the direction they wished to go, an end to the swamp water. They knew that sung-manitu would not wet his feet in cold water overmuch.

Still, with these friendly sounds and the light of their fire to cheer, night brought to them the terrors of their primitive beliefs. They suffered so much from their fears of the unknown, that they took turns in keeping the fire going. Indeed, who may guess at the depths of suffering within the soul of each little lone watcher sitting by that solitary campfire? Yet the composure of each was effectively stoical.

CHAPTER X.

THE SPIRIT WOODS.



HE watcher slept at daylight, and when both awoke the sun was shining. They had no meat for breakfast, and the birds had not returned since both had flown away together; so they prepared at once to leave the swamp and continue their flight southward.

Yet, while they were tying their blanket rolls, the far-away scream of an eagle was heard, and, feeling sure that the bird was bringing a fish, they sat upon the fallen tree and watched with expectant faces.

It was but a moment when the eagle appeared, again flying heavily and bearing a large fish. It swooped downward, and was about to alight upon its nest when up from the centre rose a creature with hunched back, hair standing on end, and a snarling miaul of remonstrance.

The startled fisher dropped its prey to the



ground and darted upward, wheeling high and screaming angrily at the intruder upon its nest. The bird poised for an instant, and then, with whistling wings, swooped down to the attack. The cat bounded upward with a fierce snarl and a wild sweep of its paw. Some feathers were struck from the eagle's breast, but the bird passed on, wheeling upward again, with continued shrill screams.

Suddenly there were two great birds poising above the angry wildcat, which held its ground, or rather the nest, with bristling back. The cat was a big grey lynx with pointed ears and a wicked spread of jaws. It had no mind to give up the comfortable perch it had chosen for a sun-warmed nap.

And now the excited little Dakotas watched a combat the like of which it has been given few to see—a strange and thrilling sight, a beautiful game of fence played by accomplished hunters and fighters of the wilderness. The cat upon the nest, each bird in the air, sought by its peculiar tactics to inflict without receiving injury.

One after the other the poised eagles swooped down, seeking to strike the bouncing, spitting lynx. Several times the cat leaped upward, turning cunningly in mid-air, and with an upward stroke of one forepaw which, fairly delivered, would have finished the charging bird. And each time the four-foot alighted easily at the point from which it had jumped. But the birds had timed and calculated too many flights from aloft to be caught by such wiles.

Suddenly, as the lynx leaped higher than ever to meet its attack, an eagle flattened its wings, retarding its progress the brief part of a second; then, darting on with lightning speed, it struck its talons into the scalp and ear of the vaulting cat, as the latter spent its stroke.

Like hurled projectiles, lynx and bird were borne over the edge of the nest and shot downward, the cat squalling frightfully, the eagle beating its wings, and, for a moment, almost bearing up a creature of several times its weight. Bird and beast had almost struck the ground together when the eagle loosed its hold and again, screaming defiance, soared spirally aloft.

"Ho, igmu hota" (grey cat), "you are a coward!" shouted Etapa, as the lynx leaped away among the dense tamaracks.

"And you, eagles," cried the boy, arising and looking up with great admiration, "you are very brave. I have seen that you fight well. I also consider it a great favour that you have brought another fish."

And forthwith he secured the fish, which was quite large enough to furnish a good breakfast. Very gravely, however, the two considered the

wisdom of building a fire now that the sun was shining. It hardly seemed likely that the Ojibwas would have lingered so long in their vicinity, and there were some dry sticks scattered about which would make a fire with not much smoke.

So, in a little time, they had a breakfast of broiled fish smoking hot, and, greatly cheered by this comforting meal, they took their bundles and again waded into the swamp.

Etapa's keen ears had taken strict account of the howlings of a wolf during the night. Many times he had turned himself facing the sound, listening intently, noting the position of his fire and the mimic tepée as he stood. Where the wolf sat howling was dry ground, open timber, and at no great distance.

The position of the sun appeared a secure guide, for the skeleton tops of the tamaracks were nowhere thick enough to wholly cut off its light. Their progress was slow but certain. Their course, for the most part, led them through a thick growth of young trees where there was much stooping and even crawling over the bogs, but fortunately very little water after half an hour or so of advance. By this token they knew that, at last, they were passing out of the dismal swamp which had both terrorised and protected them.

Of a sudden they came out upon dry ground among tamaracks of thinner growth and larger body. Above and in advance of these sturdier trees there loomed the immense tops of sky-scraping evergreens, and in a moment the little voyagers were launched into the marvellous spaces and the stillness of a forest of Norway pines.

The children had neither seen such trees nor heard of them. They stood with awe and great wonder in their faces, and their eyes turned upward, following to dizzy heights the lines of magnificent trunks which towered eighty or a hundred feet before giving off a limb.

The ground upon which these trees stood was quite level in surface with a slight rise away from the swamp. It was covered with a carpet of pine needles and cones, and was bare of small growth, save here and there, where the midday sun filtered a flickering light, there stood a pencil-like growth of sickly ferns and conifers. The pale yellow-green foliage, the tall wand-like stems of these plants, standing under a faint web of sunlight, frail, spiritual, delicate as the tracery of old lace, gave a fairy-world appearance to the solemn trunk-grown spaces.

To the prairie children this was indeed a wonderland. They trod softly, certain of stepping upon sacred ground. This might even be the abode of the Wakan-Tanka of their mother's

people, the Waniyan Tanka of the Oglalas--the Great Spirit of all the world.

They were in doubt as to whether they should go forward boldly. Such conduct might be displeasing to the Maker of these wonderful trees, and this spirit land in no way fitted for their rude presence.

"See, brother, these little ones," breathed Zintkala softly. She stood at a little distance looking upon some frail baby pines, and she spoke reverently, as one does before the newborn mysteries of life.

"Are they not wonderful?" she asked.

"Indeed, they are truly so," murmured Etapa.

For a time they forgot all else save the mysteries before them, and went forward hesitatingly. Among the vast aisles of tree trunks there was no sign of life, no stir of twig or leaf--there never could be stir of vegetable life while those mighty trees stood--and there was no breeze to rustle the dense foliage of their far-away tops.

Although the children advanced ever so softly they were startled by their own footfalls, each little snapping twig and cone sounding its report like the breaking of a fire-fagot. When they stood still their own heart throbs oppressed them, strumming upon their ears as plainly as the beats of a conjurer's drum.

Slowly, seeing nothing to alarm or to stay them in this wonder country, the voyagers gained in confidence. They became accustomed to the marvellous silence, the awe-inspiring shadows, the frail wood-folk, and they went forward more boldly.

But they walked slowly, their eyes often lifted to the vast heights of the tree-tops. Silently they prayed to these trees, which they thought might reach upward to the abode of Wakinyan, the thunder god.

Occasionally Etapa stopped to exclaim, "Ece tuwe k:késa!" (Who would believe it!) Then, startled at the explosive sounds of his own voice, the lad would go on marvelling. At this use of her mother's favourite expression of wonder or disbelief, Zintkala would for the moment forget the presence of the mysterious woods. Quickly in imagination she saw the inside of a large Oglala tepée--a tepée always

covered with the best of skins, ornamented with coloured figures of beasts and men, and of an armoured horseman, a war-chief and hunter of his nation a tepée whose floor was strewn with soft skins and mattings, whose walls were hung with ornamental work, and wherein want and hunger had seldom entered.



THE POISED EAGLES
SWOOPED DOWN,
SEEKING TO STRIKE
THE BOUNCING,
SPITTING LYNX.

In that beautiful retrospect a figure moved, a straight and always neatly dressed woman--a woman with a low, broad forehead, a wealth of black hair, the whitest teeth, and the kindest smile in all the Oglala towns. Oh, how the little heart longed for that dear Sioux mother!

With her lips Zintkala murmured a prayer to the tall trees. "O trees, O you wonderful ones, help ye these little ones to go safely homeward. You that reach so high, you may talk with Wakinyan. Therefore ask the thunder spirits that they shall take us by the hand."

The two had quite forgotten their enemies,

the Ojibwas. They seemed, indeed, to have reached a strange country, far, far removed from the hated Chippewa village. It is doubtful if they would have been greatly astonished had they suddenly emerged from this mysterious world to find their native sage-bush plains and the tepées of the Dakotas waiting to receive them.

Presently, as they were looking ahead, a whirling brown thing arose from the ground and hurtled like a whizzing missile into the high tree-tops. The thunder of its wings, a hollow droning roar that was re-echoed from all the vast walls of tree trunks, nearly stunned them. The bird was a ruffed grouse, and the first thing of life to startle them among the giant pines. It settled upon a branch, but so high above their heads as to seem a mere brown speck upon a field of green.

When their eyes returned to earth Etapa was astonished to see a cock grouse walking in his front but a few steps distant, its ruff and tail spread as it uttered a faint and warning little "kroo—kroo—kroo."

"It is for us," said the boy, and fitting an arrow to his bow he shot the bird. He picked it up in the devout belief that the bird was a gift from a beneficent spirit who ruled in the mysterious woods. "Older sister," he asked, "do you not think that we should smoke to these trees?"

"I think that you should make a smoke and that we should pray to them," replied Zintkala.

Etapa hesitated, seeing no dry wood at hand. He could scrape together fallen twigs, but, though fire is sacred, there was the chance that it might displease Wakinyan to burn wood upon his silent and holy ground. He struggled plainly with this doubt, so that Zintkala read the emotion in his face.

"Let us go farther, younger brother," she counselled. "If there be dry wood it will be for our fire."

When they came at last upon a fallen giant, with broken limbs flung far and wide, they no longer doubted. While Zintkala built a fire and dressed the bird, Etapa went somewhat apart and smoked reverently, turning his pipe-stem often to the trees.

Neither of the voyagers gave further thought to the Ojibwa—so far did they seem removed from all things human. They ate their bird gratefully, strong in the sense of protection in this land of spirit trees.

CHAPTER XI.

ETAPA MEETS A BEAR.



OR a good part of the day the voyagers walked among the gigantic pines. The sun had passed its zenith when they came suddenly to the edge of the woods and into the open, lighted world.

Again they entered upon a burned-over tract of unseen extent. But this time the young growth stood much higher than a man's head. A tremendous fire had raged some years before, and a rain had fallen before its work had been quite completed. Immense blackened stumps loomed everywhere above the young pines and hardwoods, and the charred and half-burned trunks offered continuous obstruction to the walking. It was an uncanny kind of country where the young took vigorous root upon the ashes and among the half-consumed skeletons of the dead.

The travellers would gladly have avoided crossing this forbidding and difficult piece of bush land, but there was no way round, for, on the outskirts, lines of dead tree trunks with only their tops burned off, like an army of cloud-touching flagstuffs, extended as far as the eye could reach.

It was with a sense of loss, almost of desolation, that they passed out of the clear spaces of the great trees, but once within the burnt-wood jungle they gave themselves wholly to the task of making their way across. There were tangled thickets, heaps of charred refuse, briar grown, and there was rough ground, and dark holes tumbled with dead wood and debris, to weary the body and depress the spirits. But the sky was cloudless and the sun their guide, and again they heard the aerial cries of migrating geese, swans, brant and cranes. This talk of the upper world served in a degree to balance the dismal features of an irksome travel.

It was near mid-afternoon, and they were slowly working their way for perhaps the hundredth time over a raft of fallen trees, scaling the obstructions as noiselessly as a pair of foxes, when they came upon a huge tree trunk, a fallen giant, scarred with many fireholes, so immense that they paused to gaze at this new wonder.

Etapa was about to speak when they heard a stir among the bushes and upheaved tree-roots



upon their right. Some person! An Ojibwa! With fluttering hearts they sank to the ground. But their fears were quickly relieved, in part, for the sound of claws scratching upon wood admonished them that a large four-foot was close at hand.

And quickly thereafter the big one heaved itself, scrambling heavily, upon the fallen tree near its roots. Peering fearfully from under bushes, the children saw the shaggy hulk of mato-sapa moving leisurely along the top of the great log. Keeping on, he would pass almost within arm's reach, and Zintkala stirred as if about to run. She was greatly frightened, but Etapa knew that it was now too late to run, so he laid a warning hand upon her shoulder.

The bear advanced, a gaunt, ragged creature, with humped shoulders and swaying head, until its sharp snout and wicked little eyes were brought to bear directly upon the half-hidden bipeds beneath. Doubtless the animal had been disturbed by the slight sounds of their approach, and, supposing some small animal had come near its lair, had mounted the log to investigate.

The beast gave a sniff, a little "whoof!" of discovery, and glared down upon the unhappy voyagers, apparently minded to pounce upon them in a twinkling.

Then Etapa, who was nearest the bear, believing that his last moment had come, was seized with a fierce thrill of emotion. He leaped to his feet and struck the astonished four-foot a hard rap with his bow.

The result was two sharp surprises. The bear, frightened beyond measure by this strange and unexpected attack, turned a back somersault off the log and lunged away among the bushes, grunting with fear and the pain of a keen stroke upon its snout. Etapa, unbelieving that he could have won a victory so easily, climbed upon the log to see if truly the bear had run away. When he realised that the animal had wholly fled and would not return to attack, his fortune seemed yet quite too great for belief. He turned slowly to look down at Zintkala.

She was gazing at him wonderingly and with an understanding of his emotion. "Younger brother" she asked gravely, "is it indeed true that you have struck mato-sapa?"

The boy's face flushed. "I did indeed strike him strongly upon the face," he said, his eyes glowing. He leaped to the ground and took the position and posture in which he had delivered the stroke. "I hit mato-sapa thus," he said, striking the log with his bow.

But Zintkala had both seen and heard the blow, and she did not need further proof. "Ho, young warrior, you have counted coup on mato-sapa; henceforth choose ye a name," she said.

And it may be safely said that no moment of greater pride or elation was ever reached in the lives of the little voyagers.

From the point of view of the plains Indian, to strike a dead enemy with the coup-stick or a weapon of war was more honourable than to slay him. For, they said, if you are near enough to strike the dead you must have advanced within the enemy's lines or have driven him from his position. You can shoot and kill your foe from a safe distance or when you are in retreat.

But the highest honour to be attained in a single exploit was to strike a living enemy, and to hit a live bear with a weapon in hand was an event to give even a tried warrior a new name.

Etapa was a very human boy of eleven years, and, when the full significance of his deed came to him in the grave words of his sister, he gave a whoop—his war-whoop—of elation.

"It is so," he cried; "I have done thus, and when the Oglalas are told of this they shall call me Strikes-the-Bear."

"Waste, it is a good name," said Zintkala. And, as an hereditary chief, this boy had indeed begun well.

"My father will not now wish to make of me a white man," said Etapa, exultantly. "He will wish me to go against the enemy."

As they plodded on with high hearts over the débris a thirst came to dampen their ardour after a time. They had found no water since coming upon the brush land. They suffered greatly before night came on, but, as the sun was about to fall behind the bushes, they came upon a small pond with tracks of deer and moose leading to and from.

As Etapa had killed two grouse and a squirrel, by the way, they had wherewith to serve their hunger. They built a cheerful fire, for they no longer had fear of Tall Gun's trailers. They reasoned that these had never taken up their tracks after losing them upon the stony ground, and how could any one find them in this land of the bush?

To the hoot of the owl, the jarring of the bittern, the chatter and gabble and the far cry of incessant migrators, and the distant mournful cadence of the timber-wolf, they fell asleep, each upon a fragrant couch of young pine boughs.

In the night, after their heaped-up fire had smouldered low, a bull moose came to the pond to drink. This ponderous creature stalked silently, considering his bulk, out of the jungle, and had reached the water's edge, when, probably, the expiring snap of an ember exposed a glow of firelight, and the monster gave a shrill snort of surprise. Instantly two small electrified spectres stood upon the sands, and the

moon looked down upon three startled wild things, all, for the instant, too much scared to take to flight.

To the Sioux children that colossal, shadowy figure, barely outlined against the shadows of the jungle, seemed indeed that of some underwater monster arisen from the lake to devour them. Perhaps it was Unk-té-hi, from whom flight is impossible, or it might be I-ya, the giant whose mouth gapes to swallow all things.

Their awful fears were only relieved by a second snort from the big bull, who, having thus vented his utter amazement, crashed away among the young trees.

Then these children of habitual alarms lay down and fell asleep again. Later they were several times partly aroused by deer which came to drink and, catching sight or scent of the sleepers, whistled their shrill snorts of warning. Just before daylight a herd of tired geese settled

upon the pond. The birds talked to each other in undertones for a time, and the voyagers, having been awakened by the beating of their wings, listened contentedly to their low gabble.

When daylight began to appear, and he could no longer hear their sleepy voices, Etapa cautiously raised his head and took note of the newcomers. There were scores of them sitting upon the sands, with heads under their wings, and a single watcher riding upon the rippling surface of the pond. Silly creatures! How easily the wolf or the fox could pounce upon them from the cover of the bushes! But there is individual safety in numbers, and even wary geese, when tired from a long flight, exhibit this universal feeling.

Etapa uttered just the slightest hiss of warning to Zintkala whom he knew by intuition rather than by evidence to be awake and listening. Having thus put her on guard, the lad cautiously shed his blanket, and, with bow and arrow in hand, flattened himself like a big turtle and moved with as little noise upon the sands until he had entered the cover of the jungle.

Amid the bushes he trailed with the gliding caution of a cougar, until he had approached to within ridiculously short arrow range, when he fitted one of the Cree arrows to his bow, and spitted two dozing geese upon a single shaft. The herd rose squalling in late alarm.

When Etapa returned, dragging his heavy game along the sands, Zintkala was putting sticks upon some uncovered embers.

"Nakaes, younger brother, you that are a hunter, you are very cunning, it seems," said the sister.

Etapa was secretly elated. This older sister was usually a very



ETAPA FITTED ONE OF THE CREE ARROWS TO HIS BOW, AND SPITTED TWO GEESSE UPON A SINGLE SHAFT.

quiet and dignified little person, and, like most Indian maidens, sparing of compliments. Yet twice now she had openly acknowledged his bravery and skill. He felt that she really depended upon his sagacity as a hunter and acknowledged him as leader in meeting the difficulties of their long trail.

When they had first set out, Zintkala had spoken of digging edible roots with a long stout knife, and now the brother reminded her—"You do not now speak of digging tinsela, older sister." Whereupon the sister began with pre-occupation to take the skin from a goose.

The roast goose flesh was delicious, and they ate an enormous quantity. Still there was much remaining, and this they half broiled in thin strips and carried with them. They had wholly forgotten their enemies.

Yet, far away, upon the outskirts of the burned tract, a cunning Ojibwa had laboriously climbed a tall pine. At the height of one hundred feet he stood upon a limb, an arm holding to the slender trunk, looking out over a wide belt of brush land. He had taken his position at daylight, and some time later his shaded and scanning eyes were rewarded by the sight of a thin and distant smoke wreath floating upon a blue horizon.

He, too, built a fire upon descending, and, from the green pine which he piled thick upon his blaze, a black column arose higher than the tree-tops. He smothered this black smoke, fanning it down with his blanket, and three times let it rise in a vertical column. Then he kicked the burning heap apart and scattered its embers far and wide.

(To be continued).



ABOARD H.M.S. "BRITANNIA." JUNIORS TAKING SEMAPHORE MESSAGES.
Photo Press Picture Agency.

THE BOYS' AVIARY AT STONYHURST



By A. E. Johnson.

PHOTO BY W. H. KNOWLES.



IT

MAY be mentioned for the benefit of the unlearned that Stonyhurst College is the principal Roman Catholic School in the country. Inci-

dentally, it is many other things as well, including a repository for some priceless treasures of art and literature. Of Stonyhurst within doors, however, it is not our purpose to write here: and of Stonyhurst out of doors it is only one feature—though that a very characteristic one—that we have to deal with. The boys' aviary, which abuts, in a well-chosen situation, on the extensive playground, is an unique institution. It owes its existence, as can readily be guessed, to the whole-hearted enthusiasm of one man—the Rev. R. Riley, until recently a master at the College.

Some time before the present commodious and well-planned

aviary was built, one of the summer-houses in the College gardens, belonging to the more ancient part of the buildings, was adapted to the requirements of a strangely-assorted "zoo." The principal inhabitants were birds, and for the benefit of these a wire-netting flight was constructed from one of the summer-house windows. Here the smaller birds disported themselves in comparative

freedom. Hawks, owls, jackdaws, and other fearsome wild-fowl (as they must have seemed to their smaller and weaker brethren) were also accommodated, but in smaller compartments, fenced off from the main flight. Rabbits and other members of the four-footed tribe found a place in this happy family, too; and even snakes, to whose lithe and legless bodies wire-netting offered no restraint, were confined in special cages, where, doubtless, they spent their unlimited leisure in seeking to fascinate the bullfinches and linnets, as the Ancient

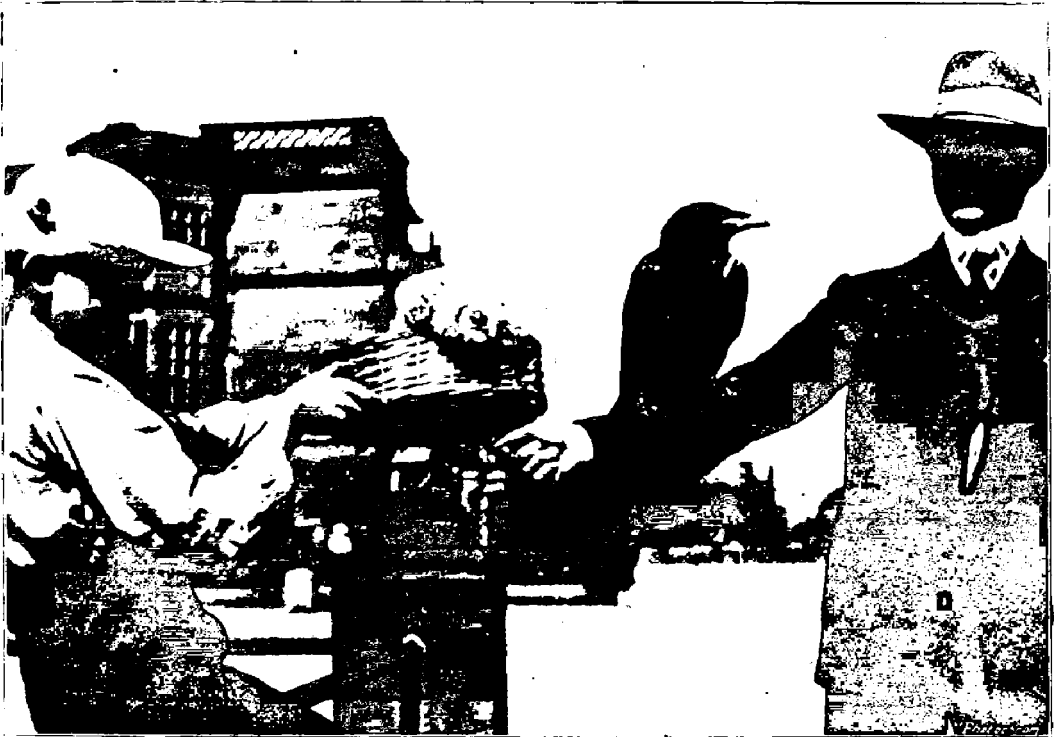


THE FOUNDER OF THE AVIARY.
The Rev. Reginald Riley and a furry protégé.

Mariner the hapless wedding guest, with a glittering eye.

The "keepers" of this mixed company were two or three of the boys possessed of a more than ordinary affection for living creatures, to whom the sole care of the collection was handed over unreservedly, and who foraged for and tended its members with a varying measure of success. For about seven years, beast and bird and crawling snake of low degree continued to accept Stonyhurst hospitality, until, in 1891, from one cause or another, such as the departure of the original "aviary boys," and so forth,

amusement would be derived by the boys from watching their ways and endeavouring to domesticate them, than a collection of smaller and shyer birds would afford. Accordingly, the news went forth that recruits were wanted for the feathered colony, and the boys were bidden to bring home what they could from their excursions into the countryside. Stonyhurst is situated in a remote part of Lancashire, near the borders of Yorkshire, several miles from Blackburn, and four or five from the nearest railway station. The Hodder and the Lower Ribble (good trout streams both) pursue their winding courses



SOME INMATES OF THE AVIARY.

A Baby Owl and a Raven.

the colony fell upon evil days, and the aviary was eventually abandoned.

When, in 1897, Mr. Riley, who had been an "aviary boy" in his day, returned to Stonyhurst as a master, he at once determined to revive the institution. With the laudable intention of interesting the boys generally in the aviary, the domicile was erected, not in the garden, but in the playground, where the original wire-netting flight, with the addition of a weather-proof shelter of galvanised iron, was put up. It was proposed, at first, to populate the new aviary with birds of the larger species only, the idea being that more

in the near vicinity; the slopes are well-wooded, and, in all, judging by the impressions of the present writer on a recent visit to the College, a fairer land the field naturalist could scarcely wish for.

From these arcadian haunts the young naturalists of Stonyhurst at springtide speedily gathered together a varied assortment of young birds, which were all loosed promiscuously into the aviary. Like so many Pied Pipers of Hamelin, the boys brought fluttering in their train, not indeed rats, but a procession of birds with every species of beak, leg, and feather: tawny owls,

barn owls, long-eared owls, and little owls; sparrow-hawks, kestrels, merlins, and falcons; rooks and crows, magpies, jays, and jackdaws. All was fish, to employ a mixed metaphor, that came to the aviary wire-netting.

As has been said, these captives were, of course, all young birds, and so long as the innocent days of childhood lasted, serene and peaceful was the state of the aviary. An endless source of amusement and interest were the antics of its denizens. Owls were perhaps the most numerous; and is it possible in all feathered society to find a more grotesquely absurd and ludicrous personage than your owl, whether he be at his draggled toilet after a bath, in the alarming convulsions of a meal-taking, or merely at his solemn and embarrassing meditations? That man has a clear conscience indeed, whom an owl cannot stare out of countenance. Occasionally the boys would indulge in an exhibition of owl coursing. A live mouse would be placed in the middle of the playground, and the tame owls let loose. Humanitarians, and other tender-hearted folk, may cry out at such a seeming piece of cruelty, as probably they will. But of all kinds of coursing this was surely the most humane. It may be doubted, indeed, whether the luckless victim was ever

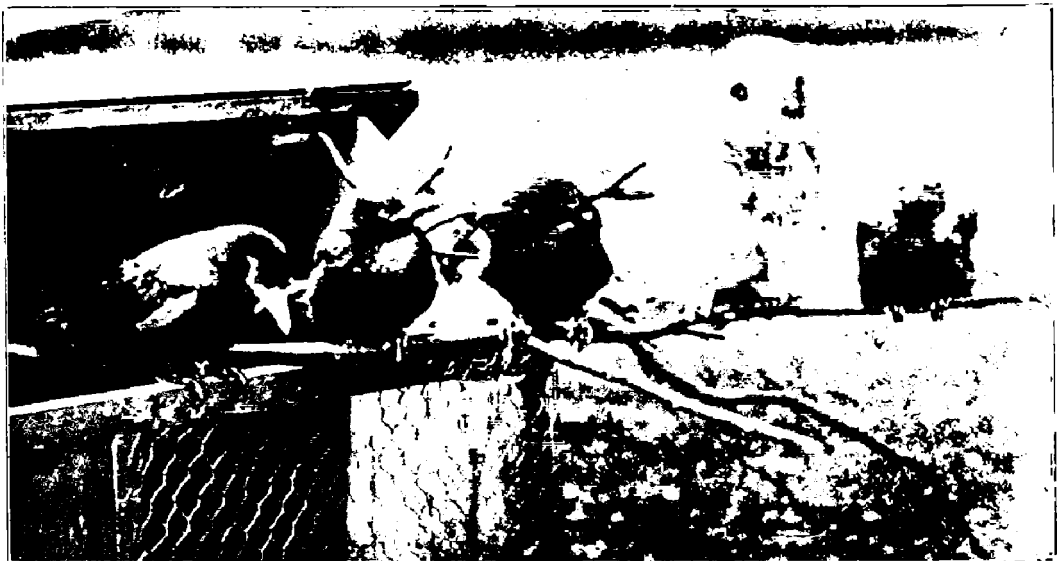
conscious of its impending doom, as the owl with noiseless flight swooped elegantly down upon its prey, or had time to get alarmed before receiving the *coup de grâce*.

Then there was a young heron, brought over from a neighbouring heronry, whose insatiable appetite had to be stayed, when fish gave out, with offal from the slaughter-house, and such dainty tit-bits as he himself was able to tweak from the calves of passing small boys. For some time he lived and throve unconfined, an ornament to the College



THE STONYHURST AVIARY OF TO-DAY.

The present erection is tenanted by small and amicably disposed birds only.



TAKING THE AIR.

Young Carrion Crows and a Juvenile Owl.

grounds, till the attainment of an early maturity brought a desire for travel (and more fish), and induced him to quit the scenes of his babyhood, and flap his way Hodderwards, in search of fresh pools and waters new.

But dissension, in time, arose amongst the members of this quaint coterie. Doubtless, in such a community, a proper spirit of republicanism should have prevailed. *Liberté, égalité, fraternité* was evidently the motto of a venturesome jay, who, being an hungered one day when commons (as she considered the general provender was rightly called) were short, desired a portion of the toothsome morsel upon which a large sparrow-hawk was lavishing much tender care. The latter, however, would none of it, and, turning fiercely upon the would-be sharer of her board, cried havoc and let slip the dogs of war. In plain terms, the jay was slain. Thereafter, blue murder stalked throughout the aviary. Quarrels became daily more numerous, and every dispute was put to the arbitration of beak and claw, till at length the gods, as personified by Mr. Riley and his aviary boys, determined to put an end to the internecine strife by the disbandment of this truculent mob, and the re-organisation of the aviary upon a fresh basis.

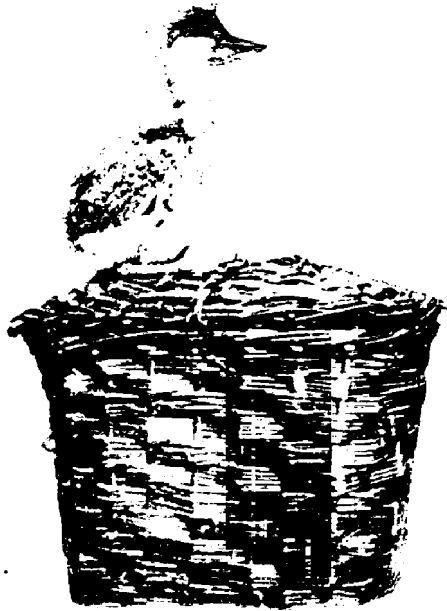
Accordingly, the present erection was built, and stocked with birds of the smaller varieties, whose taste for murder and rapine might reasonably be supposed commensurate with themselves. Recently it was the privilege of the present writer to visit the Stonyhurst aviary in person, and to be specially introduced to some of its most prominent and remarkable inhabitants. The site chosen is an admirable one, being on the garden side of a low wall bounding one side of the playground, which, accordingly, not only protects the aviary from the onslaughts of footballs, that formerly used to threaten it, but allows the boys to watch the birds closely without causing disturbance. The wire-netting flight is about 50 feet long by 14 feet

wide and 7 feet high. At one end, against a transverse wall (the aviary being situated in a corner) is a small pent-house, or shed, giving shelter from rain, while at the other end a considerable space is roofed over, and enclosed by tight-fitting shutters which afford not merely shelter, but practically an indoor apartment, for use in thoroughly inclement weather. The shutters are removable, so that in summer-time the open-air flight can be extended the whole length of the aviary, the first-mentioned shed providing ample shelter during the milder months of the year. The floor of the flight is a sloping bank of turf, bright with flowers and creeping plants. The

branches of numerous shrubs, and suitably-placed perches, afford convenient footholds for the birds; while in the midst of all, trickling from an unsewn pipe, is a little stream of water, which splashes its way over a bed of rocks and stones cunningly arranged so as to form small pools wherein the birds may take refreshing baths.

When the present aviary was first opened (it being then about 10 feet shorter than now), a wire partition was placed down the middle, containing a folding wire-door, which enabled the remains of the old collection, sundry daws, pies, and jays, and others who had managed to survive their duels, to be separated from the

smaller birds. As the larger birds disappeared by death, or other causes, they were not replaced, and eventually the whole aviary was thrown open to the small birds. At the present time there are upwards of fifty birds, mostly in pairs. The collection is not confined to British species, many foreigners having been introduced with great success. Included among the latter are budgerigars, Java sparrows, cockatiels, red cardinals, zebra doves, California quails, and others. Many of the birds breed freely, the budgerigars being particularly distinguished in this respect, and all seem to be well able to stand the English climate. The British species include all



A DISTINGUISHED DENIZEN.

"A young heron . . . lived and throve, an ornament to the College grounds."

the most familiar birds of our hedgerows, and not a few others less well-known. Most have been presented by friends, purchased, or trapped. Of snares, the present writer was shown two in close proximity to the aviary: the more remarkable being an ingeniously contrived cage of wire-netting, easy of entrance but difficult of exit, the bait being nothing more nor less than a *mirror*, on the lying falsity of which an imprisoned starling, who had thought to scrape acquaintance with his own image, was at that moment distractedly reflecting. The charming sight which the aviary presents on a summer afternoon, with the sun glinting on the gay plumage of the birds as they disport themselves happily amidst the greenery, or splash to their hearts' content in the little rivulet so thoughtfully provided for them, can be well imagined.

Not altogether, however, have the aviary boys of Stonyhurst forgotten their old affection for the sterner species of carnivorous birds. In a spacious cage close by live Mob and Cob, a pair of grim ravens, successors to a similarly-named pair of ill-omened rascals who used to have the run of the grounds until they abused their privileges by cultivating an unnatural taste for newly-bedded hot-house



IMPETURBABILITY.

"Is it possible in all feathered society to find a more grotesquely absurd and ludicrous personage than your owl?"

plants, and for scientific instruments belonging to the Observatory, with the result that the just resentment of gardener and meteorologist caused their condemnation to confinement for life. It is to be hoped that the present Mob and Cob will be preserved from the sad fate of their predecessors, who died from over-greediness in the matter of lucifer matches. In another cage, too, under the shade of Stonyhurst's magnificent avenue of antique yews, were doves and golden pheasants, the latter—destined for sale or exchange—being of great importance from a financial point of view. A smaller compartment contained a couple of barn-owls, not a whit disturbed by the invasion of their privacy, or the bold glances of the inquisitive intruder.

And outside, in a temporary coop placed on the grass, a magpie and a piping crow shared quarters. These were fresh arrivals: the gift of an "old boy," and earnest of the affection and interest with which the Stonyhurst aviary is regarded (as indeed it could scarcely fail to be) by those whose care and tending of it has been a labour of love.



FEEDING-TIME.

"The sun glinting on the gay plumage of the birds as they disport themselves happily amidst the greenery."

THE TERROR OF CARMUNDOOR



By H. HERVEY.

Illustrated by George Soper.

AS I boarded the local train that morning I little dreamt of what would happen. I had no idea of adventure, and, my errand being strictly on business, I took neither rifle nor revolver with me.

I did not know much of this part of the district, and I was making my first visit to a place called Pallcherry. Being my own master, I was not tied down to time; otherwise, I should not have been able to tell this story.

For some twenty miles the single-track, broad-gauge railway traversed the Pirkumbady jungles, with the station of Carmundoor right in the middle, and Pallcherry out beyond. Laterally, the forest extended about the same distance: it was one of those primeval patches, occasionally to be met with in India, surrounded by inhabited, cultivated country. Carmundoor was one of the few villages within the jungle tract, peopled by a handful of woodcutters, whose hovels,

together with their cattle corrals, were enclosed by an impenetrable *chevaux de frise* of thorny cactus; for the forest was known to harbour wild animals.

A railway station had been established at Carmundoor because it formed a convenient crossing point for goods and local trains. The staff consisted of a station master, a signalman, and two porters; all natives, who enjoyed easy times, for only six trains met here during the twenty-four hours, while of traffic of any description there was practically nil. The station was a small, substantial wooden building, and at the end of a short siding stood a corrugated iron goods shed that had never been used.

From time to time the jungle people reported feline depredations on their herds; a tiger here, a cheetah there; but the region enjoyed such an unenviable notoriety for malaria that those of our countrymen residing within railway run were seldom tempted to proceed against the marauders.

Recently, however, a man-eating tiger had appeared at Carmundoor, and commenced to play the very mischief amongst the wretched villagers. The greater *éclat* attaching to the destruction of so fell a monster as this stimu-

lated our sportsmen into braving the fever, and very soon Carmundoor railway station became a regular camp. Every artifice in jungle lore was employed; all sorts of bait were tried; but that man-eater steadily refused to be drawn, and the idea gained ground that he was an old stager—a stray from the main jungle away to the north-east in the Nurbuddha valley, where tigers abounded, and hunters—undeterred by fear of miasma—were numerous.

One day, while the sportsmen still hung on, an impetus was given to their flagging energies by the man-eater killing a goat-herd, almost under their very noses. The Englishmen promptly took the trail, and, although they failed in coming up with Stripes, the pursuit compelled him to drop his booty. On finding the body, a man suggested that they should dig a pit trap, and bait it with the corpse. This counsel they adopted; the pit was dug, and the defunct goat-herd cast in.

No good. For three consecutive mornings did they visit the pit—never to find the tiger, but to see unmistakable traces of his having been round during the nights. Clearly then the brute would not be trapped, although the snare was provided with his favourite food; so they had the corpse covered with earth, and as a last resource organised a grand beat. Every villager, every follower was impressed; everything was done to rout out that lurker, and drive him under the fire of men posted in coigns of vantage. But he would not show a hair. At length the hunt was given up as a bad job, and all returned to cantonments. The result, though disappointing to the would-be tiger slayers, had the effect of scaring away the pest from Carmundoor; for shortly afterwards he was heard of preying on an inaccessible village ten miles from the railway.

On drawing up at Carmundoor, the station master and his underlings appeared at the window of the first-class compartment whereof I was sole occupant—indeed, I was the only European in the train. “Your honour,” commenced the official, speaking quaint native-English, “I am in the quandary, sir.”

“What’s the matter?” I asked, jumping up and opening the door. That the whole party laboured under a blue funk was very evident.

“Train will stop more yet ten minutes; will your honour please dismount and I will explain?”

I alighted. Further forward I saw the

native third-class passengers leaning out of the cars, all looking in one direction and gesticulating vehemently; while a number of half-clad Hindus stood beyond the station palings, gazing the same way. I repeated my question.

“That zemindar of Suntagiri, sir, he send lady tiger this morning by too many fellows holding iron chain before and the after; also one bag of fifty rupees, with vocal instruction to book cruel beast to Bulhurri. How I can perform impossible feat?”

By now we had reached the centre of attraction—a magnificent young tigress, wearing a heavy steel collar, and literally guyed to the siding rails by four long steel chains. She had exhausted herself in efforts to get loose, and now crouched between the metals—with heaving flanks and flaming eyes—growling and grimacing furiously at the onlookers. Suntagiri, a purely native town, lay just beyond the eastern border of the jungle, and the zemindar, or landowner, having captured the tigress, wished to present her to the Government Gardens at the civil and military cantonment of Bulhurri. So he had despatched the animal to Carmundoor—the nearest railway station—fettered in the manner described.

“What’s the difficulty?” I asked. “The fifty rupees will cover the booking—won’t it?”

“Yes, sir; but how to send brute beast? I have no any experience in such curdling affairs.”

“Wire for a truck from the closest depôt; when you have detached and shunted it, chain the animal in it, and send her on by the next opportunity.”

“Your honour,” cried the official, half-hysterically, “how that can be done? Who will go near fearful demon?”

“The fellows who brought her, of course!”

“Sir,” he shrieked, despairingly, “those blackguards all gone off before I can utter word! After they tie savage down, the head man showed finger at beast and said, ‘There is goods.’ Then he fill up way bill and consignment note; then he handed bag of fifty rupees and said, ‘Here is money’; and off he vanish with his men before I revive from the astonishment.”

I understood the poor fellow’s “quandary” now, and curiosity to see the affair through prompted me to break my journey here for the purpose. The wretched station master chortled with joy when I made known my intention, and gladly placed at my disposal the little-used booking hall, which my two

servants took possession of, and soon made comfortable with my camp kit. I waited till the other train came in, and when the crossing had been accomplished I again tackled the station master.

"Have you wired for a vehicle?" I asked.

"Yes, sir; immediately when obstreperous ruffian came I preferred telegraph request to Shammuggur for covered waggon."

"That will do. When do you expect it?"

"By down local to-morrow morning, sir."

"And when can you forward it?"

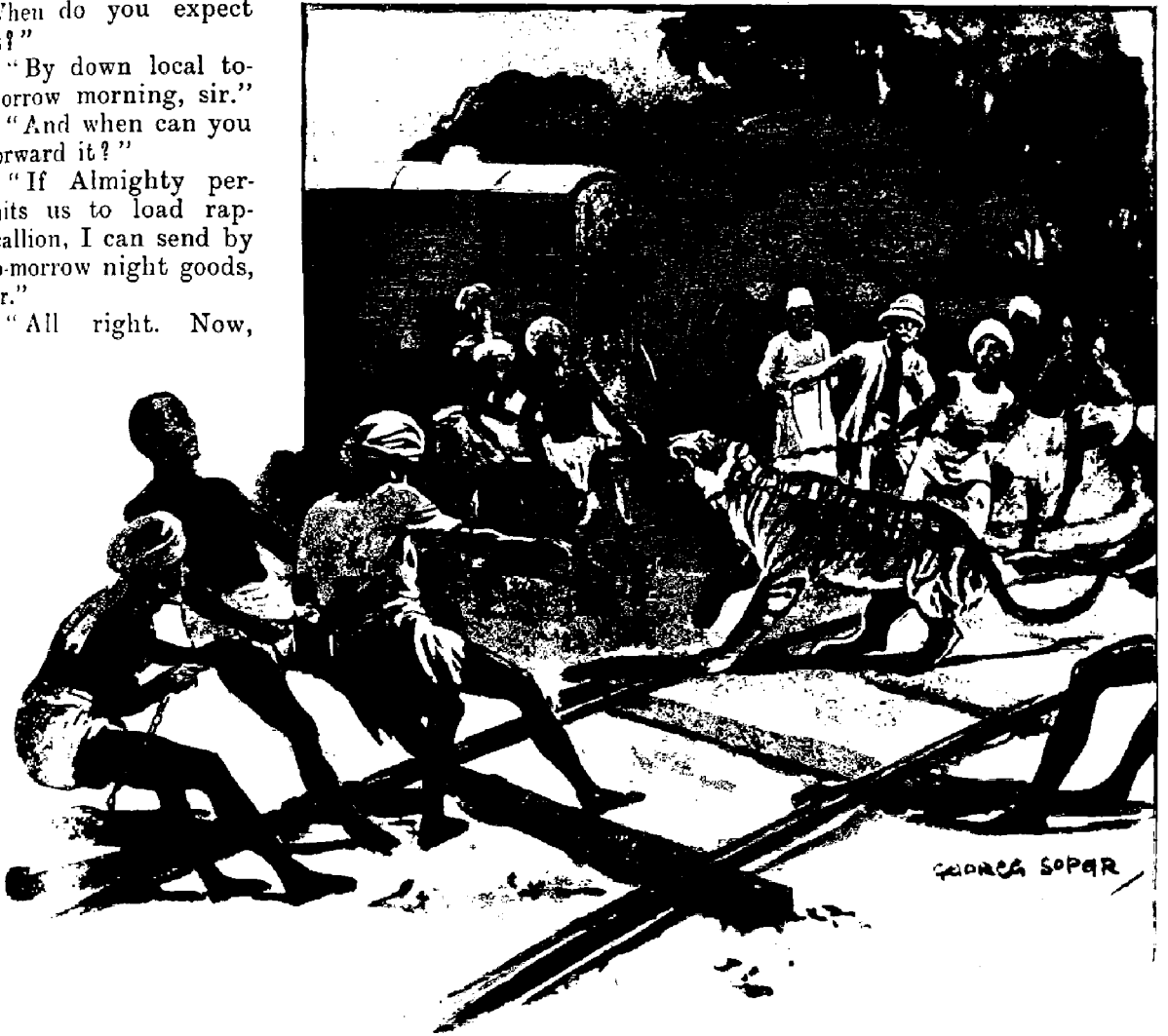
"If Almighty permits us to load rapscallion, I can send by to-morrow night goods, sir."

"All right. Now,

co-operated properly, and kept the four chains at the right tension, there was little possibility of the animal reaching them—even with her claws.

"But if we are injured," they asked, "who will compensate us?"

"That's your own look-out," I replied. "I have described the service, I have named the reward. Agree or not—as you like. I



AT ONE MOMENT I THOUGHT SHE WOULD SLIP HER HEAD OUT OF THE COLLAR.

come, let us try and get some men who will undertake to handle the tigress."

We went out to the gaping villagers, followed by the station people. I harangued the assemblage in their language, told them what was required, and asked for a dozen volunteers, to whom I promised a reward of fifty rupees provided they successfully transferred the tigress from her moorings to the waggon. I explained that so long as they

can procure men from Pallcherry if you are afraid."

Cupidity overcame all other considerations. Fifty rupees—even among twelve—represented riches to these poor people; so, after some hesitation, the dozen stood forward. That point settled, I purchased a goat, had it slaughtered, and pieces of the flesh thrown to the tigress. She ate with avidity, and when she had finished we pushed a bucket of

water within her reach. She drank suspiciously, keeping her eyes on us during the whole process.

Nothing further could be done till the morrow's train brought the waggon. The villagers, promising to be back in the morning, returned to the hamlet; night fell; in due course I had my dinner, followed by a long smoke—out on the moonlit platform, and then, retiring indoors, I stretched myself on the native charpoy or string bedstead, and soon fell asleep.

I must have slumbered some time, for the mail train, thundering through at midnight, aroused me. I lay awake for about half-an-hour, and was just going off again when a smothered exclamation of terror, and hurried footsteps invading the adjacent room—the station master's—caused me to jump up and shout for that individual.

"Sir?" he replied in a gurgling voice.

"What's all that row and whispering?" I enquired, angrily.

"The signalman sleeping outside on platform, sir, for cool's sake; he saw tiger, so running in with alarm."

"The tiger can't hurt the fool. Surely he saw her chains!"

"Not that beast, sir," quavered the station master, "but the tiger that eats human peoples. Did not your honour ever hear news?"

"What!" I ejaculated, "the man-eater that so many gentlemen came for a month ago?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Nonsense! How do you know? Perhaps it may be the tigress after all—got loose."

"No, sir; she is still in chain bonds; the other one is free. My porters and signalman know him very well. If your honour will overcome division wall, you can observe by window."

I climbed the partition wall, dropped into the station master's room, and looked through the window, when, under the bright moonlight, I distinctly made out the long lean shape that experience told me was that of a man-eater standing near the tethered tigress. Even in that uncertain though silvery radiance, I could mark the shabby, mangy coat, the prominent bones, and general hang-dog *tout ensemble* of the preyer on human beings; comparing so unfavourably with the bright orange colouring and the sleek rotundity of the captive. The tiger was caterwauling in low hoarse tones; but the tigress kept silent and appeared to treat the stranger with indifference. There he

stood; the brute that had killed ever so many natives, and for whose destruction every sportsman from a hundred miles around had laboured in vain, was within point-blank range of my empty hands! How I anathematised myself for omitting to bring my rifle, and how I vowed never in future to leave my gate unarmed! We were powerless, and, far from taking the aggressive, we should be held in durance vile so long as that man-eater chose to hang round. Fascinated, I watched him prowling about. I hoped to see him go within striking distance of the tigress, when, I felt sure, she would bury her claws in his ugly carcass. Once, he came close up to the station house. Had I had my revolver I could have shot him in the head; but, as it was, we all cowered in impotent silence, expecting him to dash in among us through one of the glass windows. And so it continued till the whistle of the approaching night goods sent the brute skulking into the jungle undergrowth; and although I continued my vigil well into daylight, I did not see him again.

The hours passed. Apprehensive of the man-eater's reappearance, we kept a bright look-out, and did not stir far from the station doors. The twelve villagers joined us as promised; but they became so terrified when told of our night visitor that I had literally to chink the fifty rupees in their faces—to induce them to remain. Then in lumbered the down local; the covered waggon for Carmundoor was detached; the up local came along; the trains crossed and sped on their way.

As if divining the object for which it was wanted, the Shamnuggur traffic people had sent a waggon fitted with four stout ring bolts, let in at the corners of the thick-boarded floor; the vehicle must have previously carried something that required steadying, or perhaps a varmint like our tigress that had to be fastened down. We hand-shunted the waggon to the near extremity of the platform, and rolled back the running doors on both sides; then I told off three men to each of the four chains, again instructed them what to do, and gave the word. The fellows were not only plucky about it, but intelligent as well. Simultaneously advancing from both flanks, two of each trio seized their chain, while the third undid the end from the rail; then the three holding on and preserving a counteracting control over the animal, they gradually got her towards the waggon. She flung herself about, snarling, spitting and clawing at the

men; but these, working admirably together, checked her every effort. Then she would, as it were, take the bit between her teeth, and try to drag her captors in any way but the right direction. Presently, she would change her tactics into backing; and at one moment I thought she would slip her head out of the collar. Fearing that this might actually come to pass, I warned the men, and, when she again refused to budge, they told one of the porters to touch her up with a switch. At last, after a long fight, we reached the waggon, and, still maintaining their spread-eagle order, the two on-side trios entered the vehicle. When the tigress had been negotiated to about her proper position, the four parties, with concerted action, reeved the chains through the ring bolts, hauled to the necessary tension, made knots, and lo! the trick was done; the feline squatted, securely moored fore and aft, larboard and starboard.

So far, good; but now an unforeseen contingency cropped up. How were the men to get out? As they stood, huddled in their respective corners, they were beyond range of the brute's claws; whereas in passing out by the doors they would inevitably incur the risk of being hooked—for necessarily the tigress had been given a certain amount of play. However, I thought it could be done by a quick jump; I communicated my ideas to the fellows, and they agreed to make the attempt. Watching his opportunity, one man sprang from his corner, but, ere he could dart through the door, the cat shot out her leg and buried her cruel claws in the villager just above the ankle. We seized and dragged him away, but not before he had sustained several nasty gashes. My servants were handy; one rushed away for my travelling medicine chest, another for a bucket of water, and, as I bound up the wound, I mentally thanked my stars for possessing some little surgical knowledge. I then had the injured man carried to the station, and ordered him to lie down. But the others must not undergo a similar mauling; poor chaps, they cowered in their corners, trembling with fear, and I saw no way of releasing them. I thought of knocking holes in the sides of the waggon, or unroofing it; but to do anything of that kind would require skilled labour and special tools; for the carriage was of sheet iron, all bolted and riveted together. My perplexity was fast merging into despair when the station master, hitherto a dumb spectator, came to the rescue.

"Your honour," said he, "if we cover

wretched beast by tarpaulin, then miserable fellers can come out with safeness."

It was a happy thought. "Bring a tarpaulin, station master!" I shouted gleefully.

The porters were sent flying; the tarpaulin was brought, spread out on the platform and, by means of long bamboos, thrust through the doors right on to the other side; we then dropped it on to the tigress, who was thus effectually prevented from doing any further mischief. The rest was easy; while the big cat wriggled about under her tarry covering, the imprisoned villagers came forth with impunity, and, when we dragged off the tarpaulin, the look of indignant surprise on the animal's face was laughable to behold.

For us, the immediate excitement was over, though I imagined that the Bulhurri folks would have a lively time of it when they came to take delivery of that pestilent feline. We had nothing to do but wait for the arrival of the night goods train, and couple on that waggon with its savage inmate. But now, as I mechanically rolled to the smoothly running door, the inspiration suddenly flashed across me that with this waggon for a trap, and the tigress inside for a decoy, *I might possibly snare the man-eater!* I exulted in the bare idea; my pulses tingled at the very prospect. Capturing the blood-thirsty beast that had eluded the combined craft and subtlety of so many of my brother sportsmen would indeed be a feather in my cap, and I determined to try for it.

After throwing in more meat, and shoving another bucket of water within the captive's reach, I padlocked the further doors, then had the waggon pushed back to the same spot on the siding where the tigress had originally been tethered, and blocked the wheels with stones. The station master and other natives, while rendering me every assistance, were struck speechless at the very audacity of my intentions, though they called on every god in the heathen Pantheon to prosper the undertaking. To facilitate matters for the expected visitor, I had a loading stage so placed that he could march up it into the waggon; for I would put no obstacles in his way. But here came another difficulty. I required a strong thin cord; the station master had nothing of the kind in his store; the villagers said they could furnish only a few thick hemp ropes in short lengths. These would never do. The size and the series of knots would be likely to arouse suspicion; for the man-eating tiger is cunning and wily—attributes in which our friend had already proved himself pre-eminent.

My embarrassment continued till I chanced to cast an eye on the railway wire-rope fencing, when my dilemma vanished. I had a file with me; so, after pacing the distance between the waggon and the nearest station house window, I cut through one strand of the rope, untwisted a corresponding length, and brought it away in triumph. It was about the thickness of ordinary twine, in one piece,

again rolled back the half door, and then—as there as no knowing when the man-eater might not reappear—I ordered the villagers to get safely within their enclosure, detaining the twelve volunteers with me in case of possible eventualities.

Concealing ourselves in the station, we kept watch. I snatched a hasty luncheon—standing at my window. Hours passed, the



HE SPRANG UP FROM THE GROUND AND DISAPPEARED THROUGH THE APERTURE.

and just the thing I wanted. I pulled out and securely fastened the hither flap of the waggon door, and rolling the further half well back, I attached the wire to the nether bolt. Then I took the other end of my line to the window, passed it through, went inside, cut off the surplus wire, made a convenient hand loop, and gave it a vigorous tug. The door promptly closed with a rush; my trap was ready! I hied to the waggon,

sun was going down, and we were fast coming to the conclusion that the tiger would not show till after dark, when a whispered ejaculation from the signalman, who was at a back window, caused me to fly thither. "The tiger, sir," muttered the fellow.

I looked; sure enough he was there, squatted on the fringe of the jungle! He seemed to know where the tigress was located, for he kept his head turned in the direction

of the waggon, every now and then uttering a hoarse mew. Anon, he slunk forward with bent legs and body depressed, pausing at intervals with uplifted foot, and sniffing the air. He got to the waggon, and, rising on end, peeped in. Having ascertained that the tigress was there, he must have reasoned that, if she could get in, he could do likewise. Without more ado then, and ignoring the inclined plane I had provided, he sprang up from the ground and disappeared through the aperture. The next moment I tugged the wire; the door swished along its rollers, and the man-eater was caught!

Leaving half-a-dozen chaps holding on to that wire like grim death, we sortied to the waggon, and, after securing the door, I climbed on to the buffers, drew myself up, and peered through the grated ventilator. Yes, there he was—bunched in a corner, looking very cheap, and evidently alive to his predicament. There too, crouching in the centre, was the chained tigress, with flattened ears, grinning hostility rather than welcome at her fellow-prisoner. Returning to the building, I caused the station master to despatch the following telegram to a chum of mine at Bulhurri—one of the many men who had been out after this very beast—

From *Carmundoor*.

To BULHURRI.

From *Glynn*.

To MAJOR WESTMAIN.

Meet goods train reaching Bulhurri two p.m. tomorrow. In covered waggon behind rear brake is your Carmundoor man-eater. Jim up something to stand on above buffers, and fire through ventilator. Man-eater the one not secured. Particulars by post.

The night goods came in and took away that covered waggon; and I, having nothing more to detain me, resumed my journey to Pallcherry.

On the day following my arrival, I received a long letter from Westmain, from which I learnt that they at Bulhurri had experienced a far livelier time of it than I had predicted.

" . . . I was prepared," he wrote, " to

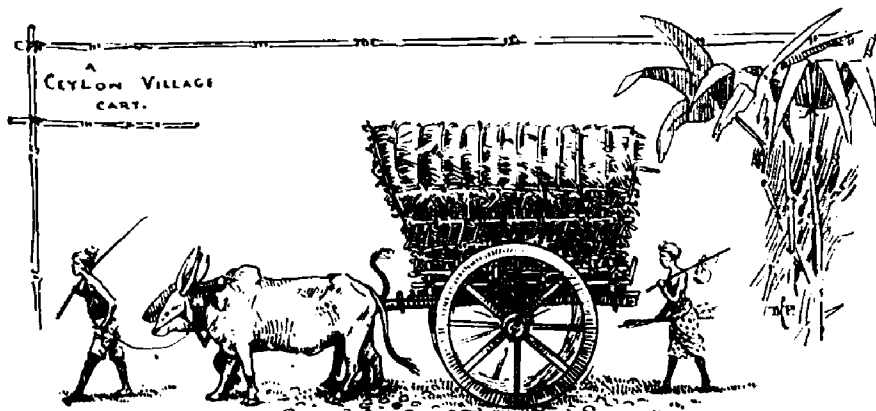
carry out your instructions, but, before I could reach the particular waggon, the idiots of porters opened the doors, and the brute, bounding out, dashed slap into the adjacent goods shed! You can imagine the uproar and confusion. Well, I and several others decided on preventing Stripes' exit from the goods shed, and settling his hash in there. We promptly secured every door and window, but, look our hardest through chinks and crannies, no one could spot the beast, although plenty of light came from the glass in the roof. He had evidently taken cover behind some bales or boxes. Finally, ladders were procured; we climbed to the roof, shinned up the corrugated iron, reached the raised skylight, and, on squinting down, saw—to our horror—that we had unwittingly imprisoned a native goods' clerk! The man had retreated behind some cotton bales in a corner; otherwise, he did not appear to be particularly perturbed. But the tiger was not visible.

" 'Hi, you—down there!' I shouted to the clerk, 'Where's the tiger?'

" 'My lord, it is concealing there,' and he pointed vaguely before him.

" 'Where?' I repeated, looking in the direction indicated.

" Hereupon, the man jumped on to one of the bales, and was in the act of pointing to the exact spot, when, from between two piles of rice bags, the tiger stealthily crept towards the luckless quill-driver. I saw the brute settling himself for a spring; another second, and the clerk would have been done for. Poking my rifle through the skylight, I took hasty aim, and fortunately gave the tiger his quietus with an express bullet behind the ear. Later on, the Government Garden people came for a tigress which, as it turned out, you had sent down by the same opportunity; but I did not stay to see how they managed with her. I was too elated with my bag! . . . "



THE BUILDER OF THE EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE

Written by
CHAS. F. SHAW.

Illustrated by
F. G. KILTON
And from Photos.

ABOUT four miles out of Leeds, near the little village of Whittkirk, stands Austhorpe Lodge, a substantial, picturesque house, situated in most charming grounds. In the year 1735 a sturdy little fellow, only six years of age, was playing in these gardens, busy with some wood and a box of tools. Anyone watching the efforts of this precocious youngster would have seen his small hands and weak blows rapidly transforming the unshapely timber into a model windmill—a rough one certainly, but still a model *that would work*. When it had been completed the juvenile carpenter hurried off to give it

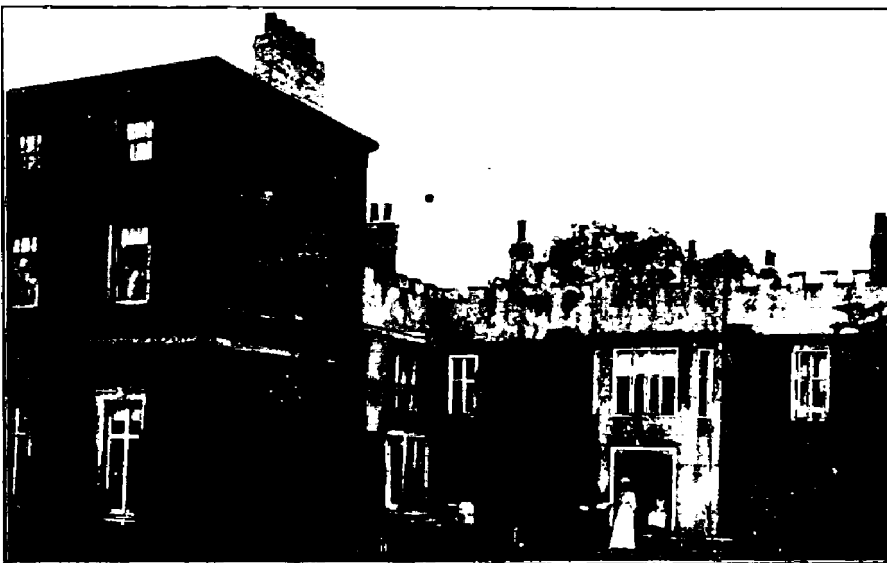


A CALM EVENING AT LOW TIDE.

a trial. A high and isolated building offered a fair testing place, and the fearless child immediately made his way to the top. Right up on the tiles he perched his handiwork, and crowed with delight as the tiny sails turned round in the breeze. But a scream of fear from his mother and a stern command from his father put a speedy end to the boy's perilous amusement. He was taken down from his dangerous position, well whipped, and, doubtless, promptly sent off to bed.

Eight years later the same boy, risen to the dignity of a knickerbocker suit, was intently watching a number of mechanics erect an engine in order to pump water out of a neighbouring colliery. Every day whilst the men were engaged, this attentive boy was present, right in the way of the workmen, his sharp eyes and quick brain noting every detail of the structure.

When the work at the colliery was finished he returned home, and constructed an exact



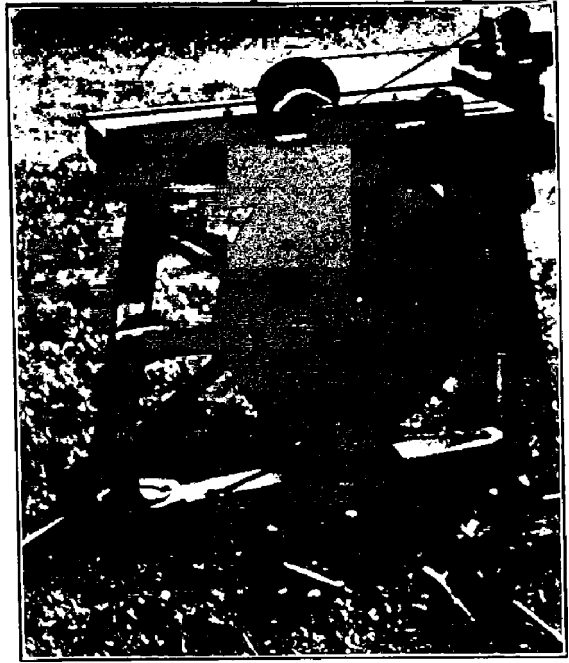
AUSTHORPE LODGE, THE BIRTHPLACE OF JOHN SMEATON.
Photo by C. F. Shaw

model of the pump and engine. He then conveyed it to an ornamental lake in the garden—a lake well stocked with fish, at once the joy and the pride of his father. On its bank the youthful engineer set up the pump, and to his great satisfaction the pond, in a very short time, was left quite dry, all the fish being sacrificed to his experiment.

Of a truth, coming events cast their shadows before. For this ingenious boy was none other than John Smeaton, one of the greatest engineers the world has ever known; the man who planned the great harbour at Ramsgate; who was responsible for the far-famed canal stretching from the Forth to the Clyde, and whose name will for ever live in the annals of the coast as the builder of the Eddystone Lighthouse.

Unlike many other boys of his age, young Smeaton spent all his "spare" time with his tools. His father gave him a special workroom in the garden at Austhorpe, and in it he used to make all manner of things connected with his favourite hobby. He also made a most serviceable lathe, and with it constructed the majority of his tools. This lathe, which is in the possession of J. W. Morkell, Esq., of Austhorpe Lodge, was the one Smeaton used in making his original model of the famous lighthouse.

Although the boy had given such convincing exhibitions of his great ability and skill in scientific construction, his father desired he should follow in his footsteps as an attorney. So, in 1742, when eighteen years of age, he was sent up to London to study law. But somehow he was never happy at the desk, and at the end of a year or so his parents, in response to his earnest and frequent appeals, permitted him to enter the profession he loved so much. From that period his career was one long series of triumphs. In 1753 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and in a short time re-



LATHE MADE BY SMEATON WHEN IN HIS 15TH YEAR. THE TOOLS IN THE FOREGROUND ARE THOSE WITH WHICH HE DESIGNED THE EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE.
Photo by C. P. Shaw.

ceived the Copley Gold Medal—a much coveted distinction—for a paper on the "Natural Powers of Wind and Water to turn Mills and other Machinery depending on a Circular Motion."

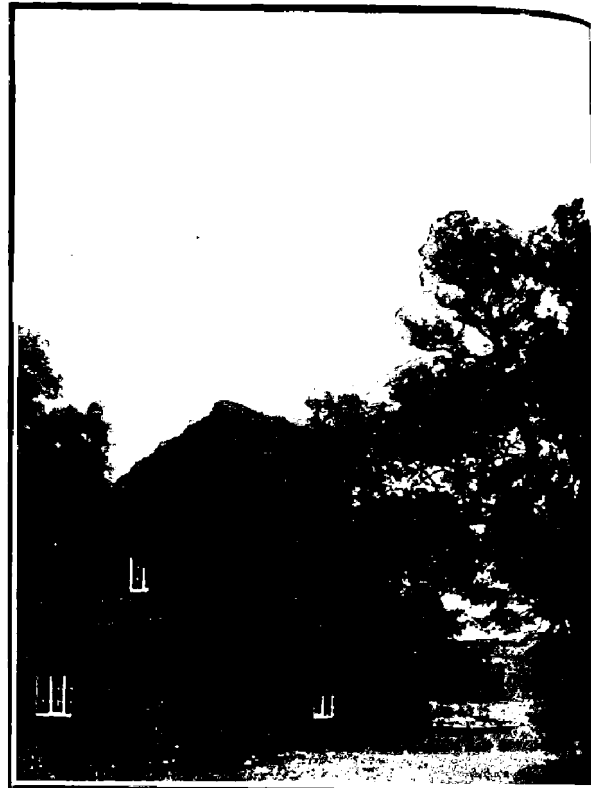
He afterwards visited Holland and the



WHITKIRK CHURCH, WHERE JOHN SMEATON WAS BURIED.
Photo by C. P. Shaw.

Netherlands for the purpose of studying the methods of constructing artificial navigations and other similar works. As a result of his painstaking observations he was enabled to complete many gigantic feats of engineering skill that have since proved of the greatest commercial value to the country. In 1700 the first Eddystone Lighthouse was erected by Winstanley. Three years later it and the builder were swept away during a terrific storm. Nine years later John Rudyard built the second one. This, though a wooden erection, withstood sea and storm for forty-six years, and was then destroyed by fire.

This disaster gave Smeaton the great opportunity of his life. The authorities commissioned him to build another wooden lighthouse, but he, in spite of seeming insuperable difficulties, determined to erect a building of stone. The work was begun in 1756, and completed three years later, the great lantern sending its beams across the water for the

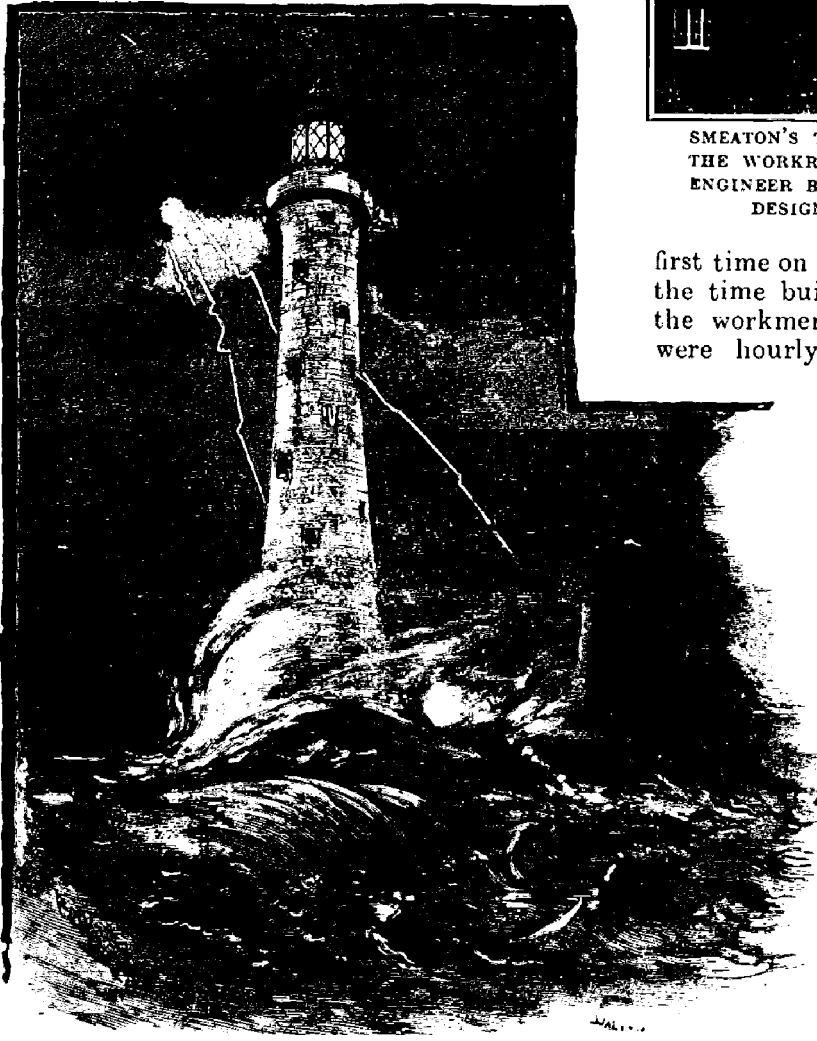


SMEATON'S TOWER, AUSTHORPE LODGE. THIS WAS THE WORKROOM SPECIALLY BUILT FOR THE YOUNG ENGINEER BY HIS FATHER, AND IT WAS HERE HE DESIGNED THE EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE.

first time on the 16th October, 1759. During the time building operations were going on, the workmen suffered many hardships, and were hourly in danger of finding watery

graves. But they were never asked to do what their master would not himself venture on. He was always found directing the work from the most dangerous part of the rocks, and his great daring served as an inspiration to those under him.

Lord Ellesmere, speaking at a time when the lighthouse was nearing completion, paid the following glowing tribute to the great engineer. Said he: "Many bloody battles have been won, and great campaigns carried to a successful issue with less personal exposure to physical danger on the part of the commander-in-chief than was constantly encountered by Smeaton during the greater part of



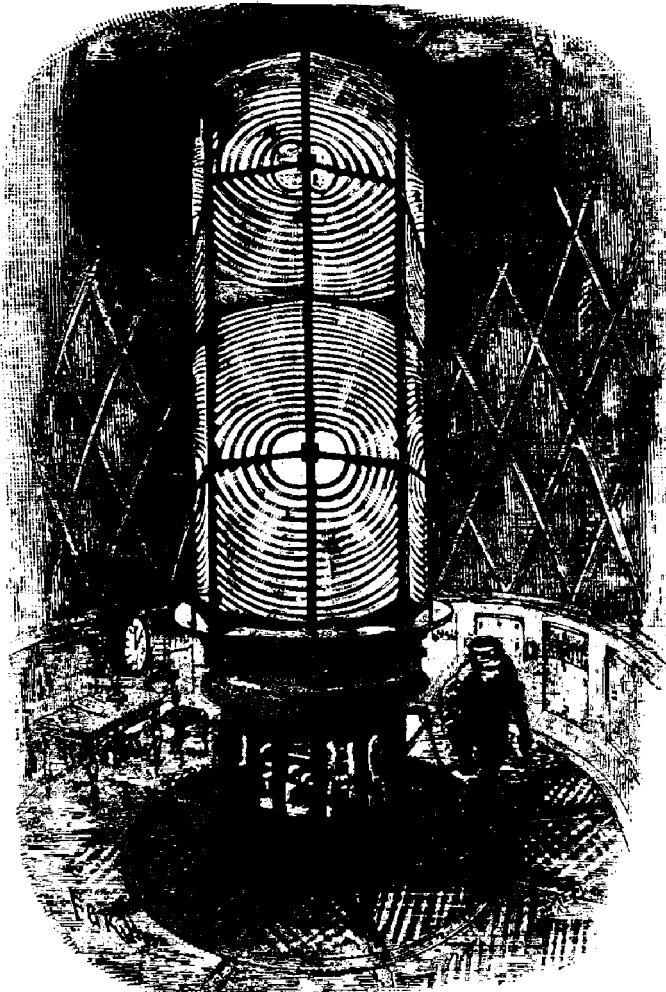
THE EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE IN A GALE.

those years in which the lighthouse was in course of erection. In all works of danger he himself led the way — was the first to spring upon the rock, and the last to leave it; and by his own example he inspired with courage the humble workmen engaged in carrying out his plans, who, like himself, were unaccustomed to the special terrors of the scene." On the 16th of September, 1792, Smeaton, who, seven years earlier, had retired to this quiet retreat at Austhorpe, was walking in his garden when he was stricken down, and died on the 28th of the following month. He was interred in the ancient church at Whitkirk, and to-day his memory is

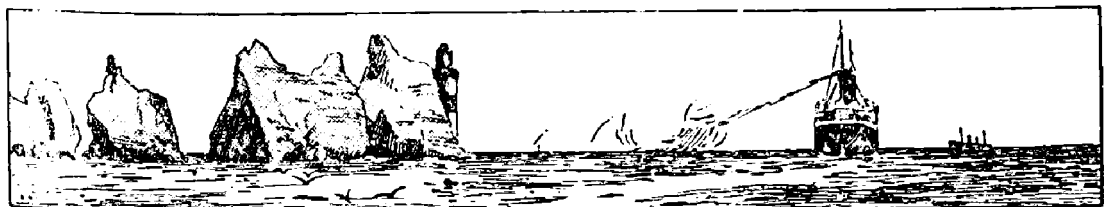
perpetuated by a monument—a model of the lighthouse he built—and a tablet bearing the following lines: "Sacred to the memory of John Smeaton, F.R.S., a man whom God

had endowed with the most extraordinary abilities, which he indefatigably exerted for the benefit of mankind, in works of science and philosophical research; more especially as an engineer and a mechanic. His principal work, the Eddystone Lighthouse, erected on a rock in the open sea (where one had been washed away by the violence of a storm, and another had been consumed by the rage of fire), secure in its own stability, and the wise precautions for its safety, seems not unlikely to convey to distant ages, as it does to every nation of the globe, the name of its constructor." Thus is a man brave and good remembered for all time:—

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime;
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."



WINDING UP THE REVOLVING GEAR IN THE LANTERN OF THE EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE.



PASSING THE NEEDLES OUTWARD BOUND.

POOR, DEAR HARRY!

A REAL SCHOOL STORY

By Guy N. Pocock. Illustrated by Gordon Browne, R.I.

I.



TO see St. Timothy's School none would have remarked anything peculiarly striking in the appearance either of the pupils or of the place. The halo of The Saint who grinned somewhat fatuously over the porch certainly was uncommonly like a straw-hat, but after all, as the amateur sculptor himself objected: "That *might* be correct." And yet St. Timothy's was utterly unlike any preparatory school of which one reads in the countless school stories that come flooding from the press. In all the fifteen flourishing years of its existence, it had not been able to produce one genuine Bully who could conscientiously be said to have screwed out the

teeth of his weaker brethren with the nut-crackers. No eccentric boy had ever kept tadpoles in his soap-dish to be swallowed surreptitiously at night. The head master had never even been glued to his chair and pelted with inked blotting paper. It had not even produced a Hero worthy of the name; in fact, whenever a particularly promising youngster did make his appearance he was sure to pass into the navy, or gain a scholarship for Winchester, or do something equally unheroic and absurd. No boy had ever been known to even dream of running away, and, after a week of agony, crawling back to die in a glorious sunset to the sound of the chapel-bell.

In short, St. Timothy's was a Real School. The masters were real men, and not prehistoric maniacs. Its matron was a lady and not a good-natured but imbecile washer-woman. Its boys were real boys, neither

fiends nor cherubim. Their cricket was good, but they never beat the County eleven. They occasionally squabbled, but such differences of opinion were invariably set straight without anybody being brought to the verge of death. That they liked sweets it is true, but none, not even the greediest—they could boast no regulation Greedy Boy—ever ate to a disgusting extent. The school, in fact, was in a very happy, flourishing, and, from the school-story-writer's point of view, a most uninteresting state, when something happened but for which this story would never have been written.

Five new boys, and the fifth was a Hero—a genuine Hero straight from the school of Fiction!

To the experienced eye, the eye practised by the perusal of many school stories, there was no mistaking him. Had he "blue saucer eyes"? So had the Hero of "True till Death." Had he "flaxen locks that curled over his collar"? So had the Hero of "The Hunting of the Sneak." Was his name "Harry"? Such is the appellation of all School Heroes.

He had come to a Real School, and so the trouble began. And whether the Hero is to become Real, or the School Fictitious, remains now to be told.

II.

TEA was almost over. The talk which, until now, had been somewhat flat and subdued, as is usually the case on the first night of term, brightening up under the comforting influence of food, had now assumed its normal pitch. After all, if the glory of the holidays had departed, there still remained the joy of exaggerating those glories.

And what a strange tea it was! In vain the reader of school stories would have looked for the oft-depicted mugs of grey-brown fluid that did duty as tea, for the brick-like bread, and the bodiless sardine-tails floating in train-oil. Not a trace of them. For here were eggs—an egg a boy—boundless bread-and-butter, and raspberry jam when all the

bread-and-butter was eaten. And what politeness is shewn in handing round the last piece of bread-and-butter before the jam!

"How's the air-gun getting on?" asked Drury across the table. For Drury was longing to be asked the same question in return.

"Shot about thirty sparrows these hols.," answered Harvey, a square-shouldered, red-cheeked youngster of thirteen. He spoke very precisely, for Drury knew that he was exaggerating, and he knew that Drury knew; and Drury knew that Harvey knew that Drury knew. And this was just as it should be.

"How's yours?" added Harvey, seeing that something more was expected.

"Simply ripping," said Drury, adding, "I nearly shot the lamb. Glad I didn't, as it's a ripping little beast not nearly as big as the cat."

"That's a bouncer!" cried a red-haired individual from lower down the table, who rejoiced in the unusual name of "Tommy."

"Take my dying oath it wasn't bigger than that!" cried Drury, pointing to the remains of the loaf, and now quite convinced in his own mind.

"Well," said Tommy, amid the general laugh, "I've got a kiddy brother smaller still. Extraordinary little beast, that goes like this when you give it anything to eat."

Tommy's exhibition of the baby's antics preliminary to choking were luckily interrupted by a general rising, and the school poured out into the play-room.

A dozen juniors, already forgetful of the ghastly pang with which they had watched the matron seizing those priceless mines of stickiness from the play-boxes to be doled out in small portions on Sunday afternoons, were now playing football with a crushed exercise-book.

A dozen more were poring over illustrated price-lists—those Eldorados of delight—imagining themselves the happy possessors of sword-sticks and submarine boats.

Senior boys were discussing cricket-bats, and the wonders that each was to perform with his own. "She comes up well," remarked one, trying his bat, with an air of mystery and wisdom.

"I shall peg mine with tin-tacks to make it drive," shrilled Jenkins, a small, wiry creature of an inventive turn of mind.

"I wonder if any of the new kids can play?" mused Frost, the new cricket-captain.

"Beastly small lot," remarked Howell, the head boy, with a depreciating shrug.

"One of them isn't!" cried Harvey, who had been watching the cabs arrive. "Rummy looking thing—sort of giraffe with white hair. Come and look! quick, before it goes in!"

There was a general rush to the window, but the front door was already shut.

"What was it like?" was the disappointed chorus.

"Rummiest thing you ever saw!" cried Harvey. "Shouldn't like to say what it's like exactly," he continued with a puzzled air, "but it'll have a jolly poor time at first," he added with conviction.

Ten minutes later the play-room door was opened, and the head master entered, followed by the five individuals who had lately been under discussion.

"This is our play-room," said the head with a cheery smile. "And now I shall leave you to make friends,"—and the small new boys stared with terror. "Howell," he added, quietly, "just see that the juniors make these little chaps at home."

III.



F the five new boys who now stood awkwardly by the doorway looking up under their eyebrows with awe at the great Howell, only one showed signs of unconventionality. There was, indeed, nothing much to distinguish the other four sturdy youngsters, except the shade and curl of their hair, and the colour of their Norfolk suits. But the fifth must give us pause. He was a tall, slim boy dressed in immaculate Etons; his light hair, parted down the middle, looped heavily over his collar; his eyes were large, light, and a little wild; there was, indeed, something uncanny about his appearance that made "the boldest hold his breath, for a time."

"Exactly like a giraffe—a mad one!" whispered Tommy in a tone half of awe, half of contempt.

"Rather dreadful, isn't it?" replied Harvey in an undertone, "what a jolly time it'll have!"

Meanwhile, Howell had been "making the little chaps at home," according to his own methods.

"Who are you?" he asked of the first.

"How d'you mean?" was the timid reply.

"How I say," said Howell, frowning from a sense of importance. The child promptly subsided altogether.

"What's your name?" he asked of the second.

"Orleton."

"Christian name?"

"Stuart," said the new boy, blushing violently and feeling unaccountably ashamed of himself.

It was hardly a promising start, and this Howell realised. Placing his foot on the paper football he called the players to his assistance.

"Just make these kids at home," he said,

broken, and the new boys felt it. In half a minute all were chattering away like sparrows.

The uncanny child continued to lean against the door-post in silence.

"Let's talk to it!" whispered Harvey to Tommy at last.

"What's your name?" asked Tommy with a friendly grin.



THE UNCANNY CHILD CONTINUED TO LEAN AGAINST THE DOOR-POST.

with a wave of the hand which meant, "I've begun, you see; it's quite easy!" And he sauntered off with an easy conscience.

There was a long and awkward pause which shuffling of feet and clearing of throats did little to relieve.

"Do you chaps play cricket?" asked a small junior boy at last.

"I'm awfully keen, but I'm not good, you know!" cried one of the four. The ice was

"Harry," sighed the boy, turning his mild eyes full upon them.

"But what's your other name?" asked Harvey, nudging his companion.

"Call me Harry," said the boy, with the faintest and saddest of smiles. The answer was so unexpected that hitherto uninterested spectators crowded up to hear the rest.

"The sickly beast!" whispered Tommy, and was about to continue the conversation

by an inquiry as to the state of "Harry's" cricket—for real boys do not enquire after the professions of their respective fathers—when he was anticipated by the boy himself.

"My parents are in a better land," he continued, looking at the ceiling, "but my grandmother is 'the sweetest soul, That ever looked with human eyes.'"

"I shall be ill in a minute," muttered Drury. But it was all too strange for laughter.)

"Ahem! have you ever been to school before?" asked Frost in a meaning tone.

Harry drooped his eyelids at him, smiled, and said nothing. Frost blushed deeply, while the juniors tittered, and the new boy looked from one to another in bewilderment.

"Because," continued Frost, "you'd jolly well better get that hair cut down before Sunday. We can't stand that sort of thing, you know."

"Yes, yes," said Harry, with a languid smile.

"What d'you mean—yes?" cried Frost, who was fast losing his temper.

Harry closed his eyes entirely. "You're stuffing me," he said; "I knew you'd try."

"Mad!" muttered Frost as he turned away amid a roar of laughter. The effect of this little monosyllable was as strange as it was unexpected. With a flush tingeing his brow—for such is the heroic practice—he strode after the wrathful captain of cricket and touched him on the shoulder. "I should not say that again," he said, a little theatrically.

Frost's face expressed mingled rage, astonishment, and interrogation.

"Because if you do," continued Harry, interpreting his expression, "I shall be forced to strike you between the eyes!"

It is difficult to say what would have resulted had not the fatherly Howell seized Frost by the shoulder and dragged him away, muttering something wise about "new kid" and "soon settle down" and the like.

The little crowd dispersed with feelings midway between relief and disappointment, some to their books and their games, some to initiate the four new boys into the unimagined mysteries of illustrated price-lists.

Harry continued to lean against the door-post. He smoothed his dank hair carefully with both hands, arranged his silk tie with the greatest precision, folded his arms, and looked about him, the backward pose of his head and half-shut eyes expressive of condescending interest. He was being watched from all sides, and he knew it, and

liked it. And the longer the boys watched him the more convinced were they that this strange new being imagined that he had scored a triumph, and was looking down upon their cherished amusements with hardly disguised contempt. And an unmistakable gloom began to oppress the play-room. Games flagged dismally; conversations fell so flat that even the most treasured holiday experiences failed to revive them, and even the voices drooped to a self-conscious mumble.

As for Harry, he merely smiled, and smiled, and smiled and said nothing.

Intense was the relief that greeted the clang of the prayer-bell.

"What's to be done?" asked Drury, gloomily scrabbling in his locker for a hymn-book.

"M—yes," answered Harvey, easily divining his thoughts. There was a long pause.

"You can't rot him," complained Drury; "look how he rotted Frost!"

"It'll have to have its head punched," growled Harvey, and hurried to his place as a master called to him to stop talking.

IV.

PRAYERS were over, the head master had made his preliminary Term-speech, the last sounds of splashing and laughter had been extinguished in the junior dormitory, and in the long dining-hall the busy little matron was dealing out biscuits and milk to the senior forms. She was in her sprightliest mood to-night, knowing from experience that even boys of fourteen are not exempt from homesickness on the first evening of term. But on this particular evening, try as she might, she could not dispel the gloom. The laughter which greeted her little jokes was polite but forced.

"Come now, cheer up!" she exclaimed at last, "you're going to have a splendid term. Frost, how is your cricket eleven looking? I see that one of the new boys is quite big enough for the team, if he can play!"

Even this welcome news failed to waken any enthusiasm; in fact, it tended unaccountably to heighten the gloom. The matron was in despair, but she smiled more stoically than ever.

"He is to sleep in the senior dormitory," she continued. Somebody muttered, "Great Scott!" but there was no other sound.

"By the way, he ought to be here now," she went on; "who would like to go and fetch him?"

"I'll go," said Jenkins, seeing that no one seemed over anxious to offer his services; and off he went, partly because he was a good-natured little lad, partly because he felt the same interest in this new being that he would have felt in a new canary, or a clockwork toy.

Harry was alone in the play-room, reading in the half-light as little Jenkins entered.

"You've got to come for biscuits now, and then bed, you know," he said; "beastly early but we've got to," he added, by way of apology.

Flushing slightly, Harry put down his book and looked up. "I wondered which it would be," he said, half to himself.

"Yes, you're in the senior dorm.," said Jenkins, misunderstanding the remark.

"That is not what I meant," said Harry, rising and clearing his throat. "You," he went on, "are my greatest friend." Jenkins skilfully switched off a peal of laughter into something between a cough and a crow.

"My greatest friend," he went on, with great solemnity. "With you I shall share my study."

"There isn't any, and if there was, you wouldn't have it for years," put in Jenkins, schoolboy-like.

"With you," repeated Harry, "I shall share my pocket-money,"—this was far more feasible, and Jenkins began to look interested.

"My jam, and my—I have no guinea-pigs, or you should share *them*," he said, thinking wistfully of some imaginary Hero who had.

"Thanks," said Jenkins, dubiously, "but you've got to come on now."

As Harry entered the dining-hall with his diminutive guide, he was met by looks which could hardly be described as encouraging.

With a placid smile he turned to Jenkins, who had slipped behind him and was engaged in executing an enormous wink at Tommy across the room. "They have sent me to Coventry I think?" he asked in a tone which implied that this was exactly the course which he had expected them to adopt.

"To where?" asked Jenkins, controlling his features with great difficulty.

"To Coventry," repeated Harry.

"Oh—ah—yes," said Jenkins, who now remembered having seen the expression in some ancient school story. "Of course they haven't. They don't know you yet."

Harry smiled and shook his head. He ate his biscuits thoughtfully, and betook himself upstairs.

Then Jenkins exploded. He laughed till

he fell down, and then had to be sat on and pummelled before he became intelligible. He had a remarkable power of imitating the ludicrous, and it was no mournful procession that greeted the astonished matron ten minutes later at the dormitory doors.

V.

"**I**S it bathing, sir?" was the chorus that greeted the form-masters on the first clang of the morning-break bell.

A more perfect day there could not have been. All the brown holland blinds were down in the long bright school-room, and the straight solid-looking beams of sun that shot in between, with myriads of tiny chalk-dust specks swimming and darting through them, had been more than enough to divert the juniors' minds from the horrors of French verbs. The hot stones in the wall that bounded the play-ground looked wobbly and delirious, and beyond, the sea could not be stared at without leaving a blot over your eyes that turned green when you looked at the ceiling—a diversion not to be despised in school-hours.

"Yes, bathing for all of you!"

"Come along, Tommy! I've bagged two towels!" shouted Harvey, heading the frantic rush.

"Can't stand getting down first!" cried Tommy, running steadily and looking back at the crowd that still poured from the back gate like bees from a hive; "you can't go in until the masters are ready!"

"Still, you can bag the diving rocks," replied his friend. "I suppose there's a crowd of sand-bathers as usual?"

"Suppose so—though I believe some of the new kids can swim."

"Bet the Giraffe can't!" cried Harvey, plunging into the deep dry sand.

"Look at it now! did you ever see such a sight?" laughed Tommy, flinging his bathing things down on the diving rock.

Harry certainly did not look his best as he pounded along by the side of his hypocritical young friend. He had a curiously flat-footed run, and his long hair bounced up and down upon his collar in a dangerously undignified manner.

"By the way," he was saying, as Jenkins secured himself a warm corner among the sand dunes, "which is the Bully?"

"What Bully?" asked Jenkins, who had by this time learned to control his expression.

"The school Bully!" repeated Harry, in a tone of faint surprise.

"Didn't know there was one!" Jenkins objected.

"There's no one with a bullet-head and ferret eyes in the school, is there?" asked Harry after a meditative pause.

"Haven't seen any lately," said Jenkins gravely.

"No. I haven't *seen* any," Harry agreed, "but I think I know who it is," he continued, nodding gently to himself, and casting a side-long glance at the popular and good-natured Frost.

"That's more than I do!" laughed Jenkins, shuffling his feet through the hot sand.

Harry smiled incredulously.

engaged in a wild splashing match with the juniors on his way in to land.

"Isn't this ripping, by Jove!" gasped Frost, wallowing gloriously over the long, slow tide-waves.

"Never had such a grand bathe!" said Drury, floating lazily with closed eyes.

Tommy was doing the porpoise-roll ten yards away, shaking the water from his red hair at every turn. Harry stood watching him from the shore. "All-in!" cried the master.

Tommy rolled over on to his back for a final splash, and beat up the water furiously with both legs. That was enough for Harry. With a wild shriek he plunged madly into



"I'LL SAVE YOU! I'M COMING!"

"Can we go in, sir?" sung out Tommy, who, with Harvey, was standing on the diving-rock, with arms crossed, slapping his shoulders—a position which no one ever assumes unless he is about to enter cold water.

"I'll give you ten seconds and race you to the post! In you go, all of you!" cried out the master. Harvey and Tommy disappeared with a simultaneous "clap," and struck out for the post, followed closely by the rest of the upper school, while the sand-bathers yelled and splashed gloriously in the shallows.

Harry could not swim, but he stooped down till he could blow bubbles through the water, and his hair floated round into his mouth; and that was almost as good.

"One minute more!" cried the master when fourteen minutes had passed. He was

the sea, his arms working scythe-like in front of him while all the world wondered. "Keep up! keep up!" he screamed, "I'll save you! I'm coming!" And seizing the unsuspecting Tommy by both ankles, he proceeded to drag him to the shore with main and might. Tommy's red head immediately disappeared below the water. He struggled frantically to free himself, but without avail; it was as much as he could do to raise his head to the surface at every few yards and gasp. They reached the shallows at last, and Tommy, supporting himself upon his hands, let out a violent kick with his right leg which caught Harry in the chest and knocked him down. Then Harry gazed round, and a look of mingled disappointment and resignation came over his face. There were the boys lying on

the sand with their towels round them in paroxysms of unquenchable laughter, and there sat Tommy, whose life he had saved at the risk of his own, positively spluttering with rage and mortification. Even the master looked over the rocks with an expression betokening the greatest amusement. It was all very strange.

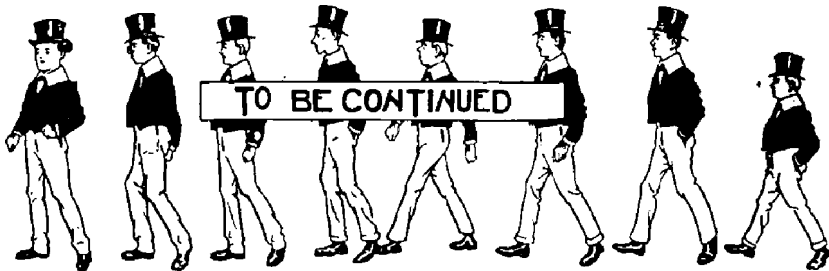
"Here, you confounded ass!" shouted Tommy, "what on earth do you think you're doing, hauling on to a chap like——"

"I was only saving your life," said Harry, in a tone of mild reproach. There was a shriek of delighted laughter from the crowd.

"Why, you ought to be very grateful, Tommy," laughed the master.

"I did not expect gratitude," said Harry, resignedly, "but I know that he will live to thank me."

"If I live till to-morrow's bathe," said Tommy, as his head protruded through his shirt, "I'll show you how grateful I am. You'll get the best ducking you ever——" but the absurdity of the situation was too much even for him, and he burst into a roar of laughter with the rest. And it was a weak and helpless crowd that laughed itself into the classrooms ten minutes later. But Harry was pained.



THE SECRET OF SERENITY.

By the Rev. R. L. Bellamy, B.D.

I WITNESSED but the other day,
An incident methinks will not,
'Mid all the change that throngs life's way,
Be soon forgot.

Walking with pensive step and slow,
A venerable man was seen,
Of kindly face and placid brow,
And gentle mien.

So gentle that the children ran
To win his smile, unchecked by awe,
He was the mildest-looking man
I ever saw.

I turned to pondering in my thought
If thus he bore whate'er befell—
If in Vexation's store were aught,
Could break the spell.

When suddenly a vicious cur
Seized on his leg with savage bite,
I saw, too stunned to cry or stir,
The sickening sight.

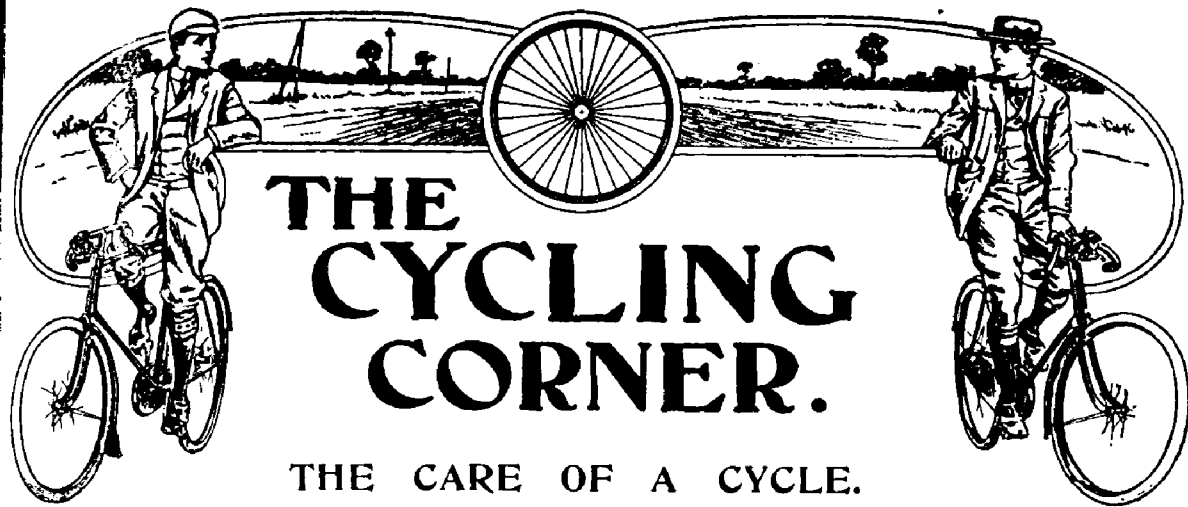
Speechless and motionless I stood,
Helpless to stay the vile attack,
And hurl from one so grave and good,
The mongrel back.

But he—most wonderful of men!—
Not from his wonted calm beguiled,
One moment, just glanced down, and then
Serenely smiled.

And that base cur—'tis truth I say,—
As stung with new-born sense of shame,
Let go his hold and slunk away
Back whence he came.

Then found I speech again, and straight
Poured forth my admiration high,
Till he, unmoved and unelate,
Made this reply:—

"Praise not, good sir, nor deem the part
I've played magnanimous, I beg;
Because, you see, I have an art-
ificial leg!"



THE CYCLING CORNER.

THE CARE OF A CYCLE.

WHEN we consider how badly many cycles are treated, it is marvellous how ever some machines, especially those of the cheap order, wear as well as they do. In the majority of cases they are simply left to look after themselves, with the exception, perhaps, of the outside being kept clean. Sometimes, perhaps, a little oil may be squirted into the bearings, but even this is the exception rather than the rule, and the consequence is that these soon get clogged up with rust, or, what is perhaps worse, a mixture of oil and the wet and dust which will work in through the openings (there is no such thing as a really dust-proof bearing), and quickly cakes round the cones and cups. To clear this away satisfactorily, the services of a mechanic may be necessary. The result is that the bearings, especially in the case of the cheaper machines, are absolutely wrecked. How seldom do we find many of the general army of riders ever thinking of adjusting the bearings, or even taking up the slack of the chain. Yet they wonder, when told the machine is practically worn out, why a firm of repute should turn out what they consider such a wretched apology for a bicycle. Tyres, too, receive just as little attention as the rest of the machine; hence they always give trouble, and then they are called "rotten," and perhaps, if the owner be a member of the Cyclists' Touring Club, he empties the vials of his wrath on the head of the maker through the medium of the club gazette. Yet

A LITTLE ATTENTION, a very little, as a matter of fact, will not only greatly prolong the life of the machine, but, by saving the waste of power caused by driving the foul and ill-adjusted bearings, will greatly add to the pleasures of riding.

I have in my possession a machine of a now obsolete type, the Resilient Triumph, which was seven years ago entrusted to me for trial. I liked it so well that I purchased it, and two years subsequently sold it to a friend from whom I repurchased it three years later for a few shillings. Since that time it has been in constant use for track work, and as a winter machine I have had it re-enamelled. When pulled to pieces the wearing parts of the bearings were found to be in as good a condition as when I had it first, and when I take a long journey, in which speed is only a secondary consideration, I ride that ancient cycle in preference to any of the more up-to-date machines in my stud. This machine is a monument of what the life of a well-made bicycle that is properly cared for ought to be; it has already covered over 40,000 miles, and seems good for as many more. It has now its fifth pair of tyres and its third chain, though the chain sprockets, singularly enough, show few signs of wear.

HOW I PROLONGED ITS LIFE

and enabled it to enjoy a "respected and vigorous old age," instead of reposing on a "scrap heap," may be of interest to many of my readers. "A careful man takes care of his steed" is an old proverb, and so little care is necessary for the preservation of a bicycle, and getting the best results out of it, that I wonder why owners are so blind to their own interests. I have been told that in my case I cannot, at an age when the majority of men have to fall back for their "wheeling" on a carriage, a bath chair, or another vehicle which we shall all have to use sooner or later, throw an ounce away, and, therefore, my care of a bicycle is compulsory. I do not deny the soft impeachment, but surely, if I am benefited thereby, why not my young friends? The first thing I did

when I received the machine alluded to was to wind some worsted, which had been well "tallowed," round each bearing, which made them

ABSOLUTELY DUST AND WET-PROOF.

I even went as far as to protect the inside bearings of my pedals in a similar manner. Those on the outside are capped, and these caps, before being screwed on, I filled with a thick hydro-carbon oil, which I find the best lubricant for cycle bearings. Into the crank axle bearings I injected about a table-spoonful of the oil named (I have used Ward's Viscolum for the last eight to ten years, and found it excellent), having previously taken the precaution of procuring a cork to fit the seat pillar tube and ramming it down as far as it will go. This is to prevent the oil, when you "up end" the machine—which, alas! the visits of the puncture fiend render compulsory at times—running down it and bringing back a lot of the rust which is certain to accumulate therein. The same treatment I practically apply to the two hub bearings. These are built in two classes, which are respectively known as "cup and cone" and the "barrel." In the former, the cup is part of the hub, and the cone is screwed into it by means of a thread on the axle. This was the original form of adjustable axle, and was used on the back wheels of the old-fashioned high bicycles, before Messrs. Bown and Hughes invented ball bearings. As originally made, these would not retain oil, but lately they have been so designed as to do so, to a certain extent. The barrel hub is constructed

ON EXACTLY OPPOSITE LINES,

the cups screwing on to fixed cones, which are turned on to the axle. It is difficult to say which system is the better. Such makers of repute as the Humber, Rover, Raleigh, and the Rudge-Whitworth companies use the older system, while the Triumph and Centaur swear by "barrel hubs." The latter are by far the more difficult for a novice to adjust, but they have this great advantage—they are oil retaining, and when protected as I recommend may be laid sideways without losing any of the oil that is in them. By the way, I always dispense with the ordinary oilers, and into the orifices made for them, fit screws, which, should the openings be left downwards, prevents the oil running out, and not only ruining your tyres, but getting you into trouble with the women folk of your establishment. Bearings, when treated with suitable oil, require no attention for a thousand miles or more, or say, perhaps, twice in

a season. One of the most persistent riders I know fills his bearings with a thick grease—vaseline, I believe—which he injects by means of a football pump, the end of which he has tapped to screw into the holes. By this means the lubricant is forced into the ball races as required. He contends that this protects the bearings to such an extent that, even if the machine were thrown into a pond, the wet could not reach the wearing parts.

THE MOST VITAL PART OF A MACHINE which receives the least attention is the ball race at the lower end of the steering column. Let the bearing run dry and get clogged, and the strain is so great that once I absolutely twisted the pillar into two parts. This is a bearing, too, which is not so easy to protect especially if, as is too often the case, mudguards are not used (why, I can never understand, as up to sixteen or seventeen miles an hour I cannot find that they make any appreciable difference to the running of the machine), when the splash from the front wheel will be certain to find its way inside. Invariably a drop or two of oil every 200 or 300 miles will do no harm. Some cycles are made without means of lubricating their bearings, in which case a small hole should be drilled in the frame just above the ball race. Next to lubrication, the most important factor in the life of a cycle is the adjustment to which I always pay great attention. Every bearing should be so adjusted that, while there is no lateral movement, the wheel should revolve freely. A child can adjust cup and cone bearings, but barrel hubs and those on the crank axle and the steering head require some little care. The slightest shake should be immediately taken up, or the bearing will speedily wear out of truth. Again, a loose bearing means a nasty cross-strain and a corresponding loss of power. Now, as to

THE OUTWARD APPEARANCE OF A MACHINE. This can be preserved almost indefinitely provided every time the machine has been used it is rubbed over, the plated parts especially, with a cloth on which a little vaseline has been smeared. I always carry a small tin of this in my tool bag, and should I be overtaken by rain or run into a storm track, I rub a little on every part that the wet can reach. A very little will do, and then the dirt is subsequently as easily removed as if it were dust. Vaseline rubbed fairly freely on an unprotected chain will keep it right for a full day's journey in the rain. In such case, however, it is advisable to

slacken it a little; in fine weather, or when a gearcase is used, I find that it is advisable to have the chain as tight as possible provided it does not interfere with the easy running of the machine. As most machines are now fitted with free-wheels, a chain that is too tight means increased friction. Writing of free-wheels reminds me that the clutches require very frequent lubrication, and with a much lighter oil than is required for the bearings, on which the friction is much greater. Thick oil is apt to clog the pawls, and may make the clutch free "both ways." When a clutch, from this cause, refuses to act, flush freely with paraffin or petrol, and then lubricate with a similar oil to that which is used for sewing machines and typewriters.

THE CARE OF TYRES

is also important. These should never be exposed more than is necessary to heat or strong light, or the rubber will "perish," and will then puncture freely. They should be carefully watched, and every small cut plugged with cotton-wool soaked in rubber solution or Westwood's Tyre Stopping, which vulcanises freely on exposure to the air. Should any cuts reach the fabric on which the tyre is built, the wet will soon find its way in, and rot the canvas, when a bad burst is inevitable. It is a good plan to examine tyres carefully about every month, to ascertain whether there are any weak spots or any puncturing substances imbedded in the cover, which have not reached the air tube. I took three thorns and two flint spines out of a cover the other day, all of which, had they remained, would have certainly in time caused trouble. A little French chalk dusted in the cover will prevent the air tube ad-

hering to it. In such a case, great care is necessary when opening the tyre, or the tube will be torn. I am strongly of opinion that the use of chalk adds to the "life" of a tyre. Whether this is right or not, it will prevent any strain on the valve, which I have seen torn out of the air tube when it has stuck to the cover in the tyre ridden in a semi-deflated state. Again,

NEVER LET A MACHINE STAND WITH THE TYRES DEFLATED;

and it will preserve them considerably if, during bad weather, non-winter riders will take them out in the wet for a few hundred yards, even if the machine is not ridden. But, if you treat a machine as I recommend, and blow your tyres hard, winter riding is robbed of half its terrors. As one who rides all the year round, I should be very sorry to lay my machine by for the rainy season. I invariably use a machine which is low-g geared, certainly not higher than 70 (I use 7in. cranks), and then I can pedal against strong winds and over heavy roads with very little exertion. High gearing for winter riding is a great mistake. I am not on the whole a believer in gear cases, but for riding in bad weather one made of leather will keep the chain, which should be occasionally lubricated with a thick oil, from the mud. It is by paying close attention to these details that I have made my old bicycle last for years longer than would have been the case had it not been properly cared for. I see no reason why any other of a similar class should not be equally good after at least 30,000 to 40,000 miles, or, as in my case, perhaps more.

CHARLES H. LARRETTE.



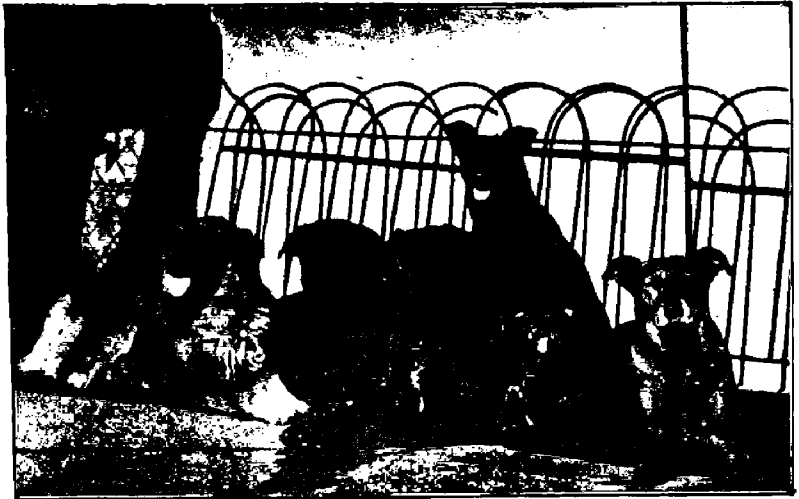


MEMORIES.

Photo by Jennings and Hunton, Middleboro'

"The Captain"
Photographic Gallery,

*Being a Selection of photographs entered for
 our Competitions.*



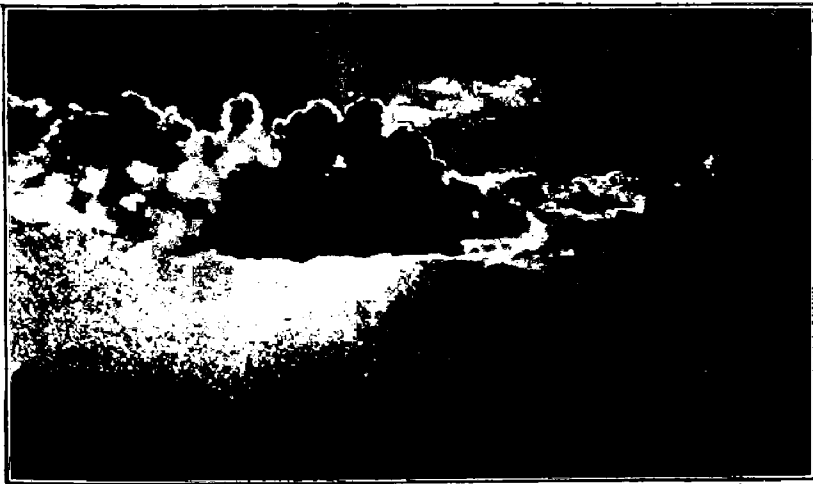
By Archibald D. Olson.
CHEERFUL COMPANIONS.



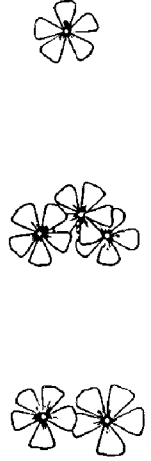
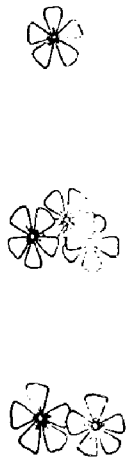
"HERE'S PUSS."
 By Fred Caddy, Blackheath.

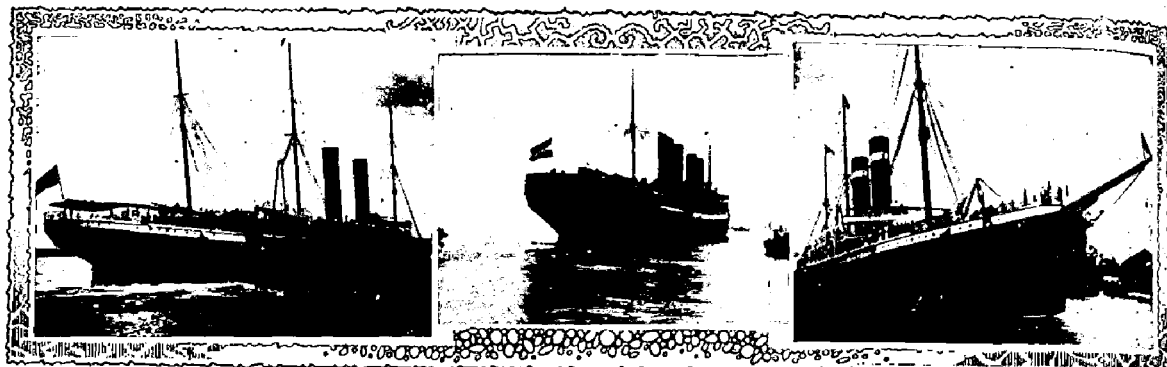


By W. B. Huntly, Düsseldorf.
 7.30 A.M.



By W. S. L. Holt, Blackley, Manchester.
SUNSET.





STERN VIEW OF AMERICAN LINER "PHILADELPHIA."

S.S. "KAISER WILHELM DER GROSSE."

BOWS OF S.S. "PHILADELPHIA." By G. Hupt, Torquay.



By Fred. C. Long.

A GIPSY ENCAMPMENT IN IRELAND.

Mullingar.



THE READING GIRL IN THE LIBRARY OF CHELTENHAM LADIES' COLLEGE.

By Mary Chilton, Worningford.



By H. F. Foster.

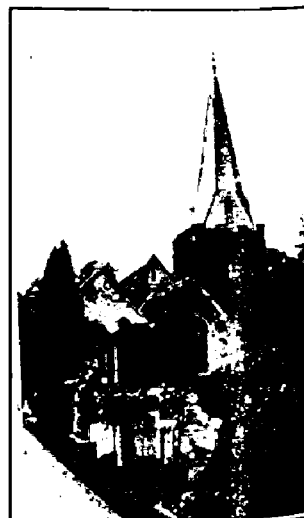
DONKEYS ON THE SANDS AT REYL.



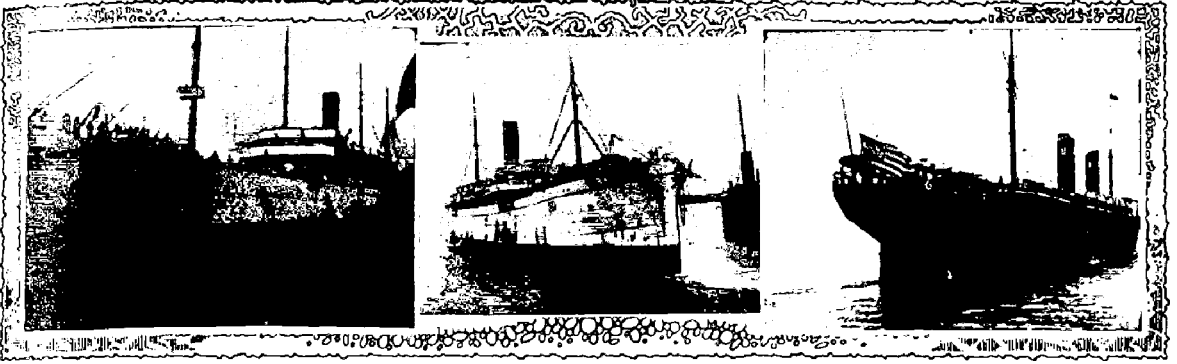
IN OUR GARDEN. By Ernest Mountain.



THE WINNER. By R. Harrison, Feltham.



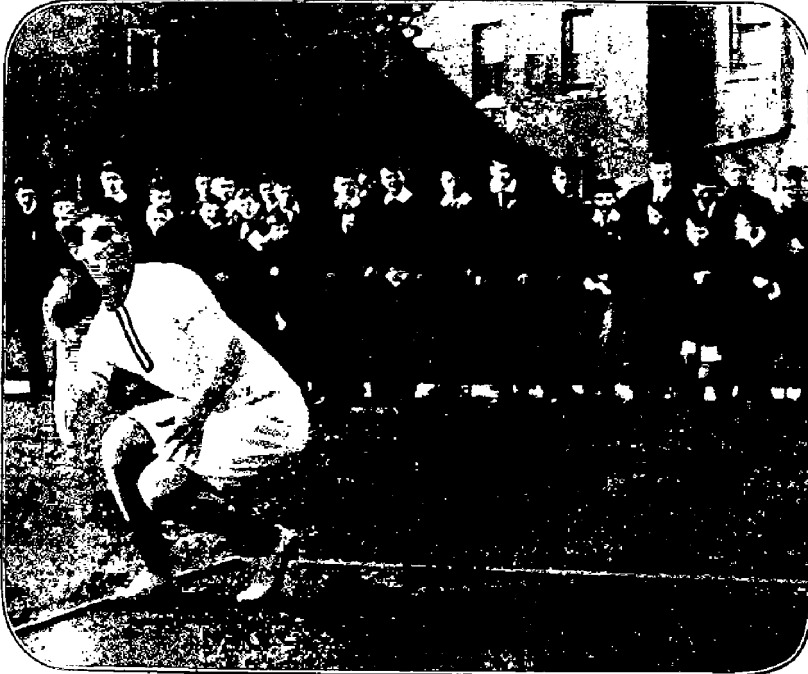
STORE FOGES CHURCH. By N. C. Moore, Berkhamstead.



THE HOSPITAL SHIP "ORCANA."

TROOPSHIP "SYRIA."
By G. Hunt, Torquay.

AMERICAN LINER "ST. LOUIS."



H. F. RENTON PUTTING THE WEIGHT AT ROSSALL SCHOOL SPORTS.

By "Labor Omnia Vincit."



"BROTHER PHILIP" (OF THE MONKS OF ST. BERNARD, LEICESTER). By M. C. Rhodes.



GUARDIANS AT "SPORTSMAN,"
NEAR RAMSGATE. By Cedric Stokes.



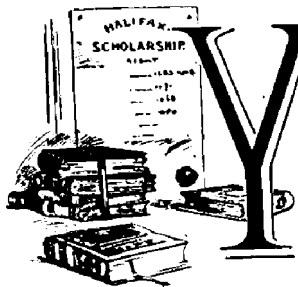
By Frank Buzard.

ALDERNEYS.

THE MAGNANIMITY OF BRINDLE.

By W. SNOW.

Sketches by REX OSBORNE.



YOU may remember that I told you once about Brindle's ingenuity; but that was a long time ago, when we were both in the Lower Fifth, and neither of us had begun

to take things seriously. Now Brindle is Captain of the School, Editor of the Magazine, and all the rest of it; in fact, he is as full of offices as a Spanish Grandee is of orders, and it is very seldom that he finds any time to be frivolous. Sometimes, on a Saturday night, when the cares of all his offices have relaxed, when he knows that the Doctor has a dinner party and won't want to consult him, when his fag has made his tea and toast and departed, he is the old Brindle again—"The Cow," as I and one or two others are still allowed to call him. Then he will chuck his dignity to the winds, get into an old blazer, rot his guests, especially old Phillips, who hasn't the perception of a rhinoceros, and even rag me as he used to do. But on Sunday morning he is the majestic Brindle, which is all the Brindle most of the School ever knew; and to see and hear him reading the lessons in Chapel, no one would ever believe that he was once the despair of the masters and the black sheep of his House.

Now, if there is any one who admires Brindle, and whom Brindle admires, it is Denner, the master with whom he had the war some years ago. He knows the real Brindle underneath, and sometimes he will join us in Brindle's study or in a long run over the moors, and then they are like brothers. And Denner is afraid (I heard him say so to Owen) that when Brindle gets to Oxford he may revert to his old self again, and give the dons there some trouble. "His scholarship's all right," he said; "he can't help getting a first and all that, unless he goes absolutely to the wall; but he may play the fool to such an extent when he is free from responsibility that the authorities may compel him to bring his career to an untimely conclusion."

Denner was right about Brindle's scholarship. There hadn't been such a scholar at Sedwick since the days of Gymson twenty years ago, who, as every one knew, could do

a hundred verses, in an hour, which might have come slick out of Virgil. The Doctor was nursing him carefully for the Balliol, and said he was certain to get it—not to Brindle, of course; that wasn't his way. "Well, Brindle, my boy," he would say, when the "Cow" had shown up a prose which even he could pick no holes in, and he's a Balliol scholar himself, "this might be better, of course. Mind your connecting particles. But after all I think it'll do; yes, it'll do. No; don't take it; I want to look through it again. The authority of that *comparasset* is a little doubtful." And then you would see him showing the prose to his Sixth Form assistant, and, if you could get near enough, hear him say, "Ciceronian, Wilkins, Ciceronian!" If Brindle ever did make a mistake, a regular howler, which even Brindle did sometimes, just as a German editor sometimes proposes an emendation which involves a false quantity, the Doctor used to be down on him as if he had committed a murder. (He only groans at my howlers.) That is the Doctor's way. You see, he was afraid of Brindle's getting rather above himself, as a fellow who could write comps. like him, and have a batting average of 50 odd at the end of the season, might very well be excused for doing.

If a Balliol Scholarship was a practical certainty for Brindle—and there wasn't a fellow in the Sixth, or, what is more important, a master in the Upper School, who wouldn't have put his bottom sixpence on his chance—the Halifax was an absolute certainty. An old boy called Halifax had founded a Scholarship of £100 a year for fellows from Sedwick to hold at Oxford or Cambridge. It is given after an examination held half-way through the Christmas term. All the Sixth enter for it as a matter of course, and it is awarded to the candidate who gets the highest aggregate of marks. Now, it happened that this year it was not only a case of Brindle first and the rest nowhere, but that also, while he was extraordinarily brilliant, the rest of us were extraordinarily poor. Some were young, and would have another chance, but with old Phillips, who had set his heart on going to the University, it was different. He had very little chance of getting an open schol., and one of the smaller school exhibitions would be of no use to him. If he got the Halifax he would be able to go, though it would be rather a tight fit; but if he didn't

he would have to go into business, for which he is totally unfitted, whereas he will probably make a very excellent parson. Of course, he knew he wasn't in it against Brindle, but all the same he's a dogged old chap, and plugged away day after day, while his rival assisted the Head to manage the school, and did his work in the intervals.

Brindle was very fond of Phillips. and, if it had rested with him, would have refused to go in for the Halifax, but, as I have said, he couldn't help himself, and couldn't help beating Phillips either.

"It's a confounded nuisance," he said to me one day, "about Phillips. You know, the old ass has no sort of a look-in with me. You know that I'm not putting any side on, so I needn't mind saying it. He'll beat everybody else right enough; you're rather a poor lot, and, besides, most of you can give him a year or two into the bargain, while it's his last shot. If it was any good my getting laid up while the exam's on I would, but the Doctor would only postpone the show."

"But you want the Halifax as much as Phillips," I said.

"Rot! I shall get a schol. right enough somewhere, if not at Balliol. and the gov'nor can give me £70 a year, so I shall have £150, and must

make that do. Of course, the Halifax would make a great difference, I'm not denying that," and he went off to advise the Head whether to cane young Hervey, or to let him off that time.

Brindle said no more to me about the matter, but marched into the examination

room when the day came, with a smile on his face which any one who didn't know him might have thought meant side. I knew it wasn't side, but I couldn't make out what it was. The papers were potty enough—even I made a pretty fair show, and Phillips confessed that he thought he had pilled one or two of them. Brindle said he had done

quite as well as he had expected; and as he was so far the best, no one thought much more about it, especially as an important foreign match was coming off in a few days.

A week after the examination—the papers, by the way, were looked over by outsiders—a notice was posted as usual to the effect that the result would be read

out after chapel the next day. During the afternoon I twigged there was something very badly the matter with the Doctor. He pulled Brindle up almost brutally once or twice, and flew into a regular fury with another fellow merely for dropping a book on the floor. But he didn't say anything that day, and no one, except perhaps one fellow, knew what was the reason for his temper, and if he did he kept quiet about it.

There wasn't very much excitement the next morning when we filed into Big School after chapel to hear the marks read. I felt a queer sort of sensation inside of me, such as most fellows have before going in to bat in a big match, but that was because I was wondering whether I had beaten Hood.



"THE FOLLOWING IS THE RESULT OF THE EXAMINATION FOR THE HALIFAX SCHOLARSHIP."

Phillips was trembling like a leaf—the thing meant so much to him—but the old Cow was as calm as though Halifax exams. were an everyday occurrence, and began learning his Greek rep., which I know he had not had time to look at, even while the Doctor was mounting the platform.

The Doctor wrapped his gown tightly round him, frowned, took the list from his pocket and began to read in his best official voice:—

“The following is the result of the Examination for the Halifax Scholarship:—
PHILLIPS, 1,283 marks, SAUNDERS, 1,171 marks, HOOD, 1,068 marks, BRINDLE, 1,050 marks,” and so on, till he had gone right through the list. Then he came down, fixed the paper on the notice-board, and marched off to his class-room without another word.

I shall never forget the expression on the faces of the masters who were there, especially on Denner's; and as for the fellows, they were simply astounded. Brindle beaten by Phillips, and not only by Phillips, but by two others into the bargain! The Cow, however, took it almost as though he had expected it, and slapped old Phillips on the back.

“You're a better man than me, old buck,” he said, “and, by Jove, you're a better scholar too, it seems.”

Phillips could hardly speak, but the tears came into his eyes, which showed how much he felt it. And then we had to troop off into the Sixth Form class-room for Thucydides; but we didn't do much that morning.

“It may be interesting, and, perhaps, instructive,” began the Doctor in his solemnest voice, “to enter with rather more detail than was possible in Big School into the results of the recent examination. In the first place, Phillips, let me congratulate you heartily on your success. The examiners report that your work was solid and painstaking. It is better to be industrious than superficially brilliant”—with a side-glance at Brindle. “Saunders and Hood also did well—better, indeed, than I expected. As for you, Brindle, I can only say that I am grievously disappointed. Of course, you will give up any thought of entering at Balliol. The Balliol examiners would hardly appreciate seven-footed hexameters, no less than four of which, I hear, were to be found in your copy. In fact, all your composition seems to have been marred by a carelessness and lack of accuracy which will prove fatal to you in examinations, and fatal to your success in life, if you do not speedily amend. Your Latin prose is described as forming a perfect galaxy of dog-Latinisms. Your Un-

seen was the best up to a certain point, but you didn't even attempt the Aristophanes. Why was that?”

“Hadn't time, sir,” said the Cow.

“Time! You had all the time there was as Talleyrand said. And your critical paper was a disgrace—a disgrace, sir.”

The Cow said nothing, which was perhaps the wisest thing he could do; and at last the Doctor wore himself out, and we began the lesson. It was a hard speech of Pericles, which was awkward, because nobody had happened to prepare it, there being a rule that whenever the record of marks for the Halifax was beaten there was a whole holiday. Gynson's record of 1,600 odd had stood for twenty years, and consequently there had been no holiday all that time. But the Doctor is very keen on all the traditions of the school, and there is no doubt that if the record had been beaten, we should have had the holiday right enough. Every one had made up his mind that Brindle would do the trick this time, and had not thought it worth while to prepare the stuff. One fellow after another made a terrible mess of it, trying to do it unseen, and the Doctor exhausted his vocabulary, and had to invent some new words. At last he had to put Brindle on, though I knew he meant to ignore him for the rest of the morning. Brindle did the whole speech pretty well all through. The Head did not interrupt him, but nodded every now and then at some particularly felicitous rendering. At the end he said, as he gave him full marks:—

“You're not a boy, Brindle: you're an enigma!”

The Cow was rather stand-offish all that day, and wouldn't let any one talk to him about the Halifax. But I bided my time, and late at night I knocked at his door, determined to have the thing out with him. He was sitting staring at the fire, and waved his hand to a chair without looking up.

“Listen to me, Cow,” I said. “If you'll tell me the truth about this affair, I'll promise to keep what you tell me dark; but if you won't, I'll jolly well let every one know what I think is the case—that you rotted in the exam. on purpose so that Phillips should have the schol.”

Well, after a bit he owned up; but he said he would never forgive himself for having done it so badly. “I meant to cut it pretty close,” he said; “I didn't mean to go and make myself a laughing-stock, as I seem to have done. But when I had finished the verse paper I felt quite certain that my hex-

meters, though they were pretty footling, were better than Phillips could do, so I put in a few extra feet here and there, as well as some false quantities, to make sure. I fixed up the Unseen all right by not doing the last piece. As for the Critical paper, any one can rot a Critical paper if he likes. The

novels to read in the train, for the Head had developed a theory that the fiasco in the Halifax was due to overwork! Poor old Phillips was rather down all the time Brindle was away, "For," as he observed, with truth, "if he can't beat a crock like me, he hasn't much of a look-in!"

The Cow came back looking as imperturbable as ever, and resumed his job of managing the school as if nothing had happened; and when a telegram came in a day or two with the news that he had been elected to the first Scholarship, he was by far the least excited fellow in the place. The Doctor's theory of overwork was confirmed in his eyes, and he said as much in addressing the Sixth.

"I should have been indeed sorry, Brindle, if a too rigorous application to your books combined with an almost too conscientious discharge of your duties as Captain of the School—which reminds me that there is a matter I should like to discuss with you afterwards—had had more than temporary effects. *Non semper arcum*, you know. You had better take it easy for a time, my boy."

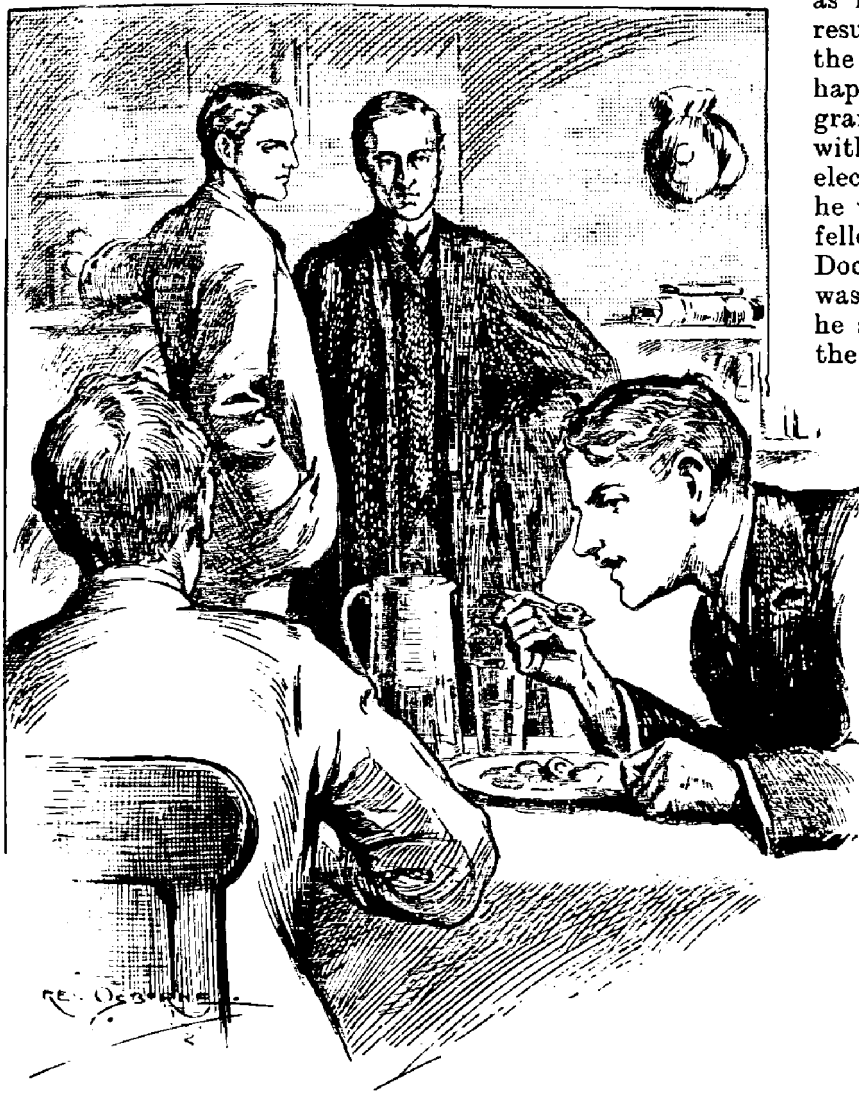
"Very well, sir!" said the Cow, with a nudge that I could just feel.

That same night there was a rare spree in Brindle's study, and towards the end Denner came in. I had had my suspicions all along that he had some idea of Brindle's

little game, but was too wise to say anything. And now, when we were talking about the papers, he said: "I noticed they set a piece of Don Quixote for the Latin prose. He's rather a favourite of yours, isn't he, Brindle?"

"Not particularly, sir," said the Cow, without turning a hair.

As for Phillips, he, quite unmoved, went on eating preserved apricots.



PHILLIPS, QUITE UNMOVED, WENT ON EATING PRESERVED APRICOTS.

Doctor doesn't suspect anyhow, no more does Phillips. So that's all right."

"What about the Balliol?"

"Oh! I shall go in. My name has been entered and I have the pater's leave. The Doc. will make a few sarcastic observations before I go, and if I don't get anything—but that's all."

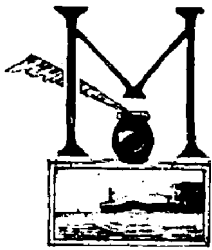
The Balliol exam. came off in a week, and Brindle departed with his pockets full of



MORE LETTERS TO JOHN.

WHO IS BY NOW ALL AGOG FOR FOOTBALL.

Chamonix, Sept. 1st.



MY DEAR JOHN,—Your letter was forwarded to me here. As you know, I am foolish enough to have gone a-climbing. It may amuse you to think of your aged uncle hanging on to the side of a precipice by his eyebrows, balancing a

camera with one hand and himself with the other! So you have already left all remembrance of cricket behind you, and are all for getting your football colours? Well, John, it's a fine game, too; and though I never myself cared as much for it as for cricket, there is, I admit, a certain keen allurements in the feel of a grey November afternoon with the mist just cleared and a touch of coming winter in the air. It makes something inside one tingle for the driving throb of a football, kicked true.

You say you much want to gain your colours because your House has never yet been without a representative in the school team. A very excellent reason, John, and one which will help you far more towards your object than would a mere selfish desire to win athletic honour for yourself. It is a strange fact, but true, John, that people always do best when they are trying to do well, not, if I may put it so, in the first person singular, but in the first person plural. Take my word, you will be more likely to succeed to the tune of "We" than to the tune of "I." When I look back over my athletic career (which is a bit behind me now, worse luck), I can recall times when I went for things more for personal distinction than for anything except, perhaps, the love

of the thing itself. But all my best performances were done, John, when the circumstances of the case persuaded me into a plural frame of mind. As you know, there are times when you feel "we must win somehow," and others when you feel "I must make a hundred"; you cannot help the difference. But I always found that the "we" frame of mind led to better performances by "me." Anyway, I like the way you put the matter, and would wish you all luck even were you not my nephew.

By the way, John, just before I left England I came across something I meant to have told you about. It was a sermon in Piccadilly. Not in a church, but in the main thoroughfare, outside a shop, the shop of the man who makes me those Harlequin ties you admire so much. It was this way. Just as I was turning into the door I heard a very young voice enquiring, "Daddy, what makes a cricketer?" It struck me as such a big question that I waited to hear the answer. Daddy was a parson, evidently from the country, an elderly man with a thin, refined face, tanned like a fox-hunter's. They were looking at some I Zingari coats in the window. "You mean, I suppose," replied the parson, "you want to know how to win a coat like that for yourself? I fear I cannot tell you. You might become a very fine cricketer and a very fine gentleman, and yet never get a coat like that. Win it like one of the medals we saw in Spink's window! No, I am afraid not. Medals and blazers are both bright, but there the likeness ends. It is a pity there is not a special coat belonging to no club but the club of merit pure and simple—a new M.C.C.: one that every cricketer might hope to gain, no matter who he be, just as any priest in the Roman Catholic Church may hope to become a Cardinal.

What makes a cricketer, lad? Well, I should like to tell you a pure heart and a clean skin, and a well-aired body with muscles like silk from active health, no excess, always trying, no ifs or buts, and an early-morning eye"

And then they were lost in the crowd of passers-by. But I liked his sentiments, John, and took a note of them.

But, dear me, I have written too much. I'll write again about football. I have a point or two in mind for you.

Your affectionate Uncle,
CHARLES BURGESS.

P.S.—If you want that good bat of yours to be good next spring you must store it in some place which is neither hot nor cold nor liable to variations of temperature. And oil it once a fortnight. Better send it to my man Currie to keep for you. He knows as much about bats as about neck-ties, and that is all there is to know. He has a bat cupboard in his pantry. Nothing breaks up a bat like sudden changes of temperature.

Chamonix, Sept. 12th.

DEAR JOHN,—Had bad luck: sprained my left ankle. Now about your football. You wanted to know how to get into condition for this season. Well, I always tell boys that boys at school need no training. You, for instance, play some sort of game, football itself or fives, every day of the week; in fact, you take in your ordinary school day much more exercise than a professional football player takes. So if I were you I would not bother about training. Just live the good sound school life, and you ought to be in the pink of condition in a fortnight. Your practice games and punt-about will give you all the special training you need.

You are not much of a tuck-shop fellow, so I won't tell you that it is a bad thing to eat variety stuff between meals. But I have not a word to say against Mother Springer's afternoon teas. I wonder whether she makes omelettes as well as her mother did. By the way, John, there used to be some fine perch in the mill-pool near the old Sanatorium. Mother Springer used to cook them for us in flour. I found out the perch-hole when I had the mumps. By the way, I only came out of san. ten days before Sports' Day that year, as weak as a kitten: but I was fit in time and won my races. That shows you school life is good training, eh?

Mark me, most boys make a huge mistake in trying to superimpose extra training upon their ordinary hardy school régime. Boys

don't want training. They generally over-train and go stale and jaded.

What do I advise about football boots? Well, I must say I never did care much for the article ticketed as such in the catalogues. I liked a pair of strong light walking boots with a quarter of the heel sheared off. At school I used to adapt an old pair of ordinaries. But afterwards, when I played first-class football, I used to go an annual autumnal mucker and give three guineas a pair for boots made to measure and my own pattern. I don't know if it was worth it, but I would do it again; I do believe in the best boots. However, I daresay it was a fad; for many of the most brilliant International players have shown their best form in ten bob reach-me-downs. By the way, you should see that your football boots are not too long. Your big toes should come right to the end of them after you have worn them a fortnight. And the uppers should not come too high above the ankle joint. Most walking boots are nearly an inch too high. I don't believe in these new dodges of lacing up the side, and all sorts of flaps and ankle-protectors. A plain boot is the best. Something between a shooting boot and a running pump is what you want. But you'll have a job to get it unless the bootmakers have changed since my football days.

Did I ever tell you about Hillsbury? He was a magnificent outside-right. Played against Scotland, also for Cambridge and Derby County. Big chap with long heavy limbs, and a terrific stride. He would not wear boots; he played in thin patent-leather Oxford shoes; in the deepest Midland mud, too. Yet he used to drive a mud-laden ball like a cannon shot from thirty yards out. He'd have made a hole in the modern goal-nets, by Jove, and bothered the referees.

That reminds me, John. Strong kicking of all sorts, whether by clearing backs or by shooting forwards, is very much like hard hitting at cricket; it is a matter of accuracy and timing rather than of weight and strength. You might fancy that a heavy navy's boot (I mean a navy's heavy boot) would drive harder than Hillsbury's pumps. But it isn't so. It's the foot inside the boot that makes the odds, and the free swing of the leg in the nick of time. And the quick flick you put in from the knee and ankle in kicking is very much like the quick flick from elbow and wrist in hitting; it keeps the ball down, and also accelerates. Many hard hitters swing short and

get all their power from the wrists and elbows. In fact, opening the shoulders is a much over-rated proceeding. So too many powerful kickers and shots drive the ball by knee and ankle action, quick and crisp. There are fine kickers, I know, who gallop at the ball and use their legs like huge straight polo-sticks; but I fancy the other style.

You do not say what position you mean to fill. If I remember rightly, you used to be a centre-forward and full-back, and centre-half in turns in your junior days. You'll have to specialise now. But I expect you are waiting to see what place in the school team is the most open.

However, it is a good thing to have played in various positions. If I were a school captain again I would now and then organise a game with the backs and half-backs playing forward, and the forwards playing as defenders. A back does not realise how he ought to kick to make things easy for his forwards till he has played forward and found out the difference between a soaring sky-scraper and a low, good length kick—the difference to the forward who has to trap the ball. And a forward does not know how necessary it is for him to work back and hamper the opposing halves till he has played back against a high wind, and been bombarded for ten minutes on end. Yes, and it does a Soccer man good to play Rugby; teaches him to like being bowled over, and having his face trodden on; makes him hardy.

More anon. My doctor is here with liniment and a bandage like a garden roller.

Good luck,

Yours affectionately,

C. B.

Chamonix, Sept. 19th.

DEAR JOHN,—Referring to what you ask about whether a man can improve in kicking and in other football points in the same manner as he can in batting by watching good models and by adapting their methods—well, I should say yes, but not to the same extent, quite. You see, a stroke in cricket is a much more artificial and complicated affair than a kick. Still, there is this to be said, that clean smart kicking, just like clean smart hitting, depends chiefly upon balance and correctness of footwork, but especially on balance. Again, the art of kicking consists largely in making the kick easy by getting into the proper position in good time. You know how much stress I have always laid on

this point as regards batting. Whenever you find yourself in a sprawling position with your non-kicking foot too far from your kicking foot, you, *ipso facto*, make your kick more difficult than when you are well-poised, and have the ball at a natural convenient distance. Study to make things easy for yourself. Acrobatic sprawls and miraculous contortions are all very well if you find you cannot help them. But our G. O. Smiths and Crabtrees obtain their results by their skill in making difficult things easy. How do they do this? Well, chiefly by anticipating how the ball is coming to them and arranging themselves in good time. And the knack of anticipating comes from extreme and unflagging watchfulness.

By the way, keen watching of the moves of the game does something more than help you to arrange yourself so as to make your work easy; it promotes that extraordinary habit of anticipating where the ball is going, which is the mark of the best player, especially of the best half-backs. You have, no doubt, noticed how the tip-top half-backs like Needham, Houlker, Robertson and Raibeck, seem always to be in the right place without having to hurry to get there. That knack comes from watchfulness, not from inspired conjecture. It is worth cultivating.

Also note this. Nearly all fozzled or missed kicks are the result of not watching the ball closely enough. It is really a good plan in football, as in golf, to look at the place where the ball is, not the place where it has gone to, for an appreciable fraction of a second after you have actually delivered your kick. One is so very apt to take one's eye off the ball before one has kicked it, and to look at the place where one hopes to land the ball. Perhaps only a golfer or a batsman who has played on sticky wickets against good bowling really appreciates the great difference between watching and not watching the ball. Fozzling at golf, missing or miss-hitting at cricket, and mis-kicking, all mean, as a rule—eye off the ball. Just experiment with a driver and a golf-ball. You'll be surprised how far the club misses the ball if you lift your eye from the ball and look to where you hope to hit it. In football, the margin of error is greater. You can often look astray yet kick plumb. But that does not alter the principle involved, the principle at the root of success in all ball games. In cricket, there is a difference of class between the batsman who looks at the ball and the batsman who does not. In

football, perhaps, it would be an exaggeration to say this. But note the principle, John; it is one that applies always between man and ball.

My sprained ankle is better, thank you, but I shall not be about for days yet, worse luck.

Yours, C. B.

Paris, September 24th.

MY DEAR JOHN,—Certainly it will do you good to see professional footballers play. You are wrong in supposing that there is any difference between, say, R. E. Foster and Bloomer in essentials. I mean, you may equally well make either or both your models. It is quite true that some professionals make a practice of indulging in ornamental tricks such as needless dribbling round and round a sixpence. But such flummery is only meant to amuse the crowd and elicit a cheer from the uninitiated. The best pros. and the best amateurs are very much alike in the points on which their excellence depends. Bloomer, by the way, is not a "tricky" player; he is fast and clever, but does not waste time in ornamental dodges.

One point you should notice in the play of professionals, namely, their skill in trapping the ball. Amateurs, as a rule, fail in this; at least, the average amateur does; he seems to want so much time to get hold of the ball and to gain control of it. This is specially noticeable on muddy grounds. I do not quite know the reason of the pro.'s superiority in trapping, but I fancy it is chiefly a case of more practice. However, you will do well to study the point.

It is curious that the mediocre player who models himself on a noted professional generally succeeds in assimilating the tricks and the artful dodges, and in altogether missing the main points of excellence. I need not warn you against this error. A silk shirt does not make a Ranji!

True efficiency of every sort is, as a rule, achieved by simplicity of method; it is in football. If you try to be fanciful you are sure to go wrong. And you'll never succeed in football unless you go dead straight, meaning to have the ball at all costs. Chuck your heart through the goal and drive the ball after it!

Your affectionate Uncle,
C. BURGESS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondents one and all are always welcome to any information we can give them of a useful kind. But I would like my readers to en-

deavour to embody their inquiries in clear language and to write shortly and to the point. Many of the letters I receive are written in a style and form that show a lamentable mixture of carelessness and of inability to express simple ideas clearly. May I suggest that a letter that is worth writing is worth writing well. I do not refer to hand-writing, but to composition. This applies with double force to letters soliciting the favour of answers in this corner.

Athletic Goods.—I am constantly receiving inquiries about where to get bats, footballs, boxing-gloves, &c. Would it not be advisable for readers to refer to the advertisement pages of this magazine before writing for such information? Many of the best firms advertise in our pages. I take this opportunity of telling readers who may not be aware of it that Walter Wright, the old Kent bowler, who was also, by the way, a famous runner and trainer, is now the proprietor of a Sports Warehouse, Oxford-road, Reading, and may be relied on for the supply of first-rate articles for cricket, football, &c. I mention his name with a special eye to the fact that good running shoes are not easy to obtain. Walter Wright certainly knows a good running shoe, and will not supply a bad one.

R. S. Savill.—Nine centuries this year in first-class and seven in minor cricket. Certainly Walter Mead is one of the best bowlers of the day. Such a splendid trier is worth a place on any side. It is not at all certain he would not be a success in Australia.

E. V. W. (Jamaica).—In my opinion the proper way to breathe is through the nose. But, of course, if an athlete during severe exertion feels he is not getting enough air that way, he must use his mouth too. As regards your friend whose nostrils seemed to stick together "at the end of the race," I should say he has some defect of his air passage through the nostrils. In severe exertion the blood requires extra aeration. You must aerate it somehow, preferably by nose-breathing, otherwise anyhow.

Long 'Un.—Any one who is weak through over-growth or past illness should above all things avoid overdoing physical exertion. I should advise you to follow a careful system of extension exercises or free gymnastics as taught in the Army. Take care to do very light work at first. You ought also to do breathing exercises. Gale and Polden, of Aldershot, publish an excellent little book on breathing. And I expect you can get one on "Free Gymnastics" from them. Take all the open-air exercise you can of a non-violent description. It is wonderful how overgrown youths fill out and grow stronger, so you need not be otherwise than very hopeful.

A. J. Purnell.—A cricketer must reside two years in a county before he is qualified by residence for county cricket.

E. J. Ereaut.—White knickers are as good in every way as blue for football. Why not? Plain boots without ankle-pieces are the best. Look out for any first-rate athletic firm in our advertisement columns and send for a catalogue. Frank Sugg, of Liverpool, supplies good light football boots at various prices. It pays, however, to have football boots made to measure.

P. Dorey.—Dr. Wharton Hood is the best-known specialist for knee injuries. You can find his address in a London Directory. I cannot advise you myself without knowing how you injured your knee. But this I can tell you. You must first of all get your knee sound, not so much by resting it absolutely as by only using it in such a way that no strain

comes upon it. When it becomes sound it does not necessarily become strong. You must build up its strength by walking and other non-straining exercises before you think of playing football. Bicycling is probably the best means of building up a sound but weak knee.

A. Wilkie.—You can obtain a good hockey stick from any athletic outfitting firm. See our advertisements. But I doubt whether any firm will guarantee a stick not to break. Fair usage is a wide term in hockey. I recommend 23ozs. as the best all-round weight. You might write to H. Gradidge, Artillery-place, Woolwich. *Hockey*, by H. F. Battersby, is a little book you should consult.

A. Lomas.—You should train steadily and carefully for cross-country running. Avoid any really hard work for at least a fortnight after beginning training. Walk as much as you can in going to and from your work. You need not go out running more than two or three times a week. Avoid running too lightly clad. Consult the Badminton library book on athletics, which you can easily get from a library. *Training for Athletics*, by Harry Andrews, price 1s., is an excellent book.

Eric Arnold.—If you are, as you say, a constant reader of this magazine, you will have read my opinions about training, diet, &c., in my answers to correspondents and articles. Why not peruse back numbers?

A. Edward.—It is impossible for me to undertake to answer letters by post. This you would understand could you see the contents of my correspondence drawer at this moment. As for your shoulders, see above about free gymnastics. Get *Free Gymnastics* (Noakes), price 1s. 6d., published by Gale and Polden.

E. S. Stern.—It is not a no-ball under the rules if the bowler runs up but refrains from delivering the ball. On the other hand, if the umpire calls no-ball, he is not obliged to give his reason, and there is no appeal against his ruling. In the case you mention the umpire had no right to no-ball the bowler. But clearly it was necessary to prevent the bowler pursuing the idiotic tactics of repeatedly running up and refusing.

Ross Allian.—A batsman cannot be fairly out l.b.w. if the ball hits his bat before it hits his legs. If a forward is off-side before the ball rebounds from the bar he is also off-side afterwards, unless the ball first touches one of the opposite side. The last syllable of Bosanquet is pronounced like the last syllable of blanket.

C. V. Stevens.—The umpire was wrong in no-balling the bowler for breaking the wicket as he delivered the ball. But it was, of course, quite open to the batsman to refuse to play the ball, if he felt himself balked. As the batsman played the ball, he ought to have been given out; that is to say, the umpire ought not to have called no-ball.

A. M. Farquharson.—When batsmen repeatedly back up out of their ground before the ball is bowled they are taking an unfair advantage which they have no right whatever to take. In such cases the bowler has every right to put the wicket down. When a batsman backs up unfairly he cannot complain of the consequences. It is usually considered proper to warn a batsman before putting him out in this way. The procedure of your captain in recalling the batsman was out of order. This reply also answers J. W. N.

Bunnie.—You can obtain *Wisden's Almanack* at any bookstall when it comes out. Back numbers of *Wisden* are sometimes difficult to obtain, but

you might apply to J. Wisden, Cranbourne-street, W.C. On present form Lilley, Strudwick, and Martyn are better wicket-keepers than the other man you mention. Thank you for your kind wishes.

Aeneas.—You are rather tall for your age, but that does not matter if you are strong in proportion. Your bat should weigh 2lbs. 3 to 4ozs.

N. Maccrae.—Sorry I could not reply by post. I do not know whether the performance of H. McHaffie in taking six wickets for one run is a record. I fancy it has been done for 0 runs.

H. Martin.—You will find some excellent hints on high jumping in the *Athletics Book of the All England Series*, price 1s. Any bookseller would get it for you.

Beginner.—If you have a guinea to spend on a cricket bat, you can obtain a splendid article from any maker of repute. You might write to Alfred Shaw, Nottingham, mentioning your height and age. I do not recommend a cork-handle bat. Keep a bat in a dry place such as a cupboard, not in a hot room or anywhere near a fire. Wipe it with an oily rag once a fortnight in the winter. It is quite immaterial what guard you take provided you stand with your toes just clear of the leg stump. Most first-class cricketers take block so that their bat when grounded covers both the middle and the leg stump. My book on cricket is very different from Ranjitsinhji's. It is an album of pictures of batsmen and bowlers with a descriptive text. I hope your school-fellow, R. G. MacLaren, will turn out as good a player as his brother.

H. S. Orme.—Here are the centuries: 174 v. Worcester, 181 v. Lancashire, 234 v. Yorkshire, 200 v. Surrey, 232 not out v. Players, 160 v. Hampshire, 127 not out v. Leicestershire, 138 v. Kent, 101 not out v. Kent. It is certainly a good plan to have practice games in which the first team forwards with the second team backs and half-backs play against the second team forwards with the first team defence. But you must not omit to practise the first team together as a whole. You see, nothing is more important than perfect harmony and interdependence between the forwards and the half-backs. It is a good plan to play the first team against the second, strengthening the latter by any outside help you can obtain. Masters, for instance.

W. G. Dinham.—Mr. Murdoch, at Lord's Pavilion, would probably be able to tell you the name of the photographer who took the groups of the Gentlemen and Players at Lord's this year. The operator promised me two copies gratis as usual, but as usual, I did not get them.

W. W. Couchman.—It is certainly not right to postpone an athletic meeting for ordinary bad weather. It is only done in the case of big meetings when the weather—snow, for instance—renders the track totally unfit. In the case you mention, it does not appear to me a proper proceeding to reopen the entries. Your friend can claim his entrance fee to be repaid. He should write to the Secretary or the person to whom he sent the fee.

F. Lukey (Melbourne).—The cricket colours of Essex are dark blue with the Essex crest; those of Kent dark blue with the white horse of Kent as a badge.

Merry England.—For advice on long distance swimming consult *Swimming*, by Montagu A. Holbein, price 1s., from any book-shop.

Ocobo.—If the fieldsmen held the ball for 1½ seconds, and long enough for the other fieldsmen to start clapping, it appears to me he held it long

enough to constitute a catch. But in any case the batsman should have been wide-awake enough not to leave his wicket until he was sure he was out. Of course it was hard luck on the batsman if the premature applause deluded him into thinking he was caught; but I do not see that he could blame any one but himself for being run out.

C. Stead.—See last answer. For boxing I recommend Capt. Edgeworth Johnstone's little book published by Gale and Polden, 2 Amen-corner, E.C.

Munji.—Mr. K. R. B. Fry has played several times for Cambridge in trial matches, but, as he has not played for Cambridge against Oxford at Lord's, he is not a Blue.

Jiky.—There is no form of athletics which can be recommended specifically as conducive to increasing stature. But all outdoor games and all exercises which promote health and strength are likely to increase your stature if indulged in with moderation, the more so if you eat good plain food and avoid stimulants and tobacco. I cannot honestly say I think that three cigarettes a day at your age

would interfere with your growth. But the worst of cigarettes is, that people who start by smoking three a day often progress perversely to thirty. One mis-spent sovereign does not make a spend-thrift, but the process of "just one more" does.

J. V. R.—It takes in ordinary cases many years to become a member of M.C.C. You must be proposed and seconded by members. The I Zingari is a private club representing a very narrow section of cricket.

John Patrick (New Zealand).—Thank you very much for the interesting cutting about the final match for the Senior Championship between the Midland and Wellington Clubs. Sorry I have not space to quote it in full. We are always delighted to hear from the Colonies.

C. R. Fry



GOLF BALL:—"Why don't you hit one your own size?"

By Felix Leigh.

SOME EASY SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENTS.



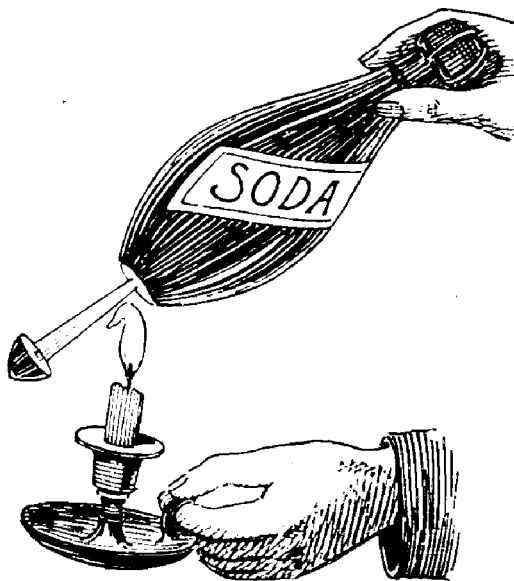
TO MAKE A HARD-BOILED EGG ENTER A BOTTLE.

Remove the shell and burn paper in the bottle. Then place the egg in the mouth, and, as the bottle cools, the egg will be drawn into it.



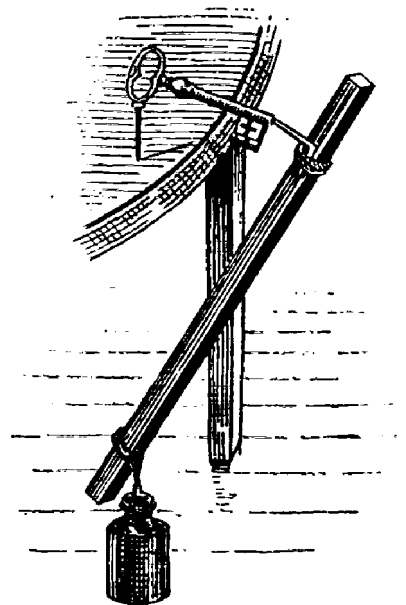
TO MAKE A NEEDLE FLOAT ON WATER.

Float a piece of paper on the water and place the needle upon it; when soaked, the paper will sink, leaving the needle floating.



TO OPEN A SODA-WATER BOTTLE WITHOUT TOUCHING THE CORK.

Apply a candle flame to the point of the bottle, keeping the same pointed towards the floor.



A CURIOSITY IN EQUILIBRIUM
Which will greatly interest CAPTAIN
readers who try this experiment as
indicated

THE GOLD BAT

A
PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY
BY
P. G. WODEHOUSE
AUTHOR OF
"THE POTHUNTERS"
"THE MANŒUVRES OF
CHARTERIS" ET



Illustrated by

T. M. R. WHITWELL.

SYNOPSIS.

THE "gold bat" from which this story takes its title is a small ornament worn by Trevor, captain of the Wrykyn School XV., on his watch-chain. This bat Trevor has lent to O'Hara, an unruly Irishman, who, whilst employed on a midnight expedition whereof the object is tarring and feathering the Mayor of Wrykyn's statue, loses the little bat, and thereby fills Trevor with consternation, for, should the bat be found near the scene of the outrage, Trevor sees that he will be placed in an exceedingly awkward position. About this time Trevor is experiencing some difficulty in filling the fifteenth place in his team. Rand-Brown, a big three-quarter in the Second XV., would seem to be the most likely selection, but he is observed to funk badly in a trial match, and so Trevor displaces him in favour of Barry, a smaller but far more reliable three-quarter who has hitherto played for the Third XV. Soon after this, the school learns that a mysterious League has been formed by a number of fellows unknown who intend to enforce their views and wishes by acts of violence. The League first wrecks the study of Mill, a prefect, and then proceeds to warn Trevor in an anonymous letter that its members do not desire Barry to continue to play for the First XV.

CHAPTER V.

MILL RECEIVES VISITORS.

TREATOR'S first idea was that somebody had sent the letter for a joke. Clowes was his choice.

He sounded him on the subject after breakfast.

"Did you send me that letter?" he enquired, when Clowes came into his study to borrow a Sportsman.

"What letter? Did you send the teams for to-morrow up to the sporter? I wonder what sort of a lot the town are bringing."

"About not giving Barry his footer colours?"

Clowes was reading the paper.

"Giving whom?" he asked.

"Barry. Can't you listen?"

"Giving him what?"

"Footer colours."

"What about them?"

Trevor sprang at the paper, and tore it away from him. After which he sat on the fragments.

"Did you send me a letter about not giving Barry his footer colours?"

Clowes surveyed him with the air of a nurse to whom the family baby has just said some more than usually good thing.

"Don't stop," he said, "I could listen all day."

Trevor felt in his pocket for the note, and flung it at him. Clowes picked it up, and read it gravely.

"What are footer colours?" he asked.

"Well," said Trevor, "it's a pretty rotten sort of joke, whoever sent it. You haven't said yet whether you did or not."

"What earthly reason should I have for sending it? And I think you're making a mistake if you think this is meant as a joke."

"You don't really believe this League rot?"

"You didn't see Mill's study 'after treatment.' I did. Anyhow, how do you account for the card I showed you?"

"But that sort of thing doesn't happen at school."

"Well, it *has* happened, you see."

"Who do you think did send the letter, then?"

"The president of the League."

"And who the dickens is the president of the League when he's at home?"

"If I knew that, I should tell Mill, and earn his blessing. Not that I want it."

"Then, I suppose," snorted Trevor, "you'd suggest that on the strength of this letter, I'd better leave Barry out of the team?"

"Satirically in brackets," commented Clowes.

"It's no good your jumping on *me*," he added.

"I've done nothing. All I suggest is that you'd better keep more or less of a lookout. If this League's anything like the old one, you'll find they've all sorts of ways of getting at people they don't love. I shouldn't like to come down for a bath some morning, and find you already in possession, tied up like Robinson. When they found Robinson, he was quite blue both as to the face and speech. He didn't speak very clearly, but what one could catch was well worth hearing. I should advise you to sleep with a loaded revolver under your pillow."

"The first thing I shall do is find out who wrote this letter."

"I should," said Clowes, encouragingly. "Keep moving."

In Seymour's house the Mill's study incident formed the only theme of conversation that morning. Previously the sudden elevation to the first fifteen of Barry, who was popular in the house, at the expense of Rand-Brown, who was unpopular, had given Seymour's something to talk about. But the ragging of the study put this topic entirely in the shade. The study was still on view in almost its original condition of disorder, and all day comparative strangers flocked to see Mill in his den, in order to inspect things. Mill was a youth with few friends, and it is probable that more of his fellow-Seymourites crossed the threshold of his study on the day after the occurrence than had visited him in the entire course of his school career. Brown would come in to borrow a knife, would sweep the room with one comprehensive glance, and depart, to be followed at brief intervals by Smith, Robinson, and Jones, who came respectively to learn the right time, to borrow a book, and to ask him if he had seen a pencil anywhere. Towards the end of the day Mill would seem to have wearied somewhat of the proceedings, as was proved when Master Thomas Renford, aged fourteen (who fagged for Milton, the head of the house), burst in on the thin pretence that he had mistaken the study for that of his rightful master, and gave vent to a prolonged whistle of surprise and satisfaction at the sight of the ruins. On that occa-

sion the incensed owner of the dismantled study, taking a mean advantage of the fact that he was a prefect, and so entitled to wield the rod, produced a handy swagger-stick from an adjacent corner, and, inviting Master Renford to bend over, gave him six of the best to remember him by. Which ceremony being concluded, he kicked him out into the passage, and Renford went down to the junior day-room to tell his friend Harvey about it.

"Gave me six, the cad," said he, "just because I had a look at his beastly study. Why shouldn't I look at his study if I like! I've a jolly good mind to go up and have another squirt."

Harvey warily approved the scheme.

"No, I don't think I will," said Renford with a yawn. "It's such a fag going upstairs."

"Yes, isn't it?" said Harvey.

"And he's such a beast, too."

"Yes, isn't he?" said Harvey.

"I'm jolly glad his study *has* been ragged," continued the vindictive Renford.

"It's jolly exciting, isn't it?" added Harvey. "And I thought this term was going to be slow. The Easter term generally is."

This remark seemed to suggest a train of thought to Renford, who made the following cryptic observation. "Have you seen them to-day?"

To the ordinary person the words would have conveyed little meaning. To Harvey they appeared to teem with import.

"Yes," he said, "I saw them early this morning."

"Were they all right?"

"Yes. Splendid."

"Good," said Renford.

Barry's friend Drummond was one of those who had visited the scene of the disaster early, before Mill's energetic hand had repaired the damage done, and his narrative was consequently in some demand.

"The place was in a frightful muck," he said. "Everything smashed except the table. And ink all over the place. Whoever did it must have been fairly sick with him, or he'd never have taken the trouble to do it so thoroughly. Made a fair old hash of things, didn't he, Bertie?"

"Bertie" was the form in which the school elected to serve up the name of De Bertini. Raoul de Bertini was a French boy who had come to Wrykyn in the previous term. Drummond's father had met his father in Paris, and Drummond was supposed to be looking after Bertie. They shared a study together. Bertie could not speak much English, and what he did speak was like Mill's furniture, badly broken.

"Pardon?" he said.

"Doesn't matter," said Drummond, "it wasn't anything important. I was only appealing to you for corroborative detail to give artistic verisimilitude to a bald and unconvincing narrative."

Bertie grinned politely. He always grinned when he was not quite equal to the intellectual pressure of the conversation. As a consequence of which he was generally, like Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast, substantial smile.

"I never liked Mill much," said Barry. "But I think it's rather bad luck on the man."

"Once," announced McTodd, solemnly, "he kicked me—for making a row in the passage." It was plain that the recollection rankled.

Barry would probably have pointed out what an excellent and praiseworthy act on Mill's part that had been, when Rand-Brown came in.

"Prefects' meeting?" he enquired. "Or haven't they made you a prefect yet, McTodd?"

McTodd said they had not.

Nobody present liked Rand-Brown, and they looked at him rather enquiringly, as if to ask what he had come for. A friend may drop in for a chat. An acquaintance must justify his intrusion.

Rand-Brown ignored the silent enquiry. He seated himself on the table, and dragged up a chair to rest his legs on.

"Talking about Mill, of course?" he said.

"Yes," said Drummond. "Have you seen his study since it happened?"

"Yes."

Rand-Brown smiled, as if the recollection amused him. He was one of those people who do not look their best when they smile.

"Playing for the first to-morrow, Barry?"

"I don't know," said Barry, shortly. "I haven't seen the list."

He objected to the introduction of the topic. It is never pleasant to have to discuss games with the very man one has ousted from the team.

Drummond, too, seemed to feel that the situation was an embarrassing one, for a few minutes later he got up to go over to the gymnasium.

"Any of you chaps coming?" he asked.

Barry and McTodd thought they would, and the three left the room.

"Nothing like showing a man you don't want him, eh, Bertie? What do you think?" said Rand-Brown.

Bertie grinned politely.

was to include Barry in the team against the town. It was what he would have done in any case, but under the circumstances he felt a peculiar pleasure in doing it. The incident also had the effect of recalling to his mind the fact that he had tried Barry in the first instance on his own responsibility, without consulting the committee. The committee of the first fifteen consisted of the two old colours who came immediately after the captain on the list. The powers of a committee varied according to the determination and truculence of the members of it. On any definite and important step, affecting the welfare of the fifteen, the captain theoretically could not move without their approval. But if the captain happened to be strong-minded and the committee weak, they were apt to be slightly out of it, and the captain would develop a habit of consulting them a day or so after he had done a thing. He would give a man his colours, and inform the committee of it on the following afternoon, when the thing was done and could not be repealed.

Trevor was accustomed to ask the advice of his lieutenants fairly frequently. He never gave colours, for instance, off his own bat. It seemed to him that it might be as well to learn what views Milton and Allardyce had on the subject of Barry, and, after the town team had gone back across the river defeated by a goal and a try to nil, he changed and went over to Seymour's to interview Milton.

Milton was in an arm-chair, watching Renford brew tea. His was one of the few studies in the school in which there was an arm-chair. With the majority of his contemporaries it would only run to the portable kind that fold up.

"Come and have some tea, Trevor," said Milton.

"Thanks. If there's any going."

"Heaps. Is there anything to eat, Renford?"

The fog, appealed to on this important point, pondered darkly for a moment.

"There was some cake," he said.

"That's all right," interrupted Milton, cheerfully. "Scratch the cake. I ate it before the match. Isn't there anything else?"

Milton had a healthy appetite.

"Then there used to be some biscuits."

"Biscuits are off. I finished 'em yesterday. Look here, young Renford, what you'd better do is cut across to the shop and get some more cake and some more biscuits, and tell 'em to put it down to me. And don't be long."

"A miles better idea would be to send him over to Donaldson's to fetch something from my study," suggested Trevor. "It isn't nearly so far, and I've got heaps of stuff."

"Ripping. Cut over to Donaldson's, young

CHAPTER VI.

TREVOR REMAINS FIRM.

THE MOST immediate effect of telling anybody not to do a thing is to make him do it, in order to assert his independence.

Trevor's first act on receipt of the letter

Renford. As a matter of fact," he added, confidentially, when the emissary had vanished, "I'm not half sure that the other dodge would have worked. They seem to think at the shop that I've had about enough things on tick lately. I haven't settled up for last term yet. I've spent all I've got on this study. What do you think of those photographs?"

Trevor got up and inspected them. They filled the mantelpiece and most of the wall above it. They were exclusively theatrical photographs, and of a variety to suit all tastes. For the earnest student of the drama there was Sir Henry Irving in *The Bells*, and Mr. Martin Harvey in *The Only Way*. For the admirers of the merely beautiful there were Messrs. Dan Leno and Herbert Campbell.

"Not bad," said Trevor. "Beastly waste of money."

"Waste of money!" Milton was surprised and pained at the criticism. "Why, you must spend your money on *something*."

"What's the good of them?" enquired Trevor.

"That reminds me of a story a chap told me at camp last year. The headmaster of his school had gone up to Oxford to see some of the Old Boys there. The first man he called on was a chap of the name of O'Flynn. 'How do you do, O'Flynn?' he said. 'How do you do, sir?' said O'Flynn. Then he looked round the room. The first thing he saw was a large photograph of some actress or other. The next thing he saw was a still larger photograph of the same lady. After that he made a tour of the room in dead silence. There were nineteen of the photographs altogether. 'Do you find it necessary to have all these photographs, O'Flynn?' he said. 'Yes, sir,' said O'Flynn. 'Good-bye, O'Flynn,' said the headmaster. And he went, and has never been near him since."

"Rot, I call it," said Trevor. "If you want to collect something, why don't you collect something worth having?"

Just then Renford came back with the supplies.

"Thanks," said Milton, "put 'em down. Does the billy boil, young Renford?"

Renford asked for explanatory notes.

"You're a bit of an ass at times, aren't you?" said Milton kindly. "What I meant was, is the tea ready? If it is, you can scoot. If it isn't, buck up with it."

A sound of bubbling and a rush of steam from the spout of the kettle proclaimed that the billy did boil. Renford extinguished the Etna, and left the room, while Milton, murmuring vague formulæ about "one spoonful for each person and one for the pot," got out of his chair with a

groan—for the town match had been an energetic one—and began to prepare tea.

"What I really came round about—" began Trevor.

"Half a second. I can't find the milk."

He went to the door, and shouted for Renford. On that overworked youth's appearance the following dialogue took place.

"Where's the milk?"

"What milk?"

"My milk."

"There isn't any." This in a tone not tinged with triumph, as if the speaker realised that here was a distinct score to him.

"No milk?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"You never had any."

"Well, just cut across—no, half a second. What are you doing downstairs?"

"Having tea."

"Then you've got milk?"

"Only a little." This apprehensively.

"Bring it up. You can have what we leave."

Disgusted retirement of Master Renford.

"What I really came about," said Trevor again, "was business."

"Colours?" enquired Milton, rummaging in the tin for biscuits with sugar on them. "Good brand of biscuit you keep, Trevor."

"Yes. I think we might give Alexander and Parker their third."

"All right. Any others?"

"Barry his second, do you think?"

"Rather. He played a good game to-day. He's an improvement on Rand-Brown."

"Glad you think so. I was wondering whether it was the right thing to do, chucking Rand-Brown out after one trial like that. But still, if you think Barry's better——"

"Streets better. I've had heaps of chances of watching them, and comparing them, when they've been playing for the house. It isn't only that Rand-Brown can't tackle, and Barry can. Barry takes his passes much better, and doesn't lose his head when he's pressed."

"Just what I thought," said Trevor. "Then you'd go on playing him for the first?"

"Rather. He'll get better every game, you'll see, as he gets more used to playing in the first three-quarter line. And he's as keen a anything on getting into the team. Practices taking passes and that sort of thing every day."

"Well, he'll get his colours if we lick Ripton."

"We ought to lick them. They've lost one of their forwards, Clifford, a red-haired chap, who was good out of touch. I don't know if you remember him."

"I suppose I ought to go and see Allardyce about these colours, now. Good-bye."

There was running and passing on the Monday for every one in the three teams. Trevor and Clowes met Mr. Seymour as they were returning. Mr. Seymour was the football master at Wrykyn.

"I see you've given Barry his second, Trevor,"

"Yes, sir."

"I think you're wise to play him for the first. He knows the game, which is the great thing, and he will improve with practice," said Mr. Seymour, thus corroborating Milton's words of the previous Saturday.

"I'm glad Seymour thinks Barry good," said Trevor, as they walked on. "I shall go on playing him now."

"Found out who wrote that letter yet?"

Trevor laughed.

"Not yet," he said.

"Probably Rand-Brown," suggested Clowes. "He's the man who would gain most by Barry's not playing. I hear he had a row with Mill just before his study was ragged."

"Everybody in Seymour's has had rows with Mill some time or other," said Trevor.

Clowes stopped at the door of the junior day-room to find his fag. Trevor went on upstairs. In the passage he met Ruthven.

Ruthven seemed excited.

"I say, Trevor," he exclaimed, "have you seen your study?"

"Why, what's the matter with it?"

"You'd better go and look."

CHAPTER VII.

"WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE LEAGUE."

TREAVOR went and looked.

It was rather an interesting sight. An earthquake or a cyclone might have made it a little more picturesque, but not much more. The general effect was not unlike that of an American saloon, after a visit from Mrs. Carrie Nation (with hatchet). As in the case of Mill's study, the only thing that did not seem to have suffered any great damage was the table. Everything else looked rather off colour. The mantelpiece had been swept as bare as a bone, and its contents littered the floor. Trevor dived among the débris and retrieved the latest addition to his art gallery, the photograph of this year's first fifteen. It was a wreck. The glass was broken and the photograph itself slashed with a knife till most of the

faces were unrecognisable. He picked up another treasure, last year's first eleven. Smashed glass again. Faces cut about with knife as before. His collection of snapshots was torn into a thousand fragments, though, as Mr. Jerome said of the papier-mâché trout, there may only have been nine hundred. He did not count them. His bookshelf was empty. The books had gone to swell the contents of the floor. There was a Shakespeare with its cover off. Pages twenty-two to thirty-one of *Vice Versá* had parted from the parent establishment, and were lying by themselves near the door. *The Rogues' March* lay just beyond them, and the look of the cover suggested that somebody had either been biting it or jumping on it with heavy boots.

There was other damage. Over the mantelpiece in happier days had hung a dozen sea gulls' eggs, threaded on a string. The string was still there, as good as new, but of the eggs nothing was to be seen, save a fine parti-coloured powder—on the floor, like everything else in the study. And a good deal of ink had been upset in one place and another.

Trevor had been staring at the ruins for some time, when he looked up to see Clowes standing in the doorway.

"Hullo," said Clowes, "been tidying up?"

Trevor made a few hasty comments on the situation. Clowes listened approvingly.

"Don't you think," he went on, eyeing the study with a critical air, "that you've got too many things on the floor, and too few anywhere else? And I should move some of those books on to the shelf, if I were you."

Trevor breathed very hard.

"I should like to find the chap who did this," he said softly.

Clowes advanced into the room and proceeded to pick up various misplaced articles of furniture in a helpful way.

"I thought so," he said, presently, "come and look here."

Tied to a chair exactly as it had been in the case of Mill, was a neat white card, and on it were the words "*With the Compliments of the League.*"

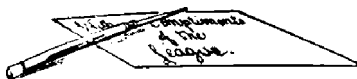
"What are you going to do about this?" asked Clowes. "Come into my room and talk it over."

"I'll tidy this place up first," said Trevor. He felt that the work would be a relief. "I don't want people to see this. It mustn't get about. I'm not going to have my study turned into a sort of side-show, like Mill's. You go and change. I sha'n't be long."

"I will never desert Mr. Micawber," said



"I SHOULD LIKE TO FIND THE
CHAP WHO DID THIS," HE SAID,
SOFTLY.



Clowes. "Friend, me place is by your side. Shut the door and let's get to work."

Ten minutes later the room had resumed a more or less—though principally less—normal appearance. The books and chairs were back in their places. The ink was sopped up. The broken photographs were stacked in a neat pile in one corner, with a rug over them. The mantelpiece was still empty, but, as Clowes pointed out, it now merely looked as if Trevor had been pawning some of his household gods. There was no sign that a devastating secret society had raged through the study.

Then they adjourned to Clowes' study, where Trevor sank into Clowes' second-best chair—Clowes by an adroit measure having appropriated the best one—with a sigh of enjoyment. Running and passing, followed by the toil of furniture-shifting, had made him feel quite tired.

"It doesn't look so bad now," he said, thinking of the room they had left. "By the way, what did you do with that card?"

"Here it is. Want it?"

"You can keep it. I don't want it."

"Thanks. If this sort of thing goes on, I shall get quite a nice collection of these cards. Start an album some day."

"You know," said Trevor, "this is getting serious."

"It always does get serious when anything bad happens to one's self. It always strikes one as rather funny when things happen to other people. When Mill's study was wrecked, I bet you regarded it as an amusing and original 'turn.' What do you think of the present effort?"

"Who on earth can have done it?"

"The Pres—"

"Oh, dry up. Of course it was. But who the blazes is he?"

"Nay, children, you have me there," quoted Clowes. "I'll tell you one thing, though. You remember what I said about it's probably being Rand-Brown. He can't have done this, that's certain, because he was out in the fields the whole time. Though I don't see who else could have anything to gain by Barry not getting his colours."

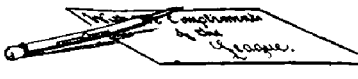
"There's no reason to suspect him at all, as far as I can see. I don't know much about him, bar the fact that he can't play footer for nuts, but I've never heard anything against him. Have you?"

"I scarcely know him myself. He isn't liked in Seymour's, I believe."

"Well, anyhow, this can't be his work."

"That's what I said."

"For all we know, the League may have got their knife into Barry for some reason. You



said they used to get their knife into fellows in that way. Anyhow, I mean to find out who ragged my room."

"It wouldn't be a bad idea," said Clowes.

O'Hara came round to Donaldson's before morning school next day to tell Trevor that he had not yet succeeded in finding the lost bat. He found Trevor and Clowes in the former's den, trying to put a few finishing touches to the same.

"Hullo, an' what's up with ye're study?" he enquired. He was quick at noticing things. Trevor looked annoyed. Clowes asked the visitor if he did not think the study presented a neat and gentlemanly appearance.

"Where are all ye're photographs, Trevor?" persisted the descendant of Irish kings.

"It's no good trying to conceal anything from the bhoys," said Clowes. "Sit down, O'Hara—mind that chair; it's rather wobbly—and I will tell ye the story."

"Can you keep a thing dark?" enquired Trevor.

O'Hara protested that toms were not in it.

"Well, then, do you remember what happened to Mill's study? That's what's been going on here."

O'Hara nearly fell off his chair with surprise. That some philanthropist should rag Mill's study was only to be expected. Mill was one of the worst—a worm without a saving grace. But Trevor! Captain of football! In the first eleven! The thing was unthinkable.

"But who—?" he began.

"That's just what I want to know," said Trevor, shortly. He did not enjoy discussing the affair.

"How long have you been at Wrykyn, O'Hara?" said Clowes.

O'Hara made a rapid calculation. His fingers twiddled in the air as he worked out the problem.

"Six years," he said at last, leaning back exhausted with brain work.

"Then you must remember the League?"

"Remember the League? Rather."

"Well, it's been revived."

O'Hara whistled.

"This'll liven the old place up," he said. "I've often thought of reviving it meself. An' so has Moriarty. If it's anything like the old League, there's going to be a sort of Donnybrook before it's done with. I wonder who's running it this time."

"We should like to know that. If you find out, you might tell us."

"I will."

"And don't tell anybody else," said Trevor.



"This business has got to be kept quiet. Keep it dark about my study having been ragged."

"I won't tell a soul."

"Not even Moriarty."

"Oh, hang it, man," put in Clowes, "you don't want to kill the poor bhoys, surely? You must let him tell one person."

"All right," said Trevor, "you can tell Moriarty. But nobody else, mind."

O'Hara promised that Moriarty should receive the news exclusively.

"But why did the League go for ye?"

"They happen to be down on me. It doesn't matter why. They are."

"I see," said O'Hara. "Oh," he added, "about that bat. The search is being 'vigorously prosecuted'—that's a newspaper quotation—"

"Times?" enquired Clowes.

"Wrykyn Patriot," said O'Hara, pulling out a bundle of letters. He inspected each envelope in turn, and from the fifth extracted a newspaper cutting.

"Read that," he said.

It was from the local paper, and ran as follows:—

"*Hooligan Outrage.*—A painful sensation has been caused in the town by a deplorable ebullition of local Hooliganism which has resulted in the wanton disfigurement of the splendid statue of Sir Eustace Briggs which stands in the New Recreation Grounds. Our readers will recollect that the statue was erected to commemorate the return of Sir Eustace as member for the borough of Wrykyn, by an overwhelming majority, at the last election. Last Tuesday some youths of the town, passing through the Recreation Grounds early in the morning, noticed that the face and body of the statue were completely covered with leaves and some black substance, which on examination proved to be tar. They speedily lodged information at the police station. Everything seems to point to a party spite as the motive for the outrage. In view of the forthcoming election such an act is highly significant, and will serve sufficiently to indicate the tactics employed by our opponents. The search for the perpetrator (or perpetrators) of the dastardly act is being vigorously prosecuted, and we learn with satisfaction that the police have already several clues."

"Clues!" said Clowes, handing back the paper, "that means *the bat*. That gas about 'our opponents' is all a blind to put you off your guard. You wait. There'll be more painful sensations before you've finished with this business."

"They can't have found the bat, or why did they not say so?" observed O'Hara.

"Guile," said Clowes, "pure guile. If I were you, I should escape while I could. Try Callao. There's no extradition there."

'On no petition
Is extradition
Allowed in Callao.'

Either of you chaps coming over to school?"

CHAPTER VIII.

O'HARA ON THE TRACK.

TUESDAY mornings at Wrykyn were devoted—up to the quarter to eleven interval—to the study of mathematics.

That is to say, instead of going to their form-rooms, the various forms visited the out-of-the-way nooks and dens at the top of the buildings where the mathematical masters were wont to lurk, and spent a pleasant two hours there playing round games or reading fiction under the desk. Mathematics being one of the few branches of school learning which are of the most use in after life, nobody ever dreamed of doing any work in that direction. Least of all O'Hara. It was a theory of O'Hara's that he came to school to enjoy himself. To have done any work during a mathematics lesson would have struck him as a positive waste of time. Especially as he was in Mr. Banks' class. Mr. Banks was a master who simply cried out to be ragged. Everything he did and said seemed to invite the members of his class to amuse themselves. And they amused themselves accordingly. One of the advantages of being under him was that it was possible to predict to a nicety the moment when one would be sent out of the room. This was found very convenient.

O'Hara's ally, Moriarty, was accustomed to take his mathematics with Mr. Morgan, whose room was directly opposite Mr. Banks'. With Mr. Morgan it was not quite so easy to date one's expulsion from the room under ordinary circumstances, and in the normal wear and tear of the morning's work, but there was one particular action which could always be relied upon to produce the desired result. In one corner of the room stood a gigantic globe. The problem—how did it get into the room?—was one that had exercised the minds of many generations of Wrykynians. It was much too big to have come through the door. Some thought that the block had been built round it, others that it had been placed in the room in infancy, and had since grown. To refer the question to Mr. Morgan would in six cases out of ten mean instant departure from the room. But to make the event certain, it was necessary to grasp the globe firmly



and spin it round on its axis. That always proved successful. Mr. Morgan would dash down from his dais, address the offender in spirited terms, and give him his marching orders at once and without further trouble.

Moriarty had arranged with O'Hara to set the globe rolling at ten sharp on this particular morning. O'Hara would then so arrange matters with Mr. Banks that they could meet in the passage at that hour, when O'Hara wished to impart to his friend his information concerning the League.

O'Hara promised to be at the trysting place at the hour mentioned.

He did not think there would be any difficulty about it. The news that the League had been revived meant that there would be trouble in the very near future, and the prospect of trouble was meat and drink to the Irishman in O'Hara. Consequently he felt in particularly good form for mathematics (as he interpreted the word). He thought that he would have no difficulty whatever in keeping Mr. Banks bright and amused. The first step had to be to arouse in him an interest in life, to bring him into a frame of mind which would induce him to look severely rather than leniently on the next offender. This was effected as follows:—

It was Mr. Banks' practice to set his class sums to work out, and, after some three-quarters of an hour had elapsed, to pass round the form what he called "solutions." These were large sheets of paper, on which he had worked out each sum in his neat handwriting to a happy ending. When the head of the form, to whom they were passed first, had finished with them, he would make a slight tear in one corner, and, having done so, hand them on to his neighbour. The neighbour, before giving them to his neighbour, would also tear them slightly. In time they would return to their patentee and proprietor, and it was then that things became exciting.

"Who tore these solutions like this?" asked Mr. Banks, in the repressed voice of one who is determined that he *will* be calm.

No answer. The tattered solutions waved in the air.

He turned to Harringay, the head of the form.

"Harringay, did you tear these solutions like this?"

Indignant negative from Harringay. What he had done had been to make the small tear in the top left-hand corner. If Mr. Banks had asked, "Did you make this small tear in the top left-hand corner of these solutions?" Harringay would have scorned to deny the impeachment. But to claim the credit for the whole work would, he felt, be an act of flat dishonesty, and an injustice to his gifted *collaborateurs*.

"No, sir," said Harringay.

"Browne!"

"Yes, sir?"

"Did you tear these solutions in this manner?"

"No, sir."

And so on through the form.

Then Harringay rose after the manner of the debater who is conscious that he is going to say the popular thing.

"Sir——" he began.

"Sit down, Harringay."

Harringay gracefully waved aside the absurd command.

"Sir," he said, "I think I am expressing the general consensus of opinion among my—ahem—fellow-students, when I say that this class sincerely regrets the unfortunate state the solutions have managed to get themselves into."

"Hear, hear!" from a back bench.

"It is with——"

"Sit down, Harringay."

"It is with heartfelt——"

"Harringay, if you do not sit down——"

"As your lordship pleases." This *sotto voce*.

And Harringay resumed his seat amidst applause. O'Hara got up.

"As me frind who has just sat down was about to observe——"

"Sit down, O'Hara. The whole form will remain after the class."

"——the unfortunate state the solutions have managed to get thimselves into is sincerely regretted by this class. Sir, I think I am ixprissing the general consensus of opinion among my fellow-students whin I say that it is with heartfelt sorrow——"

"O'Hara!"

"Yes, sir?"

"Leave the room instantly."

"Yes, sir."

From the tower across the gravel came the melodious sound of chimes. The college clock was beginning to strike ten. He had scarcely got into the passage, and closed the door after him, when a roar as of a bereaved spirit rang through the room opposite, followed by a string of words, the only intelligible one being the noun-substantive "globe," and the next moment the door opened and Moriarty came out. The last stroke of ten was just booming from the clock.

There was a large cupboard in the passage, the top of which made a very comfortable seat. They climbed on to this, and began to talk business.

"An' what was it ye wanted to tell me?" enquired Moriarty.

O'Hara related what he had learned from Trevor that morning.

"An' do ye know," said Moriarty, when he had finished, "I half suspected, when I heard



that Mill's study had been ragged, that it might be the League that had done it. If ye remember, it was what they enjoyed doing, breaking up a man's happy home. They did it frequently."

"But I can't understand them doing it to Trevor at all."

"They'll do it to anybody they choose till they're caught at it."

"If they are caught, there'll be a row."

"We must catch 'em," said Moriarty.

Like O'Hara he revelled in the prospect of a disturbance. O'Hara and he were going up to Aldershot at the end of the term, to try and bring back the light and middle-weight medals



respectively. Moriarty had won the light-weight in the previous year, but, by reason of putting on a stone since the competition, was now no longer eligible for that class. O'Hara had not been up before, but the Wrykyn instructor, a good judge of pugilistic form, was of opinion that he ought to stand an excellent chance. As the prize-fighter in *Roalnes Stone* says, "When you get a good Irishman, you can't better 'em, but they're dreadful 'asty." O'Hara was attending the gymnasium every night in order to learn to curb his "dreadful 'astiness," and acquire skill in its place.

HALF-A-DOZEN OTHER VAGUE FORMS DASHED PAST HIM IN A KNOT.



"I wonder if Trevor would be any good in a row," said Moriarty.

"He can't box," said O'Hara, "but he'd go on till he was killed entirely. I say, I'm getting rather tired of sitting here, aren't you? Let's go to the other end of the passage and have some cricket."

So, having unearthed a piece of wood from the débris at the top of the cupboard, and rolled a handkerchief into a ball, they adjourned.

Recalling the stirring events of six years back, when the League had first been started, O'Hara remembered that the members of that enterprising society had been wont to hold meetings in a secluded spot, where it was unlikely that they would be disturbed. It seemed to him that the first thing he ought to do, if he wanted to make their nearer acquaintance now, was to find their present rendezvous. They must have one. They would never run the risk involved in holding mass-meetings in one another's studies. On the last occasion it had been an old quarry away out on the downs. This had been proved by the not-to-be-shaken testimony of three school house fags, who had wandered out one half-holiday with the unconcealed intention of finding the League's place of meeting. Unfortunately for them they *had* found it. They were going down the path that led to the quarry before-mentioned, when they were unexpectedly seized, blindfolded, and carried off. An impromptu court-martial was held in whispers—and the three explorers forthwith received the most spirited "touching-up" they had ever experienced. Afterwards they were released, and returned to their house with their zeal for detection quite quenched. The episode had created a good deal of excitement in the school at the time.

On three successive afternoons O'Hara and Moriarty scoured the downs, and on each occasion they drew blank. On the fourth day, just before lock-up, O'Hara, who had been to tea with

Gregson, of Day's, was going over to the gymnasium to keep a pugilistic appointment with Moriarty, when somebody ran swiftly past him in the direction of the boarding-houses. It was almost dark, for the days were still short, and he did not recognise the runner. But it puzzled him a little to think where he had sprung from. O'Hara was walking quite close to the wall of the College buildings, and the runner had passed between it and him. And he had not heard his footsteps. Then he understood, and his pulse quickened as he felt that he was on the track. Beneath the block was a large sort of cellar-basement. It was used as a store-room for chairs, and was never opened except when prize-day or some similar event occurred, when the chairs were needed. It was supposed to be locked at other times, but never was. The door was just by the spot where he was standing. As he stood there, half-a-dozen other vague forms dashed past him in a knot. One of them almost brushed against him. For a moment he thought of stopping him, but decided not to. He could wait.

On the following afternoon he slipped down into the basement soon after school. It was as black as pitch in the cellar. He took up a position near the door.

It seemed hours before anything happened. He was, indeed, almost giving up the thing as a bad job, when a ray of light cut through the blackness in front of him, and somebody slipped through the door. The next moment, a second form appeared dimly, and then the light was shut off again.

O'Hara could hear them groping their way past him. He waited no longer. It is difficult to tell where sound comes from in the dark. He plunged forward at a venture. His hand, swinging round in a semicircle, met something which felt like a shoulder. He slipped his grasp down to the arm, and clutched it with all the force at his disposal.

(To be continued.)





CONDUCTED BY G. MARKIVEL

THE STAMPS OF CHILI.

THE stamps of the Republic of Chili have more interest for the English collector than any other South American country, because its first stamps were designed, engraved, and printed by the firm of Perkins, Bacon and Co., who printed our first English stamps. And for the young collector the country is particularly tempting, for all its stamps are well within the reach of an ordinary supply of pocket-money. The portrait of Columbus figures upon all the stamps. The issues are straightforward, distinct, and free from complications of perforations or surcharges.

1852-62.—Watermark large figures of value, i.e., the 1c. is watermarked with a 1, the 5c. with the figure 5, the 10c. with 10, and the 20c. with 20. These stamps were designed, engraved, and printed by Messrs. Perkins, Bacon and Co. Imperforate.



	Unused.	Used.
1c. yellow	2.6	1.6
5c. red	4.0	0.1
10c. blue	5.0	0.6
20c. green	10.0	5.0

1867.—No watermark. Perforated. Designed, engraved, and printed by the American Bank Note Co., of New York. A 2c. value is added in this series.



	Unused.	Used.
1c. orange	0.4	0.9
2c. black	0.6	0.8
5c. red	0.6	0.1
10c. blue	1.3	0.2
20c. green	2.6	0.2

1877-8.—No watermark. Rouletted. Designed, engraved, and printed as before by the American Bank Note Co. The portrait has been dwarfed to the smallest dimensions to make room for bolder figures of value. The 1c. is changed to a slate colour, and the 2c. to an orange. A 50c. has been added.



	Unused.	Used.
1c. slate	0.3	0.2
2c. orange	0.8	0.4
5c. lake	1.0	0.1
10c. blue	1.0	0.1
20c. green	2.0	0.2
50c. purple	1.6	0.3

1881-1900.—Same design as last issue. The colours of the series have been changed throughout. New values of 15c., 25c., 30c., and 1 peso have been added. The 1 peso remains the highest value issued by Chili.



	Unused.	Used.
1c. green	0.2	0.1
2c. rose	0.3	0.1
5c. blue	0.3	0.1
10c. orange	0.4	0.1
15c. dark green	0.5	0.3
20c. grey black	0.6	0.1
25c. red brown	0.7	0.3
30c. rose	2.0	0.6
1p. black and brown	2.0	1.0

1894.—In this year the 1c. and 2c. stamps were re-engraved. In the re-engraved stamps the little scrolls on each side of the figure of value at the base have been removed. Otherwise the design is the same.

	Unused.	Used.
1c. green	0.1	0.1
2c. lake	0.2	0.1

1900-1.—Rouletted. Designed, engraved and printed by Messrs. Waterlow. Colours much the same as in the last issue, with the exception of the 50c., which has been changed to red-brown. The design of this series is one of the most effective of all the issues, and is exquisitely engraved.



	Unused.	Used.
1c. green	0.1	0.1
2c. lake	0.1	0.1
5c. blue	0.3	0.1
10c. violet	0.6	0.2
20c. grey	0.8	—
30c. orange red	0.9	0.4
50c. red brown	1.3	0.5

1900.—Surcharged "5" on 30c. rose. The figure of the surcharge is very large, almost

completely covering the stamp. This provisional was issued to provide for a sudden shortage in 5c. stamps.

	Unused.	Used.
"5" on 3c. rose	0.4	0.3

1901-2.—Perforated. Once more designed, engraved and printed by the American Bank Note Co. It is said the Chilean postal authorities were not satisfied with the Waterlow design, but the clean-shaved, priestly portrait of Columbus in a very commonplace setting can scarcely be deemed an improvement. All the values have not been issued in this, the current series.



	Unused.	Used.
1c. green	0.1	0.1
2c. carmine	0.1	0.1
5c. blue	0.2	0.1
10c. black and red	0.4	—
30c. violet and black	1.0	—
50c. red and black	1.6	—

Antigua.—As I was unable to give the colours of some of the high values of the new series last month, I now repeat the list with all the colours filled in.

Wmk. Cr. C.C. Perf. 14.

- ½d. green, centre black.
- 1d. carmine, centre black.
- 2d. brown, centre purple.
- 2½d. ultramarine, centre black.
- 3d. orange, centre green.
- 6d. black, centre mauve.
- 1s. purple, centre royal blue.
- 2s.
- 2s. 6d.

Ceylon.—The 2c. value of the King's head series has been received. The colour is the same as the obsolete Queen's head, but the design of the framework as well as the head is varied.



Wmk. Cr. C.A. Perf. 14.

- 2c. red brown.
- 4c. orange, value in blue.
- 5c. purple.
- 15c. ultramarine.
- 30c. violet, value in green.

Cyprus.—The 45 piastres has been added to the King's head issue, of which we have as yet had only two values. The design is the same as that of the ½d. piastre illustrated, and the colours are unchanged from the Queen's head type.



Wmk. Cr. C.C. Perf. 14.

- ½p. green and carmine.
- 45p. purple and ultramarine.

Mexico.—The 5c. has been changed in colour

from blue to orange, and the 10c. from red-brown and orange to blue and orange.

New Colours.

- 5c. orange.
- 10c. blue and orange.

Montserrat.—This little West Indian Colony is once more supplied with a separate series of stamps. The design is taken from the central figure in the public seal of the Presidency. The 5s. value only bears the portrait of the King, and is of the same design as the Antigua 5s. illustrated in the last number of THE CAPTAIN. All the lower values are of the design of the ½d. which we illustrate. The 5s. is water-marked Crown and C.C., and all the other values Crown and C.A.



Wmk. Cr. C.A. Perf. 14.

- ½d. green.
- 1d. carmine, centre black.
- 2d. brown, centre black.
- 2½d. blue, centre black.
- 3d. purple, centre orange.
- 6d. olive, centre mauve.
- 1s. mauve, centre green.
- 2s. chestnut, centre green.
- 2s. 6d. black, centre green.

Wmk. Cr. C.C.

- 5s. scarlet, centre black.

New South Wales.—At last we have the first of the new Australian Commonwealth stamps. It has been designed, engraved, and printed in Australia. As will be seen from our illustration, the stamp is crammed full of information, for on the pillars



which support the arch carrying the word "Commonwealth," are the names of all the various States that form the Commonwealth, with the date of the foundation of each. Who will say after such a *multum in parvo* that stamps have no educational value?

This particular stamp seems to be more of an experimental specimen than anything else. It is an odd value needed and supplied to complete the values of Queensland and New South Wales. Whether it will be the forerunner of a series remains to be seen. If a pretty general condemnation can confine the design to this 3d. value, there will be no repetition. Meanwhile, from the stamp collector's point of view it is a very interesting stamp, for it is the first to bear the name of the Commonwealth, and it is a distinctly local production. It is a bicoloured stamp. The figures of value

and the name of the State are printed in blue and the remainder of the design in brown.

Wmk. V. and Crown. Perf. 12½.
9d. brown and blue.

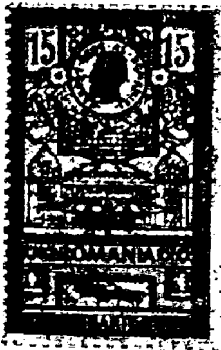
Queensland.—A Commonwealth stamp of the same type and value as that illustrated for New South Wales has been supplied to this colony, the only difference being the substitution of the name "Queensland" at the foot for that of "New South Wales."

Wmk. V. and Crown. Perf. 12½.
9d. brown and blue.

Roumania.—Some two years ago two series of stamps were prepared for issue as "Post



Office Inauguration Stamps," but for some reason or another they have only just been issued.



Oblong.

1bani. olive brown.
3bani. brown lilac.
5bani. pale green.
10bani. rose.
15bani. black.
25bani. dark blue.
40bani. dark green.
50bani. orange yellow.

Long rectangular.

15bani. black.
25bani. bright blue.
40bani. bright green.
50bani. orange.
11eu. sepia.
21ei. brick red.
51ei. dark violet.

How to Exchange Duplicates.

The exchange of duplicates is a pleasant and inexpensive method of increasing a collection. The most systematic, and, on the whole, most satisfactory plan is that of starting or joining an exchange club. As to the *modus operandi*, a club may be formed up from one's own circle of stamp collecting friends, or one already started may be joined. A secretary is appointed from the number. Sheets of duplicates are made up by each member as required in the rules, and sent to the secretary, who then makes them up into a packet protected by a pair of covers or stiff boards with a postal list of members and their addresses. No. 1 gets the packet, removes from any of the sheets those

stamps he cares to add to his collection, puts his initials in each space from which he has removed a stamp, carefully wraps up the packet, adds the address of No. 2, and sends it on its way by registered letter post. No. 2 does the same and passes it on to No. 3, and so on till it reaches the last member on the postal list, who returns it to the secretary. The secretary goes through each sheet, totals up what each member has taken, also what has been taken from each member's sheet. If, say, No. 1 is informed by the secretary that he has taken altogether 5s. 6½d. worth of stamps, and that 2s. 6½d. worth has been taken from the sheet he sent in, he will at once forward the secretary the balance of 3s. which he owes for stamps over and above the amount taken from his own sheet. The object of each member will be to make up as good a sheet of duplicates as he can, in order that other members may be tempted to buy a lot of his stamps and so enable him to buy a lot of theirs in return, and so go on building up a nice little collection without much actual cash outlay. Now, as to duplicates, of course the question will be where on earth to get them? Well, there are several ways open to a pushful youth. If your father is a business man, and you are doing your level best to please him, he will save you the stamps off the office letters, or a well-disposed uncle or cousin may be approached, or a dear old maiden aunt with relatives abroad, or a chum may get a lot of one sort and be able to spare you a few for a sheet, or you may know a big collector; if so, and you can catch him in the proper frame of mind, he is sure to have a mass of duplicates of common stamps that are of little use to a big man. He could set you up for twelve months. Some big collectors are kind enough to keep a bottom drawer for young collectors. I dare not mention names. You must hunt up those within the circle of your own acquaintance.

Here are rules sent us by a CAPTAIN reader which seem to be sufficient. They are very concise and very practical. With such rules, and a good, prompt and punctual secretary, and equally prompt and punctual members, an exchange club should be a joy to all its members

STAMP EXCHANGE CLUB RULES.

1. The annual subscription shall be 6d., payable in advance.
2. Members shall forward, no later than the 25th of each month, one or two sheets of their best duplicates, with nett prices written above each stamp (according to their own valuation), and stamped envelope for return.
3. Stamps are to be hinged on thin paper, bearing on the front the name and address of

owner, space being left underneath for signatures of members removing stamps.

4. As soon as the sheets are received they will be made up and sent out on the 1st of the month, to the first member on the list, and so on in rotation, the last on the list returning the packet to the secretary.

5. Each member removing stamps must initial all places where stamps are removed, and also write number of stamps and value thereof on front of such sheet, with their name, and enter total number and total value removed from sheets on postal list.

6. Members are allowed one day to examine the packet, which must be sent off the following day (Sunday excepted), without fail, to the next on the list.

7. As soon as the packet has been returned to the secretary, she will make up a statement of each member's sheet. Accounts settled monthly, when all balances due to or from members shall be paid.

8. All accounts due to the secretary must be paid by return.

9. The secretary not to be responsible for stamps lost in transit, nor for debts or other default of members.

10. All communications needing a reply must be accompanied by a stamped envelope.

[NOTE.—This exchange club idea seems very feasible, but I must warn CAPTAIN readers against having dealings with any but personal acquaintances, concerning whose integrity they entertain no doubt whatever.—Ed. CAPTAIN.]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. S. M. (Edinburgh).—There is no U.S. of 1898 or any other date officially surcharged "L.R." Any such overprint must be that of a private firm. The Northern Nigeria envelope is a curiosity, nothing more.

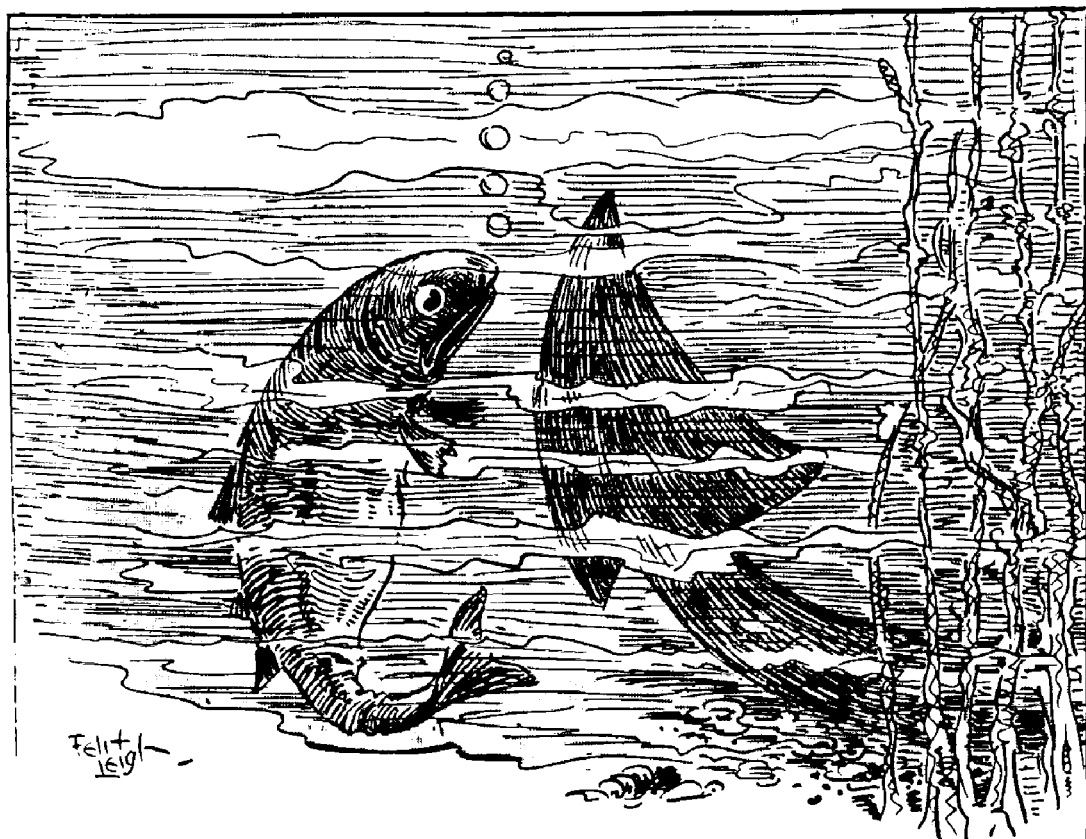
S. L. (Chili).—We are always glad of early news of new issues from any of the many foreign or colonial readers of THE CAPTAIN, but we do not appoint any one a special representative.

Wonderer.—The letters "R. H." on the English King's head $\frac{1}{2}$ d. stand for "Royal Household," i.e., it is a stamp overprinted for use by the Royal Household department. The value is not given in any catalogue, but it is a stamp much sought after.

Puzzled.—C.C. as a watermark stands for Crown Colonies, and C.A. for Crown Agents. The current Orange River Colony V.R.I. is catalogued at 6s. 6d.

G. H. F. G.—Nothing is yet known about the rumoured change in our English stamps. It is at present only a rumour.

E. J. N.



HE TOOK IT FOR A FISH-HOOK.

SQUIRE FINS (who has never seen an anchor before):—"I wonder where the worm is!"

A MEMORY OF THE HOLIDAYS.



TOM
BROWNE

Young Binks, of the Tooting Penny Bank, heartily wishes he had gone to Margate instead of coming to this country of horrid, shouting maniacs.

A BATTLE ROYAL.

A SNAKE STORY.

BY ERNEST RICHARDS.



Illustrated by COLBRON PEARSE.

EAST of Suez, in India's sunny clime, some startling adventures are to be met with in connection with reptiles, which adventures, by the way, are not always with huge reptiles of the boa-constrictor class—snakes big enough to crush a deer in their enormous folds—but very frequently with the hooded cobra, whose hissing sound is the ominous prelude to his deadly stroke, and not infrequently with the little krite, who secludes himself in the brick ventilators under the floors of a house, or in the cracks of the concrete walls and ceilings, and whose attack, apart from his poisonous fangs, would be as harmless as the proverbial worm's.

But the cobra and the krite have one deadly enemy, one common foe, and that is the little mongoose, or Indian ferret, which may often be seen, in a tame state, running about the bungalow of a European resident in India. And in one of these bungalows my friend, an old Anglo-Indian, told me the following story.

It was in the 'forties, before "John Company" handed the country over to the Crown, that the following adventure befell me.

I was living in the lower part of Bengal, in the village of Cossipore. My business kept me away from my bungalow all day long, and it was generally pretty late in the evening when I returned to my residence.

The district was a regular hot-bed for snakes, and many a night, especially during

the rainy season, I heard them rustle away over the grass as I approached, for a venomous snake rarely attacks a man unless he is cornered.

On the particular night to which I refer, the rains had continued for about a month, and the leaden, oppressive clouds shut out the moonlight at intervals like a dark slide over a lantern, occasionally bursting into such volumes of rain as to fill the drains with perfect torrents of water, and turn bye-roads into temporary rivers, which were then impassable except by boat or native dug-out.

I had been to Barrackpore on business, and when I got back the only man awake was our hall-porter, Shudine, an up-country native from the north-west provinces, who knew neither English nor Bengali, the vernacular of the district.

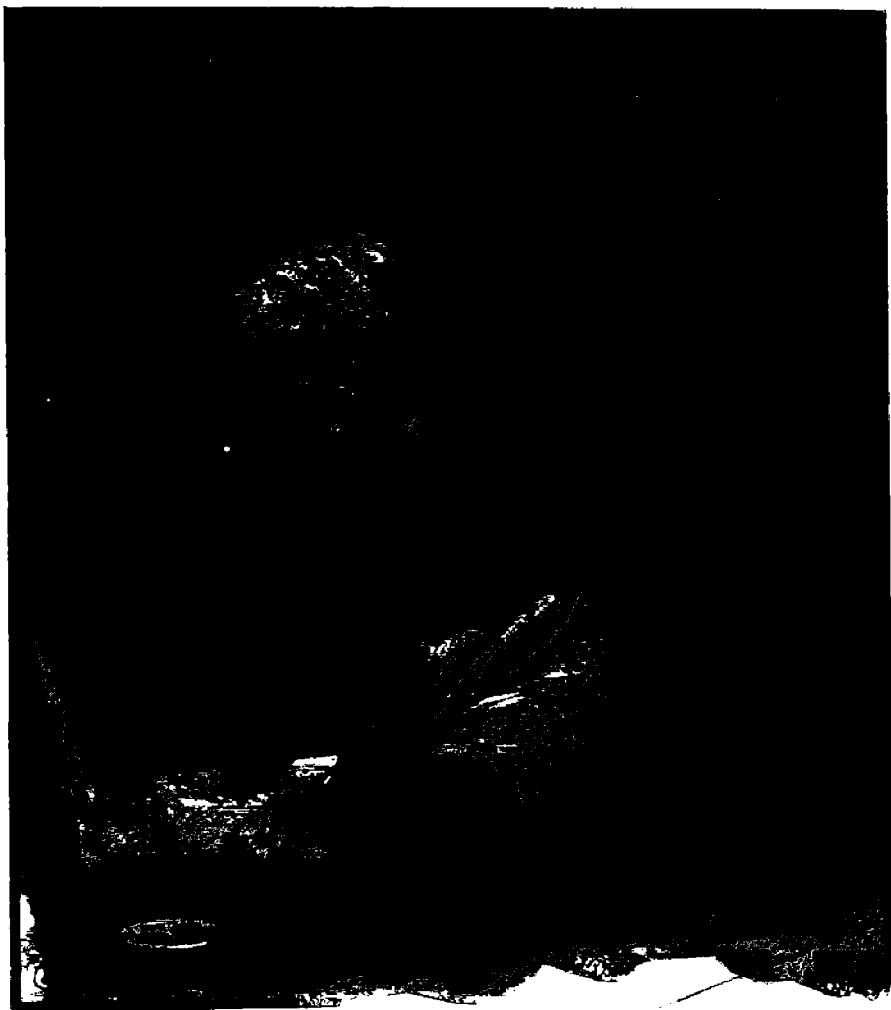


MISCHIEF WAS ENDEAVOURING TO FREE HIMSELF.

After returning his profound salaam, I walked into my room, which lay off the main hall, and, immediately turning up my lamp, cast an anxious look round, as was my custom in the rainy season, to see if I could detect a snake crawling about anywhere. But beyond a few monsoon frogs and a few gecko lizards I saw nothing reptilian. Taking off my boots, therefore, and filling my pipe, I called my little pet mongoose, Mischief, who came running out of his den in the corner by the cupboard, and spent a few minutes

witness his performance, and my refusal had invoked, in Hindustani, an oath or curse on my head.

In those days there were not only frequent cases of dacoity or robbery, but Thugism had not entirely died out, and many were the methods these fanatics used in order to execute vengeance on any one who offended them, the employing of poisonous snakes and turning them into the houses of their self-incurred enemies being not among the least used of these.



"OH, SAHIB, I AM GIVING WATER TO THE SNAKE-KILLER."

stroking his sleek coat and watching the pleasurable twitching of his quick ferret eyes as he evidently enjoyed my attentions. Tiring of this pastime, I exchanged my clothes for a light sleeping suit and turned in for the night.

For a considerable time, however, I could not sleep. An incident of the day occupied my mind; on riding along the road I had met a snake-charmer who had begged me to

I remembered, too, on entering the compound, remarking a dark figure slouching along under the shadow of the wall that bounded my premises, but I took no notice of it at the time, thinking it was only some fakir or devotee passing that way on his pilgrimage to some sacred shrine.

With these various thoughts in my mind, I at last fell asleep, after thoroughly searching my bed to make sure that no krite,

cobra, or carpet-snake lay concealed therein. How long I slept I know not, but presently I fancied I heard a rustling behind the curtain, and in a half-dreamy state I sat up and aroused myself just in time to see Shudine crouch behind the cupboard, apparently stroking Mischief. I asked the Durwan what he was doing there, for I felt it was past midnight.

"Oh, sahib," he said, "I am giving water to the snake-killer."

I could not help thinking that it was a queer time of night to act the part of the good Samaritan to my little pet, and I was just a little suspicious as to the truth of the reply. However, as I had no particular reason to mistrust his attention to Mischief, I dismissed Shudine with a vigorous "Jhuldy goa," and then lay down again and fell asleep. Once more I dreamt of snakes and Thugs, and a host of other unpleasant inhabitants of Ind.

Long before dawn I was again awakened, and this time I fancied I saw, in the dim light of the moonbeams, which struggled for supremacy with the feeble flicker of the half-turned-up lamp, a figure glide through the doorway into the entrance hall, and then I distinctly heard the sound of retreating footsteps down the compound. Then suddenly my attention was diverted by feeling a slimy little black snake, about two feet long and no thicker than a cane, crawl across my naked feet and coil itself round my right ankle before nestling its venomous head against my foot.

I was afraid to move; I was afraid to call even, and could only sit still gazing in a dazed manner at the krite encircling my ankle, while the perspiration stood out like beads on my forehead, and the excessive heat of my body was replaced by a cold, clammy sensation. It certainly flashed across my mind to call Shudine and Mischief, feeling that the snake would not hear my call, but I was precluded from doing so on reflecting that the effort of shouting would cause my body to vibrate and, therefore, wake the krite.

All this time I had not taken my eyes off the little reptile; but it did occur to me, as I sat staring at it in a hypnotic fashion, that surely the instinct of the mongoose would betray the presence of the krite; so I turned my head and looked towards the cupboard.

Mischief lay there struggling and panting in the endeavour to free himself from a piece of string which held him fast to a stanchion. The truth flashed across me in a moment.

There was some conspiracy on foot in which Shudine had a hand. At the time I had surprised him when I awoke he was fastening little Mischief, and had excused his presence as stated.

My brain was now in a whirl—Thugs, Shudine, snakes and the mongoose all becoming mixed in my mind, while the game little animal continued to tug at that which held him captive, being half strangled by his efforts. Meanwhile, the snake reposed in graceful coils round my ankle.

Presently Mischief stopped in his struggles and sat up on his haunches awhile, in thoughtful mood. Then an idea seemed to strike him, and he commenced to nibble at the string.

So silent and still was the night, save for a jackal's occasional howl, that I could hear the grinding of his teeth as he gnawed. And then the lamp flickered out, and the moon was hid by a huge bank of clouds.

The situation was so tense that it might have been a minute or it might have been hours since the lamp and the moon went out together, before I saw two little eyes flash near the foot of the bedstead, and a moment later on the bed near my feet. Then another horrible thought dawned on me; the mongoose's attack on the krite might, after all, end in my being the victim! I knew not what to do.

At this moment, however, the little head on my foot shifted, and then—oh, horror! I felt the slime of the forked tongue as it protruded from the half-opened mouth, and at whose back I knew were the small fangs, a touch from which would mean death!

But brave little Mischief, with instinctive glee, drew the attack upon himself; for, a moment after, the krite reared its shuffling head erect, and with a peculiar hiss darted for the mongoose, whose ferret eyes danced in an ecstasy of delight. And then began a battle royal which I shall never forget, for the battle ground was my feet!

My eyes by this time having become accustomed to the darkness, the manœuvres were partially visible to me. At first the krite remained coiled round my ankle, and Mischief directed his attacks with wonderful sagacity—much to my relief—at the creature's throat, as, had he touched one of the coils, the snake would undoubtedly have vented its rage, even in its dying agony, by puncturing my foot with its poisonous fangs.

"Mischief!" I now ventured to whisper audibly. The ferret squeaked in acknowledgment as he adroitly avoided one of the

serpent's thrusts, causing the krite to bruise its head against the bed-post, and at the same time receive a sharp twist below the throat from the mongoose which drew a tiny drop of blood.

The snake, evidently realising that it was a serious battle, and, in order to fight with better advantage, began slowly to unwind, tail first, from my ankle, keeping its head menacingly poised all the time towards Mischief, who made various feints as the process was proceeding. To me it seemed a long and painful matter, but at last, just as the moonlight shone once more through the rifted cloud and filtered through the venetian, enabling me more clearly to distin-

grabs at the reptile's tail, each time causing the snake to rise bodily and strike heavily forward with his head, only to find that Mischief had jumped to one side.

At first, I confess, I was at a loss to discover the ferret's real plans, but presently he succeeded in a manner which revealed beyond doubt his intentions, and justified my conclusion that his instinct approached the human in some respects at least.

For the sixth time he had perhaps severely pinched the krite's tail, when the creature, maddened with pain and rage, reared itself up bodily and endeavoured to deal the mongoose a fatal stroke, but Mischief was again too quick for it, and sprang to one side as



THE COBRA REARED ITS BODY ERECT AND HISSED IN FIENDISH ANGER AT MISCHIEF.

guish the scene, the snake lay full length across my feet.

I felt inclined to throw my feet quickly in the air and thus rid myself of the reptile, but prudence suggested the advisability of keeping my position in order not to induce the krite to resume its old place round my ankle.

The situation, from my point of view, was now somewhat relieved, as Mischief was able to attack the krite's tail without any great danger to myself, and the brave little animal commenced a series of movements which almost suggested he was human in his intelligence.

He commenced his new mode of attack by describing several rapid circles round the krite until the creature was bewildered, and then, seizing his opportunity, made sundry

the krite struck forward with great impetus. The creature, unable to check itself, fell bodily to the floor, the mongoose immediately following.

Mischief had succeeded in freeing me from an embarrassing situation, but the tension and the consequent strain on my nerves had been so great that for some time my muscles refused to relax, and with rigid body and staring eyes I gazed at the stunned reptile which lay wriggling with my pet at its throat.

Twice Mischief pinned the snake, and twice the snake freed itself by a peculiar movement of the muscles of its body. The merry look in the eye of the mongoose, however, assured me that he felt certain of victory. On one occasion, as he made a feint to attack the krite's tail, the latter just suc-

ceeded in taking one coil round his body. but Mischief, with lightning-like rapidity, caught its throat, and the snake was glad to unwind itself in order to concentrate all its energies on defending the more vital part.

The fight on the hard concrete floor might have lasted half-an-hour—my body was still numb and powerless—when the krite began to show signs of weariness, and, instinctively realising its position, prepared for a final attack, whilst Mischief did the same, though his motives were inspired by an assurance of victory rather than of defeat.

For a moment, as the two combatants remained motionlessly facing each other, separated by only a few feet, a painful silence hung over the scene. Then, suddenly, I heard little Mischief screech ominously. For a moment my curiosity so stimulated my brain that my muscles relaxed, and I was enabled to sit half upright, *to behold a fair-sized cobra, with hood expanded, approaching from behind the cupboard!*

Brave little Mischief never faltered, though the merry twinkle in his eyes had given place to a set, fierce and determined expression which caused them to glisten. But so over-worked were my nerves that after a single glance I fell back and lay limp and incapable as before.

Moments were like hours. The mongoose did not move, but sat fiercely gazing at the cobra, which had stopped, out of consideration for its skin, within a couple of yards of him. Then Mischief made a bold plunge forward, and seized the cobra by the back, giving it an effective pinch before retiring to his corner once more. With hood opened, the cobra reared its body erect and hissed in fiendish anger at Mischief, but the mongoose never winced and simply gazed steadily at the hissing reptile, only moving to one side as the latter literally leapt forward to strike him. But the cobra missed the mark and stunned itself by striking the wall heavily.

Before the cobra could recover itself, Mischief, with a general's strategy, pounced upon the krite, whose attention had been diverted from himself to the cobra, and, taking it quite off its guard, crunched its spine at the nape of the neck. This killed the krite, and now the mongoose, his sides heaving from the exertion, and his little fur body covered with blood, was free to direct his attentions solely to the cobra.

As in the case of the krite, Mischief led the attack on his new foe, and, as undoubtedly his strength was giving out, he evidently felt that victory lay in sharp and decisive action.

For he instinctively knew that the excitement would stimulate him as long as the battle was hot, but that, should it become deliberate or prolonged, his energies would relax, and this fact, combined with the size of the cobra, would lessen his chance of success.

It takes a long time to relate, but by the time the mongoose had despatched the krite the cobra was—the wound excepted—refreshed, and Mischief at once renewed the attack by describing several circles round the snake, each time drawing nearer to it.

The reptile, which lay with half its body neatly coiled and half erect, its head swaying from side to side, was harassed by these evolutions. It hissed and spluttered, and made various attempts to strike Mischief, first on this side and then that, until at last, in a state of bewilderment induced by the gyrations of the mongoose, it repeatedly struck at him, but each time Mischief successfully dodged its attacks.

Eventually Mischief got so close that his tail almost whisked the fold of the serpent's body as it lurched out more wildly than hitherto, the distended portion of its body forming an arch over him. Then Mischief sprang at the cobra's throat and buried his sharp teeth in its flesh.

In a perfect paroxysm of rage, the cobra tossed to and fro, the plucky little mongoose hanging on like grim death. Presently, however, the former, finding such tactics useless, coiled its body round and round Mischief and endeavoured to crush him. And then commenced the final struggle, which should mean victory for the one or the other, or, maybe, death to both combatants and a drawn battle.

In his efforts to crush the life out of the snake, poor little Mischief swelled to twice his usual size; on the other hand, the cobra endeavoured to squeeze Mischief to death by contracting its folds. But the mongoose never released his hold, and I could see by the way his eyes bulged that the continued efforts were getting too much for the faithful animal, whose task was rendered the more difficult by the advantageous position of the cobra, who had him entwined in its folds. It was indeed a miracle that Mischief was able to fight at all under such unfavourable conditions, especially after his previous encounter with the krite, and although the cobra had been engaged a while before the krite was finally despatched, I thought it was too much to expect Mischief to court success in this second struggle. But I

derived some encouragement from the fact that the cobra was the mongoose's favourite foe, and, despite the heavy odds against him, felt that Mischief would succeed.

I don't know how it was, except that it must have been the result of a severe nervous shock, but somehow I could do nothing to help Mischief more than whisper a word of encouragement. His tail quivered for a moment in friendly acknowledgment, and then I heard a scrunching. To which was the victory?

I held my breath for a moment. I had always liked my pet, but now my fondness had increased to something more, and I was fearful that I had lost my brave little friend, for life was pretty lonely in those days, and the company of this faithful creature was much to me.

To my great relief, however, I saw the folds of the cobra relax and heard Mischief emit a squeak of victorious joy as he let go the creature's throat and freed himself from its loosening coils. The cobra wriggled violently for a moment and then lay outstretched—dead—strangled by the tenacity of grip of my brave little deliverer.

I was still watching the snake, and almost before he lay dead I felt my brain becoming dazed. Everything seemed mixed; a glaze

came over my sight, for a moment my muscles relaxed; and, then, drawing a deep breath, I fell into unconsciousness, from which I passed into a heavy sleep.

When I awoke, the sunlight was streaming in through the window. The cry of the jackal had given place to the chatter of the crow, and already several of the latter were fighting over the remains of Mischief's victims. I drove them off, and placed the bodies of the snakes in a spare box. In the corner lay Mischief, covered with bloody traces of his dual victory.

I attended to his wants, and in a few days he was quite himself again, and for years afterwards he was my constant companion.

I never saw Shudine again. He had undoubtedly been an accomplice of the Thug whom I had seen under my compound wall and who was probably the snake-charmer of the previous day. But they had both disappeared and left no trace behind them.

So saying, my Indian friend pointed to a case containing a stuffed mongoose clutching the throat of a cobra, whose coils encircled him, while near by lay the krite which had also been so cleverly vanquished by this most gallant little "scrapper."



A Unique Snapshot of Sea-lions on Santa Catalina Island, in the Gulf of California. Visitors from Loreto go out to the Island and feed the sea-lions so regularly that they have become almost tame.

NATURALISTS' CORNER



CONDUCTED BY
EDWARD STEP. F.L.S.

AQUARIUM.—A. J. Aldridge

(Horsham) has failed to catch with a net any fish other than minnows, and as he wishes to have greater variety in his aquarium, he proposes to fish with line and hook.

“What sort of line and what size hook would be required to catch

fish not larger than $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches? There is no method, I suppose, of ensuring that larger fish are not caught?” Now angling, A. J. A., is not natural history, but sport, and I fear I am not sufficiently practised an angler to advise respecting lines and hooks; but as a rule fishes caught with a hook are not suitable for an aquarium; they are usually so damaged by the hook as to die soon after. Stick to the net, and try other waters for fishing. With regard to your queries respecting what you call the “Plunger-beetle”—I presume you refer to the Diver (*Dytiscus marginalis*)? Certainly, all beetles pass through a pupal stage. Your smaller beetles “of dark bronze black colour with corrugated wing-cases” are most probably the females of *Ilybius sulcatus*. The usual size of the great harmless water-beetle (*Hydrophilus piceus*) is between $1\frac{1}{2}$ and 2 inches.

Orchids. The best work on the subject with which I am acquainted is *Orchids*, by W. Watson (L. Upcott Gill), but its price (25s.) is far above that of H. S. Hothblack (Uppingham). There is a smaller work published, but as I am writing these notes during my holidays, I cannot look up the title and publisher. Will do so on my return, and answer by post.

Thin Cat.—“Sphinx” (Highgate) complains that his black cat will not put on flesh. “It gets heaps of new milk and plenty to eat, but we strictly avoid cats’-meat.” Cats’-meat is not necessary, but flesh of some sort is the proper food of the cat. We have heard of vegetarian cats, but they must be regarded as abnormal. The question is: Does your cat get meat in that “plenty to eat?” Some cats are exceedingly fond of catching flies, crickets, and other insects, and it is generally

to be noticed that these individuals look as though they never had a good meal. Perhaps this is the cause of your cat’s leanness; but in the absence of more precise information as to what you feed it on I am unable to advise you.

Green Lizard.—In reply to H. F. (Sunbury), green lizards are not water reptiles, but, like all their tribe, they like the provision of a saucer of clean water from which they can drink. Respecting their food: lizards subsist upon small insects of various kinds, and in confinement these must be given to them alive, or they will not touch them. The dealers usually supply meal-worms for the purpose, and these you may find very handy at seasons when it is difficult to catch other insects. A rock is not necessary for their cage, but they should have some rough surface up which they can climb. A piece of virgin cork sloped against the back is as good as anything, because there is little danger of the lizards being crushed, should it fall over; and they can retire beneath it when they prefer to be quiet.

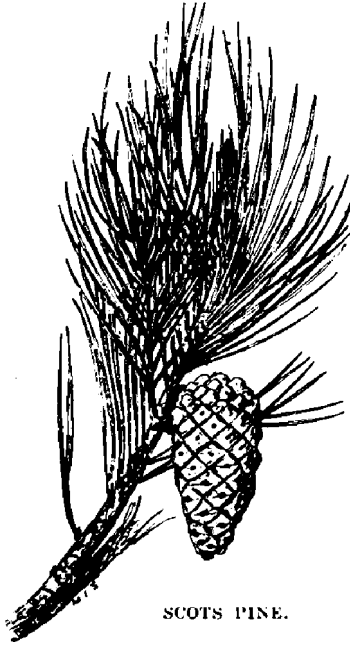
Mouldy Butterflies.—Mould is a great nuisance to the entomologist. Often it is due to the cabinet being stood against an outer wall; never let it actually touch any wall. See also that your insects are thoroughly dry before they leave the setting boards. Our correspondent, L. H. Jervois (Bitterne), says that the application of corrosive sublimate and alcohol takes the “hairs” off the wings and destroys the specimen; but this is not the general experience of collectors. Were the proportions of the mixture right? They should be as follows: bichloride of mercury (corrosive sublimate), six grains; spirits of wine, one ounce. This is, properly speaking, to be used as a preventive of mould, and the specimen that has been dipped in it should be thoroughly dried by placing in a strong current of air. Insects that have become attacked by mould should be similarly treated with a solution of phenic acid (1 part) in ether or alcohol (3 parts). I am glad my advice re silkworms had good results.

Birds and Eggs.—The Starling is not included in either the Crow family (Corvidæ) or the Thrush family (Turdidæ), but in a separate family (Sturnidæ). Its relationship, however, is very much nearer to the Crows than to the Thrushes. H. N. Bluett (Bedford), to whom the above is an answer, also wishes to know of a good book on British birds’-



eggs. The best one we can recommend is Kearton's *British Birds'-nests, Eggs, and Egg-collecting* (Cassell and Co., 5s.).

Artificial Pond.—"Wallingtonian" proposes to construct a pond in his back garden, and asks me a series of questions relating thereto; the first of these, however, is related more to masonry than to natural history. As the Old Fag has up to the



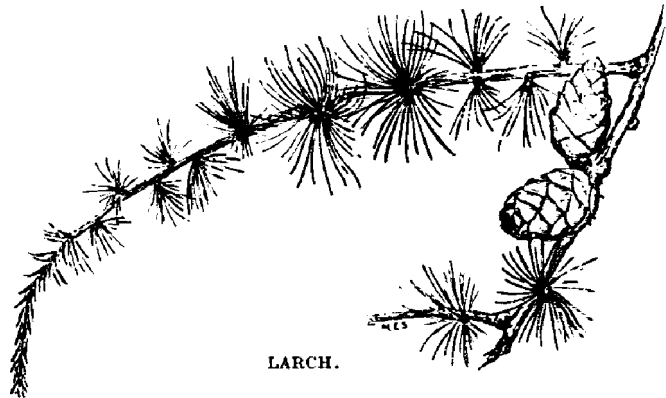
SCOTS PINE.

present had no need for the services of a works department, I must express the best opinion upon it myself, though I don't profess to be an authority on cement and concrete. (1) The one-inch thickness of Portland cement should certainly be sufficient to ensure that there will be no leakage, if it is well-mixed and sets without cracks; but it appears to me probable that in a hard winter it may not be thick enough to withstand the action of frost. You say, diameter 5 feet, but omit to mention depth. This, I suppose, would not be more than a couple of feet? (2) Yes, you can keep gold-fish in such a pond, after all the free lime has been dissolved out of the cement. This would kill both animals and water-weeds. Gold-fish will "live sociably with other small fish caught in the neighbourhood," but if these include Sticklebacks you will find the latter will not be sociable with the gold-fish. Frogs and newts will stay there in the spring to lay their eggs, but will find their way out in the summer. (3) The best weed for your purpose is the so-called Water-thyme or Canadian Pond-weed. (4) If your experiment is a success the water will rarely want changing, especially if you can fill it at first from some pond or stream in preference to the hard water supplied by the water company. Fresh water must be added from time to time, to make up for evaporation. The bottom should be covered with two inches of well-washed river gravel, and the weeds planted in it should have been there a week

or so before fishes or other animals are admitted (5) If the weeds are abundant I have little doubt that gold-fish would survive ordinary winters in your pond.

Scalded Dog.—A water-spaniel belonging to "Floss" (Croydon) has had the misfortune to get scalded on the shoulder, where she cannot lick the sore, and her owner asks for advice. A scalded dog comes more under the head of veterinary practice or domestic medicine than natural history, because the trouble is not a natural one. I should treat it much the same way as a scalded human—i.e., cover the sore with fine flour and over this arrange a pad of cotton-wool, the object being to exclude the air. If the skin comes away, treat the sore with zinc ointment, and cover with the cotton-wool. If the dog were mine I should certainly show it to a "vet.," as the precise treatment must depend upon the extent of the injury.

Conifers.—I have already been called upon several times to arbitrate between readers on some disputed point, and here comes Percy Watts, who has had a friendly dispute with a chum as to the identity of certain fir-cones. Percy claims that a cone picked up on a Surrey hillside, and which he describes and roughly sketches, was produced by a Scots Pine. The chum contends that it grew on a Larch. "Which is right?" I have no hesitation in deciding that Percy is the better botanist, and so that his chum may feel satisfied with the verdict, I give sketches of the two species to make the points of difference clear. The cone of the Scots Pine is really conical, the ends of its scales thickened and hard; that of the Larch is smaller, oval, with thin scales. Larch-cones grow upright from the branches; those of Scots Pine hang with their



LARCH.

tips downwards. The leaves of the two trees also will be seen to be very different in length and arrangement, and whilst those of the Larch are shed every autumn, those of the Pine remain on the tree for three or four years.

THE CAPTAIN

CAMERA CORNER

GASLIGHT PAPERS.

THE winter evenings are approaching all too quickly, but photographic work need not stop, for there are now several excellent photographic papers which can be used at night, the results being equal, if not in some cases superior, to daylight printing.

"Dekko" is a most admirable paper. In using this paper it should be kept away from the light when filling the printing frame; only one piece should be taken from the envelope at a time, and the packet should be put in a drawer or close-fitting box. To print from a negative of average density the paper should be exposed for two minutes, at a distance of six inches from an ordinary gasburner. A very thin negative will print in about one minute; a very dense one will need from four to five minutes. The average exposure should not be more than two to three minutes. "Dekko" paper does not print out; that is to say, the image is latent after exposure, and must be developed. The makers recommend the following formula for developer made up as a stock solution:—

Amidol	80 grains
Sulphite of Soda (cryst.) ..	200 grains
Water	10 ozs

For use take:—

Stock Solution	1 oz
Water	3 ozs
Bromide of Potass. (10 per cent.)	5 drops

The prints should be soaked in cold water for a few seconds, placed face upwards, and the developer poured upon them. If the exposure has been correctly made, development will be very rapid, and the instant the print reaches the required density it should be transferred, without washing, to the fixing bath:—

Hypo.	1 oz
Acetic Acid	4 drops
Water	5 ozs

The print should be kept moving during the first few seconds of immersion, then washed thoroughly for an hour, in at least twelve changes of water, and hung up to dry.

"Velox" is another well-known gaslight paper, made in four varieties of surface; the duration of exposure is about the same as with the paper already described. This paper may be developed with any of the well-known developing agents; the makers recommend the M.Q.

developer as being the most satisfactory for general use:—

Water	10 oz
Metol.	7 grains
Sodium Sulphite (cryst.)	$\frac{1}{2}$ oz
Hydroquinone	30 grains
Sodium Carbonate, desiccated ..	200 grains
Bromide of Potass. (10 per cent.)	10 drops

The developer may, with advantage, be applied with a brush, the print being placed face upwards on a sheet of glass, or it may be immersed in the usual way, when the print will be uniformly developed. The brush permits of local development, and assists materially in bringing out contrast. The image appears gradually, and prints on the "Regular" papers take as a rule about fifteen seconds to ensure full development. With the "Special" grade, development will take twice as long. When a print flashes up very quickly and grows black, it has been over-exposed, and more bromide should be added to the developer; on the other hand, if the print has been under-exposed, the print will develop slowly, and, even when fully developed, will be weak.

Yet another gaslight paper, that may with confidence be here recommended, is "Celerio." Exposure of this paper should be made at a distance of four inches from an ordinary flat flame gasburner. Negatives of average density will require an exposure of about ten seconds. It is advised, when printing from a thin negative, to place it at a further distance from the light, in order to bring the exposure more under control. Remember that doubling the distance will mean increasing the exposure four-fold. In order to arrive at something like the right exposure, use a narrow strip of paper before beginning to print full size. This procedure will result in the saving of many sheets of paper. When handling paper, or placing it in the printing frame, see that the gas is lowered; don't keep the stock packet of paper open to the light any longer than is absolutely necessary. The metol-hydroquinone developer answers admirably for "Celerio," which is made with a "matt," or "glossy" surface. In using bromide in the developer, great care should be taken, or the paper may have a greenish tint after development.

Some very beautiful prints can be obtained on Gaslight papers, and their use makes printing a pleasure in the winter evenings. The room need by no means be darkened, although,

as already stated, it is well to keep unexposed paper from the light as much as possible. Prints on these gaslight papers may be partially dried on white blotting paper, and then hung up with clips or push pins.

LANTERN SLIDE MAKING.

The easiest method of making lantern slides is by contact, viz:—place the negative in a printing frame, take a lantern plate and put it film side down, just as is done in printing on ordinary P.O.P. or other paper, and expose the plate to artificial light. If the negative is very dense it should be exposed close to the illuminant—a gasburner is the best. If the negative is weak, the exposure may be made at least three feet from the burner. The duration of exposure will determine, in a large degree, the colour of the image, or resulting picture. Short exposures and strong developers give black tones. Long exposures and dilute—or weak—developers, give warm tones. A very considerable range of colour can be secured by gold toning. The warm brown or brownish red tones are most pleasing. There are many developers that can be recommended—pyro-soda, pyrometol, pyro-ammonia, hydroquinone, metol-hydroquinone, etc., etc.

A ONE SOLUTION DEVELOPER.

The following one solution developer is simple and will give good results:—

Potass. Metabisulphite 20 grains
Water, cold 10 ozs
When dissolved add Metol, 14 grains.

Then add 60 grs. hydroquinone, previously dissolved in 10 ozs. hot water; when cool, add 1 oz. soda sulphite, and finally $1\frac{1}{2}$ ozs. of soda carbonate, with 3 ozs. of potass. bromide. In use, take an equal quantity of the developer and water.

ENLARGEMENTS.

The first condition necessary, in order to produce a good enlargement, is a sharp negative with well-defined image. The plate should therefore have been correctly focussed; the exposure being of such duration that moving objects show no blur; on the other hand, it must have been exposed sufficiently long to give a fully exposed plate. In order, then, to produce a suitable negative—for enlargement—give a full exposure and develop in a rather dilute solution, giving a negative thin almost to flatness: this is what is really wanted, because the enlarging process will increase contrast. There are two distinct classes of workers who enlarge: one aims at getting a big print with detail as sharp and clear as in the original negative; the other goes in for what he calls pictorial effect, and considers 12×10 or 15×12 a fair-sized print, and as a consequence modifies the sharp-

ness of his picture according to his own ideas of art, etc.

MAGIC PHOTOGRAPHS.

There is nothing new in connection with the making of magic photographs, but some amusement may be afforded by the experiment. Make a print upon a piece of sensitised paper, and print it out to the exact tone desired in the finished print. Wash for two or three minutes, and place, without toning, in a fixing bath—1 ounce of hypo. and 8 ounces of water. Leave the print in this fixing bath for about five minutes, then wash thoroughly, and place in a saturated solution of bichloride of mercury, until the printed picture has entirely disappeared. It must remain in the solution just long enough to bleach out the image, and should then be washed and dried in the customary manner. The paper will appear perfectly white, but it still contains the latent image—the picture—and this can be made to reappear by the action of hyposulphite of soda. Soak a piece of clean, white blotting paper in a saturated solution of hypo. and allow to dry. When it is desired to make the picture appear, moisten the blotting-paper slightly, and place the print face downwards upon it, rubbing carefully in order to ensure perfect contact. In a very few minutes the picture will appear, and will be as bright and clear as when first printed. In order to create wonder and astonishment, prepare the bleached pictures and hand them round the room as pieces of white paper. Have ready the saturated solution of hypo. in a tumbler, which to the uninitiated will look like a glass of water. Nothing is now needed but the blotting paper. Persuade one of the company to moisten it, then place the paper on it, and presto! the picture appears.

FIXED FOCUS.

In these days very many hand cameras have a lens of fixed focus value, and correspondents are often asking how to arrive at the distance at which all objects are in focus. To assist them we have prepared a table which can be readily understood:—

EQUIVALENT FOCUS OF LENS.	VALUE OF STOPS.				
	<i>f</i> /6	<i>f</i> /8	<i>f</i> /11	<i>f</i> /12	<i>f</i> /16
Inches.	Feet.	Feet.	Feet.	Feet.	Feet.
5	35	26	19	17½	13
5½	42	32	23	21	16
6	50	38	27	25	19
6½	59	44	32	29½	22½
7	68	51	39	34	26

NOTE.—If the camera has a lens upon it of $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches focus, and, as is very general, an aperture or stop of *f*/11, all objects will be in focus at 23 feet distance, and beyond.

"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.

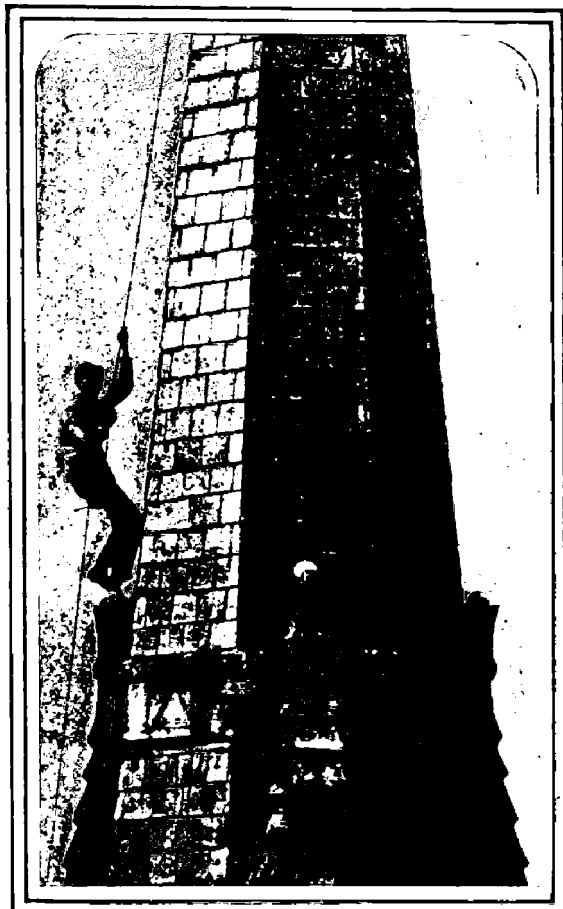
Books by CAPTAIN authors are awarded to the writer of "Football in Switzerland," to "Radix," H. W. F. Long, and "Outer Temple." Each prize-winner is requested to forward his or her present address, and at the same time to select a book.

Football in Switzerland.

AS few Englishmen (writes one of our readers, residing at Berne), visit Switzerland during the football season, it is not surprising that little or nothing is known in England of the popularity and progress of the winter pastime in that country. It may, therefore, be of some interest to the readers of THE CAPTAIN to be enlightened in this matter. It is now a considerable number of years since the first clubs were established. At first the organisers and players were chiefly English, but very soon the Swiss themselves began to take an interest in the game, which they found to be more novel and far more exciting than any of their own games. The authorities were rather against the innovation at first, thinking that gymnastics (to which much value is attached), would be neglected and the physique of the nation suffer in consequence. However, in spite of all opposition, the popularity of "Soccer" has increased by leaps and bounds, so that there is now scarcely any place of importance but what has its club. Most of the clubs belong to the Swiss Association. There are three divisions, for strong, medium and weak teams respectively, and the winner of each division receives a cup. There are about 100 clubs taking part in this competition, a fact which speaks volumes for the interest displayed. There are about twenty clubs in the premier division, consisting of clubs from Berne, Zurich, Basle, Neuchatel, Lausanne, Geneva, etc. The rules of the Association are exactly similar to those of the English Association, with the exception that professionalism is not at present recognised.

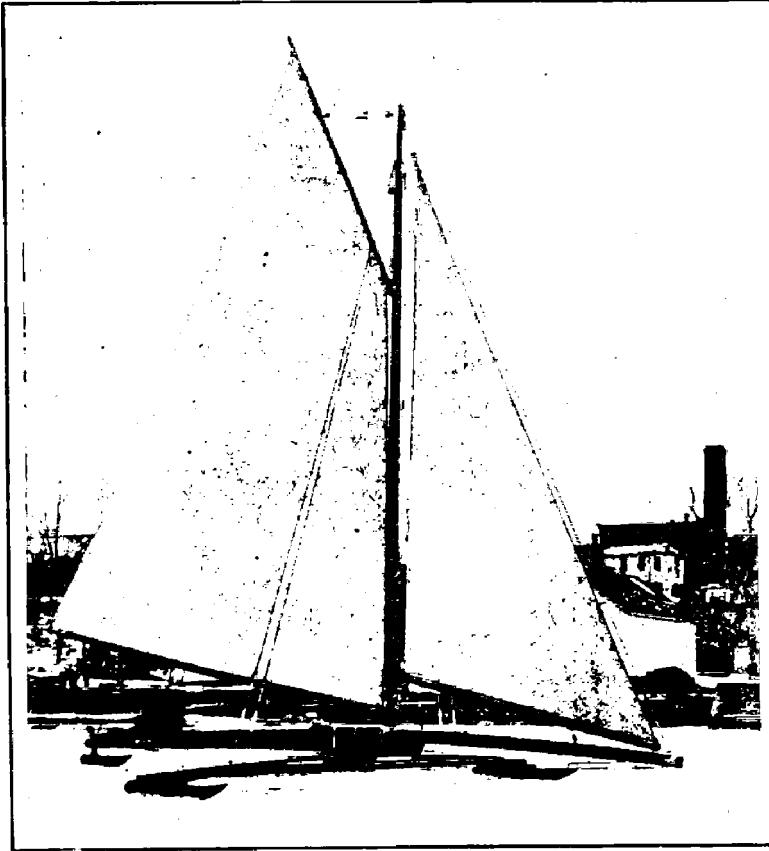
Besides meeting on the ground for matches

and training, the members usually foregather several times during the week at their various club-houses, and better friends than those in these football circles it would be difficult to find. At these gatherings, at which Englishmen are often found, the theory of the game is studied and reports of the great matches played in England read and discussed. At many of the



IT IS NOT EVERY DAY THAT YOU CAN SEE SUCH A UNIQUE AND CLEAR PHOTO OF A STEEPLE-JACK AT WORK AS THE ABOVE, WHICH WAS TAKEN WITH A TELEPHOTO LENS.

Sent by "Outer Temple."



THE "DREADNAUGHT," ONE OF THE FASTEST ICE-YACHTS IN AMERICA. THIS BOAT AND THE "SCUD" WILL COMPETE IN THE RACE FOR THE CHALLENGE PENNANT OF AMERICA.

Sent by H. J. S.

club-houses photographs of the leading English clubs are displayed, and our great players are all well-known to the Swiss.

The chief club in Berne is the "Young Boys" F.C. The president is Dr. Fetscherin, Waaghausgasse, and the club-room, Café du Théâtre, Place du Théâtre. The secretary is F. Fetscherin (member of THE CAPTAIN Club), who has always taken the greatest interest in the welfare of his club, and the spread of sport generally. Having lived several years in England, his experience in the management of affairs is very valuable.

Any English sportsmen, especially footballers, visiting Berne, whether on business or pleasure, will be sure of a hearty welcome from the Y.B.F.C., and any intending to reside there permanently, cannot do better than throw in their lot with this excellent sporting institution.

Words that Have Seen Changes.



ONE of the most curious of the changes many words in our language have undergone is illustrated in that commonly used word, "treacle." It comes from a Greek word, "theriake," mean-

ing an antidote for the bite of a snake (therien). Then it became, in time, wider, and meant any antidote or ointment. The next stage in its meaning was when it meant a glutinous sticky compound of any sort; hence the particular sticky stuff which we know as "treacle." Chaucer says, "Christ which that is to every harm triacle." "Idiot," again has a curious history. In Greece an *idiotes* was nothing more than a private gentleman, at first. Later, as all the learned and wise men took an interest in the affairs of State, one who did not do so was considered to be dull, and finally stupid. Thus has "idiot" come to grace our vocabulary. A pathetic instance of degeneration is "Hocus-pocus." Originally the words were "hoc est corpus." This was said by the priest in administering the Lord's Supper, and, as many men regarded this ceremony as a farce, or "hocus-pocus," the words became proverbial, and in lapse of time they were corrupted to the present



THIS IS WILLIAM ROCHE (HOLYHEAD) AND HIS FOUR YOUNG PIGEONS, TWO NOT BEING FULLY FLEDGED. THIS SNAPSHOT WAS TAKEN BY A FRIEND WITH W.R.'S "MERVEILLEUX" CAMERA.

form. In days gone by "knave" meant a boy, and no more. A "villain" was a low-born serf in feudal days: while "churl" (seal) was a small landed proprietor. "Heathens" were merely dwellers on the heath. In a paper of this length it is impossible, even were I otherwise able, to



A NEW MILITARY FOLDING BICYCLE WITH RIFLE ATTACHED, WEIGHING ONLY 15 POUNDS.

give at all a large list of such words, but I hope these few may prove interesting to readers of THE CAPTAIN.

"RADIX."

Ants.

ONE of the most interesting of all insects is without doubt the ant. The common white ant, or termite, leads a most wonderful little existence. Every termite colony is founded by an industrious little pair called the king and queen. As fast as the queen lays eggs they are carried away by the busy little working ants and carefully watched until hatched, the grubs being then fed and looked after until they have safely passed through the first stages of existence.

The greater number of the inmates of a termite colony are the workers, these outnumbering the soldiers by a hundred to one.

All species of termites are frightfully destructive to everything, excepting only metal. They always work in darkness, and in such a manner that a thing may be completely destroyed before the slightest change has been noticed. They work inside such things as the legs of tables, and chairs, and leave nothing but a mere shell as thin as paper, although the outside remains

exactly as before. Sometimes the termite lines its tunnels with clay, which becomes as hard as stone, and thus causes the most wonderful architectural changes. Once a row of wooden columns in the front of a house were changed into stone pillars by these tiny insects.

The homes of ants are most realistic little places, like proper towns with streets and houses, and even a graveyard which is enclosed by a wall!
N. C. O.

A Curious Fact.

SINCE the completion of the Waverly Station, a very curious thing has been noticed in Edinburgh. Owing to the construction of the station, when the wind is blowing from the south-east the force of



HERE WE HAVE THE SAME BICYCLE FOLDED AND SLUNG UPON THE RIDER'S BACK.
Sent by James S.

it near the top of the Waverly steps opposite is something tremendous. People have been lifted off their feet and blown about when the wind is strong. When the wind is south-east, visitors should spend a few minutes watching the various comical attempts to reach the top of the steps.
JACK L.—.

A Negative or Lantern-slide Box.

IT may be useful to some of our photographic readers to know how to make a cheap yet efficient box in which to store their negatives.

Obtain from a tobacconist a cigar box, of about the dimensions of your negative, if possible; if it is not the right size, take the box to pieces and cut down the sides and ends till the negative will just slip into it with about 1-16 inch to spare each side. Now glue two strips of corrugated paper, such as used for packing glass, etc., one on each side of your box, with the grooves vertical and facing each other, so that the negatives will just fit in slightly separated from each other by the ridges in the paper. Finish up by neatly covering the box outside with brown paper. It is then finished and ready for use.

C. H. STOKES.

am speaking of winter treatment, of course, as winter is the season which we are enduring or enjoying at present. If bunnies are kept properly clean, they should not have that smell which is known as "rabbit"; personally, I can always lift my pets fearlessly to my nose.

Apropos of lifting rabbits, many well-meaning old ladies still exclaim against the "cruelty" of lifting them by the ears; it is not cruelty, but kindness, as any one can tell by the sound which a rabbit makes when lifted in any other way.

There are three important things to remember in lifting rabbits; first, do not do it too often, especially to the young ones, as it is not good for their soft, unformed bodies to be much squashed; secondly, lift quickly, but without jerking; thirdly, always lift with a hand below the tail, and let the animal's weight rest on that



THIS IS A SNOW TRACTION AUTOMOBILE HAULING A TRAIN-LOAD OF 200 TONS' WEIGHT OF LOGS THROUGH A CANADIAN FOREST.

Sent by "Harold."

On the Commonest Pet—A Rabbit.

THE OLD FAG and many other writers have warned keepers of pets to learn their plaything's manner of living, so that unnecessary suffering and unintentional cruelty may be avoided, and I hope and believe that many "lads and lassies" have benefited their pets by following this wise advice. But there seems to be one important consideration which is often forgotten, particularly where rabbits are concerned, and that is, that though two animals may both be rabbits, they may require very different treatment. For example, a black or blue and tan bunny will thrive anywhere south of the Forth with an ordinary sheltered hutch, plenty of hay and suitable food; but if a Silver Grey or Angora is taken much north of Yorkshire, it requires warm food once a day, and warm hutches at night. I

hand. If this is done gently, there is no pain, bunny's ears remain their natural length, and he soon becomes indifferent to his journey through the air!

A TAN BUNNY.

Craigmillar Castle.

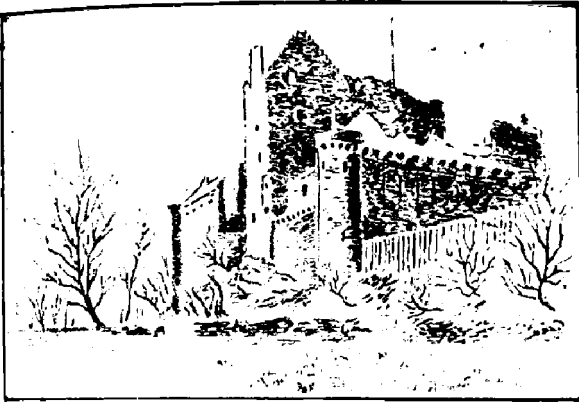
THIS interesting and picturesque relic of Scottish history is situated about two miles from the city of Edinburgh, and about a mile north-east of the pretty little village of Liberton.

The age of the ruin is too great for there to be any certainty on the point, but it is probable (although the building has been added to since then) that the keep itself was constructed in the fourteenth century.

The original entrance to the keep, which is built on the edge of a small cliff some twenty feet high, faced the south, but so close was the

door to the edge, that, being thought unsafe, it was built in, and the visitor now enters by a somewhat more pretentious gateway facing the north.

Passing through this door, we cross the courtyard to a small doorway at the foot of the dark and narrow spiral staircase, which we ascend to reach the "Banqueting Hall."



CRAIGMILLAR CASTLE FROM SOUTH SIDE.
By Fullarton Baird.

This is a magnificent apartment with a huge fire-place and deep-set windows, the recesses of the latter being provided with stone seats that can accommodate six or seven persons.

In a small arched chamber next the hall, and known as "Queen Mary's Room," there is a picture of that unfortunate lady, along with an old flintlock gun and suit of armour, reported to have been the property of Lord Darnley.

From the battlements, which we reach by another corkscrew stair, an excellent panoramic view of the neighbourhood is to be got.

Facing the north, we see in the distance the Firth of Forth, on whose broad surface Inchkeith and the Bass Rock are conspicuous objects.

Directly before us rises Arthur's Seat, with Edinburgh blue and hazy at its western base, while in the foreground of this peaceful scene are the picturesque church and lock of Duddingston.

Craigmillar was in 1567 occupied by Queen Mary, and it was during her stay here that her husband, Darnley, became the victim of the "Kirk of Field" plot.

A grim, though interesting, discovery was made in 1813, when in one of the dungeons there was found, leaning against the wall, a human skeleton.

In the opinion of Sir W. Scott and others, the position of the skeleton showed that the victim had been practically buried alive.

Truly, if a connected history of the castle could be found, it would be a strange mixture of comedy and tragedy.

FULLARTON BAIRD.

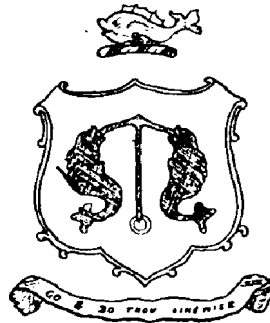
Crests.

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR.

CRESTS are of considerable antiquity. They were first used by knights in the thirteenth century, to display their exploits and triumphs. In this period, the crest and coat-of-arms of a person recalled the most important events in his history. They originally consisted of plain and simple devices, such as a sword or a wing, but in course of time have greatly altered. The coat-of-arms of a person may now consist of several devices, such as that of Sir Simon Lockhart. The crest of Edward Colston, one of the famous old Bristol merchants, has a very peculiar origin. The wealthy merchant, when in mid-ocean, found that his ship had sprung a leak. Great consternation prevailed, but after a time it was noticed that the ship had ceased sinking. It was found afterwards that a dolphin had accidentally jammed itself into the leak, thus saving the ship and those on board her. To commemorate this event, Colston took a dolphin for his crest.

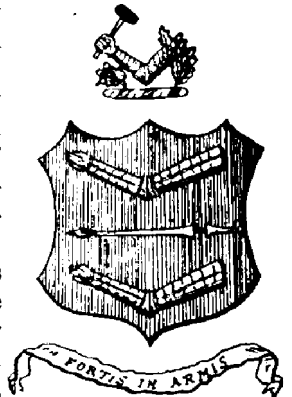


SIR SIMON LOCKHART



EDWARD COLSTON

A coat-of-arms is often an illustration of its owner's title, such as that of Baron Armstrong. The mottoes which are associated with crests are usually derived from a war-cry, or are characteristic of their bearer. The English motto "Dieu et mon droit," was originally the war-cry of Richard I. at the battle of Guisors. "Cælis Exploratis," the characteristic motto of Herschel, the astronomer, means "Having searched the heavens." Many mottoes contain a pun on the bearer's name, such as "Forte scutum salus ducem," the motto of Earl Fortescue, and "Fare fac." that of Baron Fairfax.



BARON ARMSTRONG

"Fare fac." that of H. W. F. LONG.

Poor "Paddy's" Brogue.

WHOY, bless moi loife, Oi didn't see you."

This is a sentence I have chosen at random from an English paper. Don't ask its name, and don't ask me what I think of it (it's not THE CAPTAIN, at any rate). The sentence is supposed to represent what an Irish rustic would say. Who ever heard a home-grown "Paddy" say "whoy" for "why," or "moi" for "my," etc.? This is an accent peculiar to the English lower classes, and why on earth an English writer tries to transfer it on to poor "Pat," is what beats me. Is it because he is ashamed to say that his fellow-countryman speaks like that? or is it ignorance? I am inclined to think it is the latter. The Irishman ("Oirishman," that paper would say), has a brogue which is sometimes imitated correctly on paper, but more often he is made to speak with an accent which would altogether surprise him were he alive. It is true, he says "yis" for "yes," and "wanet" for "once," etc., and it can't be denied that he *has* a brogue, but whoever tells me that "Pat" says Oi for I, tells a "*moighty joine loi.*"

JAMES H. SKUSE.

Literary Criticisms.

Scribbler.—Your remarks on literature are wise, but your composition is decidedly rocky. Write and rewrite until you have your sentences smoothed out to your satisfaction. Study good modern authors for style, and watch how they round off their periods. As for your essay—apart from its technique—you hit the right nail on the head when you say that young writers are far too anxious to dash into print. Still, can you wonder at it? The young writer, by virtue of his very youth, has not the wisdom to wait. Occasionally writers achieve success at a very early age—*vide* Dickens and Kipling. But here we come to genius, which is a thing beyond our ken. The great mass of writers are simply men of talent—quite a different thing to genius. As for youthful success—well, some men's brains mature sooner than others'. Dickens was famous at twenty-three; Thackeray at thirty-eight. All that long time of waiting Thackeray was maturing and collecting experience, the result being that, while Dickens has taken his place as the greatest caricaturist and humorist of our times, in point of scholarship, knowledge of character, and naturalness of description, Thackeray, as a purely literary man, stands head and shoulders above the author of "Pickwick."

James H. Skuse.—You have talent, Mr. Skuse. Curb your high spirits a little and polish your work a great deal more. Parts of your O.F. dialogue are good, and there appear to be the makings of a rather funny comic poem in the two verses your poet quotes. As a whole, however, your dialogue won't do. [N.B.—These remarks apply as well to the little scene you draw of the O.F. being declined by a maiden lady. It is only curate-egg-like.]

A Boy 12,000 Miles from England.
—Your paper on "Girls," my Shanghai friend, is

very bitter. Your experience of the sex cannot hitherto have been a very pleasant one, hence your trenchant sarcasm. I am not publishing the essay solely because I do not intend to continue the "Boy v. Girl" discussion. You write forcefully—let me see something else from your pen.

G. L. Clue.—The above remarks apply largely to you as well. You are observant, too, and you describe "Street Hawkers" in a picturesque and sympathetic manner. But your subject is not a new one, for you give us information which we already possess. Tell us next time about something we are unacquainted with, if you can.

J. A. Lowe.—You do not tell us anything that we don't know already about electricity. Your paper, indeed, reads altogether far too much like a school essay, and I don't want school essays for these pages. You express yourself well, and your writing is excellent. Next time send something more original.

Regnal Lrac.—Have accepted "Goodwick" article. You must please yourself as to whether you send picture post-cards to foreign correspondents. It is a matter to refer to your parents. The correspondent you speak of is a member of the club, and seems, from his letters, to be the right sort of fellow.

X. X. X.—You express the idea of "Autumn" prettily, my dear, but you will require a lot more practice before I can number you among the C.C. contributors who have earned the honour of print—an honour, mind you, that is not to be lightly regarded.

J. S. Cox.—Your "Summer Song" is pretty, but the rhymes are irregular. In short, you didn't take enough trouble over it. As for the other poem, it is only "fair." Nevertheless, I can see you have ability.

"Geographer."—Your contribution is stuffed full of useful information, but it is rather too like a page out of a Geography. Keep your next contribution shorter, and don't try to cover so much ground.

P. Dacre.—I have accepted your "Further Gameo of Low Life," your "Ghost" article, and "All the Fun of the Fair." Why don't you watch your spelling!

K. T. Russell.—A mere programme description of a journey is not very interesting. Travel essays should tell of curious places, incidents and people.

A. G. T.—You are an observant fellow, but you don't tell us much we don't already know in your article on "Newspapers."

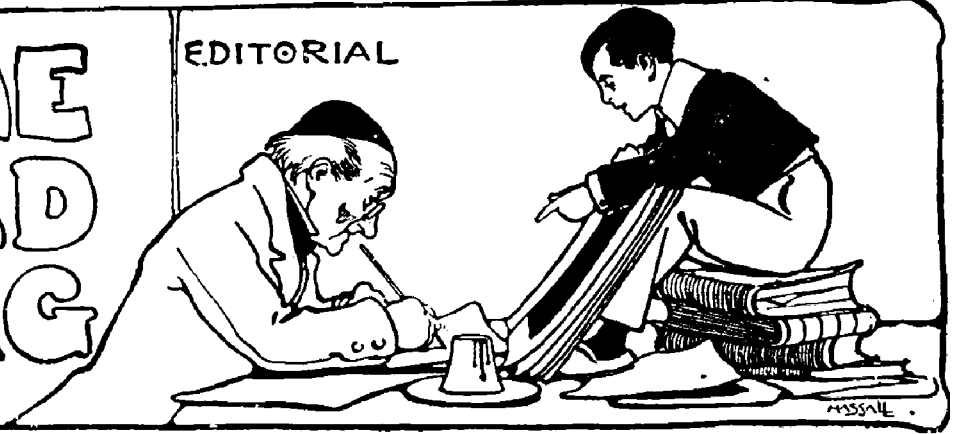
E. Detiel.—We have already had a very good comic poem on "Ping-Pong." I don't send criticisms by post.

R. S. C.—Sorry, but I don't think much of your poems.

Contributions have also been received from:—H. L. Dobrée, F. F. (Nottingham), "The Ghost's Christmas" (no name attached), H. G. Truelove, G. H. L. Laird, Douglas Teague, Joseph Carley, Mary Croft, E. G. Dalling, Kenneth Dowie, Donald Campbell, G. Hosson, 'Oberon' (not quite in our line), E. H. Savill, Jack L., H. G. McHugh, J. H. Walker, W. Statter, "Wanderer," P. McA. Stewart, H. Scholfeld, T. R. Davis, "Tod," F. N. Brierley, "Ernest Charles," "Vet.," and many others whose efforts will be criticised or acknowledged next month.

THE OLD FAG

EDITORIAL



12, BURLEIGH STREET,
STRAND, LONDON.

"I am writing to you" (runs a letter which I have received from the Hon. Secretary of the Athenian Club, Cliff Hill, Gorleston) "in order to bring to your notice the bases upon which our club is conducted. My reason for so doing is that I believe it may induce others of your readers to establish similar societies, and thus provide, as the above club has provided, amusement for the winter evenings. Our Club, which is very exclusive, consists of eight members, all of whom are about the age of 18 or 19, and was formed in August, 1902, for the purpose of establishing a spirit of good fellowship among its members and also to provide proper amusements for the then forthcoming winter evenings. To further this object the parents of one of the members kindly let us have the use of a disused room in his house, which room has since served admirably as the Club's headquarters. On various occasions meetings have been held in rooms lent by other friends. The chief amusements provided were ping-pong, cards, boxing, and debates, and all the other games usual in clubs. In reference to the cards, I should say that there is a very stringent rule against gambling, which provides for immediate expulsion of an offending member. Smoking is permitted, but not drinking. During the winter months, several much-appreciated smoking concerts were held, and one *soirée* (to which ladies were invited), this latter proving an immense success. Besides these advantages, magazines (including *THE CAPTAIN*) were circulated among the members.

—
"Although the Club room was available for use every evening during the week (the attendance, however, was generally on certain

days), and specially printed writing material provided, yet the total cost to each member (exclusive of a little extra for *soirée* and smokers) was under one penny per week. Now, I feel sure that many of your readers would be only too glad to embark on such a scheme did they think it would be successful. My opinion, judging from the results of the above club, is emphatically that it would be, and I strongly recommend them to make the attempt. The only necessaries are (1) say, not less than six members, and (2) the loan of a room (or it might be arranged so that the loan of different rooms was obtained alternately). I should say that the majority of your readers could manage to obtain, occasionally at least, the use of a room; or even a watertight barn, or such like, would do. All that remains to be done then is to provide the apparatus for amusements, and, in reference to this, it is well to remember that a pack of cards and sets of chessmen and draughts will provide a tremendous amount of entertainment. Of course, the meetings could be arranged for once, twice, or more times a week, according to circumstances.

"I believe there are many gentlemen, or sets of gentlemen, who would willingly give the loan or pay for the hire of a room, and for the apparatus necessary to furnish such a room, in which case a larger, and, therefore, in some ways, a better club might be formed, say of twenty-five or more members; in fact, I know of an instance where this has been accomplished with great success, the members paying all working expenses. There are, however, to my mind, three essentials for success, and they are—absolute reliability as to the character, etc., of the members, and absolute exclusion of religion and politics.

—
"In our case the Club has been governed under the foregoing principles by

a council of two, elected each quarter, together with the secretary, whose election takes place annually. It is quite unnecessary for me to point out the immense advantages to those engaged in clerical work, in shops, etc., which accrue from a society of this sort, and I should be only too pleased to give any assistance or information I can to any one who is desirous of forming a similar club; in fact, as I think it would be advantageous if such clubs were, more or less, connected with one another, I shall hope to hear from those who are about to make a start in this direction. Trusting you will appreciate my object in thus writing, and that you will be able to find space to insert this letter or its purport in your magazine, I remain, yours faithfully, W. R. CARTER."

This seems to me a very sensible and practical scheme. In our towns and villages there are hundreds of thousands of young fellows set loose from the shackles of toil at five or six every evening. What do they all do? A good many go home and spend the evening quietly with books and so forth. A good many work privately for examinations, the passing of which will enhance their commercial value. A good many go to gymnasiums and to the drill-halls of their volunteer corps. And what of the rest? Some go to the theatre—that is all right, but you can't go to the theatre every night. Some go to music-halls—and, well, although I am no Puritan, and have never set up to be one, yet I never have been able to see what possible good a youth can derive from such places of entertainment. Why? Why, because a music-hall programme, though quite sound in many respects, includes a great deal that is unnecessarily vulgar and coarse, the atmosphere is redolent of bad cigars and bad whisky, and the audience generally is not composed of such people as one always cares to rub shoulders with. I am quite aware that music-halls nowadays present much that is highly entertaining and interesting, and I have myself spent many a pleasant evening watching very clever performances, but I am now thinking of young fellows in the "cub" stage. Men can do as they like. It is different with youths. I have often watched long-legged striplings at music-halls who think it the proper thing to laugh in a loud, forced way, talk with their pipes between their teeth, and adjourn every now and again to the bar for a drink that they don't really want. I say that this sort of

amusement and companionship has a tendency to demoralise a man who is in the spring of his years, and I know that lots and lots of young fellows go to "halls" by way of passing away the evening, *because they don't know where else to go.*

Mr. Carter's letter supplies a solution to this problem. Band together, you young men, and form clubs. These need not have a religious basis, but there is no harm in their being associated with churches and chapels. Your club formed, learn to govern it. The strong personalities will take the lead, and the others will recognise their authority. Submit to your president just as you submit to your captain at football and cricket. Unless you do this—unless you learn to obey rules—harmony will not prevail and discord will be rampant. You *must* have rules and obey them.

Think what an additional pleasure such a club as Mr. Carter describes will bring into your lives—you who now loaf through the evening the best way you can. The prospect of meeting a set of jolly, "straight" fellows, and competing with them in games of skill, and discussing all sorts of interesting subjects round the club fire, ought to cheer you up immensely during the tedium and the drudgery of the day. You will make life-long friends, too, many of you, and so you will have double reason to be grateful to your "club."

Friends! Aye, real friends are pearls beyond all value. Read this pathetic little letter I have recently received, and then you may realise what it is to be friendless:

DEAR SIR,

No doubt you will be surprised to receive this letter, but I do not know what else to do, and so I am appealing to you. The fact of the matter is, I find myself at the age of eighteen without a single friend, and I write to ask you what means I can find one.

I am,

Yours respectfully,
A CONSTANT READER.

P.S.—I am a boy.

There now, what do you think of that for lonesome? I am going to try and put "Constant Reader" (if he will send me his full name and present address) in the way of finding some friends, and if there is any club of the kind I have been discussing in

his neighbourhood, I shall certainly advise him to join it.

These Clubs which I am suggesting to you will not only be the means of making you many good friends. They should serve as social tonics. Many a very decent fellow has a touch of the "bounder" about him: a club has a way of teaching him his place and toning him down. Then again, let these clubs be a source of help to their members. If a fellow is out of a job, and his club-mates learn of it (although, mark you, "shop" is tabooed at a club), then let them put their shoulders to the wheel and help their friend out of a hole. For, although it is bad form to talk "shop" at a club, the private affairs of members have a way of becoming known, and in a case of need a good deal of help can be proffered in a quiet and delicate way.

There is one other thing I should like to mention in connection with the premises you obtain for your clubs. Young blood is young blood, and fellows don't always want to be reading or playing sedentary games like draughts or chess. Very often—as at a certain village club I wot of—a spirit of restlessness seizes the members, and then the furniture suffers. I suggest, therefore, that you should endeavour to obtain a room leading out of the club-room wherein members may give vent to their animal spirits—where they may box and wrestle and perform various acrobatic feats of a kind that one occasionally witnesses in a private house when a number of young people are gathered together.

"Captain" Clubs! I should feel very proud if these few words of mine were to result in a number of manly, healthy little coteries being formed all over the country. We can't start them ourselves—we have too much to do for that—but we shall always be very glad to hear of their being started, and to announce the fact in **THE CAPTAIN**.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. V. Brennan may certainly regard himself as Official Representative for Osterode, Germany. **T. V. B.** says that if any **CAPTAIN** reader should be looking for a place to stay where he could learn German, he might do worse than go to the place **T. V. B.** is living at, i.e., c/o Frau Hubener, Osterode, Am Harz, Germany. The price per month for board and lodging is £5. the scenery is beautiful, and delightful tours can be made into the Harz Mountains. In the

winter there is plenty of tobogganing and skiing. Sounds very nice, doesn't it? Should like a month there myself.

R. T. E. Massey.—If you look through the "Answers" in your back numbers you will find that I have on several occasions (and recently) given advice to people who "want to become" editors and authors. Many thanks for your congratulations.

C. Rowson.—(1) Sell your bicycle privately if you can. Perhaps a local maker would undertake to dispose of it for you. The firm you buy your new machine from would take your old one (which is a very good "make") in part-payment. (2) No; members of **THE CAPTAIN CLUB** do not contribute to our Prize Fund. What an idea!

G. W. B.—Am so very glad to hear that **THE CAPTAIN** cheered you up while you were "out of a job." It is satisfactory to know that you are at work again. Yes; your **CAPTAIN** vols. from No. 1 must bulk large by now. They make a substantial item in the bottom shelf—where the big books are kept—of any bookcase. That reminds me—I really must be seeing about a **CAPTAIN** bookcase. Keep your eye on this corner for further information.

S. T. C. writes a very jolly, open-air letter from Australia. He says: "I have taken **THE CAPTAIN** for several years, and have read all the accounts of camping-out with great interest. What has always struck me very much is the amount of things boys in England always burden themselves with. I don't know if the camping parties that I have been with are typical Australian ones or not, but, when camping, all we took with us was a change of clothes and several shirts and pairs of socks, and a blanket. For food we took a couple of loaves of bread each and a couple of tins of milk, a tin of butter, tea, sugar, and salt. For the rest we trusted to our fishing-lines and pea-rioles. Cooking utensils, etc., consisted of a tin billy, a gridiron, knife and fork, a tin plate, and quart pot. My last camp-out was at Guinea Bay, Hacking, N.S.W. There were five of us. We did not take a tent, but at night used to roll ourselves up in a blanket on top of a heap of leaves under an overhanging rock. As we had only taken bread, the rest of our food had to be caught or shot, which, however, was not very difficult of accomplishment, as fish were plentiful and with our pea-rioles we could always shoot a couple of wild pigeon in an hour. It was grand fun to wake up in the morning, and, after having a swim, go and catch or shoot some breakfast, which, when caught or shot, was cooked over the fire on the gridiron. Then we all sat down on the grass with our plates on our knees and a quart pot of tea at our sides, and we always felt that we had earned our right to feast. The food tasted grand, out under the trees there with the sun just warm enough and a lovely view out in front of us over the bay. As to cost, it generally came to about ten shillings each, or sixteen shillings if we had a boat, this sum including rail from Sydney."

Porangi Potæ writes from Wanganui, New Zealand, to tell me of the lovely country he lives in—of the green fields, the singing birds, the wild flowers, and the wilderness of bush, and wants to know whether he may send an essay about it to the **C.C.** pages. Why, yes, of course he may, and "A Half-Holiday with a Hand Camera" would be a good title, too. Adds Mr. Porangi:—"Your life among the smoke must be a beastly one, young man. Isn't it? We grumble here sometimes, but some people are never satisfied, are they? I would love to live in London for a while, if not altogether. Will you change with me? Don't you wish you could?"

—Ahem! This is an abrupt, sudden offer! Will I go to New Zealand and let Mr. Porangi come over here in my place? Well, not just at present, thanks, *old man!* I think I'll jog on here a bit longer. My life's not all spent among smoke, you see, Porangi, for I happen to be writing these lines in an inland village a hundred miles from London, and the only smoke I can see or taste at present is the smoke from my good briar pipe. Too soon I shall be up among the London smoke again, and then I shall think of Porangi, and of his "green fields, his singing birds, his wild flowers, and his wilderness of bush."

Frank L. Bowes: Clubbed.—Your writing is very clear and readable. I can't say off-hand what you ought to be in weight and height at your age (fifteen), but if I were you I shouldn't bother about either. To be healthy is the thing. Give yourself the very best chance of developing in height and girth by getting heaps of exercise and fresh air, taking cold baths (unless they turn you blue, when they should be tepid), and sleeping with your window open. (N.B.—I should say at a guess that the average height at fifteen is five feet four or five.)

E. P. Watts.—Hereunder I quote three verses of the poem concerning my unworthy self. Perhaps one of these fine days I may find room for the other set of verselets.

THE CRY OF THE REJECTED.

By E. P. Watts.

He lives in London Town,
His head is rather bald,
I know he's liked by all
May they be great or small!
His head is rather bald—
The Old Fag he is called—
But though so great his virtues are,
The old chap is particular!

Send him an ode on Spring—
Soon you will hear a ring,
It is the postman grim,
Quickly you fly to him.
"Not quite the sort of thing."
Is what the post will bring—
Yes, inspirations sobered are
With one who's so particular!

Try next an article
Without *one* particle
Of grammar incorrect,
Oh! *he'll* find some defect!
"The subject's awfully good."
But I—don't—think—I—could"—
No, certainly I *can't* go far
With one so *very* particular!

A Reply to "Amant des Filles":—

DEAR MR. OLD FAG.—I read with great interest the letter of "Amant des Filles," which you published in the September CAPTAIN. Being an "Amante des Garçons" myself, I feel quite sorry for the way in which he appears to think girls ought to be treated. It is evident he can't know many decent ones. I have always been friendly with nice boys, and know several of the real good sort, but as for "walking out," and giving presents, etc., *that* wasn't on the card at all. I have certainly been out with them sometimes, and sometimes had sweets given me, but we were just "pals," and nothing more. What "Amant" wants is a sort of amateur *fiancée*, but I can tell him that girls don't care about playing postman's knock *every* day. I am fifteen myself, and so exceed his particular age-limit, but I'd rather like to know him

if I were younger, and show him what the ordinary proper sort of girl is like to the ditto, ditto sort of boy.—Yours admiringly, "Boys' GIRL."

C. H.—The solution is extremely simple. There were four letters, B—L—U—E. A bird sat on each letter, except B. Therefore the solution was: B—lack—bird.

H. G. Taylor.—Write and ask to be clubbed, stating that you are a regular subscriber to the magazine.

Prince Giglio (hope that's right).—A nice little story for children.

Tramping Theresa, in a lively letter from Oxford, observes that girls don't know what it is to be *alive* until they have learnt to swim. (Boys, too, I presume). Excellent advice. There are many virtues in water—hot and cold, used as an ablation or a liquid. Theresa's handwriting is quite readable. She could make it less "niggly" by using a big size of paper and a J pen.

Old Tuds and Wellwisher.—Thanks for your criticisms. I will give them very careful attention.

R. K. H.—Your competitions may be typed.

J. C. Broatch.—Have handed your stamp query to Mr. Nankivell, who will reply next month. Send full address if you want to be clubbed.

John Hay.—(1) Certainly two members of the same family may send in, provided their competitions are posted separately. (2) Paste-on-card or slip-in-mount, as you please.

W. W. Clarke Pitts.—I thank you for your very kind letter.

Fred. G. Skinner.—Have committed your suggestions to memory.

G. D. Jamieson.—(1) I cannot insert such a notice in THE CAPTAIN. It is quite contrary to my rules. (2) Clubbed.

E. A. and Captainite's Sister.—Of course girls are allowed to wear our badges. That is why we have them made as brooches as well as "buttons" and pendants. An article on the "Law" appeared in our "When you Leave School" series, Vol. II., October, 1899.

L. A. Evans and C. B. Colmore.—A letter addressed to him c/o this office will reach him all right.

C. S. G. wants to know of a book—or I suppose an article in a periodical would serve his purpose as well—giving information as to the construction and handling of a catamaran. Can any reader oblige?

To Photographic Competitors.—

The photo. "Leapfrog," reproduced on page 20 of our October Number, was a copy from a copyright photograph by Mr. A. W. Sargent, 12 Albany-road, Cardiff. Photographs sent in for CAPTAIN competitions *must* be original, and not copies of other artists' work. Any one sending in a copied photograph after this notice will be struck off THE CAPTAIN CLUB list, and precluded from entering for any further competition.

Letters, etc., have also been received from: "Sir Jester," H. V. Fielding, "Vectis," A. H. Gibbs, T. H. Hillier, "H. C. G.," "A Girl Reader," (clubbed), T. Pollock, "P. W." (thanks), S. Smith (will reply to you next month), Jessie Mackenzie (Rugby colours are light blue. I think), Gordon Stark (hope to publish your new proposition), and many others whose communications will be acknowledged in our next number.

THE OLD FAG.

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

Last day for sending in, November 18th.

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:—

Competition No. —, Class —, Name —,
Address —, Age —.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Address envelopes and postcards as follows:—
Competition No. —, Class —, THE CAPTAIN,
12 Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by Nov. 18th.

The Results will be published in January.

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.—"The Poets and Flowers."—Send the best poetical quotation you can find on the subject of flowers generally, or on one flower, such as the rose, violet, king-cup, &c. Prizes: Three Half-Guinea Footballs (Association or Rugby, by Messrs. H. Gradidge); or, in the case of girl winners, Three Hockey Sticks, as illustrated on THE CAPTAIN Prizes page.

Class I. Age limit: Twenty.

Class II. Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 2.—"Comic Sentence."—Write, on a CAPTAIN post-card (a packet of which can be obtained from this office for 1½d., post-free), a comic sentence composed from the leading lines of CAPTAIN advertisements in the present number, as, for instance, "A Gamage Football is a Delightful Companion and an Admirable Food for all Seeking a Profession." To the senders of the six best sentences will be awarded: Six of Messrs. Leighton, Son, and Hodge's Postcard Albums, as illustrated on THE CAPTAIN Prizes page.

No Age limit.

IMPORTANT NOTICE:—In applying for "Captain" post-cards, mark your envelopes "POST-CARDS" in top left-hand corner. Orders for post-cards must not be sent with competitions.

No. 3.—"Photographic Competition."—Send a print from your best negative; any subject. *Photographs must be original, and not copied from the work of others.* Neatness in mounting will be taken into consideration. Prizes: Three "Swan" Fountain Pens, value 10s. 6d. each, as illustrated on THE CAPTAIN Prizes page.

Class I. Age limit: Twenty-one.

Class II. Age limit: Eighteen.

Class III. Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 4.—"How to Make."—Describe, with drawings or photographs if possible, how to make any interesting or useful article that may be made by a boy or girl. Neatness and simplicity of construction will be taken into consideration. Prizes: Class I. A Two-guinea Silver Waltham Watch, as illustrated on THE CAPTAIN Prizes page; Classes II. and III., a Sandow Developer, value 12s. 6d.

Class I. Age limit: Twenty-five.

Class II. Age limit: Eighteen.

Class III. Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 5.—"Anecdotes."—Send, on an ordinary post-card, since there may not be room on a CAPTAIN post-card, any good anecdote that you have never seen in print. Keep your anecdote as short as possible. To the senders of the six best anecdotes we will award Six of Messrs. John Piggott's Hockey Sticks, as illustrated on THE CAPTAIN Prizes page.

No age limit.

No. 6.—"Handwriting."—Copy, in your best every-day handwriting, the first verse of the little poem which you will find in the "Old Fag's" Answers to Correspondents, entitled "The Cry of the Rejected." Prizes: Three Half-Guinea Footballs (Association or Rugby, by Messrs. H. Gradidge and Sons), as illustrated on THE CAPTAIN Prizes page.

In this competition we will also award Six Sets of Messrs. Harbutt's "Plasticine Designer" as Consolation Prizes.

Class I. Age limit: Twenty.

Class II. Age limit: Sixteen.

Class III. Age limit: Twelve.

Results of September Competitions.

No. I.—“Of National Interest.”

WINNER OF TWO GUINEA SOLID SILVER WALTHAM WATCH: Bertha Bickerton, 6 Clint Road, Edge Hill, Liverpool.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: W. J. Cowan, 20 Wilton Street, St. Anne Street, Liverpool, T. J. Fisher, 61 Waverley Road, Redland, Bristol.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Fred. Hales, A. Loy, N. D. Willett, Harold Scholfield, Frank L. Christie, F. W. Caton, Ernest A. Taylor, S. H. Barby, Stuart A. Barrow, W. S. Leeming, G. B. Naylor.

No. II.—“Hidden Boys' Names.”

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF “FOLDING SCOUT” CAMERA: Fred. Insker, 14 Viewforth Square, Edinburgh.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: William J. Abbott, 28 Lawn Crescent, Kew Gardens, Surrey; Stanley Matthew, 6 Mamhead View, Exmouth; Frank L. Cloux, 66 Beckwith Road, Herne Hill, S.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. G. H. Emalie, Lionel V. Kent, Oliver C. Marber, John H. M. Nichols, F. A. Harwell, L. E. V. Tiffen, E. N. Grimwade, F. G. Skinner.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF “FOLDING SCOUT” CAMERA: Marjorie Deering, Long Ashton Vicarage, Clifton, Bristol.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: J. H. Bryson, 7 Salisbury Place, Edinburgh; William Dalrymple, 160 Easter Road, Edinburgh.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Joseph O. Young, Harry Roberts, James Beahan, Sidney D. Wale, Gladys Dickinson, Thomas W. Owen, Cyril Clarke, William L. P. Harris, Harry A. Willits, R. H. Sothers.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF “FOLDING SCOUT” CAMERA: David Rankin, 2 Cadzow Place, Edinburgh.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Fred. Staddon, 206 Gladstone Street, Bradford, Yorks; Donald Rooksby, Castlegate, Grantham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Eric Miller, Reginald Rucker, Colville Clark, Percy Threlkeld, A. H. Munro.

No. III.—“Interesting Kings.”

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNERS OF PRINTING OUTFITS: G. E. Mitchinson, Sunningdale, Aldenham Road, Watford; Albert E. Hodgkiss, 6 Stevings, Worsley, Stourbridge; E. Wilberforce, 22 Circus, Bath.

HONOURABLE MENTION: R. Boyton, Frank B. Morton, Lillian Dunstan, W. A. Oldfield, W. Watkins, T. Grant, S. H. Barby, G. M. Adams.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNERS OF PRINTING OUTFITS: Ethel Talbot, 9 Merivale Road, Putney, S.W.; E. A. S. Fox, Felsted School, Essex; Ethel Hour, 37 Elm Road, Mannamead, Plymouth.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Lella M. Hawkesley, M. Lupton, W. E. Turner, R. H. Crump, S. D. Wale, J. G. Knapman, P. V. Early, Geo. Eldridge, G. Hamilton.

No. IV.—“Landscape Competition.”

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNERS OF NO 2 “KRONO” PHOTOGRAPHIC OUTFITS: John Brown, 13 Arglie Street, Paisley; Sydney J. Bond, 152 Mere Road, Leicester.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: James H. Dowd, 11 Travis Place, Broomhall, Sheffield; W. B. Huntly, Rochus Strasse 22, Dusseldorf, Germany.

HONOURABLE MENTION: James S. Ross, Frances A. Barton, Arthur S. Atkinson, George Hughan Hampton, Hazel Cuthbert, Leonard H. Wynkle, H. Lawrence Oakley, Harold B. Hewlett.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNERS OF “KRONO” PHOTOGRAPHIC OUTFITS: Fred. Wood,

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 Greyhouse*,” “*Acton's Feud*,” “*The Heart of the Prairie*.”

COMMENTS ON THE SEPTEMBER COMPETITIONS.

No. I.—An enormous number of entries, and a great many with only one wrong, comparatively few managing to get the list complete. The lucky winner of the watch managed to combine neatness with a correct list. The list decided by vote is as follows: Death of Lord Salisbury, Death of the Pope, Royal Visit to Ireland, American Yacht Races, Chamberlain's Fiscal Proposals, President Loubet's Visit to England.

No. II.—A fair number of competitors guessed all the names correctly. “*Claud*” seems to have been the most difficult, many substituting “*Manfred*” as the “*Wonderful Lion Tamer!*” The correct list will be found on an advertisement page.

No. III.—The winning list—decided by vote—is as follows:—(1) Alfred the Great, (2) William I., (3) Richard I., (4) Edward III., (5) Henry VIII., (6) Charles I. Several

had the list entirely correct, and a great many only one wrong.

No. IV.—The majority of sketches submitted were in water colours, but those in pen-and-ink were very well done, and we were pleased to observe, evidenced attention to the hints given from time to time in the C.C.C. artistic criticisms.

No. V.—This was evidently a popular and interesting competition, and, as usual, the essays reached a high standard of excellence. Swimming was the favourite pastime as an all-round developer, but boxing, rowing, and walking all found staunch supporters and five had at least one able champion!

No. VI.—There were more photographs than usual this month, and the quality of the work was consistently good in each Class, the most pronounced fault, however, being the great amount of unbroken foreground displayed in many pictures.

28 Cottam Road, Bradford, Yorks; David John Jones, 11 Lincoln Street, Llandyssul, S. Wales.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Maude Ogden, Frederick Day, Dorothy R. Walthew, Hilda Case, Nellie Day, David Lane, R. M. Y. Gleadowe, B. Young, J. F. Bebbington, Harry Hill, Patrick Kennedy.

No. V.—“All-Round Development.”

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF BOXING GLOVES: Roy Collard, 2 Westcombe Park Road, Blackheath, S.E.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: John Munro & Easton, 4 Brougham Place, Edinburgh; George Booth; Richey Road, Egremont, Cheshire.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Percy Craven, Harry Payne, Lillian Bowyer, Hedley V. Fielding, H. T. Austin.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF BOXING GLOVES: Alfred G. Frost, 42 Ew Street, Liverpool.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: D. H. Thompson, 2 Churchfield Road (will this competitor kindly send his full address?); H. C. Smith, 52 Windsor Road, Tuebrook, Liverpool.

HONOURABLE MENTION: John W. Harvey, Bertram A. Poole, Bennett Saywell, Edwin H. Rhodes, Ruth Clark, C. G. S. Gordon, Edgar Allen, Morton Lewis, George Rennie.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF BOXING GLOVES: H. T. Retallack-Moloney, 118 Romford Road, Romford, Essex.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: A. J. Elias, 14 Henbury Street, Camberwell, S.E.; Louis Pizer, 58 Dunsure Road, Stamford Hill, N.

HONOURABLE MENTION: E. Drew, Stanley B. King, P. R. Laird, Stephen Critten, George Wood, Stanley J. Radford, Rupert Mann, T. W. Spikin, W. J. Cowan, Leonard Whelan.

No. VI.—“Photographic Competition.”

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF “SWAN” FOUNTAIN PEN: A. E. Radford, Tonal Road, The Park, Nottingham.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: William Williams, 26 Victoria Road, Oldfield Park, Bath.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Frank R. Orchard, V. Nishigawa, W. J. Watt, Jerardine Byrom, G. Eric Mees, H. Richmond Hilton, William Paterson, T. B. Franklin, Archie Mackenzie, A. H. Pickett.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF “SWAN” FOUNTAIN PEN: G. Kay, Little Holland House, Kingsgate, Thanet.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: Ebbett Haward, Woodstock Corner, Bedford Park, Chiswick, W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: John Gray, Dorothy Whitfield, R. E. Dickinson, W. S. L. Holt, T. Fischer, G. M. Tyrrell, B. S. Arnold, John L. Ingham, Andrew W. Dick, H. C. Hall, E. H. Hallett, Fred. Merry, E. S. Webb, E. G. Caldecough, Norman C. Price, J. H. Young, W. N. Bagshaw, C. H. Boisier, A. S. Brooks.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fourteen.)

WINNER OF “SWAN” FOUNTAIN PEN: Dorothy Alice Hilton, Oaklands, Sturry, near Canterbury.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: F. L. Goodson, 11 Palmeirs Avenue, Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex; Andrew Menzies, 22 Lancefield Street, Glasgow.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Sydney Milburn, W. H. Rodder, A. Milburn, W. Gingell, Jack Brooks, George Sherif, C. A. Ainsworth, G. Maddison, Alan B. Peck, W. G. C. Rees, M. Payne Galloway, Willie Pruce Jones, C. C. Hett, Mary Wilson, G. E. Hall, B. H. Wadsworth, Marian Wadsworth, G. Bourne, Frank Howard, Y. A. Beaufort, Will Lane, M. K. Brown, Charles Gordon Batow, Stella Clay, Fred. Rawson, Edmund G. Gray.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.



AT THE FANCY-DRESS BALL.

TOM: "Hullo! Been to many dances this Christmas?"

DICK: "No, only this one. But I've had two fights and five suppers!"

Drawn by B. E. Minna.



MR. ALFRED PEARSE AT WORK IN HIS STUDIO AT HAMPSTEAD HEATH WITH HIS SON, COLBRON, WHO ILLUSTRATED "A BATTLE ROYAL," IN THE NOVEMBER "CAPTAIN."

Photo by Geo. Newnes, Ltd.

CHRISTMAS WITH A.P.

(ALFRED PEARSE)

By A. B. COOPER.

HANG the telephone! Hallo! Who are you?"

"4188 Gerrard, CAPTAIN. Are you Mr. Cooper?"

"I am."

"Well, the editor wants to speak to you, will you kindly hold the line."

* * * * *

"Hallo, are you there?"

"Yes, are you the Old Fag?"

"That is what I am called when I look kind and old. Er—I want you to go to Hampstead and interview A. P."

"A. P. what?"

"No, not A. P. Watt! The only A. P."

"Don't know him."

"Don't know Alf. Pearse, the famous black and white artist! You evidently don't read your CAPTAIN regularly, to say nothing of the STRAND, SUNDAY STRAND, and a host of other magazines."

"Of course I know *Alf. Pearse*—have known him for years and could write an interview with him without going to see him, but I'll go all the same."

"I should just think you will."

And the telephone rang off.

Now, Mr. Alfred Pearse, to give him his full style and title, is an inventor as well as an artist, but he has egregiously failed, like the rest of folks, to invent a method of turning off the rain-water tap at will. That secret is still in nature's keeping and likely to remain there, or otherwise, such is his kind disposition, he would certainly have contrived a fine day for my visit. But, alas!

this soaking year was beating all previous records when I caught a train and started on my journey to the North-West heights.

Happy Hampstead looked anything but happy, and the weeping willows which fringe the edge of the Heath and give Willow-road, in which Mr. Pearse lives, its cognomen, were shedding tears at the rate of about a thousand a minute.

The moment the door of No. 14 opened, however, "the scene was changed—and such a change!" Cheery warmth for cheerless cold; dry humour for damp misery; a cosy fireside and smiling faces, which gave you a sort of Christmas feeling all over, in place of the misty, far-stretching Heath, and the dolorous willows! I was no sooner introduced to Mrs. Pearse, herself an artist and author, to one of four clever daughters, a



THIS IS THE MAGPIE WHICH BELONGED TO SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A., AND IS DEPICTED IN HIS WELL-KNOWN WORK, "THE MAID AND THE MAGPIE," NOW IN THE TATE ART GALLERY, LONDON. IT IS NOW THE PROPERTY OF MR. ALFRED PEARSE.

Photo by George Newnes, Ltd.

painter of miniatures, and to young Colbron Pearse, some of whose work appeared in the November number of *THE CAPTAIN*, and who promises to be a worthy successor to his father in the black and white world, than A. P. commenced telling stories and showing me the quaint and curious things in which his house abounds. But the luncheon bell sounded and succeeded in checking the flow of his delightful conversation for the space of three minutes and a half. Then he made up for lost time. Where A. P. has not been; what A. P. has not done; the accidents which have not happened to A. P., are probably not worth visiting, not worth doing, and possibly not worth suffering. He has "been and gone and done" everything and left the poor, average mortal nothing fresh to start on.

"They tell me, Mr. Pearse," I said modestly, breaking the silence which had settled like a pall upon the dining-room for the space of ten seconds. "they tell me that you have been on the dizzy brink of death on at least one occasion?"



"A. P." AT THE AGE OF 3.

From a photo.

A. P. looked at me out of the corner of his eye to make quite sure that I was joking, and then said drily:

"Yes, I met with my first accident, which certainly ought to have been fatal, like the rest of them, when I was eleven months old, for my nurse nearly dropped me plump into the sea over the side of a steamer, and since then I have met with no less than twenty-nine 'practically fatal' accidents."

"Well, all I can say, Mr. Pearse," I remarked, looking him straight in the eyes, "that killing agrees with you."



THE RELIEF OF LADYSMITH.

From the painting by Alfred Pearse. By permission of Messrs. Frost and Reed, art publishers, of Bristol and Clifton, owners of the copyright, who have published engravings of these subjects.



THE RELIEF OF MAFEKING.

the painting by Alfred Pearse. By permission of Messrs. Frost and Reed, Art Publishers, of Bristol and Clifton, owners of the copyright, who have published engravings of these subjects.

"Yes," said A. P., "I can still run 100 yards in $11\frac{1}{2}$ seconds; I can still try to knock the stuffing out of much bigger men than myself with the gloves; I can still play cricket through a hot summer day and be nearly as fresh at the finish as the young 'uns; and I can still hit a threepenny piece with a revolver five times out of six at twelve paces, so you see I am not quite done for yet."

"But you were talking about your accidents," I said, for I found him a terror to switch off the main line and get into a siding.

"Yes, of course I was. You want to hear the details of some of them. Well, when I was studying wood-engraving in Paternoster Row at the age of seventeen, an old gentleman whom I knew, and who, to put it mildly, was a bit 'dotty,' called at the office one afternoon. Mr. Nicholls, the head, came in and said:

"Who is that madman sitting on the stairs?"

"Thinking it might be my old friend, I went out to reconnoitre. He immediately seized me by my coat-collar and left arm and hung me over a square well-staircase, sixty feet deep. The maniac said:



"I am going to drop you, Alf; aren't you afraid?"

"I was, most terrifically, but I swallowed a lump in my throat and said, 'No, because I know you will pull me back again.' For an awful half minute he held me hanging there, and then said: 'I will, then,' and putting me down on the stairs he rushed away leaving his hat and umbrella behind him. A youth named Kirby, who saw the whole affair, but was too petrified with terror to move, was ill for a fortnight through the shock. He evidently felt it more



ONE OF "A. P.'S" WELL-KNOWN ILLUSTRATIONS TO "A DOG WITH A BAD NAME," IN "THE BOY'S OWN PAPER," REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF THE EDITOR.

than I did, for I was as right as a trivet ten minutes after.

"In 1886 my arm was partially paralysed, and I thought I was going to be a cripple for life; in fact, the doctor told me that I should be. However, I invented a wonderful liniment which did the trick effectually, and that arm is now as sound as its brother. But I have another accident to record of that period which nearly put an end to my earthly career. Of course, I was tremendously anxious that my arm should recover its normal strength, and I thought mountain air would do me as much

good as anything, so I spent Christmas of the year at St. Moritz. In spite of my 'gashed' arm I was doing a little mountain climbing. There was a party of us out one day, and, as we were not going to make any record, we were not roped together, and I was looking for dangerous places. I slipped on the glacier and immediately went down the slope as though I were on a toboggan slide. The slide would have been all right, perhaps, had the slide ended in a sudden drop of 500 feet! My friends shouted to me to drive my heel into some of the snow. Easier said than done. You may imagine how frantically I tried to obey them, and at last I succeeded

so well that not only my heel but my right leg disappeared. The impetus of my descent brought my body to a right, and then bashed my face forward on to the crisp snow, bruising it, almost stunning me, and making my nose bleed. However, something more than my nose would have bled had I continued my downward course, and I was glad to be stopped at so slight a cost.

"Talking of Christmas, I had a funny experience at my country home. I had a sledge built for the horses to pull, but on Christmas Eve, as it was a lovely clear night, and as the shafts were not ready to be fastened to the splash board on the horses, I fastened the children's donkey to the sledge by means of ropes. You can imagine it would be all right on the level or going up the hills except on occasions such as when the donkey persisted in lying down in the snow and rolling over and over like a dog does after he has had a swim, but in coming back home there was a long hill to descend. Think of it! I had no brake which I could put on to check the gathering velocity of the sledge, and the slack ropes were of no avail to the donkey for holding the sledge back. Moreover, the poor brute could not run fast enough to keep ahead, so the sledge overtook the donkey, scooped him up as a shovel might scoop up

snow, and Neddy sat inside beside me and we went down the hill together!

"The omnibus, cab, and railway accidents in which I have taken an unwilling part are, in the stock phrase of the newspapers, 'far too numerous to mention.' I have been shot with a revolver, rescued from drowning twice, had a rib broken with a cricket bat, my left eyeball forced outside the lid, and the O. F. himself will remember seeing me walk into THE CAPTAIN office with bandages all over me, the result of falling off the top of an omnibus.—No, I am practically a teetotaller, so you needn't look at me in that tone of voice."

"Well, that is mostly tragedy, Mr. Pearse," I said. "You have surely had an admixture of comedy in your experiences?" I added, innocently, although I knew very well, and he knew that I knew, that as a "Special" all

FROM "THE DIS-ORDER OF THE BATH," IN "THE BOY'S OWN PAPER," REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF THE EDITOR.



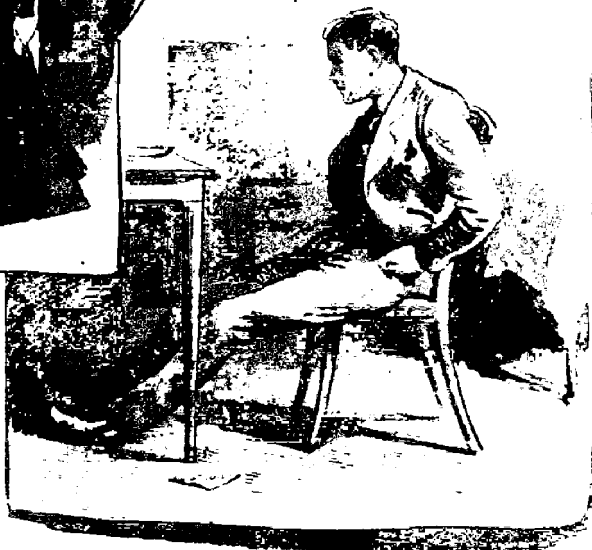
over the world, he had been forced to use his wits on hundreds of occasions.

"Yes," he said, smiling at the recollection, "I remember once that the Prince of Wales, now King Edward, was to open the Agricultural Show at Norwich. Special artists could not get tickets either for love or money. All my friends of the Illustrateds went down, hoping against

hope that, in some unforeseen way, Providence would come to their aid. But, you know, I have a way of making my own Providence, and I made it this time. Although I knew it was a forlorn hope, I went to the Secretary and he promised to let me have a ticket at my Hotel that night. Of course it did not arrive. I never expected it would. However, I sallied forth at five o'clock in the morning and went to the gates of the ground upon which the Show was to be held. I don't know whether you have ever watched the preparations



AN ILLUSTRATION BY "A. P." TO "THE COCK HOUSE AT FELLSGARTH," IN "THE BOY'S OWN PAPER," REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF THE EDITOR.





SOME IMPRESSIONS OF FACTORY GIRLS FROM
"A. P.'S" NOTEBOOK.

for an Agricultural Show, but if you have you will know that it almost invariably rains, and that the ground at the entrance becomes a perfect quagmire. The consequence is that when some big, lumbering agricultural implement comes along, on a big, lumbering waggon, the whole thing sticks fast and will neither go backward nor forward. I found them just in the thick of one of these episodes, and, seeing my opportunity, I literally put my shoulder to the wheel. Whether it was the addition of my stupendous strength or not, I cannot say, but in the thing went and I, patiently and laboriously *keeping* my shoulder to the wheel, or at least to its near neighbourhood, *sailed in with it*. Once inside I clean forgot to come out again, and, in sheer absence of mind, was hiding myself among some potato sacks when a burly policeman came up and said:

"What are you doing here?"

"Waiting to give you this," I replied.
"Thank you, sir, you are all right there, I am sure," he said, putting 'this' in his pocket. Then I casually mentioned that I was the 'Special' artist of the Pictorial World, sent to make sketches of the Prince of Wales and the ceremonies, and the good bobby gave me several 'tips' in return for mine, with respect to the disposition of the Royal party. About twelve o'clock they arrived, and with them of course, my friends the special artists of all the other illustrated papers; but as they were not provided with tickets and had neglected to put *their* shoulders to the wheel, they were refused admission. There was a sturdy old countryman keeping the gate.

"Where's yo'r tickets?" he said stolidly.

"We have not got tickets," they said with a great show of candour, 'but we are special artists on the so-and-so and so-and-so.'

"I don't keer what yo' *are* or what yo' *on*. My orders is as nobody's got to come in without a ticket," and at that he stuck, and neither argument nor



MR. ALFRED PEARSE AT WORK ON THE DRAWINGS
ILLUSTRATING "THE SEA POACHER."

Photo Geo. Newnes, Ltd.

bribery could move him. The PICTORIAL WORLD was therefore the only paper that illustrated the event.

I have got through many a cordon by means of a large, official envelope and a piece of white cardboard. Not once in a hundred times are you asked to show the inscription thereon. You are taken for granted. I remember once John Bright was to make a great speech on Dis-establishment at Spurgeon's Tabernacle, and the Editor of the PICTORIAL WORLD wired me to go. I had not a ticket and so, as I always make a point of obeying orders, I had to use my wits. I stopped at a stationer's shop, purchased a sheet of note-paper and an envelope, addressed the latter to the Right Hon. John Bright, and, presenting it at the door of the Tabernacle, asked permission, as though it were a case of urgency, to deliver it personally. By this means I managed to get on to the platform, and was given a place at John Bright's right hand, where I made the sketches. Some of my brother artists were there also, but they were right at the back of the hall and hardly got a peep of the real thing."

By this time luncheon was over, and A. P. proceeded to show me some of his treasures. And a lot of them he has. Besides the work of his talented father and grandfather, who were both artists and whose pictures adorn his



SOME OF "A. P.'S" MODELS AND CURIOS.
Photo by Geo. Newnes, Ltd.

rooms, he has curiosities from all parts of the world, and a large number of articles which once belonged to Sir Edwin Landseer. In the hall hang three of A. P.'s pictures—The Relief of "Mafeking," "Kimberley," and "Ladysmith," respectively.

General White said that the Ladysmith painting gave one a better idea of the "relief" than any other picture he had ever seen, and, considering that A. P. was not there, that was praise indeed. In the hall, too, there hangs a glass case, containing a stuffed magpie, which interested me greatly. It is the very magpie from which Sir Edwin Landseer drew the bird in his famous picture, "The Maid and The Magpie," now in the National collection. He also has boomerangs, spears, tomahawks, and all sorts of curious weapons, chiefly picked up in Australia and New Zealand when he accompanied the present Prince



A GENERAL VIEW OF A. P.'S STUDIO, WHICH IS PACKED WITH CURIOS FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

Photo Geo. Newnes, Ltd.



H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES DISTRIBUTING MEDALS AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, MELBOURNE, MAY, 1901.
THREE-QUARTERS OF AN HOUR'S SKETCH FOR "THE SPHERE," BY ALFRED PEARSE.
Reproduced by permission of the Editor of *The Sphere*.

of Wales on his memorable tour round the world. A. P. had a great time on this tour. He and Sydney P. Hall were the only two artists who accompanied the Royal party, Mr. Prior joining them in Canada.

Long ago, in his very early days, A. P. earned the sobriquet of "Punctual Pearse" on account of his extreme celerity with brush and pencil, but on this tour he was christened "The Demon Special" for an exactly similar reason.

The picture on the opposite page, entitled "The Prince of Wales giving medals to the Australian Troopers," represents the work of less than one hour, while the sketch on the top of page 201 was completed while Mrs. Pearse was writing a letter, and that not a long one. A. P. is a glutton for work, and, though he is still a comparatively young man, he has executed 5,370 finished drawings since he commenced. Talking of his commencement, he said:

"The best thing that ever happened to me was being disappointed of £16,000 which, up to being nineteen years of age, I counted upon succeeding to. Until then I had not worked seriously. Even when I started in earnest I trudged about the city for eighteen months before I sold a single drawing. Personally I shall always keep a warm place in my heart for Mr. G. A. Hutchison, the Editor of the *BOY'S OWN PAPER*, Mr. Mason Jackson of the *ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS*, Mr. J. H. Thornell of the *PICTORIAL WORLD*, and several others who, at a critical time in my career, gave me a helping hand and a bit of encouragement. Fortunately I was never in actual want, and my parents were confident that I would eventually succeed. My dear mother, than whom a lad never had a better, would say to me when I came home dejected: 'Never mind, Sunshine'—her pet name for me—'one day they will be eager to have your work.' Well, that eagerness did not come very rapidly, but my persistency told in the long run, as persistency generally does. Once I overheard an editor say: 'Oh, give that beggar something to do—he is a perfect nuisance.'

"My first real chance came when the fatal news of Isandula gave the nation a shock at eight o'clock in the morning. Being

tremendously impressed with the incident, I sat down and drew a page sketch of Lieutenants Melville and Coghall saving the colours from the Zulus. That picture was finished and sold to the *PICTORIAL WORLD* before twelve o'clock that morning. Soon after this I became their special artist."

Some of Mr. Alfred Pearse's most brilliant work has been done for the *STRAND*. Scarcely a number of that famous magazine can be opened without the characteristic initials, "A. P.," meeting the eye. He has also had a long and honourable connection with the *BOY'S OWN PAPER*, and many grown men in all parts of the world remember him best by his illustrations to some of the famous serials by T. B. Reed and Gordon Stables.

Later in the afternoon I walked down with Mr. Pearse and Colbron Pearse to their studio, which is some hundred yards from the house. What a typical studio it is! It looks untidy, as all studios do, but its untidiness is its charm, and A. P. knows where everything is, so that the untidiness is apparent rather than real. It was a delight to turn over old sketch books, old prints, family relics, and the like. A. P. wanted me to put on the gloves and have a bout with him, but he squared up to me in such a workman-like fashion that I preferred a cup of tea, so he sprinted into some unknown region where the eye could not follow him, brought the kettle back triumphantly, and set it upon the cheery blaze.

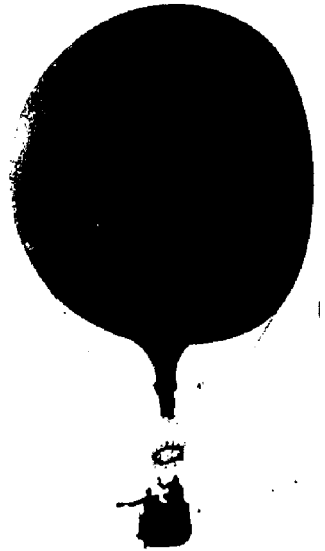
"You can tell the readers of *THE CAPTAIN*," said A. P., "that my advice to the boys and girls is contained in my motto, 'Keep on Smiling.' Every day is not Christmas Day, and life is not all turkey and plum pudding. There are some days that are mighty dark and dreary, and some fare that is real 'hard tack,' but pluck and cheeriness—a firm resolve never to give in—and an almost omnipotent gift of cheerfulness—are splendid weapons to face the World with. So keep on smiling, boys, never say die, have a good bit of faith in yourselves—but do not show it too much—and remember this: A. P. wishes you all a merry Christmas, long life, and as much prosperity as you deserve—and a little more."

**"The
Captain"
Photographic
Gallery.**

*Being a Selection of
photographs entered for
our Competitions.*



A BICYCLE OBSTACLE RACE.
By W. N. Bagshaw.



**A VERY FINE SNAPSHOT OF A
BALLOON, ONE OF THREE THAT SET
OUT TO RACE FROM THE BECKENHAM
RECREATION GROUNDS THIS LAST
SUMMER.**

By A. H. Allison, Beckenham.



A NEWFOUNDLAND.
By F. G. Goodman, Westcliff-on-Sea.



By G. Kay.]

NETLEY ABBEY.

[Kingsgate, Thanet.



THE 22ND OF THE MONTH.
Percy H. Crockett.



A MEMORY OF THE SUMMER.
By Phyllis C. Young, Langland Bay.



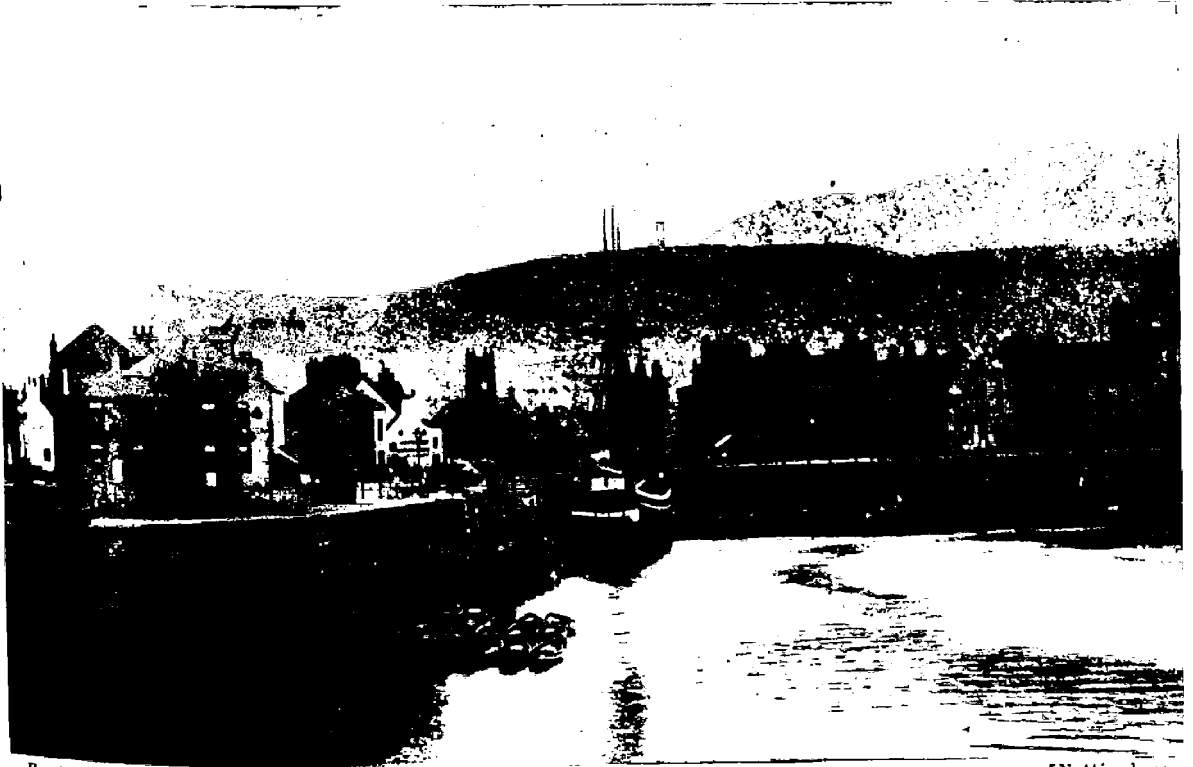
IN THE POOL.
H. G. Griffiths.



J. Gray.]

GIPSIES.

[Alloway, N.B.



By A. E. Radford.]

RAMSEY HARBOUR.

[Nottingham.

THE GOLD BAT

A
PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY

BY
P. G. WODEHOUSE
AUTHOR OF
"THE POT HUNTERS"
"THE MANŒUVRES
OF CHARTERIS"

Illustrated by

T. M. R. WHITWELL.

SYNOPSIS.

THE "gold bat" from which this story takes its title is a small ornament worn by Trevor, captain of the Wrykyn School XV., on his watch-chain. This bat Trevor has lent to O'Hara, an unruly Irishman, who, whilst employed on a midnight expedition whereof the object is tarring and feathering the Mayor of Wrykyn's statue, loses the little bat, and thereby fills Trevor with consternation, for, should the bat be found near the scene of the outrage, Trevor sees that he will be placed in an exceedingly awkward position. About this time Trevor is experiencing some difficulty in

filling the fifteenth place in his team. Rand-Brown, a big three-quarter in the Second XV., would seem to be the most likely selection, but he is observed to funk badly in a trial match, and so Trevor displaces him in favour of Barry, a smaller but far more reliable three-quarter who has hitherto played for the Third XV. Soon after this, the school learns that a mysterious League has been formed by a number of fellows unknown who intend to enforce their views and wishes by acts of violence. The League first wrecks the study of Mill, a prefect, and then proceeds to warn Trevor in an anonymous letter that its members do not desire Barry to continue to play for the First XV. Trevor disregards the letter and the "League" retaliates by mutilating his books, smashing his pictures, and turning his study upside down. Suspicion falls on Rand-Brown, but it is pointed out that he could not have wrecked the captain's room, at least, since he was in the field at the time the latter outrage was perpetrated. O'Hara determines to get to the bottom of the mystery, and first sets himself to find out where the League meets. In one part of the College there is a cellar-basement used for the storage of chairs. O'Hara secretes himself in this place one afternoon. After waiting some time he sees a light appear, and then a couple of dim forms. Plunging forward at a venture, he seizes one of the intruders and holds him tightly.

CHAPTER IX.

MAINLY ABOUT FERRETS.

"W!" exclaimed the captive, with no uncertain voice. "Let go, you ass, you're hurting."

The voice was a treble voice. This surprised O'Hara. It looked very much as if he had put up the wrong bird. From the dimensions of the arm which he was holding, his prisoner seemed to be of tender years.

"Let go, Harvey, you idiot. I shall kick."

Before the threat could be put into execution,



O'Hara, who had been fumbling all this while in his pocket for a match, struck a light. The features of the owner of the arm—he was still holding it—were lit up for a moment.

"Why, it's young Renford!" he exclaimed. "What are you doing down here?"

Renford, however, continued to pursue the topic of his arm, and the effect that the vice-like grip of the Irishman had had upon it.

"You've nearly broken it," he said, complainingly.

"I'm sorry. I mistook you for somebody else. Who's that with you?"

"It's me," said an ungrammatical voice.

"Who's me?"

"Harvey."

At this point a soft yellow light lit up the more immediate neighbourhood. Harvey had brought a bicycle lamp into action.

"That's more like it," said Renford. "Look here, O'Hara, you won't split, will you?"

"I'm not an informer by profession, thanks," said O'Hara.

"Oh, I know it's all right, really, but you can't be too careful. Because one isn't allowed down here, and there'd be a beastly row if it got out about our being down here."

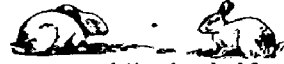
"And they would be clobbered," put in Harvey.

"Who are they?" asked O'Hara.

"Ferrets. Like to have a look at them?"

"Ferrets!"

"Yes: Harvey brought back a couple at the beginning of term. Ripping little beasts. We couldn't keep them in the house, as they'd have got dropped on in a second, so we had to think of somewhere else, and thought why not keep them down here?"



"Why, indeed?" said O'Hara. "Do ye find they like it?"

"Oh, they don't mind," said Harvey. "We feed 'em twice a day. Once before breakfast—we take it in turns to get up early—and once directly after school. And on half-holidays and Sundays we take them out on to the downs."

"What for?"

"Why, rabbits, of course. Renford brought back a saloon-pistol with him. We keep it locked up in a box—don't tell any one."

"And what do ye do with the rabbits?"

"We pot at them as they come out of the holes."

"Yes, but when ye hit 'em?"

"Oh," said Renford, with some reluctance, "we haven't exactly hit any yet."

"We've got jolly near, though, lots of times," said Harvey. "Last Saturday I swear I wasn't more than a quarter of an inch off one of them. If it had been a decent-sized rabbit, I should have plugged it middle stump; only it was a small one, so I missed. But come and see them. We keep 'em right at the other end of the place, in case anybody comes in."

"Have you ever seen anybody down here?" asked O'Hara.

"Once," said Renford. "Half-a-dozen chaps came down here once while we were feeding the ferrets. We waited till they'd got well in, then we nipped out quietly. They didn't see us."

"Did you see who they were?"

"No. It was too dark. Here they are. Rummy old crib this, isn't it? Look out for your shins on the chairs. Switch on the light, Harvey. There, aren't they rippers? Quite tame, too. They know us quite well. They know they're going to be fed, too. Hullo, Sir Nigel. This is Sir Nigel. Out of the 'White Company,' you know. Don't let him nip your fingers. This other one's Sherlock Holmes."

"Cats-s-s-s!!" said O'Hara. He had a sort of idea that that was the right thing to say to any animal that could chase and bite.

Renford was delighted to be able to show his ferrets off to so distinguished a visitor.

"What were you down here about?" enquired Harvey, when the little animals had had their meal and had retired once more into private life.

O'Hara had expected this question, but he did not quite know what answer to give. Perhaps, on the whole, he thought, it would be best to tell them the real reason. If he refused to explain, their curiosity would be roused, which would be fatal. And to give any reason except the true one called for a display of impromptu invention of which he was not capable. Besides, they would not be likely to

give away his secret while he held this one of theirs connected with the ferrets. He explained the situation briefly and swore them to silence on the subject.

Renford's comment was brief.

"Golly!" he observed.

Harvey went more deeply into the question.

"What makes you think they meet down here?" he asked.

"I saw some fellows cutting out of here last night. And you say ye've seen them here, too. I don't see what object they could have down here if they weren't the League holding a meeting. I don't see what else a chap would be after."

"He might be keeping ferrets," hazarded Renford.

"The whole school doesn't keep ferrets," said O'Hara. "You're unique in that way. No, it must be the League, an' I mean to wait here till they come."

"Not all night?" asked Harvey. He had a great respect for O'Hara, whose reputation in the school for out-of-the-way doings was considerable. In the bright lexicon of O'Hara he believed there to be no such word as "impossible."

"No," said O'Hara, "but till lock-up. You two had better cut now."

"Yes, I think we'd better," said Harvey.

"And don't ye breathe a word about this to a soul—a warning which extracted fervent promises of silence from both youths.

"This," said Harvey, as they emerged on to the gravel, "is something like. I'm jolly glad we're in it."

"Rather. Do you think O'Hara will catch them?"

"He must if he waits down there long enough. They're certain to come again. Don't you wish you'd been here when the League was on before?"

"I should think I did. Race you over to the shop. I want to get something before it shuts."

"Right O!" And they disappeared.

O'Hara waited where he was till six struck from the clock-tower, followed by the sound of the bell as it rang for lock-up. Then he picked his way carefully through the groves of chairs, barking his shins now and then on their out-turned legs, and, pushing open the door, went out into the open air. It felt very fresh and pleasant after the brand of atmosphere supplied in the vault. He then ran over to the gymnasium to meet Moriarty, feeling a little disgusted at the lack of success that had attended his detective efforts up to the present. So far he had nothing to show for his trouble except a

good deal of dust on his clothes, and a dirty collar. But he was full of determination. He could play a waiting game.

It was a pity, as it happened, that O'Hara left the vault when he did. Five minutes after he had gone, six shadowy forms made their way silently and in single file through the doorway of the vault, which they closed carefully behind them. The fact that it was after lock-up was of small consequence. A good deal of latitude in that way was allowed at Wrykyn. It was the custom to go out, after the bell had sounded, to visit the gymnasium. In the winter and Easter terms the gymnasium became a sort of social club. People went there with a very small in-

tention of doing gymnastics. They went to lounge about, talking to cronies, in front of the two huge stoves which warmed the place. Occasionally, as a concession to the look of the thing, they would do an easy exercise or two on the horse or parallels. But for the most part they preferred the rôle of spectator. There was plenty to see. In one corner O'Hara and Moriarty would be sparring their nightly six rounds (in two batches of three rounds each). In another, Drummond, who was going up to Aldershot as a feather-weight, would be putting in a little practice with the instructor. On the apparatus the members of the gymnastic six, including the two experts who were to carry the school colours to Aldershot in the spring, would be performing their usual marvels. It was worth dropping into the gymnasium of an evening. In no other place in the school were so many sights to be seen.

When you were surfeited with sight-seeing you went off to your house. And this was where the peculiar beauty of the gymnasium system came in. You went up to any master who happened to be there—there was always one at least—and observed in suave accents, "Please, sir, can I have a paper?" Whereupon he, taking a scrap of paper, would write upon it, "J. O. Jones (or A. B. Smith or C. D. Robinson) left gymnasium at such-and-such a time." And by presenting this to the menial who opened the door to you at your house, you went in rejoicing, and all was peace.

Now, there was no mention on the paper of the hour at which you came to the gymnasium—only of the hour at which you left. Consequently, certain lawless spirits would range the neighbourhood after lock-up, and, by putting in a quarter of an



O'HARA AND MORIARTY
WOULD BE SPARRING
THEIR NIGHTLY SIX
ROUNDS.

hour at the gymnasium before returning to their houses, escape comment. To this class belonged the shadowy forms previously mentioned.

O'Hara had forgotten this custom, with the result that he was not at the vault when they arrived. Moriarty, to whom he confided between the rounds the substance of his evening's discoveries, reminded him of it.

"It's no good watching before lock-up," he said. "After six is the time they'll come, if they come at all."


"Bedad, ye're right," said O'Hara. "One of these nights we'll take a night off from boxing, and go and watch."

"Right," said Moriarty. "Are ye ready to go on?"

"Yes. I'm going to practise that left swing at the body this round. The one Fitzsimmons does." And they "put 'em up" once more.

CHAPTER X.

BEING A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

 IN the evening following O'Hara's adventure in the vaults, Barry and McTodd were in their study, getting out the tea-things. Most Wrykynians brewed in the winter and Easter terms, when the days were short and lock-up early. In the summer term there were other things to do—nets, which lasted till a quarter to seven (when lock-up was), and the baths—and brewing practically ceased. But just now it was at its height, and every evening, at a quarter past five, there might be heard in the houses the sizzling of the succulent sausage and other rare delicacies. As a rule, one or two studies would club together to brew instead of preparing solitary banquets. This was found both more convivial and more economical. At Seymour's, studies numbers five, six, and seven had always combined from time immemorial, and Barry, on obtaining study six, had carried on the tradition. In study five were Drummond and his friend De Bertini. In study seven, which was a smaller room and only capable of holding one person with any comfort, one James Rupert Leather-Twigg (that was his singular name, as Mr. Gilbert has it), had taken up his abode. The name of Leather-Twigg having proved at an early date in his career too great a mouthful for Wrykyn, he was known to his friends and acquaintances by the euphonious title of Shoe-blossom. The charm about the genial Shoe-blossom was that you could never tell what he was going to do next. All that you could rely on with any certainty was that it would be something which would have been better left undone.

Vol. X.—27.

It was just five o'clock when Barry and McTodd started to get things ready. They were not high enough up in the school to have fags, so that they had to do this for themselves.

Barry was still in football clothes. He had been out running and passing with the first fifteen. McTodd, whose idea of exercise was winding up a watch, had been spending his time since school ceased in the study with a book. He was in his ordinary clothes. It was therefore fortunate that, when he upset the kettle (he nearly always did at some period of the evening's business), the contents spread themselves over Barry, and not over himself. Football clothes will stand any amount of water, whereas McTodd's "Youth's winter suiting at forty-two shillings and sixpence," might have been injured. Barry, however, did not look upon the episode in this philosophical light. He spoke to him eloquently for a while, and then sent him downstairs to fetch more water. While he was away Drummond and De Bertini came in.

"Hullo," said Drummond, "tea ready?"

"Not much," replied Barry, bitterly, "not likely to be, either, at this rate. We'd just got the kettle going when that ass McTodd plunged against the table and upset the lot over my bags. Lucky the beastly stuff wasn't boiling. I'm soaked."

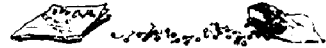
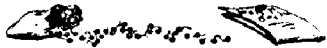
"While we wait—the sausages—Yes?—a good idea—McTodd, he is downstairs—but to wait? No, no. Let us. Shall we? Is it not so? Yes?" observed Bertie, lucidly.

"Now construe," said Barry, looking at the linguist with a bewildered expression. It was a source of no little inconvenience to his friends that De Bertini was so very fixed in his determination to speak English. He was a trier all the way, was De Bertini. You rarely caught him helping out his remarks with the language of his native land. It was English or nothing with him. To most of his circle it might as well have been Zulu.

Drummond, either through natural genius or because he spent more time with him, was generally able to act as interpreter. Occasionally there would come a linguistic effort by which even he freely confessed himself baffled, and then they would pass on unsatisfied. But as a rule he was equal to the emergency. He was so now.

"What Bertie means," he explained, "is that it's no good us waiting for McTodd to come back. He never could fill a kettle in less than ten minutes, and even then he's certain to spill it coming upstairs and have to go back again. Let's get on with the sausages."

The pan had just been placed on the fire when



McTodd returned with the water. He tripped over the mat as he entered, and spilt about half a pint into one of his football boots, which stood inside the door, but the accident was comparatively trivial, and excited no remark.

"I wonder where that slacker Shoeblossom has got to," said Barry. "He never turns up in time to do any work. He seems to regard himself as a beastly guest. I wish we could finish the sausages before he comes. It would be a sell for him."

"Not much chance of that," said Drummond, who was kneeling before the fire and keeping an excited eye on the spluttering pan, "you see. He'll come just as we've finished cooking them. I believe the man waits outside with his ear to the keyhole. Hullo! Stand by with the plate. They'll be done in half a jiffy."

Just as the last sausage was deposited in safety on the plate, the door opened, and Shoeblossom, looking as if he had not brushed his hair since early childhood, sidled in with an attempt at an easy nonchalance which was rendered quite impossible by the hopeless state of his conscience.

"Ah," he said, "brewing, I see. Can I be of any use?"

"We've finished years ago," said Barry.

"Ages ago," said McTodd.

A look of intense alarm appeared on Shoeblossom's classical features.

"You've not finished, really?"

"We've finished cooking everything," said Drummond. "We haven't begun tea yet. Now are you happy?"

Shoeblossom was. So happy that he felt he must do something to celebrate the occasion. He felt like a successful general. There must be *something* he could do to show that he regarded the situation with approval. He looked round the study. Ha! Happy thought—the frying-pan. That useful culinary instrument was lying in the fender, still bearing its cargo of fat, and beside it—a sight to stir the blood and make the heart beat faster—were the sausages, piled up on their plate.

Shoeblossom stooped. He seized the frying-pan. He gave it one twirl in the air. Then, before any one could stop him, he had turned it upside down over the fire. As has been already remarked, you could never predict exactly what James Rupert Leather-Twigg would be up to next.

When anything goes out of the frying-pan into the fire, it is usually productive of interesting by-products. The maxim applies to fat. The fat was in the fire with a vengeance. A great sheet of flame rushed out and up. Shoe-

blossom leaped back with a readiness highly creditable in one who was not a professional acrobat. The covering of the mantelpiece caught fire. The flames went roaring up the chimney.

Drummond, cool while everything else was so hot, without a word moved to the mantelpiece to beat out the fire with a football shirt. Bertie was talking rapidly to himself in English. Nobody could understand what he was saying, which was possibly fortunate.

By the time Drummond had extinguished the mantelpiece, Barry had also done good work by knocking the fire into the grate with the poker. McTodd, who had been standing up till now in the far corner of the room gaping vaguely at things in general, now came into action. Probably it was force of habit that suggested to him that the time had come to upset the kettle. At any rate, upset it he did—most of it over the glowing, blazing mass in the grate, the rest over Barry. One of the largest and most detestable smells the study had ever had to endure instantly assailed their nostrils. The fire in the study was out now, but in the chimney it still blazed merrily.

"Go up on to the roof and heave water down," said Drummond, the strategist. "You can get out from Milton's dormitory window. And take care not to chuck it down the wrong chimney."

Barry was starting for the door to carry out these excellent instructions, when it flew open.

"Pah! *What* have you boys been doing? What an abominable smell. Pah!" said a muffled voice. It was Mr. Seymour. Most of his face was concealed in a large handkerchief, but by the look of his eyes, which appeared above, he did not seem pleased. He took in the situation at a glance. Fires in the house were not rarities. One facetious sportsman had once made a rule of setting the senior day-room chimney on fire every term. He had since left (by request), but fires still occurred.

"Is the chimney on fire?"

"Yes, sir," said Drummond.

"Go and find Herbert, and tell him to take some water on to the roof and throw it down." Herbert was the boot and knife cleaner at Seymour's.

Barry went. Soon afterwards a splash of water in the grate announced that the intrepid Herbert was hard at it. Another followed, and another. Then there was a pause. Mr. Seymour thought he would look up to see if the fire was out. He stooped and peered into the darkness, and, even as he gazed, splash came the contents of the fourth pail, together with some soot with which they had formed a



HE HAD TURNED IT UPSIDE DOWN
OVER THE FIRE.

travelling acquaintance on the way down. Mr. Seymour staggered back, grimy and dripping. There was dead silence in the study. Shoeblossom's face might have been seen working convulsively.

The silence was broken by a hollow, sepulchral voice with a strong Cockney accent.

"Did yer see any water come down then, sir?" said the voice.

Shoeblossom collapsed into a chair, and began to sob feebly.

* * * * *

"—disgraceful . . . scandalous . . . get up, Leather-Twigg . . . not to be trusted . . . babies . . . three hundred lines, Leather-Twigg . . . abominable . . . surprised . . . ought to be ashamed of yourselves . . . double, Leather-Twigg . . . not fit to have studies . . . atrocious . . ."


Such were the main heads of Mr. Seymour's speech on the situation as he dabbed desperately at the soot on his face with his handkerchief. Shoeblossom stood and gurgled throughout. Not even the thought of six hundred lines could quench that dauntless spirit.

"Finally," perorated Mr. Seymour, as he was leaving the room, "as you are evidently not to be trusted with rooms of your own, I forbid you to enter them till further notice. It is disgraceful that such a thing should happen. Do you hear, Barry? And you, Drummond? You are not to enter your studies again till I give you leave. Move your books down to the senior day-room to-night."

And Mr. Seymour stalked off to clean himself.

CHAPTER XI.

THE HOUSE MATCHES.

 T was something of a consolation to Barry and his friends—at any rate, to Barry and Drummond—that directly after they had been evicted from their study, the house-matches began. Except for the Ripton match the house-matches were the most important event of the Easter term. Even the sports at the beginning of April were productive of less excitement. There were twelve houses at Wrykyn, and they played on the "knocking-out" system. To be beaten once meant that a house was no longer eligible for the competition. It could play "friendlies" as much as it liked, but, play it never so wisely, it could not lift the cup. Thus it often happened that a weak house, by fluking a victory over a strong rival, found itself, much to its surprise, in the semi-final, or sometimes even in the final. This

was rarer at football than at cricket, for at football the better team generally wins.

The favourites this year were Donaldson's, though some fancied Seymour's. Donaldson's had Trevor, whose leadership was worth almost more than his play. In no other house was training so rigid. You could tell a Donaldson's man, if he was in his house-team, at a glance. If you saw a man eating oatmeal biscuits in the shop, and eyeing wistfully the while the stacks of buns and pastry, you could put him down as a Donaldsonite without further evidence. The captains of the other houses used to prescribe a certain amount of self-abnegation in the matter of food, but Trevor left his men barely enough to support life—enough, that is, of the things that are really worth eating. The consequence was that Donaldson's would turn out for an important match all muscle and bone, and on such occasions it was bad for those of their opponents who had been taking life more easily. Besides Trevor they had Clowes, and had had bad luck in not having Paget. Had Paget stopped, no other house could have looked at them. But by his departure the strength of the team had become more nearly on a level with that of Seymour's.

Some even thought that Seymour's were the stronger. Milton was as good a forward as the school possessed. Besides him there were Barry and Rand-Brown on the wings. Drummond was a useful half, and five of the pack had either first or second fifteen colours. It was a team that would take some beating.

Trevor came to that conclusion early. "If we can beat Seymour's, we'll lift the cup," he said to Clowes.

"We'll have to do all we know," was Clowes' reply.

They were watching Seymour's pile up an immense score against a scratch team got up by one of the masters. The first round of the competition was over. Donaldson's had beaten Templar's, Seymour's the School House. Templar's were rather stronger than the School House, and Donaldson's had beaten them by a rather larger score than that which Seymour's had run up in their match. But neither Trevor nor Clowes was inclined to draw any augury from this. Seymour's had taken things easily after half-time; Donaldson's had kept going hard all through.

"That makes Rand-Brown's fourth try," said Clowes, as the wing three-quarter of the second fifteen raced round and scored in the corner.

"Yes. This is the sort of game he's all right in. The man who's marking him is no good. Barry's scored twice, and both good tries, too."



"Oh, there's no doubt which is the best man," said Clowes. "I only mentioned that it was Rand-Brown's fourth as an item of interest." The game continued. Barry scored a third

try. "We're drawn against Appleby's next round," said Trevor. "We can manage them all right."

"When is it?"

"Next Thursday. Nomads' match on Saturday. Then Ripton, Saturday week."

"Who've Seymour's drawn?"

"Day's. It'll be a good game, too. Seymour's ought to win, but they'll have to play their best. Day's have got some good men."

"Fine scrum," said Clowes.

"Yes. Quick in the open, too, which is always good business. I wish they'd beat Seymour's."

"Oh, we ought to be all right, whichever wins."

Appleby's did not offer any very serious resistance to the Donaldson attack. They were outplayed at every point of the game, and before half-time Donaldson's had scored their thirty points. It was a rule in all in-school matches—and a good rule, too—that, when one side led by thirty points, the match stopped. This prevented those massacres which do so much towards crushing all the football out of the members of the beaten team. And it kept the winning team from getting slack by urging them on to score their thirty points before half-time. There were some houses—notoriously slack—which would go for a couple of seasons without ever playing the second half of a match.

Having polished off the men of Appleby, the Donaldson team trooped off to the other game to see how Seymour's were getting on with Day's. It was evidently an exciting match. The first half had been played to the accompaniment of much shouting from the ropes. Though coming so early in the competition, it was really the semi-final, for whichever team won would be almost certain to get into the final. The school had turned up in large numbers to watch.

"Seymour's looking tired of life," said Clowes.

"That would seem as if his fellows weren't doing well."

"What's been happening here?" asked Trevor of an enthusiast in a Seymour's house cap whose face was crimson with yelling.

"One goal all," replied the enthusiast huskily.

"Did you beat Appleby's?"

"Yes. Thirty points before half-time. Who's been doing the scoring here?"

"Milton got in for us. He barged through out of touch. We've been pressing the whole time. Barry got over once, but he was held up. Hullo, they're beginning again. Buck up, Seymour's."

His voice cracking on the high note, he took an immense slab of vanilla chocolate as a remedy for hoarseness.

"Who scored for Day's?" asked Clowes.

"Strachan. Rand-Brown let him through from their twenty-five. You never saw anything so rotten as Rand-Brown. He doesn't take his passes, and Strachan gets past him every time."

"Is Strachan playing on the wing?"

Strachan was the first fifteen full back.

"Yes. They've put young Bassett back instead of him. Seymour's. Buck up, Seymour's. We-ell played! There, did you ever see anything like it?" he broke off disgustedly.

The Seymourite playing centre next to Rand-Brown had run through to the back and passed out to his wing, as a good centre should. It was a perfect pass except that it came at his head instead of his chest. Nobody with any pretensions to decent play should have missed it. Rand-Brown, however, achieved that feat. The ball struck his hands and bounded forward. The referee blew his whistle for a scrum, and a certain try was lost.

From the scrum the Seymour's forwards broke away to the goal-line, where they were pulled up by Bassett. The next minute the defence had been pierced, and Drummond was lying on the ball a yard across the line. The enthusiast standing by Clowes expended the last relics of his voice in commemorating the fact that his side had the lead.

"Drummond'll be good next year," said Trevor. And he made a mental note to tell Allardyce, who would succeed him in the command of the school football, to keep an eye on the player in question.

The triumph of the Seymourites was not long-lived. Milton failed to convert Drummond's try. From the drop-out from the twenty-five line Barry got the ball, and punted into touch. The throw-out was not straight, and a scrum was formed. The ball came out to the Day's halves, and went across to Strachan. Rand-Brown hesitated, and then made a futile spring at the first fifteen man's neck. Strachan handed him off easily, and ran. The Seymour's full-back, who was a poor player, failed to get across in time. Strachan ran round behind the posts, the kick succeeded, and Day's now led by two points.

After this the game continued in Day's half. Five minutes before time was up Drummond got the ball from a scrum nearly on the line, passed in to Barry on the wing instead of opening up the game by passing to his centres, and Barry slipped through in the corner. This put

travelling acquaintance on the way down. Mr. Seymour staggered back, grimy and dripping. There was dead silence in the study. Shoeblossom's face might have been seen working convulsively.

The silence was broken by a hollow, sepulchral voice with a strong Cockney accent.

"Did yer see any water come down then, sir?" said the voice.

Shoeblossom collapsed into a chair, and began to sob feebly.

"—disgraceful . . . scandalous . . . get up, Leather-Twigg . . . not to be trusted . . . babies . . . three hundred lines, Leather-Twigg . . . abominable . . . surprised . . . ought to be ashamed of yourselves . . . double, Leather-Twigg . . . not fit to have studies . . . atrocious . . ."

Such were the main heads of Mr. Seymour's speech on the situation as he dabbed desperately at the soot on his face with his handkerchief. Shoeblossom stood and gurgled throughout. Not even the thought of six hundred lines could quench that dauntless spirit.

"Finally," perorated Mr. Seymour, as he was leaving the room, "as you are evidently not to be trusted with rooms of your own, I forbid you to enter them till further notice. It is disgraceful that such a thing should happen. Do you hear, Barry? And you, Drummond? You are not to enter your studies again till I give you leave. Move your books down to the senior day-room to-night."

And Mr. Seymour stalked off to clean himself.

CHAPTER XI.

THE HOUSE MATCHES.

It was something of a consolation to Barry and his friends—at any rate, to Barry and Drummond—that directly after they had been evicted from their study, the house-matches began. Except for the Ripton match the house-matches were the most important event of the Easter term. Even the sports at the beginning of April were productive of less excitement. There were twelve houses at Wrykyn, and they played on the "knocking-out" system. To be beaten once meant that a house was no longer eligible for the competition. It could play "friendlies" as much as it liked, but, play it never so wisely, it could not lift the cup. Thus it often happened that a weak house, by fluking a victory over a strong rival, found itself, much to its surprise, in the semi-final, or sometimes even in the final. This

was rarer at football than at cricket, for at football the better team generally wins.

The favourites this year were Donaldson's, though some fancied Seymour's. Donaldson's had Trevor, whose leadership was worth almost more than his play. In no other house was training so rigid. You could tell a Donaldson's man, if he was in his house-team, at a glance. If you saw a man eating oatmeal biscuits in the shop, and eyeing wistfully the while the stacks of buns and pastry, you could put him down as a Donaldsonite without further evidence. The captains of the other houses used to prescribe a certain amount of self-abnegation in the matter of food, but Trevor left his men barely enough to support life—enough, that is, of the things that are really worth eating. The consequence was that Donaldson's would turn out for an important match all muscle and bone, and on such occasions it was bad for those of their opponents who had been taking life more easily. Besides Trevor they had Clowes, and had had bad luck in not having Paget. Had Paget stopped, no other house could have looked at them. But by his departure the strength of the team had become more nearly on a level with that of Seymour's.

Some even thought that Seymour's were the stronger. Milton was as good a forward as the school possessed. Besides him there were Barry and Rand-Brown on the wings. Drummond was a useful half, and five of the pack had either first or second fifteen colours. It was a team that would take some beating.

Trevor came to that conclusion early. "If we can beat Seymour's, we'll lift the cup," he said to Clowes.

"We'll have to do all we know," was Clowes' reply.

They were watching Seymour's pile up an immense score against a scratch team got up by one of the masters. The first round of the competition was over. Donaldson's had beaten Templar's, Seymour's the School House. Templar's were rather stronger than the School House, and Donaldson's had beaten them by a rather larger score than that which Seymour's had run up in their match. But neither Trevor nor Clowes was inclined to draw any augury from this. Seymour's had taken things easily after half-time; Donaldson's had kept going hard all through.

"That makes Rand-Brown's fourth try," said Clowes, as the wing three-quarter of the second fifteen raced round and scored in the corner.

"Yes. This is the sort of game he's all right in. The man who's marking him is no good. Barry's scored twice, and both good tries, too."

"Oh, there's no doubt which is the best man," said Clowes. "I only mentioned that it was Rand-Brown's fourth as an item of interest."

The game continued. Barry scored a third try.

"We're drawn against Appleby's next round," said Trevor. "We can manage them all right."

"When is it?"

"Next Thursday. Nomads' match on Saturday. Then Ripton, Saturday week."

"Who've Seymour's drawn?"

"Day's. It'll be a good game, too. Seymour's ought to win, but they'll have to play their best. Day's have got some good men."

"Fine scrum," said Clowes.

"Yes. Quick in the open, too, which is always good business. I wish they'd beat Seymour's."

"Oh, we ought to be all right, whichever wins."

Appleby's did not offer any very serious resistance to the Donaldson attack. They were outplayed at every point of the game, and before half-time Donaldson's had scored their thirty points. It was a rule in all in-school matches—and a good rule, too—that, when one side led by thirty points, the match stopped. This prevented those massacres which do so much towards crushing all the football out of the members of the beaten team. And it kept the winning team from getting slack by urging them on to score their thirty points before half-time. There were some houses—notoriously slack—which would go for a couple of seasons without ever playing the second half of a match.

Having polished off the men of Appleby, the Donaldson team trooped off to the other game to see how Seymour's were getting on with Day's. It was evidently an exciting match. The first half had been played to the accompaniment of much shouting from the ropes. Though coming so early in the competition, it was really the semi-final, for whichever team won would be almost certain to get into the final. The school had turned up in large numbers to watch.

"Seymour's looking tired of life," said Clowes. "That would seem as if his fellows weren't doing well."

"What's been happening here?" asked Trevor of an enthusiast in a Seymour's house cap whose face was crimson with yelling.

"One goal all," replied the enthusiast huskily. "Did you beat Appleby's?"

"Yes. Thirty points before half-time. Who's been doing the scoring here?"

"Milton got in for us. He barged through out of touch. We've been pressing the whole time. Barry got over once, but he was held up. Hullo, they're beginning again. Buck up, Seymour's."

His voice cracking on the high note, he took an immense slab of vanilla chocolate as a remedy for hoarseness.

"Who scored for Day's?" asked Clowes.

"Strachan. Rand-Brown let him through from their twenty-five. You never saw anything so rotten as Rand-Brown. He doesn't take his passes, and Strachan gets past him every time."

"Is Strachan playing on the wing?"

Strachan was the first fifteen full back.

"Yes. They've put young Bassett back instead of him. Seymour's. Buck up, Seymour's. We-ell played! There, did you ever see anything like it?" he broke off disgustedly.

The Seymourite playing centre next to Rand-Brown had run through to the back and passed out to his wing, as a good centre should. It was a perfect pass except that it came at his head instead of his chest. Nobody with any pretensions to decent play should have missed it. Rand-Brown, however, achieved that feat. The ball struck his hands and bounded forward. The referee blew his whistle for a scrum, and a certain try was lost.

From the scrum the Seymour's forwards broke away to the goal-line, where they were pulled up by Bassett. The next minute the defence had been pierced, and Drummond was lying on the ball a yard across the line. The enthusiast standing by Clowes expended the last relics of his voice in commemorating the fact that his side had the lead.

"Drummond'll be good next year," said Trevor. And he made a mental note to tell Allardyce, who would succeed him in the command of the school football, to keep an eye on the player in question.

The triumph of the Seymourites was not long-lived. Milton failed to convert Drummond's try. From the drop-out from the twenty-five line Barry got the ball, and punted into touch. The throw-out was not straight, and a scrum was formed. The ball came out to the Day's halves, and went across to Strachan. Rand-Brown hesitated, and then made a futile spring at the first fifteen man's neck. Strachan handed him off easily, and ran. The Seymour's full-back, who was a poor player, failed to get across in time. Strachan ran round behind the posts, the kick succeeded, and Day's now led by two points.

After this the game continued in Day's half. Five minutes before time was up Drummond got the ball from a scrum nearly on the line, passed in to Barry on the wing instead of opening up the game by passing to his centres, and Barry slipped through in the corner. This put

Seymour's just one point ahead, and there they stayed till the whistle blew for no-side.

Milton walked over to the boarding-houses with Clowes and Trevor. He was full of the match, particularly of the iniquity of Rand-Brown.

"I slanged him on the field," he said. "It's a thing I don't often do, but what else *can* you do when a man plays like that? He lost us three certain tries."

his form. It was rather cheap, but I felt so frightfully sick about it. It's sickening to be let down like that when you've been pressing the whole time, and ought to be scoring every other minute."

"What had he to say on the subject?" asked Clowes.

"Oh, he gassed a bit until I told him I'd kick him if he said another word. That shut him up."



DRUMMOND WAS LYING ON THE BALL A YARD
ACROSS THE LINE.

"When did you administer your rebuke?" enquired Clowes.

"When he had let Strachan through that second time, in the second half. I asked him why on earth he tried to play footer at all. I told him a good kiss-in-the-ring club was about

"You ought to have kicked him. You want all the kicking practice you can get. I never saw anything feebler than that shot of yours after Drummond's try."

"I'd like to see you take a kick like that. It was nearly on the touchline. Still, when we play you, we sha'n't need to convert any of our tries. We'll get our thirty points without that. Perhaps you'd like to scratch?"

"As a matter of fact," said Clowes confidentially, "I am going to score seven tries off my own bat against you. You'll be sorry you ever turned out when we've finished with you."

CHAPTER XII.

NEWS OF THE GOLD BAT.

SHOEBLOSSOM sat disconsolately on the table in the senior day-room. He was not happy in exile. Brewing in the senior day-room was a mere vulgar brawl, lacking all the refining influences of the study. You had to fight for a place at the fire, and when you had got it 'twas not always easy to keep it. And there was no privacy. And the fellows were always bear-fighting, so that it was impossible to read a book quietly for ten consecutive minutes without some ass heaving a cushion at you or turning out the gas. Altogether Shoeblossom yearned for the peace of his study, and wished earnestly that Mr. Seymour would withdraw the order of banishment. It was the not being able to read that he objected to chiefly. In place of brewing, the ex-proprietors of studies five, six, and seven, now made a practice of going to the school shop. It was more expensive and not nearly so comfortable—there is a romance about a study brew which you can never get anywhere else—but it served, and it was not on this score that he grumbled most. What he hated was having to live in a bear-garden. For Shoeblossom was a man of moods. Give him two or three congenial spirits to back him up, and he would lead the revels with the abandon of a Mr. Bultitude (after his return to his original form). But he liked to choose his accomplices, and the gay sparks of the senior day-room did not appeal to him. They were not intellectual enough. In his lucid intervals he was accustomed to be almost abnormally solemn and respectable. When not promoting some unholy rag, Shoeblossom resembled an elderly gentleman of studious habits. He liked to sit in a comfortable chair, and read a book. It was the impossibility of doing this in the senior day-room that led him to try and think of some other haven where he might rest. Had it been summer, he would have taken some literature out on to the cricket-field or the downs, and put in a little steady reading there, with the aid of a bag of cherries. But with the thermometer low, that was impossible.

He felt very lonely and dismal. He was not a man with many friends. In fact, Barry and the other three were almost the only members of the house with whom he was on speaking-terms. And of these four he saw very little. Drummond and Barry were always out of doors or over at the gymnasium, and as for McTodd and De Bertini, it was not worth while talking to the one, and impossible to talk to the other. No wonder Shoeblossom felt dull. Once Barry and Drummond had taken him over to the gymnasium

with them, but this had bored him worse than ever. They had been hard at it all the time—for, unlike a good many of the school, they went to the gymnasium for business, not to lounge—and he had had to sit about watching them. And watching gymnastics was one of the things he most loathed. Since then he had refused to go.

That night matters came to a head. Just as he had settled down to read, somebody, in flinging a cushion across the room, brought down the gas apparatus with a run, and before light was once more restored it was tea-time. After that there was preparation, which lasted for two hours, and by the time he had to go to bed he had not been able to read a single page of the enthralling work with which he was at present occupied.

He had just got into bed when he was struck with a brilliant idea. Why waste the precious hours in sleep? What was that saying of somebody's, "Five hours for a wise man, six for somebody else—he forgot who—eight for a fool, nine for an idiot," or words to that effect? Five hours sleep would mean that he need not go to bed till half-past two. In the meanwhile he could be finding out exactly what the hero *did* do when he found out (to his horror) that it was his cousin Jasper who had really killed the old gentleman in the wood. The only question was—how was he to do his reading? Prefects were allowed to work on after lights out in their dormitories by the aid of a candle, but to the ordinary mortal this was forbidden.

Then he was struck with another brilliant idea. It is a curious thing about ideas. You do not get one for over a month, and then there comes a rush of them, all brilliant. Why, he thought, should he not go and read in his study with a dark lantern? He had a dark lantern. It was one of the things he had found lying about at home on the last day of the holidays, and had brought with him to school. It was his custom to go about the house just before the holidays ended, snapping up unconsidered trifles which might or might not come in useful. This term he had brought back a curious metal vase (which looked Indian, but which had probably been made in Birmingham the year before last), two old coins (of no mortal use to anybody in the world, including himself), and the dark lantern. It was reposing now in the cupboard in his study nearest the window.

He had brought his book up with him on coming to bed, on the chance that he might have time to read a page or two if he woke up early. (He had always been doubtful about that man Jasper. For one thing he had been seen pawing

the old gentleman's watch on the afternoon of the murder, which was a suspicious circumstance, and then he was not a nice character at all, and just the sort of man who would be likely to murder old gentlemen in woods.) He waited till Mr. Seymour had paid his nightly visit—he went the round of the dormitories at about



SHOEBLOSSOM STOOD AND QUAKED BEHIND THE DOOR.

eleven—and then he chuckled gently. If Mill, the dormitory prefect, was awake, the chuckle would make him speak, for Mill was of a suspicious nature, and believed that it was only his unintermitted vigilance which prevented the dormitory ragging all night.

Mill was awake.

"Be quiet, there," he growled. "Shut up that noise."

Shoeblossom felt that the time was not yet ripe for his departure. Half an hour later he tried again. There was no rebuke. To make certain he emitted a second chuckle, replete with

sinister meaning. A slight snore came from the direction of Mill's bed. Shoeblossom crept out of the room, and hurried to his study. The door was not locked, for Mr. Seymour had relied on his commands being sufficient to keep the owner out of it. He slipped in, found and lit the dark lantern, and settled down to read. He read with feverish excitement. The thing was, you see, that though Claud Trevelyan (that was the hero) knew jolly well that it was Jasper who had done the murder, the police didn't, and, as he (Claud) was too noble to tell them, he had himself been arrested on suspicion. Shoeblossom was

skimming through the pages with starting eyes when suddenly his attention was taken from his book by a sound. It was a footstep. Somebody was coming down the passage, and under the door filtered a thin stream of light. To snap the dark slide over the lantern and dart to the door, so that if it opened he would be behind it, was with him, as Mr. Claud Trevelyan might have remarked, the work of a moment. He heard the door of study number five flung open, and then the footsteps passed on, and stopped opposite his own den. The handle turned, and the light of a candle flashed into the room, to be extinguished instantly as the draught of the moving door caught it.

Shoeblossom heard his visitor utter an exclamation of annoyance, and fumble in his pocket for matches. He recognised the voice. It was Mr. Seymour's. The fact was that Mr. Seymour had had the same experience as General Stanley in *The Pirates of Penzance* :—

"The man who finds his conscience ache,
No peace at all enjoys.
And, as I lay in bed awake,
I thought I heard a noise."

Whether Mr. Seymour's conscience ached or not, cannot, of course, be discovered. But he had certainly thought he heard a noise, and he had come to investigate.

The search for matches had so far proved fruitless. Shoeblossom stood and quaked behind the door. The reek of hot tin from the dark lantern grew worse momentarily. Mr. Seymour sniffed several times, until Shoeblossom thought that he must be discovered. Then, to his immense relief, the master walked away. Shoeblossom's chance had come. Mr. Seymour had probably gone to get some matches to relight his candle. It was far from likely that the episode was closed. He would be back again presently. If Shoeblossom was going to escape he must do it now, so he waited till the footsteps had passed away and then darted out in the direction of his dormitory.

As he was passing Milton's study, a white figure glided out of it. All that he had ever read or heard of spectres rushed into Shoeblossom's petrified brain. He wished he was safely in bed. He wished he had never come out of it. He wished he had led a better and nobler life. He wished he had never been born.

The figure passed quite close to him as he stood glued against the wall, and he saw it disappear into the dormitory opposite his own, of which Rigby was prefect. He blushed hotly at the thought of the fright he had been in. It was only somebody playing the same game as himself.

He jumped into bed and lay down, having first plunged the lantern bodily into his jug to

extinguish it. Its indignant hiss had scarcely died away when Mr. Seymour appeared at the door. It had occurred to Mr. Seymour that he had smelt something very out of the ordinary in Shoeblossom's study, a smell uncommonly like that of hot tin. And a suspicion dawned on him that Shoeblossom had been in there with a dark lantern. He had come to the dormitory to confirm his suspicions. But a glance showed him how unjust they had been. There was Shoeblossom, fast asleep. Mr. Seymour therefore followed the excellent example of my Lord Tomnoddy on a celebrated occasion, and went off to bed.

It was the custom for the captain of football at Wrykyn to select and publish the team for the Ripton match a week before the day on which it was to be played. On the evening after the Nomads' match, Trevor was sitting in his study writing out the names, when there came a knock at the door, and his fag entered with a letter.

"This has just come, Trevor," he said.

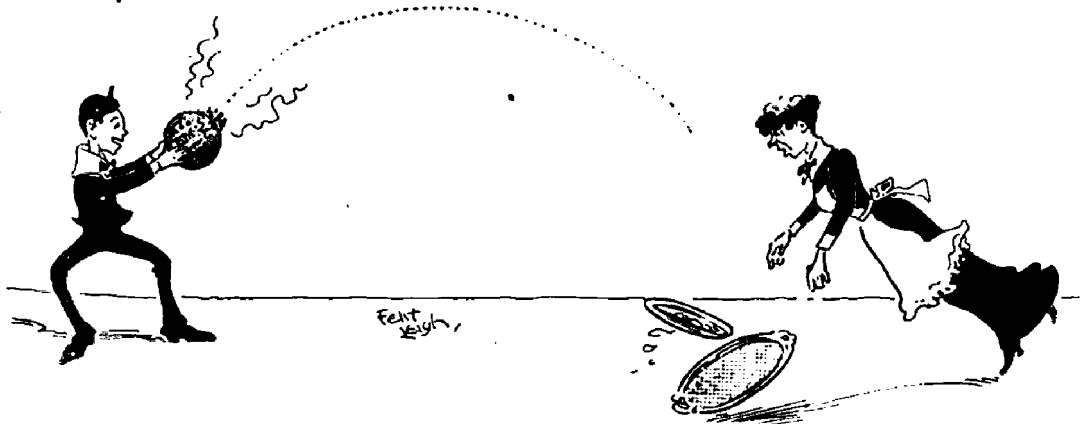
"All right. Put it down."

The fag left the room. Trevor picked up the letter. The handwriting was strange to him. The words had been printed. Then it flashed upon him that he had received a letter once before addressed in the same way—the letter from the League about Barry. Was this, too, from that address? He opened it.

It was.

He read it, and gasped. The worst had happened. The gold bat was in the hands of the enemy.

(To be continued.)



AN OPENING FOR PLAY.

When Mary slips with the Christmas pudding, an experienced goalkeeper comes in mighty handy.

By Felix Leigh.

POOR, DEAR HARRY!

A REAL SCHOOL STORY

By Guy N. Pocock. Illustrated by Gordon Browne, R.I.

"Poor, dear Harry" is a new boy, who, before coming to school, has been reading a lot of school tales in which the Hero is always very long-suffering, and the Bully a most atrocious character. Arrived at school, Harry, to the bewilderment and amusement of his fellows, insists on assuming the rôle of "Hero," and proceeds to "rescue from drowning" a boy who is splashing about quite safely in shallow water—much to the rescued one's amazement and discomfort.

VI.



THE next day was a half-holiday, and Jenkins, surrounded by a little crowd of admirers, was making the most of the fifteen minutes before cricket in perfecting a real fountain which he had constructed out of paper, glass-tubing, and a tin of water, at a higher level. He had set the fashion for inventing, but though the juniors racked their brains to think of something original, they one by one came to the conclusion that everything had been invented already, and returned to watch the resourceful Jenkins. Frost, looking very important, was making out the game for the approval of the games master, while Tommy

and Harvey were fishing for blotting-paper in the ink-pots and talking in a low voice.

"Come here, Jinks," said Tommy at last, rising and seizing Jenkins by the scruff of the neck, "we want to talk to you."

Jenkins turned off the tap of his fountain and joined the fishing party.

"You know all about the new thing," said Tommy. "Is it safe, do you think?"

Jenkins laughed. "It's quite harmless," he said.

"Yes, but does it want its head put under the tap?" suggested Harvey.

"Don't think so," said Jenkins, musingly. "It imagines it's the Hero of a school story—that's all."

"Oh, *that's* what it is?" they both exclaimed.

"Yes," said the penetrating youngster, "that's all. I wonder if it plays cricket?"

"Let's ask Frost," said Harvey, and the three crossed over to consult the captain.

Frost shrugged his shoulders in reply.

"Come here you—er—what's-your-name!" he called to Harry, who was reading pensively in the window-seat. He rose and came towards them, still reading.

"Play cricket at all?" asked Frost.

"I *don't*, but I *can*," said Harry, confidently.

Harvey looked at Tommy and solemnly shut one eye.

"H'm! have you never played?" asked Frost.

"Never," was the reply.

"Ever held a bat?"

"Never."

"Then how on—what makes you think you can play?"

"All Her——" Harry was beginning, but he checked himself. "I have that power," he said.

Frost looked a little bewildered. "You'd better come to the third net as soon as you're changed," he said, imperatively.

"I'm not playing this afternoon," said Harry, assuming the smile that had so exasperated Frost on a former occasion.

Frost's eye-brows flew up, but Harvey swiftly and diplomatically trod on his toe; it would have been a pity to spoil things so soon. Feeling that he was not good at this game of words, Frost resigned his place to Harvey.

"When are you going to play for us?" asked Harvey, with a grin which was intended for a bewitching smile.

"I don't mind playing for you against the County," said Harry simply, closing his eyes and lifting his eyebrows.

Jenkins squeaked and dived under a desk-lid.

"Thanks very much," said Harvey, quite gravely, "but we haven't an engagement with the County this season. Perhaps you'd help us against St. Andrews?"

"I don't mind," said Harry, modestly twiddling his thumbs.

"Beastly good of you," cried Frost, unable to contain himself any longer; "anyhow, you've got to change now and come to the third net."

"I am not playing to-day," Harry repeated, tightening his lips.

But at this moment the games master entered the play-room. "All change now," he said; "Frost, let me see your game. All new boys are to go to the nets."

"I'll obey *you*, sir," said Harry, with great dignity.

"Of course you will!" said the master, with a laugh. "How are the new boys settling down, Frost?" he said, as he walked away.

"All right, except that one, sir," said Frost, "and he's rather—rather maddish."

The master laughed. "Let him down gently, Frost," he said; "he'll be all right in a week."

There was a general move towards the changing rooms.

"What's that muff's name?" asked Harry, as they entered.

"That who?" asked Harvey.

"That muff," repeated the new boy, with emphasis.

"Do you mean Frost?" Harvey inquired, with a suppressed chuckle.

"Ah, yes, Frost," he said; "a dreadful muff, I'm afraid." And he walked to his place shaking his head. But he paused as he passed Jenkins. "I'm out of Coventry!" he whispered, with a delighted smile.

In the bright glare of the sun the cricket-ground shone in long alternate stripes that betokened careful rolling. As one listened to the familiar cricket-sounds, the steady "clop, clop," of bats, the quivering swish of balls striking the nets, the loud voices of the coaches, and the repeated far-off cry of "Thank you, b-a-a-ll!" it seemed as though summer had returned in a single rush. In the cool delicious grass behind the nets a few juniors were chasing little black-and-yellow dragon-flies and diminutive frogs; while Frost and Harvey strode up and down from net to net, pausing a moment or two behind each player, and speculating on the prospects for the term.

"That was a pretty stroke!" said Harvey, in an undertone, "that kid shapes awfully well, don't he?"

"Yes," replied Frost, as they moved on; "I've been noticing his play; much the best sportsman of the new kids. 'Dennis,' isn't he? I shall probably—Great Scott! what's that?" as he tripped over something in the long grass and nearly fell. It was Harry, lying with his chin upon his hands, engrossed, as usual, in his book.

"What on earth do you think you're doing here?" cried Frost, who was getting tired of this strange creature's antics.

Harry rolled over on to his back and smiled. "I feel just lovely!" he exclaimed.

"Dessay you do!" growled the unimaginative Frost, "and you'll feel just lovelier still if you don't go and get your pads on in about a quarter of a second!"

"Is that what the master meant?" asked Harry, placing his hands under his head.

"Yes, and I mean it, too," said Frost.

"I'll obey *him*," said Harry, rising and putting his book into his blazer pocket. "But I don't obey molly-coddles!" he added, turning round some seconds later. It had taken him some time to prepare that sentence.

"A thing like that oughtn't to be allowed to live," growled Frost. "Just look at it—did you ever see such side?"

Harry certainly did look a little self-conscious as he entered the net, drawing on his batting gloves and eyeing the block with the air of a first-class batsman.

"Centre!" he cried, placing his left hand on his hip, and supporting the bat with his right fore-finger.

"Play!" he shouted, after thumping the ground for some minutes. A master strolled to the net and, after showing Harry how to stand, bowled him a slow and easy lob. Harry rushed out to meet it, uttering a little scream, swung the bat round his head, caught the ball fairly, and sent it hurtling skywards. There was an excited cry of "Heads!" from all sides, and every one instinctively crouched with his hands over the back of his neck till the ball landed with a thud in the midst of the bowlers.

"That was a good stroke," said Harry, walking jauntily back to the block.

"An exceedingly bad one, you mean," said the master good-humouredly; and he proceeded to coach him with the rest.

Frost won the toss and sent in the next XV. Wickets fell in rapid succession, none of the juniors being able to reach double figures against the bowling of Tommy and

the new boy Dennis, except Jenkins, who had compiled a cautious twenty-three when the twelfth wicket fell.

"Man in!" cried the master, who was umpiring.

"You're in now!" called Howell from the scorer's bench to Harry.

The new boy started up and unstrapped his pads.

"What are you doing that for?" asked Howell. "You want them on now!"

"I bat without pads," said Harry, with a haughty look.

"Put them on at once, you stupid boy!" cried the paternal Howell; but Harry was already half-way towards the pitch.

Tommy's first ball was a full pitcher, slightly to leg. His bowling was swifter than the master's had been, and it took Harry a little by surprise. First he thought he would run out and slog, then he thought he would play back, and he ended by standing perfectly still till the ball landed with a thump on the left side of his knee. Harry slowly raised his hands, dropped the bat, and rolled up his eyes, but made no sound.

"Why, you've got no pads on?" said the master, walking up.



"WHAT ON EARTH DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING HERE?"

"No," said Harry, heroically, "I play without."

"Run and get them on at once!"

Having obeyed this order, Harry ran out and struck at the next three balls with a little scream, but each time they whizzed past him in a quite unaccountable manner. The fourth, however, landed square on his bat. Harry shut his eyes and pulled, and when he opened them again the ball was in the wicket-keeper's hand, and he was pronounced "Out."

"That's not out!" cried Harry, indignantly.

"Out," repeated the umpire.

"But," objected Harry, "I know I hit——"

"OUT!" interrupted the umpire, emphatically.

Harry went out whispering "Muff!" to relieve his feelings. He removed his pads contemptuously and strolled as near as he could to watch the last wicket fall. Jenkins had got his eye in, and was playing well. Twice he had cut the ball so neatly that the master had called "Well played!" and Jenkins tingled with delight. Then a beautiful

full-pitcher came soaring to leg, and Jenkins caught it fairly. Harry drew a deep breath for the ball was falling, falling directly to where he stood. He knew what he must do. He clenched his teeth and raised his hands. "Long-leg" was running straight towards him, but Harry turned him aside with his shoulder, and a second later his fingers clutched and—oh, joy!—held the ball. Harry screamed with delight, and set off towards the school at a steady run, holding the ball above his head with both hands.

"Hi!" "Stop!" "What are you doing, you idiot?" "Bring that ball back!" The

whole field shrieked at him, but Harry heard nothing. He had saved the match, and was running to tell the matron; here was the ball to prove it!

A moment later half the school were flying after him across the field. The junior games stopped from sheer amazement, and there was silence even at the nets.

"Drop it, you ass!" shouted Drury, seizing Harry by the wrist just as he was entering the play-ground, and wrenching the ball from his grasp.

"Why, do you want it?" asked Harry, in surprise.

"Want it?" cried Drury, furiously, "don't you see you're ragging the whole game? You don't seem to know what an ass you're making of yourself!"

"Well, I saved the match," Harry protested.

"Oh! punch his head," suggested some one in the crowd that had now gathered.

"Put him under the tap," suggested another.

"Come along, quick!" called the master from the pitch; and the eleven ran back to their places, leaving Harry somewhat bewildered, but not a whit crestfallen. The fourteenth wicket fell, and Jenkins, who carried his bat for a respectable 32, was greeted on all sides with "Bravo, Jinx! Well played, Jingo!" till he had to throw pads at everybody to make them shut up.

It was still too early in May for the warmth to last, and the school adjourned to the gymnasium, leaving the match for the following Saturday to decide.

VII.

THE school had now settled down into the usual swing of work and play and eating and sleeping, and Harry, who had shown himself a distinctly clever boy, was placed in the second form, where he rapidly rose towards the top. He was conscientious to an extraordinary degree, rarely answering a question if he considered that some one below him "deserved" to go up.

If ever the master asked "Who was that talking?" Harry would blush violently, and, when questioned, would never deny the charge for fear of getting the real offender into trouble. So that, when the culprit "owned up," as often as not they were both punished. Saturday came, and the match was finished, the result being an overwhelming victory for

the XI. Harry did not often touch the ball, but he had rushed across the pitch with surprising energy every time "Over" was called.

Tea was over, and the school was disporting itself in the playroom, while upstairs in the bath-room the barber with the long wavy hair was half-way through his three hours' performance of clipping and brushing and chattering. Harry had arranged three desks into the form of an arm-chair, and was gazing rapturously at the line of distant trees that stood out black and mazy against an enormous red sun and a beautiful sunset sky.

"Jones minor! your hair-cutting!" sang out Jenkins, entering the room with his hair cropped short like a convict's.

"Don't let any one bag my place!" cried Jones minor, leaving his game and darting upstairs.

"Come here, Jinks! we want you!" cried half-a-dozen boys who were sprawling on the table over a pack of cards. "How do you do this thing?"

Jenkins lay on the table and gazed at the puzzle thoughtfully while the boys glanced at each other and smiled, for even the thoughtful Howell had not made it out yet, though he had taken it to a corner to puzzle over.

"I see it!" cried Jenkins, breaking the silence. "I'll get my cards and show you!" and off he ran to his locker by the window.

"Jenkins!" said Harry, who was watching the sunset fainting from orange to crimson, and from crimson to purple.

"Well?" said Jenkins, groping in his locker.

"Are you likely to die at all this term?" asked Harry, still gazing at the sky.

Jenkins stopped groping and turned round, a little scared. "I hope not! Why?" he said.

"You haven't got consumption or paralysis of the brain, or anything like that, have you?" asked Harry, half-apprehensive and half-coaxingly.

"What are you drivelling about?" cried Jenkins, feeling an uncomfortable sensation run down his back.

"I was only—er—wondering," sighed Harry.

Jenkins returned to the table with his cards.

"Howell! Howell!" cried the delighted youngsters, "Jinks has got it!"

"So have I, now," said Howell, crossing over with a smile to compare notes. Harvey and Frost and several others strolled across to the table, for Jinks's solutions were always tricky and surprising.

"What a rummy kid it is!" said Harvey, as Jinks finished his explanation amidst great applause. "It would have taken me a—Great Scott! what's that?"

All talking ceased in an instant; for out of the twilight at the end of the room came sounds of song—a shrill quavering voice that swelled and died away and swelled again like a loud and somewhat nasal flute.

"Oh! sweet is the sound of the passing bell——"

No one spoke, but as Harry advanced, still singing, towards the group, somebody seized a pack of cards and flung them straight at his head. The aim was true, the pack splitting and falling all round him.

"If I find out who threw that pack," he said, flushing deeply, "I shall beat him with

"Far better," he replied; "indeed, I am in a sadly poor voice to-night."

"And whom do you generally sing to?" asked Harvey.

"On Sundays I sing to my grandmother," he replied, "and on other days I sing to the cook."

"That must be rather jolly," said Harvey.

"Yes, I have a divine voice," continued Harry, "or so I am told. I intend to sit here every night, and sing and sing."

"That'll be very jolly," said Harvey, and a wicked thought came into his head as he saw that the pent-up laughter could not be kept in much longer. "Could you give us a little thing now, do you think?" he asked. Jenkins and several youngsters dived hurriedly out of sight.



THE AIM WAS TRUE, AND HARRY TURNED SHARPLY AS THE PACK SPLIT AND FELL ALL ROUND HIM.

a knotted handkerchief!" And he stood up defiantly with his back to the window.

"Don't make it angry!" whispered Tommy, in a quick undertone, "we'll make it talk again! It looked to me like an accident," he continued aloud, as the crowd moved in the direction of the window. "Was that you—er—singing?" he asked.

Harry's features relaxed into a smirk.

"Do you often sing, like that?" asked Tommy, while the juniors squeaked with delight.

"Often, only better," answered Harry.

"Better than that?" asked Tommy, in mock surprise.

"Certainly," said Harry, "if you'll sit round in a circle."

At this moment Jones minor returned looking very bristly and very wicked. Wriggling his way through the crowd, he stood before Harry, and eyed him curiously.

"You've got to go and have your hair cut," he said at last, as if he were condemning a criminal. The crowd chuckled in expectation.

"I?" asked Harry, looking somewhat alarmed.

"Yes, nice and short," said Jones.

"But I never——" began Harry, indignantly. Then a sudden smile came over his

face, and he shut his eyes. "You're stuffing me," he said.

There was a roar of laughter, and Jones looked a little foolish.

"You don't suppose you'd be allowed in church to-morrow like that?" he asked, "Why, you wouldn't be——"

"Funny boy!" said Harry, without opening his eyes.

There was another laugh, and Jones began to feel that he was getting the worst of it.

"Anyhow," he said, as he turned away, "it's all got to come off now!"

"Ha! ha!" said Harry, very solemnly. Just as things were getting really interesting, the matron bustled into the room.

"Come along, Harry!" she said, "the hair-dresser's waiting!"

"Told you so!" said Jones, maliciously, as the look of alarm returned to Harry's face.

"But," objected the latter, bowing to the matron as he always did, for some reason best known to himself, "but I assure you I should look a perfect fright!"

The crowd yelled with delighted laughter.

The little matron smiled as she grasped the situation. "Come here," she said, beckoning Harry outside the room, "I want to talk to you." There was a chorus of disappointed "Oh's!" from the crowd, but the matron checked them with a kindly frown.

Harry kept out of the way as much as possible for the rest of the evening, looking so supremely wretched that nobody thought of "rotting" him. Jenkins was sorry for him, and crossed over to him as he munched his evening biscuits, saying, "That looks ever so much better! Why don't you buck up now," he added, "and be like other chaps?"

"How could I be like other chaps?" asked Harry, with extraordinary dignity. "And, by the way," he continued, "I saw you playing cards, I think?"

"Well?" asked Jenkins.

"A sinful practice," said Harry, as he strode off to bed.

Jenkins almost wished he had not spoken.

(To be concluded.)

TOBOGGANING IN AUSTRIA.

ONE of the healthiest and most enjoyable of out-door amusements is tobogganing—in Norway called kjelking. The equip-

ment is simple in the extreme; a flat wooden sledge with a long pole with which to steer. In this latter consists the art, for it needs



HERE WE HAVE THE YOUNG AUSTRIAN PRINCES HUGO AND ALFRED WINDISCHGRÄTZ TOBOGGANING WITH THEIR SISTER AND TWO FRIENDS.

practice before one is proficient in steering. The sledge, or *kjaelk*, may be of any length almost to accommodate one or several persons, but that the country be hilly is a *sine qua non*. Given a good long slope, away you go over the frozen ground at tremendous speed, and with an efficient steerer, should there be



AND HERE, AFTER A DELIGHTFUL DESCENT, THEY ARE TOILING UPHILL AGAIN.

windings and turnings, with no likelihood of calamities. Children, both in Scandinavia and the Austrian Tyrol, toboggan at an early age. In the accompanying pictures you see the young Princes Hugo and Alfred Windischgrätz with their sister tobogganing on one of their parents' many estates in Austria.

Now, it's all very delightful to go down, but this accomplished the sledge must be brought up again, and in the second picture we have the Princes struggling up the castle mount with it in tow. And a struggle it is up hill, through snow perhaps a foot deep. This falls to the masculine lot, and manfully

they do it, the Austrian noble being renowned for his chivalry as well as for his proficiency as a sportsman. In Austria there is always some sort of sport on, chamois-hunting on the high Alps, bear and big game in the great forests, mountain-cock on the lower heights, etc., etc., and every Austrian nobleman has his hunting-lodge where frequently the wife stays while the husband and party under the guidance of the *Jaeger* ascend. With her zither and guitar, books and fancy-work, and maybe the wife of some other member of the party, the time passes pleasantly enough in the pretty *châlet* up on the mountains that is provided with every comfort within, and has the advantage of life-giving air and a magnificent view without. On the huntsmen's return there is immense excitement, listening to all they have to tell and afterwards overhauling the trophies of the sport, which, when mounted, adorn either the castle halls or the ladies' fair selves. The Princes Windischgrätz are sportsmen *par excellence*, and own several lodges and deer-parks. Not only a hobby is it with them, but a passion, a leading factor in their lives. They don't mind what hardships they undergo for it, and hardships and dangers there are in plenty; for instance, turning out in the dead of night in Arctic cold, at such an altitude, and mounting higher, higher in the track of the *Jaeger*,

hour after hour until the first faint streak of dawn bids them buckle to and begin. In my opinion it is this that makes the Austrian nobles the fine brave stalwart men they are, and which the young Princes in these pictures bid fair to become.

CAROLINE CORNER-OHLMUTZ.



THE PICKED SEVEN AT HAT-BAND.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

By F. W. CALKINS.

Illustrated by E. S. HODGSON.

THIS is the story of Jared Fox, "a soloist in heroic drama," as he styles himself, and whose career as a successful impersonator grew out of peculiar circumstances.

It was an off-day at Hat-Band, when I arrived at the ranch on a hot afternoon in mid-July, and the "Picked Seven," as the

company's superintendent had called them, lay in the shade of a big L-shaped log building.

They were lounging upon the sand in the loose undress of the cow-puncher. Several were snoring as I came within ear-shot; others lifted their heads lazily at my greeting, gazing at me with drowsy, nonchalant incuriousness. I dumped my valise and roll of blankets upon the sand and took a seat upon the pack.

"Gentlemen," I said, after I had wiped the sweat from my face, "I'm the new cook; your superintendent, Mr. Aitkins, hired me at Rapid last week."

"So? Mister Aitkins hired yeh, did 'e?"

I recognised the speaker, a middle-aged man with a long, sandy moustache and keen gray eyes. It was Gilsey, the foreman at Hat-Band, as Aitkins had described him.

"Mister Aitkins hired yeh, did 'e?" asked the man, with a drawing accent. "Well, that's sort o' curi's; Bob Aitkins gen'ly asks my consent w'en 'e sends a man out this a-way. Yew can walk right in and git supper, Cookee."

It was not yet four o'clock. I thought I knew the ways of cowmen pretty well, and laughed good humouredly. The men who were awake looked at me with a kind of solemn savagery, as though I had flouted an oracle.

"Will 'e get up and dance, boss?" asked one of them, laying his hand upon a recently

discarded revolver belt. The boss slowly shook his head.

"Hits too tender," he said, in tones of commiseration; "we cain't have hits feet drug around yere full o' lead!"

Again I laughed, with the air of one who is in the joke and quite willing to furnish a moment's amusement, and again my merriment drew a stare of disapproval.

"What is the matter with these fellows?" I thought. "Perhaps it's my store pants, calico shirt, and stiff hat." I wore the hat because I had it and it was difficult to pack in my valise. I reflected that if my clothes were at fault I could soon remedy that defect from the contents of my grip. I determined to get into favour at once, if possible, and so I arose and announced my willingness to get supper if someone would show me the ranch kitchen and where to find the eatables.

"Cook-house 's at the south end," said the foreman, indifferently; "grub's all in sight."

As I walked in the direction indicated I heard muttered remarks among the men: "Nuther tenderfoot," "Busted Black-Hiller," and the like. I smiled a little bitterly. "Black Hills or bust" had been painted in big letters upon our wagon cover, when four of us had set out from Iowa toward the mining country. I was "busted" fast enough; but I resented the epithet of "tenderfoot," as what prospector of a year's experience does not?

I found the door of the cook-house open and walked in. The room was large—some twenty feet by twenty-four. Near the middle, on its ground floor, stood a long plank table, supporting an appalling array of dirty tin plates, cups, knives and forks, crusts and bacon rinds.

At the end near the door was a large, grimy cook-stove in the midst of a stack of grimmer pots, kettles and frying-pans. Barrels, boxes and piles of canned goods were arrayed along one wall; against the legs of the

opposite hung hams and strips of bacon in every conceivable state of hagglement. Over and around all this débris a swarm of fat flies buzzed in plethoric content.

No wonder the cattle company's superintendent had offered eighty dollars per month to a man who would agree to cook here for a full year, for a competent cook could save his wages every month at the prices provisions then sold for!

I began a work of renovation at once.

leather-visaged, feeding with business-like movements and in silence save for the rattle of their knives upon the tin platters. They scarcely spoke during the meal, and when to me, only to give orders in peremptory manner: "Cookee, more coffee," or "Drive them biscuit down the line, Cookee."

After supper, as I was washing the pots and plates, I heard hammering in an adjoining room. Presently the foreman and one of his men opened a door and came in, lug-



"GENTLEMEN, I'M THE NEW COOK."

There was a clear, running stream close at hand and plenty of wood in sight. In the course of an hour, by the help of hot water, soap and sand, I had scoured the kettles, plates and things to a semblance of cleanliness. Then I got supper. A year's experience in cooking for myself had taught me to make baking-powder bread and to cook bacon, beans, coffee, etc., fairly well; and so when I called the men at six o'clock their table was loaded with smoking abundance.

I hoped they would show some signs of appreciation of my art when I called them, but they did not. There they sat—stolid,

ging a narrow, box-made, one-legged bunk which they nailed up in a corner opposite my stove.

"Your bunk, Cookee," said the foreman when they had finished. "Breakfast at five an' no racket in the bunk-room—savey!"

But the brand of absolute inferiority was not placed upon me until later. I got breakfast on time in the morning. Again the men ate in silence. As they came in, however, each man had thrown a kind of belt-pouch or canvas sack upon one end of the table.

"Fill them sacks with snack quick's you git through eatin'," said Gilsey. "an' one for yourself; you go on drive to-day."

I knew that ranch cooks were expected to help occasionally on the line, and, though I

was not an expert horseman, I was rather glad of the prospect of a day out with the men. I would get acquainted with someone, at least. Alas, for my confidence and credulity!

The men saddled their broncos at the corals and came in a squad about the cook-house door. I went out to them and handed each man his "snack." One of them held the lariat of an extra pony which stood with its head down lazily whisking at the morning flies. I mounted in perfect confidence.

"Got yer seat all right?" asked the cowboy. I nodded carelessly. He tossed me the end of the lariat. The rope fell across my pony's withers and instantly the creature set in pitching and bucking like a crazy thing. I clung frantically to the saddle-pommel for an instant and then was dumped ignominiously over the brute's head, neck and heels upon the sand.

The cowmen sat on their ponies looking at me in oppressive silence for a moment. Then Gilsey, the foreman, spoke:

"Boys, this is hit," he said, solemnly; "Bob's college gradyeate! Ike," turning to the man who held my pony, "throw the leathers off that cayuse and then hit the road ter Custer an' git a bunch o' calico." And the squad put spurs to their horses and galloped away.

Hopelessly chagrined, I sat in the cook-house door and spent an exceedingly uncomfortable quarter of an hour. I understood the situation now and drew cold comfort from the knowledge. Aitkins had been over from Rapid City while I was settling my affairs there and had given these men my history, which I had detailed quite frankly to him. Doubtless he had bragged to them of hiring a college man for their cook—he had been tonguey and important in his talk to me.

I passed a dismal forenoon trying to think of some way to readjust myself; to establish a basis of decent respect at Hat-Band. I could think of no plan and finally gave it up, determined to do my work well and to honestly earn the wages paid.

That afternoon I lay in the shade and occupied myself gazing dreamily upon the foothills, finding variety of interest in their mottled skirts of pine and birch, their red rock-ledges and shaded cañons and their gray slopes dotted with horses and cattle.

After a time I bethought me to explore the ranch building. There was little to reward my curiosity. The bunk-room was a commodious but barren place, extending

around both angles of the L; an array of a dozen bunks along the walls and a big stone fireplace alone relieved its box-like monotony. The east and last room of the building was a counterpart in size of the cook-house and was used for storage. Saddles, harness, rope, rawhide leather, buffalo pelts, old boots and sombreros hung along the walls or lay piled about in profusion.

The men did not return until nearly mid night. They came in by ones and twos and rattled noisily about the cook-room while helping themselves to the victuals I had placed upon the table. There was not the slightest reference to myself in their occasional remarks. "Ike" was the last one in.

When I got up in the morning I found a half-bolt of calico and a package of needles and thread upon the table. The fellow had actually ridden to Custer and executed the foreman's order of the morning before.

I laid the goods upon an empty barrel and got breakfast, feeling hot and angry enough. I determined to keep cool, however, and to hold my place at all hazards.

The men ate their meal in the usual fashion. The foreman informed me with grave emphasis, though, that if I intended cooking at that ranch I would have to wear calico. I answered seriously that cooks and waiters in Eastern restaurants always wore uniforms, and he had been very thoughtful to provide material for one. I should make good use of it, as I liked to be in style.

Gilsey shrugged his shoulders and the men grinned.

I had a bachelor's handy-mending outfit in my grip and, after my breakfast dishes were washed, I set to work upon the calico. When the men came to supper at night I wore a sleeveless skirt-apron, belted at the waist, which served very well to keep the grease off my clothes. The cowmen evinced neither surprise nor interest, save that each gave me a nod of mock politeness. "Even-in', Cookee," said each one as he filed to his place at table.

They now addressed each other very respectfully. "Have some of this bacon, Mister Lowry." "Pass those m'llasses, Mister McCormack," and so on.

There was certainly a combine against me --to keep me in place. A scullion in a Fifth Avenue kitchen might as well have expected an invitation to the parlour as I to meet these men on terms of equality—and I had nothing to play off against them.

As my status seemed hopelessly fixed, I



"HO, HO, SQUAW COLA, SQUAW COLA," GRUNTED THE INDIANS.

doggedly wore my apron and fashioned others of more convenient patterns. For weeks not a man at Hat-Band spoke to me save to give an order or to curtly answer a question.

The dreariness of the life became almost intolerable.

One day a half-dozen Sioux rode over from their reservation across the Cheyenne River

and came to the cook-house to ask for bread. I was cooking, and, as the Indians crowded in and around the door, they grinned, grunted and nudged each other: "Ho, ho, squaw cola, squaw cola," they said, evidently much tickled and astonished.

I hurriedly gave each one a biscuit and a slice of bacon and then shut the door in their faces. The humorous contempt of these barbarians angered me and I began to feel that something indeed had gone wrong with me. A sort of ingrained stubbornness, however, held me to my work.

At the end of a couple of months the cattle company's paymaster came around and gave me a month's wages. This was some sort of recognition and I plucked up heart a little. Then came Fatty, and relief from intolerable loneliness.

He came in the afternoon of an October day—a young fellow, about my age, short and fat to obesity, and riding a pony quite as chunky as himself. He drew rein in front of me as I sat in the cook-house door.

"H'lo, pardner," he greeted, cheerily, dismounting from his dumpy bronco.

"Pardner!" I rose to him like a hungry trout to a red fly.

"I'm Fatty—jest Fatty," he announced, grinning into my beaming face. I wrung his hand—he could not have told me more joyful news.

"Used to punch cattle for the company in Nebraska," he explained, "till I got too fat. B'en runnin' a dray at Rapid—busted, an' Bob tol' me to come over an' lay down awhile."

It would have been a sacrilege, in my then state of mind, to have harboured the suspicion that Fatty had been a victim to a prodigious appetite for beer. I made him more than cordially welcome; helped him to picket his pony down the creek, where there was grass, and then cooked him a rousing dinner of beans, bacon, fried bread and tomatoes.

We were soon upon the most intimate terms and swapped personal history in detail. Fatty listened to my experience at Hat-Band without apparent sympathy—he seemed to look upon my treatment by the men as a matter of course.

"These men, yer," he said, "is picked line-riders—a picked seven"—he spoke as if there were occult significance in the number—an' this ranch is the reserve-line ranch. Injuns on one side, rustlers on t'other—haf to keep both off—haf to keep stock off the reserve, too. Hit takes mighty good men—

best ther is, an' they don't cotton to common folks—don't haf to."

How I enjoyed this jerky confidence! I freely forgave him the plain inference of the last quoted remark, too!

Fatty helped me to get supper. When the men returned that evening and came into the cook-house, the foreman and several others, who seemed to know the new-comer, greeted him indifferently.

"H'lo Fatty," they said. Fatty served them to coffee and beans and seemed to feel honoured in the privilege.

After supper he fell to work, moved in an empty bunk, and nailed it in a corner opposite to my own. Thus, to my delight, were we domiciled together.

As the days went by we had plenty of leisure in which to amuse ourselves. We fished, shot grouse, pine-hens and cotton-tails, or in disagreeable weather stayed at the cook-house and played checkers or sang songs. I rendered college songs and popular airs pretty well, and Fatty was especially good in his "Days of Forty-Nine." He often bewailed the loss of a banjo he had felt obliged to part with.

One day I ventured to turn my strong battery on Fatty. At high school and at a Western college I had been in demand at "literaries" for heroic recitals—"Parting of Douglas and Marmion" and that sort of thing. My voice, even at fourteen, was heavy and flexible and well adapted to a florid style of declamation.

I gave for Fatty's benefit a number of pieces in my best manner and was rapturously encored.

At the affecting parts in "Spartacus" my audience shed copious tears, and, in the tragic-heroic, he gripped the bench he sat on with both hands and glared at me with mouth and eyes wide open.

Fatty's genuine emotion and emphatic approval of my performance gave me an inspiration—the bunkroom—a stage—Christmas recitals—perhaps I might interest the picked seven at Hat-Band!

I proposed the scheme to Fatty, tentatively, and he "reckoned it would go with the boys, shore." I knew the cowmen's love for any kind of a show and I determined to give one, with Fatty's help, such as those fellows had perhaps never seen nor heard of.

The next morning I engaged Fatty to fill my place as cook, and rode his pony, or rather a pony he had borrowed of the "company," to Custer. There I wrote to a young lady,



THERE WAS LITTLE DEMONSTRATION UNTIL I GAVE THEM "SPARTACUS TO THE GLADIATORS."

whom I knew at Devonport, Iowa, who was a newspaper reporter and versed in stage matters. I sent a draft for seventy dollars, with a request that she fill an enclosed order for me.

Three weeks later Fatty drove the ranch team to Custer and brought back a load of lumber and a stout, iron-bound trunk. When I opened the trunk there was nothing left to desire; my friend had more than filled instructions. Gorgeously figured calico for curtains, various cheaply decorated but showy costumes, a tinselled coat of mail, helmet, visor and shield of steel-coloured pasteboard, a Roman short-sword, forged to order, masks and cheap draperies for dummy lay-figures, harness-rings and wax candles galore—all and more than I had asked for. My friend wrote that she had personally helped to make each costume, for which I had sent the measurements.

At the bottom of the trunk there was a new banjo for Fatty. His eyes shone and filled with emotional tears when I gave it to him; and he soon discovered ability, too, in strumming accompaniments to simple ditties.

When the cowmen came that night Gilsey asked Fatty—apropos of the load of lumber—whether Cooke intended to lay a floor in his cook-house.

"No, sir," said Fatty, boldly; "Fox is goin' to give a show, he is, on Christmas night, an' he wants to rig a stage in the bunk-room. Will you all take hit in?"

They were at supper. Gilsey looked his surprise, and the men turned incredulous eyes upon me as I rattled nervously at the stove. The boss recovered himself quickly and remarked, with apparent indifference, that if there was to be a show at Hat-Band he reckoned the boys would take it in.

"You bet!" said the men; and the habit of ignoring me was immediately resumed. In the days which followed, Fatty and I were busy mortals. We worked at our stage in forenoons; in the afternoons we rehearsed in song and banjo music and fashioned dummy gladiators of gunny-sacks stuffed with straw.

The work in the bunk-room advanced without objection or comment from the foreman or the men.

Five days before Christmas, Fatty and I had completed our stage, which we built in the main corner of the bunk-room, facing both wings of the L. It was a convenient platform, raised three feet from the floor, with some sixteen feet of frontage. Above

this we rigged a stout curtain rod, strung with harness rings.

Then, on the fifth morning before Christmas, Fatty mysteriously disappeared. I arose to find him gone and his banjo missing from its peg upon the wall. I was astonished but not convinced, until I had run out to where I had myself picketed his borrowed pony some eighty rods from the ranch building. The animal was gone.

I seemed destined to play the part of Wamba the Witless at Hat-Band, without that celebrated clown's occasional opportunities to make myself felt. I believed evil of Fatty. I could arrive at no other conclusion than that which consigned him to the evils of an overweening appetite for beer. After the excitement of getting ready for a "sure-enough" show had worn off, doubtless the possession of a new banjo and the memory of abundant malt refreshment to be had by strumming in saloons had proven too much for his resolution—if he had any. My disgust knew no bounds.

At breakfast, however, the men evinced neither surprise nor interest in the absence of Fatty. It seemed, in fact, that nothing outside the line of cattle-punching could stir the imperturbable Picked Seven. In spite of their indifference, their silent disapproval of myself even, I was forced to admire the fellows. They were sober, faithful, hard-riding cowmen. Not a man of them—so much for the judgment of the Belle Fourche Cattle Company—was of the rowdy persuasion. They were mostly men of middle age, or past thirty years, at least; men who thoroughly understood the business of the cattle country and who attended strictly to their duties. Trained riders, Indian fighters, plainsmen of years of experience, from their point of view I was simply a young "tender-foot," of no quality for their kind of work; one who ought to be at home with his folks "in the states." I had pretty nearly come around, as I believed, to their way of thinking, too.

I was glad they were too merciful, at least, to make remarks in my hearing in regard to my latest idiosyncrasy in going to the expense of preparing to give them a show and in blindly trusting to Fatty as an accessory.

As the days wore on toward Christmas there came upon me a yearning to go home—a homesickness which I had to fight as one would battle with the coming on of disease. On the day before Christmas, after the men had gone out to "punch" back a lot of

cattle which had crossed the Cheyenne, my resolution was sorely tried. To pack my grip, walk to a station and take a stage for the U. P. road was a temptation I had to overcome. I only escaped by seizing a gun and tramping to the foothills after pine-hens.

The weather was wonderfully mild. Summer had lapped far into the fall months and we were having Indian summer when there should have been a foot of snow. To this mild weather, unquestionably, is due the fact that I am to-day a professional impersonator. When I returned from a successful hunt, feeling much better in mind, there were visitors at the ranch. There was a camp of Sioux some forty rods below the building. I could see the tops of half a dozen tepees above the rise of a bench in the bottom-land, and ponies were picketed far out among the sage-brush. There were strange ponies at the horse corral, also, and numbers of strange cowmen and other fellows about the premises. I was considerably astonished at first; then it dawned upon me that there had been trouble about cattle coming down from the foothills and pressing upon the reserve. Doubtless this gathering was a preconcerted one to settle some difficulty of the sort.

As I approached the door of the cook-house a dozen or more of the men lying about upon the sand looked at me curiously.

I said, "How do you do, gentlemen?" and I was surprised enough when several of them answered pleasantly, and one of them, a young fellow, evidently from "the States," touched his hat politely.

Without stopping to talk to them I immediately went into the cook-house, deposited my game and gun and began getting supper. From time to time, as I was at work, I noted through the open door more new arrivals at Hat-Band. Men were coming from all directions, apparently. That something uncommon had happened on the range there certainly could be no doubt. New men kept coming, putting their horses in the coral or picketing them upon the prairie, and joining the groups, which quickly increased to a crowd lounging about the different angles of the building.

Evidently these men were waiting for the coming of the Picked Seven—and what was to happen then excited my curiosity not a little.

The foreman had said the men would come in about five o'clock or later. My bread was baked, coffee made and the game ready to fry for supper, when the bunk-room door burst open and I heard a familiar voice shouting:

"Great Scott!" it said. "Fox, w'at's th' matter with yeh? Hain't ye goin' to give a show? Here I comes 'xpecting to find the curtains up and fixin's ready an' finds you a gettin' supper, an' a hundred men an' fifty Injuns waitin' for the bell to ring!"

It was Fatty who pounced in upon me—Fatty, excited, blooming, triumphant! His fluffy cheeks were aglow, but with the hue of health and hard riding; not with the liver-tinted flush of the beer-drinker.

"The show!" I managed to ejaculate, "these men haven't surely come to—" I could get no further. In fact, I had packed away the stuff I had bought, thrusting the useless truck out of sight and out of mind. As the stage we had rigged up could be utilised for extra bunk-room and for seats, with a stowaway hole beneath, I had let it stand as perhaps a useful memento of my folly.

"Man, man!" shouted Fatty, in amazement, "couldn't you guess w'at all the fellows come for? I've been drummin' 'em up fer five days, an' hain't I corralled a daisy lot? There's good money in this crowd, too."

"Money?" I gasped. "You don't mean to say you're going to make all these men pay to come in?"

"They can't get it without," declared Fatty; "foreman wouldn't let 'em, an' they wouldn't keer a red for a free show, neither. Ye see, Gilsey talked to me afore I started out, an' 'lowed 'e didn't want you givin' a free show at Hat-Band. I tol' 'im you was a shore 'nough showman, an' 'e tol' me to go out and kin' of ring in a Christmas evenin' surprise on yeh. The whites pays a dollar a man to come in an' the reds four bits, an' they'll be mighty tickled they've come, too, w'en you get through with 'em."

I could have hugged Fatty and should have fallen upon his neck and wept if there had been time. As it was I wrung his hand for a moment—not without wet eyes—and then we fell to work like a couple of lumber-jacks.

To put up the curtains properly and to teach Fatty how to manage them, to arrange a dressing-room and bestow my effects in the rear corner of the stage, to prepare brown paper helmets and visors for a half-dozen gunny-sack dummies, to set wax-tapers for footlights and a row of them some three feet apart upon the walls clear around the angles of the room, was the work of fully two hours. This may seem to have been elaborate preparation for a crowd of cowboys, miners, wood-cutters and Indians, but I can assure

you the effect of the ensemble was not lost on them.

The Picked Seven returned and ate supper about seven o'clock. Fatty and I stepped in while they were eating to snatch a bite and drink a cup of coffee. I noted, with a thrill, an appearance of suppressed interest—even of excitement, perhaps, in the faces of all the men. They talked in subdued tones, but quite freely, of the coming of the crowd, and there were even allusions to the show in their wonder as to whether the bunk-room would hold all the "fellers."

As I drank my coffee I saw Gilsey regarding me curiously and with a kindly light such as I had never seen before in his eyes. I had, in fact, hard work to keep down my emotion under the steady gaze he bent upon my face. It was as if he had suddenly expressed a boundless faith in myself—in success for me in any proper undertaking. And this complete reversal of opinion from the one he had seemed to hold for so long was almost more than I could bear. Doubtless I had grown morbid under these months of suppression.

I went back to the bunk-room and to my work in a whirl of excitement. In an hour the room was lighted on all sides, and I was ready to begin the entertainment. Fatty announced the fact to the men in the cook-room and the Picked Seven came filing in.

I stood upon the stage, with the curtains thrown back, dressed in the costume of James VI. of Scotland, and made my bow to them. Never shall I forget the look upon their faces as the men took in that brilliantly lighted scene. They were like children introduced to fairyland. Their emotions seemed those of subdued wonder and they conversed in low tones as they took their seats upon bunks nearly opposite the stage—all but the foreman.

Gilsey, with Fatty, walked on to the outside door of the bunk-room. There the two talked earnestly for a few minutes. Then Fatty passed through the door, and a minute later I heard, outside, a half-dozen pistol-shots fired in quick succession—a signal doubtless agreed upon without my knowledge. In the meantime the foreman, with a business-like air, quickly arranged a couple of three-legged stools beside the door, took his seat upon one and laid his broad-brimmed hat with crown upturned upon the other. Fatty returned, came to the stage, drew the curtain and stood inside ready to open the show when the crowd should get in.

As I gave final instructions to Fatty, going

over the programme, orally, for the hundredth time, perhaps, I heard the tramp of men as they came through the door and the clink of their dollars as the foreman tossed them into his hat. Fatty peeped between the curtains, but I resisted the temptation. Finally, there were shuffling sounds and some guttural exclamations, and I knew that the Sioux were coming in. I was astonished and pleased at the remarkable quiet which prevailed. There could be only one way of accounting for it—the absence of liquor and the influence of the Picked Seven at Hat-Band. When the last man had gained admission and found standing or sitting room, the silence was almost intense.

I had changed my costume. Fatty rang a tiny bell, which had been provided by my caterer, seized his banjo and drew the curtains. We stepped upon the stage together dressed in Highland plaids.

I have faced many an audience since, but never one which gave me such an instantaneous thrill of inspiration. Directly in front of me, in what might have been called the parquet space, were half a hundred young Sioux, squatted cross-legged upon the floor, togged in all the bravery of their tribes, with grave, upturned faces and glittering black eyes, quietly, yet intensely expectant. Behind these, yet quite near enough, seated upon the bunks, leaning against the walls or squatted Indian fashion, were rows of cowmen, miners and wood-cutters from the Cheyenne range and the foothills. Under the light of rows of wax tapers every white face seemed to have in it the glow of Christmas and of home-memories. The foreman, Gilsey, sat in a cleared space which seemed to have been reserved for him, leaning back against the wall with his arms folded and a flush of emotion—was it pride?—upon his leathern face. Every man in the room had removed his hat. I could have prayed had there been time, but there was not.

Instead, I sang a Scotch home ballad and Fatty strummed an accompaniment. When the song had ended I saw that I was giving my audience—those of my own race, at least—what had been expected. After that it was an easy and wholly delightful thing to sing and declaim for them.

There was little demonstration until I gave them "Spartacus to the Gladiators." When, shield and sword in hand, I dared Fatty and the Dummies to "meet me on the bloody sands," there was an outburst of war-whoops among the Sioux and shouts of

approval ran around the room. When I wound up with that stirring appeal at the close, my audience was fairly lifted off its feet. The Indians could not understand the words, of course; but they followed the action, and the tones of my voice excited them to a fine frenzy of interest and there were fierce grunts and whoops of approval—"E'e'e'eyegh! Vih! Vi-hi!" Shrill and nerve-compelling war-cries.

I felt that this was not a Christmas effect, but an audience of such a character, so widely gathered, were certainly entitled to a variety of emotions. And it was my audience; there could be no doubt of it. I could make every tone of my voice felt. When I sang, in soft cadence, at the close, "We Shall Meet, but We Shall Miss Him," I saw more than one rough miner and cowman draw a sleeve across his eyes.

The crowd filed out of the bunk-room as quietly as it had entered, and the foreman came to the stage with a hat half-filled with silver and small bills. He emptied the contents upon the stage front.

"Mr. Fox," he said, hurriedly, "ef here ain't enough stuff tu pay fer your trouble, lemme know what's wanted—a hundred and ten, seventy-five, I make it. An' now I want to ask ye to do yer last cookin' at Hat-Band. We're goin' to have a barbecue to'rds mornin', and hit'll need lots of bread besides the meat for this crowd, and, ef you please, Mr. Fox, make a bar'l of coffee."

He turned upon his heel before I could utter a word of gratitude and walked outside. I gave Fatty ten dollars—all he would take—of the money. Then we rushed to the cook-room and set to work. It was evident that we would need more room for baking than the stove-oven, big as that was, could afford, and Fatty succeeded in finding two Dutch ovens in the storage-room.

Such a baking! For six long hours we did nothing but mix dough and turn out baking-powder biscuits. We made more than a thousand of them. As we worked, we were aware of activity and fun outside. A kind of cowboy Christmas jubilee was in progress. There were bonfires and there were pistol-practice and foot-racing, and, above all, there was a barbecue after the largest and most generous style.

When we finally went out we were assisted

by a dozen men in carrying bread and pails of hot coffee. A space of sand soil between the ranch-buildings and the creek was lighted with a circle of bonfires. In the centre of this ring of flame was a huge pile of stones, brought up from the creek channel, and on the stone-heap lay the steaming carcasses of two range beeves, roasted to a turn. The embers of a fire had been raked away from the heap, and two men stood about the hot stones, cutting away smoking strips of meat with their knives. The crowd at large was squatted in groups inside the circle of fires, like Indians in council.

Several dry-goods boxes and a barrel were brought out from the storage-room to serve as a receptacle for the bread and coffee. When all the stacks of provisions were in readiness to distribute, the foreman of Hat-Band and his men dismissed other helpers to their places in the crowd.

"Now, gen'l'men," said Gilsey, addressing the circle of expectant faces, "Mr. Fox, the showman, who's goin' to give his show in Rapid an' Deadwood an' a heap of other places, an' who knows wa't's proper tu say for a Christmas morning barbecue, will speak a few words. Hats off, gen'l'men."

What could I say? Never had I been so overcome as I was at that moment! The tears rushed into my eyes; the sea of rough expectant faces swam in a dizzy maze in the firelight; confused emotions chased one another in my brain. I turned my eyes upward for inspiration. Overhead was a "wonderful, clear night of stars"; in the east a faint glow of coming dawn. My brain cleared, as if by magic, and I lifted up my voice and said:

"My friends, this is the birthday morning of Jesus of Nazareth. Let us remember Him. Let us remember father and mother and brother and sister—home! and all the dear ones, living or dead, and let us say the prayer which Jesus taught."

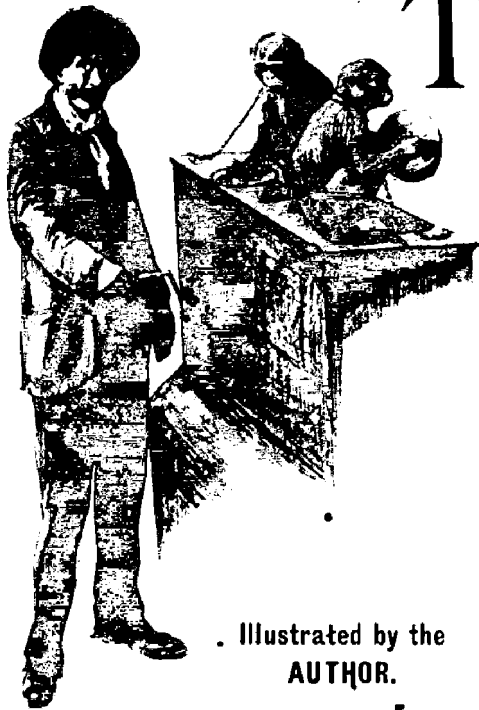
When I had finished that simple morning invocation, speaking with an emotion which I could not control, a dozen voices joined in the amen, and a number of men at Hat-Band turned away quickly to hide their faces.

And so, in the dawn of a Christmas morning, we sat down to feast—and, in the appreciation of that rude frontier assemblage, I had found my vocation.



A TALE OF TWO MONKEYS

by E. Cockburn Reynolds



Illustrated by the
AUTHOR.

It was Christmas Eve. Three times in succession had the piano-organ hammered out its stock of stale tunes to the damp grey houses in a poor back street in Soho, yet the exasperating monotony of sound had not driven one individual to open a window or fling the performer a single copper. The few foot-passengers hurried by as if desirous of escaping from the ear-splitting din of his organ. Not a child was to be seen, not even behind a window-pane, though these were their Christmas holidays.

The Italian cursed his luck. It was the worst day he had had for a long time. Not a penny had he taken. He would go home. The cold drizzle would do his instrument no good.

Two shivering monkeys were crouched on the organ, huddled together for mutual warmth and sympathy. As his eye fell on them, he cursed again. Would these lazy pests only play their cymbals, they might have attracted children to the windows by this time.

He savagely jerked the chains that held them with a force that almost dislocated their necks, shouting his harsh commands at them the while. Then, putting the

cymbals into their hands, he commenced to bang forth again his played-out tunes.

The monkeys, alarmed, clashed their cymbals together with an energy that soon tired their poor little arms, the cymbals being far too weighty for them: and then resumed their former attitude, drooping and shivering in the wintry air.

With a string of oaths, the organ-grinder dragged them to the ground and commenced kicking their frail little bodies. His brutal conduct was soon stopped by a passing gentleman, who clearly explained the nature of his offence to him and urged him to come to the nearest police-station for farther enlightenment.

But the wily Carlos stared at him in well-simulated wonderment, pretending he did not understand a word of English. The gentleman went away baffled, but Carlos, suspecting he had gone for a policeman, quickly trundled off his organ in an opposite direction, and, after a hasty flight through many evil-smelling alleys, arrived at a low wine-shop of his acquaintance. Leaving the organ to look after itself, he disappeared through the mean doorway, and was soon carousing with other lazy Italians, as poor and as dirty as himself.

There was a sigh of satisfaction from the monkeys as he was lost to view.

"Oh! my brother! Will this never end?" sobbed one. "Is there no way of escaping from this tyrant?"

"If we escape, where could we go to? I fear this is no town, but a strange land where houses take the place of trees and fields. Many months have we wandered with this man, yet never seen beyond the thickly planted houses."

"True. Alas! It is a land accurst. You will find in its market places no communities of dogs; no crows on the housetops; no hawk in the air; and never a sacred bull wandering down the highways. The grain baskets from which we fed in the Far East as they lay open on the pavements, are here hid behind glass,

and so is the sweet stuff, all shut away as if this were a land of robbers."

"Ah! brother! that was a good land we came from."

"There the sun and moon were no make-believes."

"And we might wander the jungle for days without seeing a man."

"Those were happy times. Even our wars with the lungoors and the leopards seem pleasant to remember."

"Sometimes an evil dream seizes me at night so that I almost cry out in terror."

"What dream is it?"

"That the tyrant has parted us. Sold one of us away to another like himself."

"Oh! that were terrible indeed! It makes me think of a dream of fear I have sometimes when I see again the black panther creeping towards you who sleep in the sun; creeping without noise; creeping like a shadow. And I, like a coward, sit close by; unable to move, unable to cry, turned into stone from very fear, until I see the rush and spring, and you, whom I love so much, writhing under those terrible claws. Then I feel I too shall perish rather than live without you; and perish in an attempt to kill your enemy. And still in my dream, in that moment of great fear, I think of a tale of how a monkey had killed a panther by biting into its spine in the small of the back. So I spring on the great black back of the savage and bite deep, then turn and fly as he leaves you to attack me."

"Ah! brother, I, too, remember that day. It was a brave deed for one so small. 'Tis a debt I can never repay."

"It was nothing—nothing, brother. What does a little service count balanced against the love between you and me?"

"Alas! It is all we have now to make us forget our misery, our tyrant master, the cold and hunger."

"Alas! and to think we never would have been taken captives but for thee, my brother."

"Why for me?" cried Churro, in anger, "was it not thy greediness that caused it?"

"My greediness? 'Twas thine."

"Thine!"

"Thine!"

They sprang apart, tusks gleaming, eyes shining, and snarling hoarsely with rage. This was their daily quarrel.

Poor, foolish monkeys; they had been caught in their far-off Indian jungle by the old trick—a bottle of gram tied to a tree.

The monkey-catcher counts on the extreme greediness of the monkey, who will cling on to his handful of grain, which the narrow neck of the bottle will not allow him to pull out, until it is too late to save himself from capture.

These two monkeys got their hands into the same bottle, and quarrelled as to which should leave go first. With a whisk a net came through the air and settled on the two disputants. They were soon roped and drugged and carried off to their captor's hut in the jungle. Here they were starved till their wild nature disappeared. When they were thoroughly tame, their captor took them to the bird-market in the bazaar, where they were sold to a monkey-man, who taught them to perform tricks, ride on a goat, fire guns, etc. Then they commenced a not unpleasant life, strolling from town to town and from village to village with their happy-go-lucky master, who was always kind to them.

One day, in Bombay, an agent from the Earl's Court Exhibition engaged the monkey-man, as well as many artisans, jugglers, etc., to go to London to give a representation of Indian life. Thus the monkeys came to England, and when the Exhibition closed their owner sold them to their present master, the organ-grinder, who proved a cruel tyrant and starved and ill-used them frequently.

To-day, after a couple of hours spent in the dirty wineshop with others like himself, Carlos came out very drunk, and, instead of giving the monkeys any food, swore they were the cause of all his troubles, and that he was going to do for them at last. In this state he started homeward.

In spite of the handles of the organ, which propped him up, he lurched heavily in his walk. After going some distance, he entered his alley—a dirty slum somewhere off the Tottenham Court-road. The floors were flush with the pavements; the houses, only two storeys high, were in the last stages of neglect and decay.

He turned into a vile-smelling passage and from that, through a back entrance, into a walled-in space, which was something between a small back-yard and a dustbin; for refuse of all kinds lay on the ground in a heap. Under a shed which took up half the space, the organ-grinder thrust his instrument, covering it with a heap of torn and dirty sacking and a worn-out tarpaulin.

The monkeys shared his bedroom with

him upstairs—a small back room lighted by one tiny window of primitive pattern. The place had a foul animal smell in it which was not altogether due to the presence of the monkeys.

Carlos chained them to a small packing case lined with straw, in which they both slept. Throwing his hat into a corner and his coat and waistcoat on the bed, he proceeded to try and unlace his boots, but in spite of many efforts he could not open the knots, which were fast with mud and wet. In a hazy sort of way he searched for his clasp knife to cut the laces, and, having found it, stared at it, wondering what he wanted it for. Just at that moment the monkeys, who were famishing for want of food, gave a little whimper to remind him they were starving. He stared at them and remembered.

"You no worka you getta no dinnaah."

They whimpered again.

"What! you must dinnaah? Very well, you eata each odder. Ho! Ho!"

The idea tickled him immensely and he indulged in a burst of drunken laughter.

"See. I vill knifa someone for the odder to eata."

He opened his clasp knife and got upon his feet, and the monkeys shrank into their corner in terror, for they saw he was in one of his worst moods, and there was no knowing what cruelty he might not subject them to.

He came unsteadily towards the monkeys, found their chains, undid their collars, and gave them their liberty.

"Now I maka you dance with my knifa."

He lunged forward with his knife, and, before the monkeys could escape, the broad blade came down on the back of one of them, giving it an ugly wound in the shoulder. He roared and laughed at this piece of brutal cruelty, and commenced chasing them round the room with the clumsiness of a drunken man.

Every now and again he struck at one with his knife, but the nimble monkeys, in spite of the small size of the apartment, managed to evade the blow every time, springing from bed to mantelpiece or box or shelf. Carlos, angered at this fruitless chase,

and growing mad over his many failures, seized his coat, and, throwing it over one of the brothers, who had just alighted on the bed, secured him. He then removed the coat, and, holding the monkey down on the bed, raised the knife on high.

In another moment the blade would have



THE BLADE CAME DOWN ON THE BACK OF ONE OF THEM.

reached the heart of the poor little creature. But the other monkey, seeing in what danger his brother was, forgetful of his own terror of the tyrant, sprang on the latter and bit him in the leg. The sudden pain caused the Italian to let go his captive and attempt to stab the monkey that was biting into his calf. Kood nimbly jumped aside and the knife missed. The man, in a fury, made at him again with a drunken spring, but, tripping, fell forward on his face, the knife beneath him. He made one attempt to rise, then groaned and remained lying face downwards on the bare boards of the floor.

Kood had repaid the debt he owed his brother.

* * * * *

The man lay very still on the ground. The monkeys waited in fear and trembling, but he seemed asleep. An hour passed. Then hunger and curiosity prevailed. They approached their master and timidly touched him. Then, growing bolder, they pulled at his garments, yet there was no movement in his limbs.

Then said Kood: "Brother, now is our

and so is the sweet stuff, all shut away as if this were a land of robbers."

"Ah! brother! that was a good land we came from."

"There the sun and moon were no make-believes."

"And we might wander the jungle for days without seeing a man."

"Those were happy times. Even our wars with the lungoors and the leopards seem pleasant to remember."

"Sometimes an evil dream seizes me at night so that I almost cry out in terror."

"What dream is it?"

"That the tyrant has parted us. Sold one of us away to another like himself."

"Oh! that were terrible indeed! It makes me think of a dream of fear I have sometimes when I see again the black panther creeping towards you who sleep in the sun; creeping without noise; creeping like a shadow. And I, like a coward, sit close by, unable to move, unable to cry, turned into stone from very fear, until I see the rush and spring, and you, whom I love so much, writhing under those terrible claws. Then I feel I too shall perish rather than live without you; and perish in an attempt to kill your enemy. And still in my dream, in that moment of great fear, I think of a tale of how a monkey had killed a panther by biting into its spine in the small of the back. So I spring on the great black back of the savage and bite deep, then turn and fly as he leaves you to attack me."

"Ah! brother, I, too, remember that day. It was a brave deed for one so small. 'Tis a debt I can never repay."

"It was nothing—nothing, brother. What does a little service count balanced against the love between you and me?"

"Alas! It is all we have now to make us forget our misery, our tyrant master, the cold and hunger."

"Alas! and to think we never would have been taken captives but for thee, my brother."

"Why for me?" cried Churro, in anger, "was it not thy greediness that caused it?"

"My greediness? 'Twas thine."

"Thine!"

"Thine!"

They sprang apart, tusks gleaming, eyes shining, and snarling hoarsely with rage. This was their daily quarrel.

Poor, foolish monkeys; they had been caught in their far-off Indian jungle by the old trick—a bottle of gram tied to a tree.

The monkey-catcher counts on the extreme greediness of the monkey, who will cling on to his handful of grain, which the narrow neck of the bottle will not allow him to pull out, until it is too late to save himself from capture.

These two monkeys got their hands into the same bottle, and quarrelled as to which should leave go first. With a whisk a net came through the air and settled on the two disputants. They were soon roped and drugged and carried off to their captor's hut in the jungle. Here they were starved till their wild nature disappeared. When they were thoroughly tame, their captor took them to the bird-market in the bazaar, where they were sold to a monkey-man, who taught them to perform tricks, ride on a goat, fire guns, etc. Then they commenced a not unpleasant life, strolling from town to town and from village to village with their happy-go-lucky master, who was always kind to them.

One day, in Bombay, an agent from the Earl's Court Exhibition engaged the monkey-man, as well as many artisans, jugglers, etc., to go to London to give a representation of Indian life. Thus the monkeys came to England, and when the Exhibition closed their owner sold them to their present master, the organ-grinder, who proved a cruel tyrant and starved and ill-used them frequently.

To-day, after a couple of hours spent in the dirty wineshop with others like himself, Carlos came out very drunk, and, instead of giving the monkeys any food, swore they were the cause of all his troubles, and that he was going to do for them at last. In this state he started homeward.

In spite of the handles of the organ, which propped him up, he lurched heavily in his walk. After going some distance, he entered his alley—a dirty slum somewhere off the Tottenham Court-road. The floors were flush with the pavements; the houses, only two storeys high, were in the last stages of neglect and decay.

He turned into a vile-smelling passage and from that, through a back entrance, into a walled-in space, which was something between a small back-yard and a dustbin; for refuse of all kinds lay on the ground in a heap. Under a shed which took up half the space, the organ-grinder thrust his instrument, covering it with a heap of torn and dirty sacking and a worn-out tarpaulin.

The monkeys shared his bedroom with

him upstairs—a small back room lighted by one tiny window of primitive pattern. The place had a foul animal smell in it which was not altogether due to the presence of the monkeys.

Carlos chained them to a small packing case lined with straw, in which they both slept. Throwing his hat into a corner and his coat and waistcoat on the bed, he proceeded to try and unlace his boots, but in spite of many efforts he could not open the knots, which were fast with mud and wet. In a hazy sort of way he searched for his clasp knife to cut the laces, and, having found it, stared at it, wondering what he wanted it for. Just at that moment the monkeys, who were famishing for want of food, gave a little whimper to remind him they were starving. He stared at them and remembered.

"You no worka you getta no dinnah."

They whimpered again.

"What! you must dinnah? Very well, you eata each odder. Ho! Ho!"

The idea tickled him immensely and he indulged in a burst of drunken laughter.

"See. I vill knifa someone for the odder to eat."

He opened his clasp knife and got upon his feet, and the monkeys shrank into their corner in terror, for they saw he was in one of his worst moods, and there was no knowing what cruelty he might not subject them to.

He came unsteadily towards the monkeys, found their chains, undid their collars, and gave them their liberty.

"Now I maka you dance with my knifa."

He lunged forward with his knife, and, before the monkeys could escape, the broad blade came down on the back of one of them, giving it an ugly wound in the shoulder. He roared and laughed at this piece of brutal cruelty, and commenced chasing them round the room with the clumsiness of a drunken man. Every now and again he struck at one with his knife, but the nimble monkeys, in spite of the small size of the apartment, managed to evade the blow every time, springing from bed to mantelpiece or box or shelf. Carlos, angered at this fruitless chase,

and growing mad over his many failures, seized his coat, and, throwing it over one of the brothers, who had just alighted on the bed, secured him. He then removed the coat, and, holding the monkey down on the bed, raised the knife on high.

In another moment the blade would have



THE BLADE CAME DOWN ON THE BACK OF ONE OF THEM.

reached the heart of the poor little creature. But the other monkey, seeing in what danger his brother was, forgetful of his own terror of the tyrant, sprang on the latter and bit him in the leg. The sudden pain caused the Italian to let go his captive and attempt to stab the monkey that was biting into his calf. Kood nimbly jumped aside and the knife missed. The man, in a fury, made at him again with a drunken spring, but, tripping, fell forward on his face, the knife beneath him. He made one attempt to rise, then groaned and remained lying face downwards on the bare boards of the floor.

Kood had repaid the debt he owed his brother.

* * * * *

The man lay very still on the ground. The monkeys waited in fear and trembling, but he seemed asleep. An hour passed. Then hunger and curiosity prevailed. They approached their master and timidly touched him. Then, growing bolder, they pulled at his garments, yet there was no movement in his limbs.

Then said Kood: "Brother, now is our

chance; let us escape while the chains are off our necks."

They crept quietly towards the window. The man never moved. They opened the crazy fastening and glided out. There were people in the streets, so they climbed up the water-spout and remained on the roof till late at night. Then, when the streets were quiet, they came down and fled up the Tottenham Court-road.

"Whither shall we go, brother, in this wilderness of houses? We shall be captured again in the morning."

"To the North—to the North let us fly. I can smell trees and water and open country."

They ran on, hiding in the shadows if they heard a footstep. They were faint for want of food and water, so when Churro discovered an orange which had rolled from some coster's barrow, they were overjoyed, and shared it equally between them.

After much running they came to the Regent's Canal. There they clambered down to the water and had a good drink.

"Brother, I feel that we are nearing a jungle."

"Why, Churro? True, there are many trees in this place, but the houses are also many."

"I thought I got the smell of wolves and tigers."

"That cannot be."

"Hark! There is the roar of a tiger."

"And the howl of a wolf. Where they be, there will be jungles and freedom."

"Let us hasten before the dawn comes."

They ran along the banks of the Canal till they were in the Zoo.

They climbed up the steep bank nearest the elephant house.

"Brother, I get the scent of Hathi, the elephant. What does he here within this house?"

They peered into the open door and saw several elephants and rhinoceros. "They, too, are prisoners behind bars."

"Perhaps they play cymbals also, and dance to a man's music."

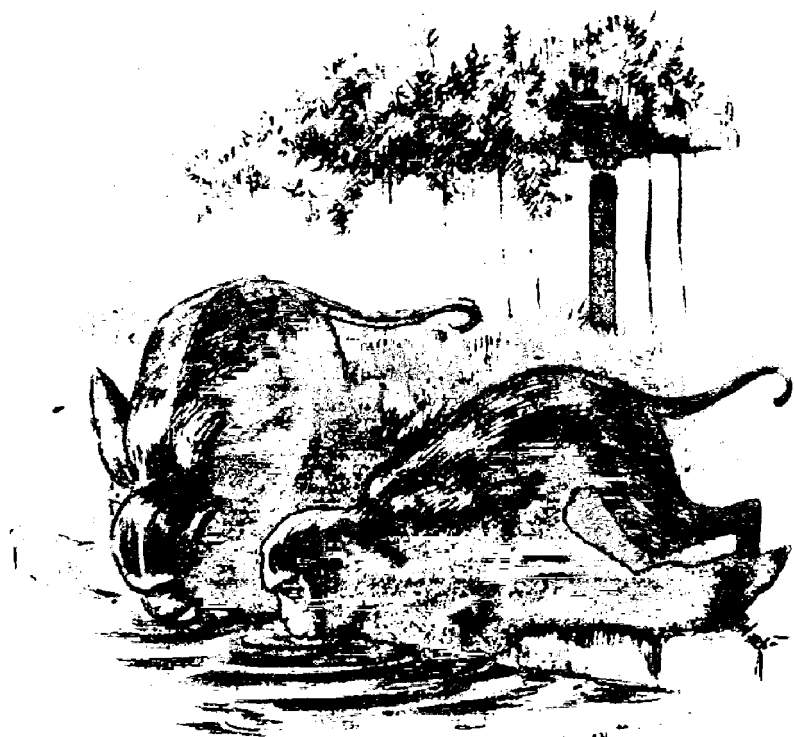
"There is scent on the breeze of many Bunders. Let us hope our brothers are not also in cages. We thought this was a jungle and a place of freedom. But there are jungle people everywhere captives behind bars."

They did not make use of the tunnel but lightly sprang the fence, crossed the road and entered the other side of the garden near the gate.

A sleepy crow called to them.

"How have you got out? Show me the way to freedom, and I will tell you where the best fruit of the land grows."

Outside the monkey-house two Tchih



THEY CLAMBERED DOWN AND HAD A GOOD DRINK.

monkeys slept in a cage. They awoke at the sound of steps.

"How have you got out?" they asked. "Is there any way of moving these bars? We have nuts in our cheek-pouches which we will give you if you will only show us the way."

A window was open in the monkey house. They sprang on to the sill and sat there wondering at the huge cages of sleeping monkeys. Soon they were discovered by those in the nearest cage, and the word went along: "Escaped! Escaped!" till the whole house echoed with cries, from the loud dog bark of the Abyssinian baboon to the tiny chirrup

ing of the Marmosets, each wanting to know how they had got out and which was the defective cage.

When the uproar had somewhat subsided, Kood and Churro explained that they had not escaped from any cage in that place but from a man who took them about with a music-box.

"Ah! you were happy," said a Golden Rhesus, "to travel about from place to place being fed on the best of fruits and sweets and petted by women and children."

"Alas! ours was no life of pleasure," replied Kood. "We seldom had a full meal. There was no petting—only cold and wet, hunger and kicks."

"Then we are much better off," said the caged-monkey. "though we are held captives in these pleasure gardens, for there is always plenty of food, and they are good to us, and never beat us, nor are we ever cold or wet."

Then a black spider-monkey from South America, whose tail wandered about clutching this and that as if quite independent of its owner, and who had a tiny round head and eyes like a gimlet, said:

"Why, look at your shoulder, stranger. It is bleeding."

"The man did that," answered Kood.

"Why? did you bite him?"

"Not then. It was his drunken fun."

"Oh!" exclaimed several in pity, "yours was an unhappy life. Come into our cage. We have almost the freedom of the jungles compared with your life."

Kood and Churro had left the window and approached the cages to talk better with their fellows. Suddenly, with a slam, the window was shut to. A keeper had seen them from the outside, and had captured them thus.

They trembled a little when the keeper approached them, being fearful lest he should strike or kick them. But he did neither. Sitting down, he took Kood on his knees and examined the knife-gash in his shoulder. Then he brought warm water and soothing ointment, and was so very kind and gentle as he dressed the wound that Kood and his brother were soon relieved of their fears.

The wound dressed, the keeper gave the little runaways a good supper, and finally put them into a roomy cage by themselves, so that the other monkeys might grow accustomed to their presence and make friends with them.

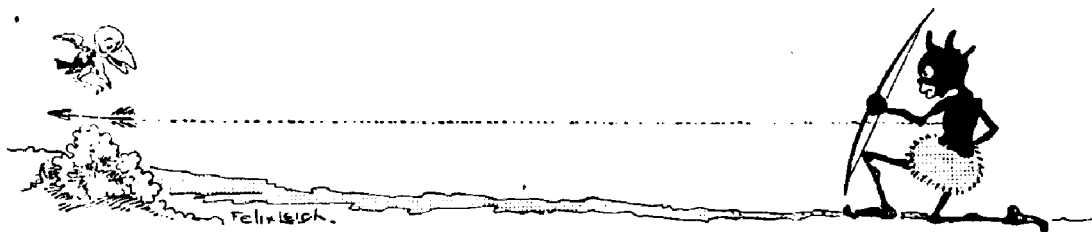
The gash on Kood's shoulder and the swollen necks of both monkeys told a tale of hardship and barbarity, and the keeper determined he would do everything in his power to keep their brutal owner from regaining possession of them.

But, needless to say, the organ-grinder never knew where his two pets had got to. On the following day he was discovered almost lifeless and taken to the hospital, and so Kood and Churro were never looked for and never claimed.

And so it came about that Christmas Day brought great joy to the hearts of the poor exiles, for the Monkey-House was warm and comfortable, and they had good food, and all the other monkeys spoke to them very kindly.

"Brother," said Kood, "I think we will stay with this kind master all our lives."

And so, when the keeper came round again, they talked to him in their monkey language, and told him how very much obliged they were to him for his kindness. And he, though he did not understand them, saw that they were happy, and went away content.



AN ARROW ESCAPE.

THE CAPTAIN. SOCIETY GOSSIP.



"On Christmas Day Sir Bliffin Blinks went for a long tramp in the country."
Drawn by Tom Browne, R.I.

A BIG ORDER.



MR. OURANG: "What! Pull out one of them? No fear;
I'm a dentist, not a traction engine!"
Drawn by Hall Thorpe.

OLD CIGAR=BOXES AND WHAT TO DO WITH THEM.

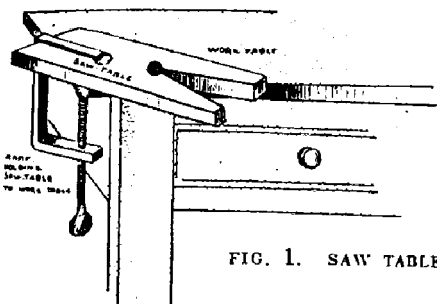


FIG. 1. SAW TABLE.

Written and
Illustrated
by
A. SANDERS.

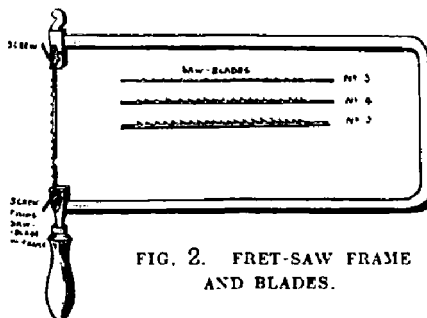


FIG. 2. FRET-SAW FRAME AND BLADES.

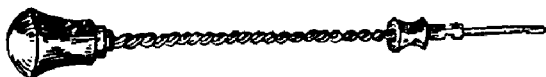


FIG. 3. DRILL FOR BORING HOLES IN THE WOOD.

A HANDSOME gift of a dozen old cigar-boxes found occupation for many a spare half-hour last winter, and some of the results are here handed to our readers.

In the first place, the boxes need to be carefully pulled to pieces, and the nails taken

Fig. 4 or Fig. 5. A glance at Fig. 4 will show that the apparently complicated design is merely eight repeats of a few simple lines. The circle and eight divisions can be drawn with compass and ruler, and a tracing of an

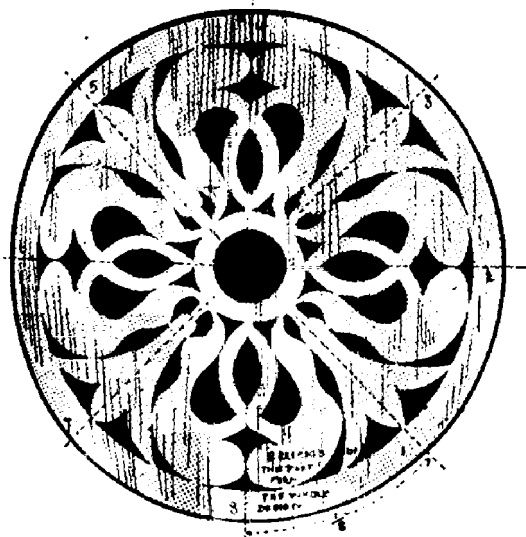


FIG. 4. DESIGN FOR TABLE OR LAMP MAT.

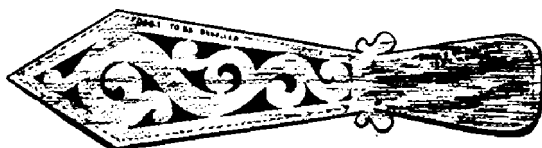


FIG. 5. DESIGN FOR PAPER-KNIFE.

eighth part made, and traced on to each division in turn, using first one side and then the other. When the "fretting" is

out. All paper should then be washed or soaked off. Any warping can be cured by turning over the wood from time to time while drying. The loose pieces should then be stacked according to size.

For those who are not acquainted with the noble "Art of Fretwork" we give, in Figs. 1, 2, and 3, illustrations of the apparatus needed.

As the first pattern, we can take either

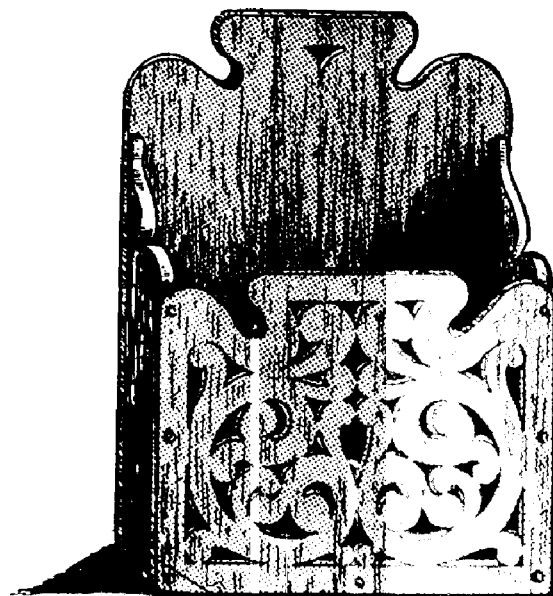


FIG. 6. STATIONERY CASE.

finished, the rough edges should be carefully rubbed down with glass-paper. The paper-knife (Fig. 5) will need a similar treatment with an additional bevelling to make the edges sharp enough for cutting.

Next we beg to introduce to our readers a stationery case and pipe-rack made from cigar-boxes.

Fig. 6 involves a little more carpentry. After the five pieces forming front, back, bottom and two sides have been accurately sawn out, and the

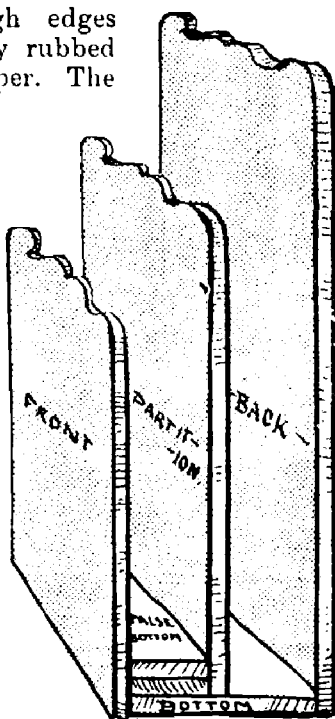


FIG. 7. STATIONERY CASE WITH TWO COMPARTMENTS SHOWING INSIDE ARRANGEMENT.

front (Fig. 8) fretted, we can put them together as shown (in Fig. 9). It is a good plan to nail the back to the bottom, then slip the sides into position and fasten to bottom and back, and last of all nail on the front. The whole should then be well finished off with glass-paper to remove any untidy edges. This design can be carried a step further



FIG. 9. DIAGRAM SHOWING THE METHOD OF FASTENING TOGETHER THE FRONT, BACK, SIDES AND BOTTOM OF STATIONERY CASE.

by adding a partition (Fig. 7) to make separate compartments for envelopes and paper. The diagram shows how the parts are fitted together. The work is greatly simplified and strengthened by raising the bottom of the front compartment. This should be the first thing to do, then the partition should be nailed to the false bottom, the back fastened to the bottom, and the sides fitted to cover up all edges, and lastly the front nailed over all. This will necessitate allowing a greater width for the front. Finish as in Fig. 6.

Hammer and nails will come into use for putting together the back, rack and support of the pipe-rack (Fig. 10); after cutting out these several parts, marked A (Fig. 12), B (Fig. 11), and C (Fig. 10), small thin "cigar-box" nails are the best to use. The support B should first of all be nailed to the rack A, driving the nails from the top of the

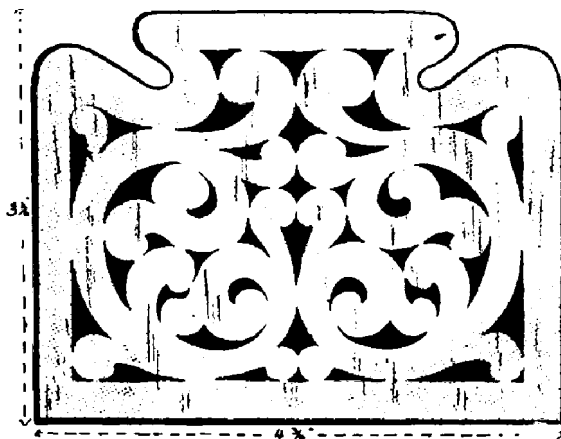


FIG. 8. FRONT DESIGN FOR STATIONERY CASE.

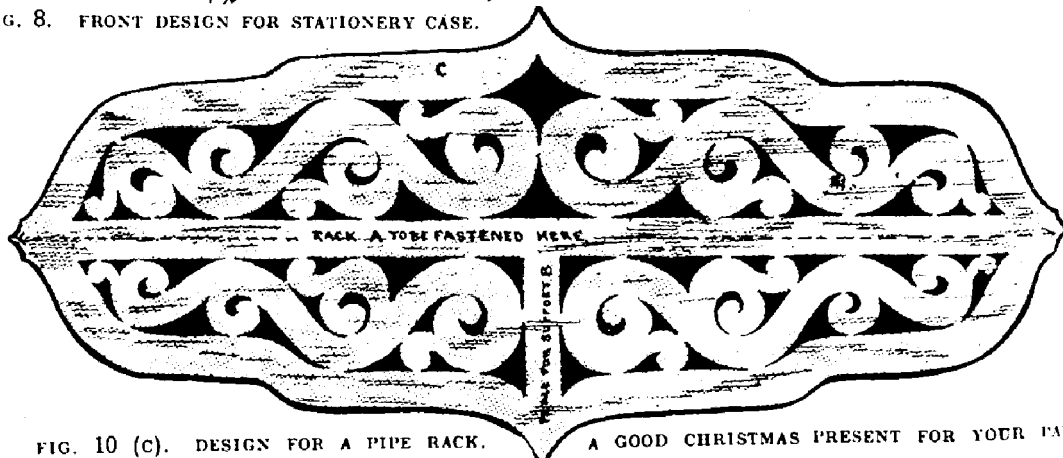


FIG. 10 (c). DESIGN FOR A PIPE RACK.

A GOOD CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR YOUR FATHER.

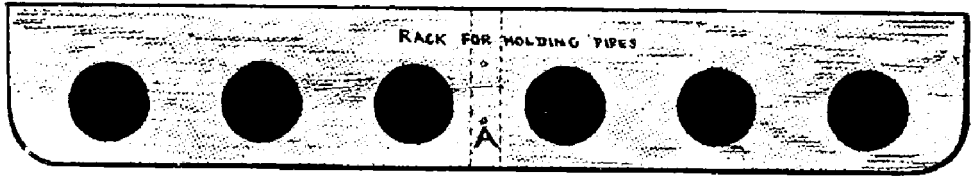
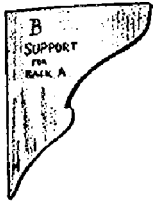


FIG. 11 (B). SUPPORT FOR PIPE-RACK.

FIG. 12 (A). RACK FOR HOLDING PIPES, TO BE FASTENED TO FIG. 10. AND SUPPORTED BY FIG. 11.

rack A as shown in Fig. 10, thus making it easier to fit to the back (C). It would be as well to test the accuracy of our work with a set square before nailing too firmly. The "knack" of sending the nails straight "home" into the thin wood comes with a little experience, and we may always help

matters by choosing the thickest parts of our cigar-wood for supports, racks and other portions of our work into which nails have to be driven.

When complete, our pipe-rack should be well rubbed with glass-paper to give it a nice smooth surface.

A MARLBOROUGH CHALLENGE TROPHY.

In recent years many challenge cups and other prizes have been given by liberal Marlburians and other friends for the encouragement of cricket, football, hockey, and other kinds of athletic exercise.

There is a keen competition among the Houses for these prizes, especially for the Pollock Shield, given by the present Headmaster of Wellington College, to be held by the House which is most successful in the sports of the year. The marks for these are so arranged that the younger members of a House may help to win the Shield for it. The result is wholesome, as, besides encouraging athletics, such prizes help to diffuse widely a generous feeling of

public spirit and loyalty to the Houses. On the other hand, they have increased the tendency to regard excellence in athletics as the chief interest of schoolboy life, and the brainwork as a matter of secondary importance.

Prizes given on the usual lines for school work, while useful to encourage and reward industry, yet have their defects: they stimulate only individual boys, and may beget in them an unwholesome hunger for marks: the honour of the prize affects only the winner, and the competition for it tends to foster a type of character which does not command the admiration and sympathy of companions. Some of these defects might be remedied if into the competition for school prizes we could infuse some of that generous, unselfish public spirit which produces admirable results in some games, athletic exercises, etc. Such were the feelings which led the late Headmaster of Marlborough to offer, as a parting gift to the school, a prize which will be awarded each year just before Prize Day to the House which has gained most distinction in the work of the twelve months preceding; "its merit to be estimated by a scale of marks assigned to the different prizes, scholarships, etc., on the analogy of the mark-scale of the Pollock Shield Competition."

The prize is a bronze statuette, representing St. Michael, designed by Mr. E. Roscoe Mullins, O.M., by whose kind permission we are enabled to reproduce the accompanying photograph. The plinth will bear small shields to receive each year the name of the winning House.



ACROSS THE WILDERNESS

By FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS.

ETAPA and Zintkala, son and daughter of Fire Cloud, an Oglala chief, are held in captivity by Tall Gun, an Ojibwa village headman. Taking advantage of a favourable opportunity, one spring day, the boy and girl make a desperate dash for liberty, and set off across the wilderness in the direction of their home, eight hundred miles distant. For a time they elude the pursuing Ojibwas, but at length they walk into a trap and find to their consternation that they are hemmed in by Tall Gun's trailers. By practising the most cunning Indian tactics, however, they are still uncaught at nightfall, when they wade out into a marsh. After a long period of terror and suffering they reach a pine-wood on the opposite side of the marsh, and hurry on their way. So quick is their progress that they soon forget all about their enemies and little dream that the smoke from their camp-fire has been sighted by an Ojibwa from his far-away perch in a lofty pine.

CHAPTER XII.

A FORTY MILE RUN.

A GAIN a balmy spring morning with no stir of wind, and the woods silent save for the scream of a jay or the chirruping of pine-inhabiting birds.

It was nearly sunrise when the voyagers crawled out of their blankets. There were red squirrels in these woods, and, though they were very small, a number of them would make a suitable meal—and so Etapa strung his bow to hunt for them.

"Hoye, sister," he said, "if any birds arrive at these trees, cry out to me, and I will come to shoot them."

He was about to go after the squirrels, when he saw in Zintkala's face the dawning sense of fear and uneasiness, which, for no apparent cause, he himself was beginning to feel. When he finished speaking he failed to move in the direction he had intended. Both children stood in a listening attitude.

Far away and from some distant lake they heard the quavering cry of a loon. Deep within the woods a bluejay shrieked, repeating a trio of screams several times.

What was it suddenly chilled the blood in their veins? Not the cry of the loon nor the whirring call of a crane, dropping from the sky, neither the frantic shriek of the bluejay.

No, it was a stirring of the sixth sense of the wilderness child—the sense of long-range personal contact whereby the magnetic force of one being is acted upon—at surprising distances—by the electric aura of another. Given an undisturbed environment, a perfect condition of the atmosphere, and the "untutored savage" will infallibly discover—long before it is due to

appear—the approach of a hostile or of a friendly presence.

The enemy! Coming—coming—coming! This was the message, borne upon the still morning air, which reached the consciousness of the little voyagers and froze them in their tracks. They only waited to make certain of the impinging of a hostile force, and then they seized upon their bundles of effects and fled, as certain of pursuit as the deer which flees a baying hound.

They ran as they had never run before, a breathless, skimming, dodging flight, throwing tree trunks, hillocks, bushes behind them, instinctively and unerringly as the partridge flies to foil the gunner's aim.

They heard presently, too, and with scarcely quickened pulse, the baffled and unguarded whoop which announced the discovery of their abandoned camp and their sudden flight therefrom—though the Indian's yells might have been intended as a signal, and thus the enemy would arrive in force upon their trail.

On—on—on they fled. Reaching hard, even ground among the tall pines again, they turned at a right-angle to their former course, and ran toward the east, the direction which they might least be expected to take.

The eyes of an eagle, the nose of a fox, these alone could have followed their tracks at the pace they took. In that brief, tense moment before their flight the attitude of all things was changed for them. No bird, beast, tree or rock now offered them its protection; there was another sky and another earth, and the face of Wakinyan himself was turned from them.

They glimpsed furtively at the spaces in front as they sped—each tree, each bush, each rock was suspected of hiding an enemy in wait. The aisles of the tall pines were gloomy and threatening spaces, embittering the frightened souls, withholding the atmosphere of protection, giving sweeping views to the hidden foe. With a sense of desolation in the heart, each throbbing, panting little creature fled, seeking any fate whatsoever, save a return to slave captivity—on—on—on—scudding like the hunted hare.

The sun rose high above the tops even of the tallest pines and found them running with scarce abated speed. Noon came—the weary legs still carried them forward, going now at the swinging trot which the hunted man or the chased wolf finds best adapted to a lengthened run.

Now and then they halted at some pool or running brook to quench a raging thirst. They only stopped running when the stout boy, not the slender girl, dropped and from sheer fatigue could not regain his feet.

For eight hours or more they had run to the eastward, a good part of the way over ground

clear of undergrowth, through a vast forest of white and Norway pines. The distance they had covered without food would seem incredible to any who have not actual knowledge of the Indian's powers of endurance. A strong adult would have made sixty miles in such a run, and with less fatigue; and it is hazarding nothing of truth to say that Etapa had fallen finally at forty miles or more from their morning's camp.

The voyagers could go no farther. They lay upon their blankets and slept the sleep of exhaustion. The chill night air alone awoke them. Zintkala was first to open her eyes upon the blank darkness of the pine forest. The woods were still, with the silence which can be felt.

Suffering with hunger, but more from fright, the little girl drew her blanket close about her head and shoulders, that she might shut out the black vacant space and its terrors. Thus she sat for a long time with suppressed breathing, a shapeless little bunch which the keenest eye of a night prowler might have passed unnoticed.

Then Etapa awoke and stirred, shivering with cold.

"Tanké!" He spoke in a scared whisper. The "big sister" heard as in a dream and gave no answer. "Tanké!"—this time aloud and with affright.

"I am here," Zintkala answered simply, in a voice muffled in the folds of her blanket. The boy's terror, but not his whole misery, abated.

"I want something to eat," he pleaded. "I am hungry. I suffer very much."

He was again the "little brother" appealing to the wise, older sister for succour. Somewhere within her *parfêche*, which she had clung to in her long flight, Tanké (older sister or big sister) should have preserved some pieces of all the birds they had cooked. His tone implied as much, and the sister's heart smote her for improvidence, but she answered in the same far-away, indifferent tones:—

"I have nothing—there is nothing until Wi gives his light. Thereafter I shall dig some roots, presently."

Then for the first time since the night of their capture Etapa wept. "I want my mother," he said, and cried bitterly for a long time. The sister sat in silence, while the hitherto stout-hearted boy, lost within the vast wilderness, a thousand miles from his own Oglala village, bone-weary, shivering, half-starved and desperate, gave way to his grief.

At length, out of fear, Zintkala spoke. She hitched herself toward the weeper, and laid her face against his.

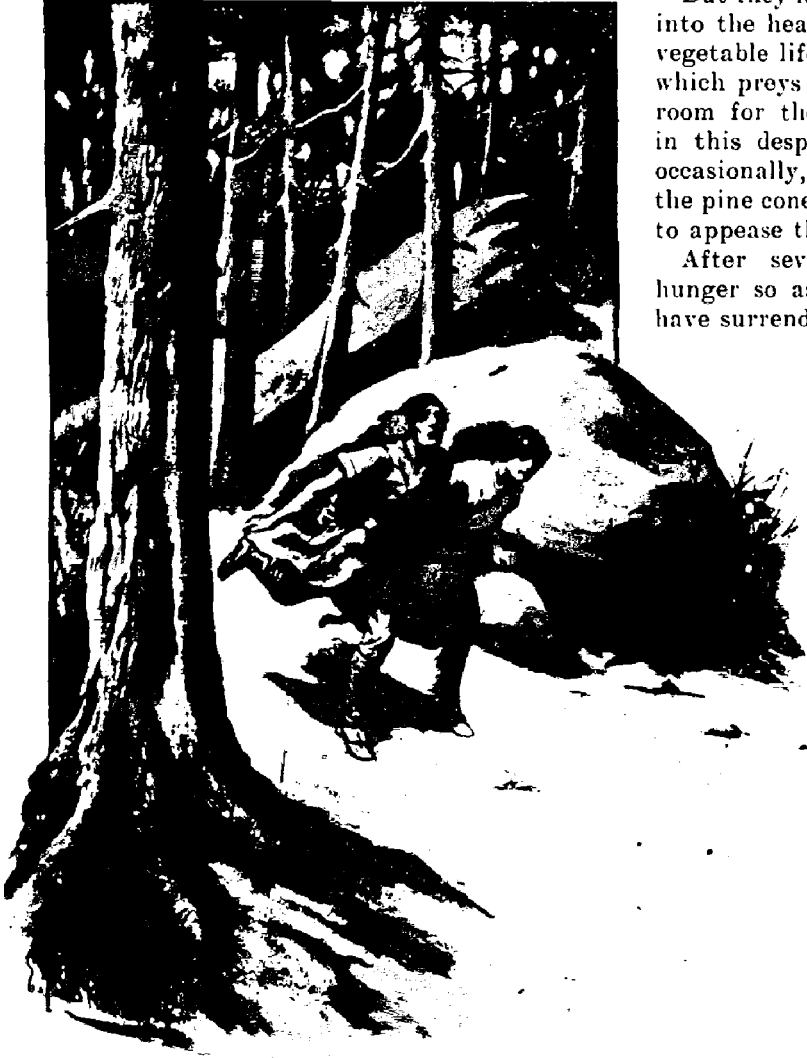
"Younger brother," she murmured, "do not cry thus loudly. Heretofore you have not wept,



and now I fear some wicked wolves may come to devour us."

This admonition checked the boy's crying aloud. His head fell forward upon his sister's lap, and he sobbed himself asleep while she warmed his shoulders with her blanket.

The little girl felt worn and old—oh, so old! All her muscles were stiff and sore, and, in the



THEY RAN AS THEY HAD NEVER RUN BEFORE.

miseries of hunger and the ache of bones, she forgot her terrors of the unknown, and so kept a weary vigil until daylight came.

Gaunt, hollow of cheek and hollow of eye and limping painfully, the little voyagers took up their march so soon as they could see among the dim aisles of the trees. They were still within the depths of a great pine forest—the greatest of all the northland. They travelled now—in

such fashion as they could—toward the south, again finding their course from the source whence the sun's light came.

Deep draughts of cold water, at the first pool they came to, revived their lagging vitality for a time, and they pressed on more eagerly, looking for squirrels or grouse or even some small birds to shoot, or perchance to discover the dead top of some edible root.

But they looked in vain. They had penetrated into the heart of a forest lacking in insect and vegetable life, and therefore shunned of the life which preys upon life. There was only growth-room for the sky-scraping trees. The children in this desperate strait gathered and chewed, occasionally, bits of resin and the seed scales of the pine cone. These served, in a small measure, to appease the incessant gnaw of hunger.

After several hours of walking, however, hunger so asserted itself that they might even have surrendered themselves to Lizbet's clutches

for a mouthful of meat. If by going in that direction they could have been assured of finally getting out of these gloomy pine woods and into the land of game again, they would readily have travelled toward Tall Gun's village. Not knowing, they kept on toward the south, or as nearly so as occasional glimpses of the shifting sun would permit. They ceased to look for game or roots, but stumbled on with ears open for signs of life in some outer world. But neither whistle of wing nor honk of goose fell out of the still sky.

At midday, both exhausted, they fell upon the ground and slept again. Thus they were enabled to rest for two or three hours, forgetting the pangs of hunger. And again they plodded on, and in a little time were overjoyed to discover the glimmer of a lake in their front. But they were astonished and farther disheartened, in coming upon its rocky shore line, to see no signs of life—just a placid deep blue sheet of water hemmed with interminable lines of cloud-touching trees. A pair of loons were

finally sighted, the sun glimmering upon their flapping wings far out in the centre of the lake.

Although they scrambled wearily among the rocks to look down into deep waters, there were no fish to be seen. The only animal they found upon this lakeshore was a huge turtle, upon a flat stone, getting the sun's heat upon its back, and which craned its neck in amazement at the unwonted noise of their approach.

This edible creature they might easily have secured, and, with the aid of knife and hatchet, have gained an abundant supply of food. But it did not occur to them to kill it, for the turtle was the taboo of their race and they would no sooner have eaten of its flesh than of their own.

They passed hopelessly round this desert lake and again were about to drop from exhaustion when they came upon a tiny inlet. In the shallow water of this brook they saw some small, sickly looking fish.

Instantly, with all faculties alert, the voyagers set their cunning to match that of the finny ones. They could only get these little fish by a strategic surround. To this end they shed moccasins and leggings, and prepared to sacrifice their blankets to a wetting.

Zintkala went above to get securely round the fish, while Etapa stopped in the brook below. The boy weighted two corners of his blanket with stones and also laid some small weights about the centre so that one-half or more of its surface was submerged, and the whole quite blocked the brook's narrow channel.

Thus prepared he awaited eagerly the movements of his sister. Zintkala also tied stones in the corners of her blanket. Holding this before her so as to sweep the bed of the creek, she walked slowly and cautiously down the stream. Soon the little fishes, six or seven of them, were fairly cornered between the improvised drag-nets. A sudden easy swoop of the boy's fish trap captured four of the finny ones, and the others escaped in a swift flight into the lake.

These thin, small fish, half-roasted on a smokeless blaze of dry twigs, were barely sufficient to stay the keenest pangs of hunger, and Etapa was too nearly exhausted—he shivered miserably from his wetting in the brook—to attempt further travel, fishing or hunting.

Something, in the bones perhaps, told them they must, at all hazards, rest by a warm fire until another morning. A huge dead pine, uprooted by a wind, lay across the brook. To this they repaired and made a camp. Zintkala regarded her shivering brother furtively and with solicitude. She built a hot fire against the log and bade him sit close to the blaze while she staked their blankets on either hand to dry.

This was quite a reckless proceeding in view of the persistent chase of Tall Gun's Ojibwas, but the pinch of hunger, cold, or illness shuts out other considerations. Zintkala knew that if the Ojibwa possessed the skill and patience they had shown as far as the camp in the sand hills, nothing now could save herself and Etapa from capture. If they had, as was equally probable, given over the chase upon discovering the wary flight from that camp, there could be no necessity for extreme caution. The voyagers had done their utmost to foil and to outrun the Raratowan, and the evil spirit had prevailed thus far. It remained to see what might yet happen.

CHAPTER XIII.

ETAPA FALLS SICK.

ETAPA slept for a time, while the blankets were drying. He awoke hollow-cheeked and heavy of eye. "Why do you not sleep?" he asked.

"The wicked wolves might come," the sister suggested, "and—and the fire will keep those evil ones away."

"Then I shall keep the fire. I have had enough sleep," he said. "I am not any more hungry."

This was a bad sign, and Zintkala looked at her brother uneasily. But she had nothing to oppose to his suggestion, and so wrapped herself in her blanket.

When she awoke the sun had arisen, and she found Etapa, with a strange flush upon his face, stumbling along the brook toward the lake. She called after him to know what he would do, and, as he did not answer, she hurried on to inquire. It seemed that he wished to find some fish for her breakfast. He was not hungry, he said, but older sister must be very much in want of food.

"Come," said Zintkala, "I will do without food. Let us go on quickly to some open country."

The brother yielded without remark and again they took up their journey. Etapa disclaimed hunger, but he had a strange feeling at the pit of his stomach which caused him to draw in his belt until he resembled some giant, ambling insect.

It was mid-forenoon when the plodding and nearly lifeless children came at last out of the lifeless woods. Suddenly they emerged into a world of plenty, upon the shores of a great lake so wide as to reach to a far, unbroken horizon. This lake was flecked with herds of water-fowl. There was a wall of sand and a wide sand

beach as far as the eye could reach along the shore line.

The woods were small and again there were wild pigeons, grouse and squirrels in abundance. But all this life now mocked at the Dakota boy, for when he had succeeded in stringing his bow he had not strength to bend it for a shot. He made several unsuccessful efforts, and then looked at his sister with a drawn and pitiful face.

"Rest, brother," she said. "Lie upon these sands and I will go to dig some roots." She drank a great deal of cold water and then took her knife and went into the woods. She could shoot with the bow and arrow, but not well enough to hit birds unless they were very close indeed. So she betook herself to the resort of a hungry Indian woman, who will find roots and berries where all others fail to find them.

"I must look also for medicine roots," said Zintkala to herself, thus compelled to admit that Etapa was ill or about to become so. She found the dead leaves and stems of many plants strange to her; but when she dug and tasted them they seemed neither medicine nor good to eat.

After a time, however, in a well-shaded spot among some young, hardwood trees, she found the dry foliage of some plants which she recognised as belonging to a delicious kind of root which the Ojibwa had dug during her march with them in autumn.

The plants were ginseng, and Zintkala used her knife eagerly in uprooting them. She found quite a quantity, and they were waste-*ste*—good, good. She scraped the earth from several large pieces of root and ate them ravenously. Anything which tasted good could not fail to allay the fearful gnaw of hunger.

She thrilled with the thought that these roots might make a good medicine for Etapa, and so she passed out of the woods on to the beach to make haste in getting back to him. As she walked over a slope of gravel and loose stones her eyes fell upon a heap of freshly opened clamshells, and near at hand she saw tracks of *matosapa* upon the sands. So the bear had found many clams. These were not much eaten by her people, but she knew that hungry folk sometimes ate great quantities of them raw.

So she dropped her roots, stripped her feet, and waded among the stones to explore. Clams, and big ones, were indeed plentiful, and she had no difficulty in securing all she wished.

Then, without waiting to clothe her feet, her eye sought the line of beach until it fell upon a little grey object lying in the sunshine under a wall of sand. Making certain that Etapa slept, she seated herself, and, cracking the shells of

clams between two stones, devoured the tough but edible molluscs until she had, as nearly as she dared, appeased her hunger. Doubtless no epicure of modern days ever tickled his palate with "Little Necks" of a more delicious flavour. They were fat clams of the full-fed sort found in lakes which abound in vegetable and animal life.

Etapa was sleeping heavily when Zintkala reached him, and she did not wake him at once, for she wished him to rest and then to have some clams, roasting hot. So she made a fire and, while the clams were baking, she built a "sweat house" by digging a pit with a draught, lighting a fire within, and piling some large stones upon the burning wood.

Then she woke Etapa and put roast clams, nicely opened with her knife, before him. But his hunger had gone. He ate one or two of the brown lumps because she urged him. But his face was burning, his eyes shone with a strange light, and he complained of pains in his head and side.

So, when the stones in the pit were sufficiently heated, the sister laid poles on them and made the boy sit over them while she folded *parfêche* and blankets about him and piled sand upon the edges so as to retain the heat.

The Dakotas, like other people, are divided upon social and religious customs and practices. A class, nearly always those of larger natural abilities, have little or no faith in their conjurers and medicine-men. Many diseases are known to them, in a way, and they go about curing them with such genuine remedies as nature provides. Zintkala's people—on both sides—were of this sort. The cures which they had faith in were largely of the well directed powers, sweating, herbs, dieting, and many simple and universal remedies.

Therefore Zintkala did not wish for a *wakan-wicasa* (medicine-man) to treat her brother with his drummings, his chantings and his mummeries. The little doctress gave her patient a thorough sweating, then raked away the ashes of her cooking fire and made him lie upon the heated sands rolled tightly in blankets.

Then, tired though she was, she selected a shelving, sunny bank against the lake wall of sand and proceeded to build a wickiup. Against the scarp of the wall she began operations, digging away the slope with a clamshell to make a level spot, yet pulling down dry sand finally for her floor. Then she took Etapa's hatchet and attacked some young growth near at hand. She drove two crotched stakes and laid a pole upon them parallel with the top of the bank, laying sticks thickly across from this pole and again slanting from the pole to the ground

beneath. A cross pole and more sticks enclosed an end of the structure, and the other was left open for entrance and exit. The roof of this framework she covered thickly with young pine boughs, thatching them cunningly with vines and strips of tough bark.

By the time the energetic little maiden had her roof finished night was coming on. So she built a swift fire of dry leaves and sticks upon the floor of her wickiup until the sands were heated. Then she raked out the embers, awoke Etapa, half dragged and half persuaded the stupor-ridden lad inside, and put him to bed with a parflèche drawn over his feet and another about his shoulders.

Fortunately for this small nurse and her plans, spring comes quickly in the north-land. The weather had come on warm; buds were swelling upon the trees; bluebirds, thrushes, and other warblers sang joyously, with promise of summer, among the small woods. And the sun sank in a great red glory beneath the waters of the lake.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE LITTLE NURSE.

ZINTKALA built a large fire at the opening of her wickiup. She dragged a number of dry limbs in place and chopped them into faggots, for the air was yet chill after nightfall, and she wished to keep a fire going until morning.

It was after midnight, and Etapa was yet breathing heavily, when the little nurse composed herself to sleep with only a parflèche covering for her shoulders. She slept until the sun was shining, when Etapa in delirium awoke her with his mutterings. She knew that

he wandered in mind; for he said things which were witko (foolish and incoherent).

She rebuilt her fire and sat near her patient with a great fear in her heart. With an almost fierce insistence, however, the little girl shut out of her mind a thought of the end which might come to such illness. Such fevers were frequent among the Indians, but with the violent sort they were ill-prepared to contend. So, despite her brave spirit, the sister listened with a pinched face and heavy heart to the brother's mutterings and watched his restless tossing, well understanding how powerless she was to do for



ZINTKALA PUT HIM TO BED WITH A PARFLÈCHE DRAWN OVER HIS FEET AND ANOTHER OVER HIS SHOULDERS.

him. After a dark hour of despair, Etapa again fell into a deep sleep.

Then his nurse aroused to action. She ate a hasty breakfast of baked clams, then very carefully passed some thongs around the boy's ankles and tied them so that he might not get

beach as far as the eye could reach along the shore line.

The woods were small and again there were wild pigeons, grouse and squirrels in abundance. But all this life now mocked at the Dakota boy, for when he had succeeded in stringing his bow he had not strength to bend it for a shot. He made several unsuccessful efforts, and then looked at his sister with a drawn and pitiful face.

"Rest, brother," she said. "Lie upon these sands and I will go to dig some roots." She drank a great deal of cold water and then took her knife and went into the woods. She could shoot with the bow and arrow, but not well enough to hit birds unless they were very close indeed. So she betook herself to the resort of a hungry Indian woman, who will find roots and berries where all others fail to find them.

"I must look also for medicine roots," said Zintkala to herself, thus compelled to admit that Etapa was ill or about to become so. She found the dead leaves and stems of many plants strange to her; but when she dug and tasted them they seemed neither medicine nor good to eat.

After a time, however, in a well-shaded spot among some young, hardwood trees, she found the dry foliage of some plants which she recognised as belonging to a delicious kind of root which the Ojibwa had dug during her march with them in autumn.

The plants were ginseng, and Zintkala used her knife eagerly in uprooting them. She found quite a quantity, and they were waste-*ste*—good, good. She scraped the earth from several large pieces of root and ate them ravenously. Anything which tasted good could not fail to allay the fearful gnaw of hunger.

She thrilled with the thought that these roots might make a good medicine for Etapa, and so she passed out of the woods on to the beach to make haste in getting back to him. As she walked over a slope of gravel and loose stones her eyes fell upon a heap of freshly opened clamshells, and near at hand she saw tracks of *matosapa* upon the sands. So the bear had found many clams. These were not much eaten by her people, but she knew that hungry folk sometimes ate great quantities of them raw.

So she dropped her roots, stripped her feet, and waded among the stones to explore. Clams, and big ones, were indeed plentiful, and she had no difficulty in securing all she wished.

Then, without waiting to clothe her feet, her eye sought the line of beach until it fell upon a little grey object lying in the sunshine under a wall of sand. Making certain that Etapa slept, she seated herself, and, cracking the shells of

clams between two stones, devoured the tough but edible molluscs until she had, as nearly as she dared, appeased her hunger. Doubtless no epicure of modern days ever tickled his palate with "Little Necks" of a more delicious flavour. They were fat clams of the full-fed sort found in lakes which abound in vegetable and animal life.

Etapa was sleeping heavily when Zintkala reached him, and she did not wake him at once, for she wished him to rest and then to have some clams, roasting hot. So she made a fire and, while the clams were baking, she built a "sweat house" by digging a pit with a draught, lighting a fire within, and piling some large stones upon the burning wood.

Then she woke Etapa and put roast clams, nicely opened with her knife, before him. But his hunger had gone. He ate one or two of the brown lumps because she urged him. But his face was burning, his eyes shone with a strange light, and he complained of pains in his head and side.

So, when the stones in the pit were sufficiently heated, the sister laid poles on them and made the boy sit over them while she folded *parfêche* and blankets about him and piled sand upon the edges so as to retain the heat.

The Dakotas, like other people, are divided upon social and religious customs and practices. A class, nearly always those of larger natural abilities, have little or no faith in their conjurers and medicine-men. Many diseases are known to them, in a way, and they go about curing them with such genuine remedies as nature provides. Zintkala's people—on both sides—were of this sort. The cures which they had faith in were largely of the well directed powers, sweating, herbs, dieting, and many simple and universal remedies.

Therefore Zintkala did not wish for a *wakan-wicasa* (medicine-man) to treat her brother with his drummings, his chantings and his nummeries. The little doctress gave her patient a thorough sweating, then raked away the ashes of her cooking fire and made him lie upon the heated sands rolled tightly in blankets.

Then, tired though she was, she selected a shelving, sunny bank against the lake wall of sand and proceeded to build a wickiup. Against the scarp of the wall she began operations, digging away the slope with a clamshell to make a level spot, yet pulling down dry sand finally for her floor. Then she took Etapa's hatchet and attacked some young growth near at hand. She drove two croched stakes and laid a pole upon them parallel with the top of the bank, laying sticks thickly across from this pole and again slanting from the pole to the ground

beneath. A cross pole and more sticks enclosed an end of the structure, and the other was left open for entrance and exit. The roof of this framework she covered thickly with young pine boughs, thatching them cunningly with vines and strips of tough bark.

By the time the energetic little maiden had her roof finished night was coming on. So she built a swift fire of dry leaves and sticks upon the floor of her wickiup until the sands were heated. Then she raked out the embers, awoke Etapa, half dragged and half persuaded the stupor-ridden lad inside, and put him to bed with a parflèche drawn over his feet and another about his shoulders.

Fortunately for this small nurse and her plans, spring comes quickly in the north-land. The weather had come on warm; buds were swelling upon the trees; bluebirds, thrushes, and other warblers sang joyously, with promise of summer, among the small woods. And the sun sank in a great red glory beneath the waters of the lake.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE LITTLE NURSE.

ZINTKALA built a large fire at the opening of her wickiup. She dragged a number of dry limbs in place and chopped them into faggots, for the air was yet chill after nightfall, and she wished to keep a fire going until morning.

It was after midnight, and Etapa was yet breathing heavily, when the little nurse composed herself to sleep with only a parflèche covering for her shoulders. She slept until the sun was shining, when Etapa in delirium awoke her with his mutterings. She knew that

he wandered in mind, for he said things which were witko (foolish and incoherent).

She rebuilt her fire and sat near her patient with a great fear in her heart. With an almost fierce insistence, however, the little girl shut out of her mind a thought of the end which might come to such illness. Such fevers were frequent among the Indians, but with the violent sort they were ill-prepared to contend. So, despite her brave spirit, the sister listened with a pinched face and heavy heart to the brother's mutterings and watched his restless tossing, well understanding how powerless she was to do for



ZINTKALA PUT HIM TO BED WITH A PARFLÈCHE DRAWN OVER HIS FEET AND ANOTHER OVER HIS SHOULDERS.

him. After a dark hour of despair, Etapa again fell into a deep sleep.

Then his nurse aroused to action. She ate a hasty breakfast of baked clams, then very carefully passed some thongs around the boy's ankles and tied them so that he might not get

up and run off in one of his witko moments. Then she took her knife and his hatchet and went to the woods. Diligently she searched for the roots and herbs known to use in her mother's family. There was as yet no green vegetation, and her search was tedious in the extreme, compelling her to dig much under the dry leaves and stems of such weeds and wood plants as the melting snows or the wild creatures had left undisturbed.

At last she chanced upon a bed of mandrakes, and her face lighted with a great joy. Ah, this was indeed waste-*ste* (very, very good)! She dug many of the roots. With these and some freshly peeled bark of the wild cherry she returned to her wickiup.

She looked in upon her patient with anxiety. He was sitting up with fevered face, sullenly trying to untie the thongs about his feet. She assisted him, and, after walking about upon the sands with unsteady legs for a moment, he came back to his couch and turned his face to the bank.

Zintkala now took her basin and two extra large clamshells, and shaved into these receptacles small bits of the root and bark she had gathered. She longed for some of the bitter sage leaves from her mother's bundle of dried herbs. But there was no sage bush in all this northland, and so she did what she could with what she had.

She set her dishes, filled with water, upon some stones which she had placed to heat upon the embers of her fire. She knew the roots and bark must not be freely boiled, and arranged her dishes so as to keep the water gently simmering. She now fished for clams, and it was a long time after she had roasted some molluscs and eaten them before her teas were bitter enough for medicine.

Etap would not eat, although she urged him, hoping to thus prove to herself that his illness was not a serious matter. She was encouraged in that he did not get violent and beyond her control. In one of his rational moments, after a time, she succeeded in getting him to drink, with a wry face, a basin of mandrake tea. After this he again fell into a stupor of sleep.

Zintkala kept her brews going, setting away in shelter clamshells filled with bitter teas until she had enough to last for hours. Then, knowing that her patient was too weak to wander off, she went to look for food. She was tired of the tough clams.

In a little exploring expedition she discovered a marsh bayou where many large fish were to be seen feeding among the reeds in shallow water. Ehé-ho! Here was good meat in plenty. She affixed her long knife to a pole and went spear-

ing. After some adventures, and several hard struggles, she succeeded in killing two large catfish, and lugged them to her wickiup in triumph. Her elation in this exploit would have been very great but for the anxious heart she bore.

Oddly enough, it was but a little time after she had dressed these fish and hung the meat upon curing sticks that she found three unsuspected fishhooks in her own roll of belongings. The hooks were concealed within a bundle of coloured threads and pieces of trader's twine, which she undid to further her mending. This was great good fortune, for she was an expert fisher and the possession of these cunning little weapons settled the question of food supply where there were fish to be caught.

Most of that day she sat upon the sands in the sunshine mending clothes, leggings and moccasins. Rents in her jeep (skirt) she darned by sewing in soft pieces of buckskin, ornamenting them with stitches of red and blue packthreads. This occupation was varied with brief visits to the invalid, who was several times induced to drink of her bitter teas. All day the boy lay, burning with fever, taking no nourishment but water and the bitter drinks.

Upon the sister there settled at length that strange aloofness and preoccupation which seizes upon the Indian, as a defence against the ravages of emotion, in times of suffering and grief.

Zintkala spent a busy day. Among other work, she finished thatching her wickiup, which thus became a prominent feature of the immediate beach, an oval hummock setting its vivid green against the sand wall. She went about all these duties with the intent air of a snelli housekeeper.

After the sun had set redly, falling into the water, clouds obscured the stars, and, as darkness came on, a red sky light appeared across the lake, a cloud glow which her vision—associated with many prairie fires—could not mistake. The red sky meant a forest fire across the water. Woods were burning there, and the lake was not as wide as it had appeared. And there were people over there, too. As night advanced the dash of scarlet upon the clouds became a broad band, and its ruby light was reflected upon the ripples of the lake until beach and shore line were visible as by moonlight.

Zintkala was not sleepy. She sat in the opening of her wickiup for a long time looking out upon the wonder world of fire-lit night and with the fascination of a child of whatsoever complexion. The now dancing ripples, the white birds and the dark ones with the fire's glow upon them, the far-seen herds of fowl moving in a red dusk like war-parties of horsemen going upon a level plain to strike their

enemies, all the curiously peopled water-world, held her imagination.

It was not a still world, neither of woods nor lake. Out of the sky came now and then the reed-like piercing laugh of the loon, the bugle note of the arctic-going swan, the harsh squawk of the night heron, and, from the tree-tops near

The king of the woods, it appeared, was not hungry. He simply wallowed in shallow water, rolling himself about like an agency pig, and then shuffled away into his bushes. Once only he lifted his head and stood at gaze, appearing to be mildly interested in her domicile against the sand wall.

Once Etapa spoke asking for water, and again, after she had given him a drink and fallen asleep, he awoke her with the persistent cry. He drank more greedily than before. Lacking desire to sleep, Zintkala again sat in the opening of the wickiup. And while she looked out over the water and upon the red sky, lo, a wonder happened. It began with forked lightning which paled the fire's glow, and then a far-off deep mutter shook the earth, announcing the approach of the thunder birds. These vast and powerful creatures came nearer and ate up the fire in the sky. They played upon the water with their brilliant forked tongues, and the waves began to lash the rocks and sands and the wind to roar in the trees, and, in the crackling tumult of their wings and the blinding light of the bolts they shot, terror seized upon the little brown girl. She forgot her patient and cowered, her head wrapped in a parflèche, in the darkest corner of her wickiup.

Though the rain fell down in bucketfuls, and the waves rolled high, and the wind howled the wicked song of Unk-té-hi, no harm came to the little voyagers, who, so well was the wickiup lodged and thatched, were not even wetted.

In the morning Etapa was at the height of his fever. He raged and tossed and muttered strange things. He was quite out of his head. The little nurse went about with compressed lips. She cooked several pieces of fish. "He will be very hungry this morning," she said. She set a basin of the broiled catfish at the side of his couch, and then went out and ate her morning meal, sitting with her back to the



SHE RAN TO HIM IN A GREAT FRIGHT.

at hand, two owls mocked at the puddling ducks which presently they intended to pounce upon.

Once, startlingly close, a crackling of bushes caught the watcher's ear, and brought her heart fluttering into her throat. At last the Ojibwa! But no, a dark hulk moving upon four legs came out upon the sands and she understood that mato-sapa had come to his clam fishery. She shrank within the door of her tepée and peered fearfully forth.

wickiup. When she had finished she went in and took away the basin, pretending that Etapa had eaten most of the fish. She threw the contents of the dish among the bushes, saying to some birds that they could have what was left. Then she set about brewing bitter teas again. This herb drink she gave to the sufferer in large doses when he cried out for water, and at midday he again fell into a heavy sleep.

The day was very warm and pleasant. Many large flocks of water-fowl left the lake and flew northward, honking and squalling with much uproar and fuss.

Seeing that Etapa was not likely to awake soon, his nurse cut a slender pole and with hook and line and some fresh clams went fishing at the bayou. The big pike and pickerel snapped at her tempting baits so greedily that they almost frightened her, and she returned with as many as she could carry.

When she came to the heap of clamshells, she left two of her fish upon the stones. "They are for you, O mato-sapa," she said, turning toward the bushes and addressing the bear quite as though the animal were facing her. "Perhaps you will see that my heart is good, and thus you will not enter my tepée."

The Indian child speaks always the language of its elders, and, if it be not stupid or lacking in brain quality, will, at eight or ten years, have attained a vocabulary capable of more effective speech than the average child of similar age among English-speaking people.

At ten Zintkala had been accomplished in her own tongue; in five months at a missionary school she had learned enough of English to converse with her teachers about ordinary matters, and six months' tutelage among the Ojibwa, in a tongue differing as widely from her own as Latin from Hindustani, she had learned to speak Chippewa readily.

When she again turned toward the wickiup Etapa was outside staggering and stumbling, making a half-crazed effort to reach the water. She ran to him in a great fright, for she thought that now he was surely witko and about to become violent. Partly carrying, and partly forcing him to walk, she got him back to his couch and supplied his wants with bitter drinks.

That night Zintkala hardly slept, and for three days thereafter Etapa required her constant care, giving her only snatches of rest. The patient was violent at times, and it required all her strength to keep him within the wickiup.

During this time she ate only the fish which she had partly cured and preserved, and made but one excursion to the woods after roots and cherry bark for her brews. On this occasion she had the good fortune to kill a rabbit, which she

hit with a stone. This game she dressed and hung near the fire to make soup for Etapa. Some of this, very weak, she gave him when he craved water.

On the sixth morning of his illness, when, upon awakening from a better sleep than she had had in several days, the little nurse no longer heard her patient's heavy breathing, but saw an emaciated figure with face turned away, with blanket unmoved where she had last tucked it round his feet, she caught her breath with a little gasp and ran outside, not daring to look at the features of that still one.

Distract and wild-eyed, she wandered for a time. She gazed far across the lake where the fire had burned, and where, upon the horizon line, a mere speck, she had one day seen a canoe pass. There were people, there was a village over there, and she almost made herself believe that she ought at once to go round the lake and find these folk. Maybe their medicine-man, like Ghost Moccasin of Tall Gun's village, was a very great wonder-worker. Perhaps such a wonderful one would come and cure Etapa.

She raced away from the spectre in her mind. She hastened to the pool of the bayou to see if there were indeed fish swimming there.

Then she turned her attention to the great white herds of pelicans upon the lake. All the wild geese and many of the droves of ducks had vanished, but it did not occur to her to wonder where they had gone. She kept her eyes upon the immense white birds with big red pouches under their bills. She thought that she should have one of those pouches. They were very convenient. She had heard that the birds carried fish in them.

Yet something kept saying to her that she must go back to the wickiup—go back—go back—go back.

She hurried along the beach; her little feet stumbled among the stones; her breath, now suppressed, again came and went in spasmodic gasps; a strange misty world danced in her eyes; a tattoo of drums throbbed in her ears.

She approached the wickiup with halting steps and wavering eyes; her small round face was pinched and bloodless, white as one of the dead. Some compelling force drew her to the opening. She peered inside. Ah, waste-Ste! The sick one had moved—his thin face was turned partly toward her!

She bent over him with all her soul in her face. One look and her energies and faculties returned in a single throb. She flew outside, uncovered the embers of her fire, snatched her basin and ran for water. A large leg of the rabbit! This she had saved for a nourishing broth. Ah, Etapa must very quickly take some

of her soup. He would like it; he would drink it eagerly perhaps. He must now be very hungry—they were always so. All her energies were concentrated upon the cooking of that broth, with nursing it with just enough of fire. She had a bit of salt and that she put in to make it very good indeed.

In a brief time she was bending above her scarcely breathing patient, clamshell spoon and dish in hand, and when the weak boy made a little strangling noise in his throat she almost laughed. When she saw that he had really swallowed two mouthfuls of broth, and that his hollow eyes had opened, and he seemed to know her, she glowed with energy, a little dynamo of nature to give to the weak one life and strength.

Two or three times, within a little while, she succeeded in getting her patient to swallow broth, and then, to her great delight, he fell into a soft and natural sleep.

CHAPTER XV.

GOING TO THE ENEMY.

VIOLENT fevers of the swamp and woods are emaciating and usually leave the system deranged for a time. Etapa did not mend rapidly, and, though after some days he was able to walk about, it was evident that he would not be strong enough to travel for a long time. He resembled only the half-animated framework of the stout boy who had escaped from the sugar-camp.

He no longer spoke of going homeward. He seemed content to be provided for, to lie upon the sands and watch the white herds of pelicans. The sister saw how it was, and she pondered the matter gravely. Twice she had seen an elongated speck, almost upon the rim of the sky, move across the lake from a far-off headland. On one or two still, clear mornings, also, there were smoke indications hazing the sky above a dimly seen shore line of bluff and woods. That there was a large village in that direction she could have no doubt, and somehow she had arrived at the conclusion that the people were a peaceful sort of folk, who lived in a wonderful land of plenty and were generous to friends and strangers alike.

True, these people might not feel kindly toward those of the Dakota nation, but it seemed quite certain to her that they were not a cruel folk, on the look-out to do others harm, or they would have discovered and set upon her little camp long since. The Ojibwas of Tall Gun's village were almost forgotten, so distant was their country and so long it seemed since her escape from them.

She remembered that once in her home village

a young Pawnee—a Scili—had thrown himself upon the mercy of the Oglalas. He had been lost, and had come upon their tepées in a violent snowstorm. This young man had been well received. He stayed with his benefactors many moons, hunting faithfully for them during the buffalo-killing season, and then returned, unmolested, to his own people.

So Zintkala determined to seek the strangers across the lake and ask for hospitality for a season.

She now used her buckskins—the parflèche and loose skins—making moccasins and garments and in mending. She had much coloured pack-thread and some pretty beads among her pickings, and she fashioned herself an overskirt of Sioux pattern which she ornamented with many fringes. When she had donned this skirt, her elk-teeth necklace and some real Dakota leggings and moccasins, she felt as much like some genuine person as a Sioux waif might in that wilderness.

In these days of Etapa's slow recovery Zintkala took on new life and capability. She was the camp's fisher and hunter, and her larder was well supplied with fresh fish and duck's eggs, upon which diet, and a daily swim in the lake, she thrived as a healthy animal. Her plump, round face and snapping black eyes glowed with animation.

She did not after that one time see mato-sapa, who, it seemed, preferred a more solitary haunt. Yet some creature, which left strange tracks upon the wet sands, came one night and stole fish which she had hung to a pole for safe keeping. Thereafter for a time she kept her meat in the wickiup, and still the marauder came regularly, eating the fishheads which she threw upon the beach and leaving those queer tracks all about her domicile.

Then she hit upon the expedient of carrying her refuse out to the heap of clamshells, and there the strange creature came and devoured it. She again hung a fish upon the cross-stick she had arranged, and that same night, when the moon was shining, she was awakened by a snapping sound as of a fagot broken across the knee. Peering out, she saw a black creature, about the size of a common dog, eating her fish.

More angered than alarmed, she seized Etapa's bow and arrows and discharged a shaft with all her might at the range of a dozen paces. The animal was hit in the neck and sprang high with a fierce whistling snarl. It whirled about and about upon the sands, growling and striking at the slender shaft which had gone through its throat, and then, making curious leaps along the beach, disappeared from sight.

On the following morning the voyagers found

a big brown carcajou lying dead upon the sands near the bayou. When she saw what a savage creature she had slain Zintkala was almost as much frightened as elated. The body was so heavy that all her strength was required to drag it to the wickiup. Etapa praised her skill in shooting. "How, big sister," he said, "that was

completed by aid of wood ashes, fresh brains, and by much rubbing with the hands. The fur was long and thick, of dark brown, with two bands of cinnamon, and, when she had sewed the flaps of the forelegs into sleevelets, Etapa was truly furnished with a "chief's garment," which he wore hanging down his back with the



THE ANIMAL WAS HIT IN THE NECK AND SPRANG HIGH WITH A FIERCE WHISTLING SNARL.

indeed well done. Now you shall make me a chief's garment."

With what strength he had, the boy helped his sister to take off the carcajou's skin. It was a beautiful pelt, and they left a very pretty black bush of tail pendant.

Zintkala at once set about fleshing this fine skin in readiness for tanning, which process was

tail ornament brushing his heels. And the Sioux children thought it a very beautiful dress. Zintkala was so struck with the wearer's appearance—despite his thin face and pipe-stem legs—that she immediately set about ornamenting the turned-down head-piece and his moccasins with what remained of her beads.

It was more than half a moon after Etapa had

been taken with the fever before they left the invalid's quarters and took up their journey along the eastern coast of the lake. In all this time no human being had been seen, only the few specks of canoes. There was, however, the warm, blossoming, spring-inhabited world which catered for all their needs except the longing for home. They did not hurry in their departure, for Etapa was far from strong, and Zintkala carried the small burden of their belongings.

The sister had said nothing to the brother of her plan of going to the strange people. She did not wish to seem to think him unwell and that he might not be able, for a long time, to travel a great distance. The length of the way homeward was only measurable in her mind by recollections of the seasons of her travels away from the Oglala country. She guessed that it would require two moons of walking for them to reach their home, and she now felt that they might have to wait until another melting of the snow.

Zintkala had developed physical strength with self-reliance, and she carried her pack, hatchet, basin, bows and arrows, a leaf or two of dried fish, a bundle of pieces of skin and thread, with lightfooted ease.

As they made their way along the lakeshore, walking wherever they could upon the sand and gravel beaches, Zintkala often said, "Stay, younger brother, I think there are some of the sweet roots" (ginseng) "in this wood. I will go a little way to dig it," or "Whi! sunkaku! Let us have the eggs of maga-win. I saw her fly from those reeds."

Thus, while the lad rested without seeming to rest, Zintkala would go exploring. Sometimes she found the nest of a goose or duck upon a muskrat's conical dwelling among the rushes, but the eggs were no longer good to eat, as a glance at their shiny shells easily convinced the wader.

The children had grown weary of seeing the great herds of pelicans which floated at lazy ease day and night, and the loons and grêbe everywhere specking the water, but there had lately arrived a myriad of new birds, piping creatures of spindle legs and slender necks, with feather dress of browns, drabs, grays, and whites, which continually ran upon the sands or flew back and forth along the beach.

These birds, of several varieties new to them, excited their wonder and comment. One small variety was seen in places in immense numbers. These were stupid, nodding little birds which settled in clouds at the water's edge and almost ran under the voyagers' feet.

"Hoye, sister," said Etapa, when their curiosity had been satisfied by observation, "shoot

arrows among these little birds. Shoot the war-arrows, thus," and he showed her how she could skip an arrow low down along the water's edge, without danger of losing.

The ruse was successful. Zintkala tried several shots before getting the range and the level well, then a single arrow knocked over four of the birds, and afterwards she killed them at will. They found these small snipes delicious when the breasts were broiled, and Etapa ate heartier at midday than he had done since falling ill.

Toward night they passed round a bluff bank to descend again upon a very wide sand-walled beach. Upon this broad belt of shore line, as evening came on, they saw a number of deer come down to drink, and once a cow moose and her yellow-headed calf trotted away in their front.

As Etapa had slept a long time after the mid-day meal, they travelled but a little way that afternoon. They camped at the mouth of a sedgy creek where there were many ducks' nests, and here Zintkala secured fresh eggs enough for the evening's and morning's meals.

The second day's slow travel was very much a repetition of the first, save that it rained a part of the day and they spent several hours in the shelter of a cliff of rocks. During the afternoon the dim southern shore line which they had seen very indistinctly from the wickiup took clear shape as a bold bluff which seemed to extend far out into the lake. The foot of this high land they reached before sunset and camped in the shelter of some bushes under a rise. Here there was a plain path made by fishermen and hunters coming off the bluff to the lakeshore. It was very evident that there was a large village near at hand.

When Etapa saw the path he pointed to it inquiringly, but said nothing, and Zintkala said nothing that evening. At sunrise they had broiled snipe and a fish for their breakfast; then Zintkala set about making such toilet as she could, having no coloured earths to paint her cheeks. She combed and braided her hair with much care, and, at the point of her elk-teeth necklace, she fastened the scarlet wings of a bird which a hawk had killed.

Etapa looked on without comment. He understood that they were to approach the strange village. He was listless and unable to offer serious objections had it occurred to him to do so. He donned his carcajou skin and put a feather in his braid to denote that he had struck an enemy, and so made an end of his toilet.

Thus arrayed, they went forward upon the bluff.

(To be continued.)



A CHRISTMAS ESSAY.

CHRISTMAS does not consist only of Christmas Day, but of a few days before and many after—such, at any rate, is the case in a proper English home. People start Christmas Day in the usual way, and we keep on going, a kind of cross between Sunday and bank-holiday, until we settle down at 6 p.m. to the feeding part of it. I like going to Church at Christmas here as I am fond of beautiful singing and really fine preaching, which argues with your sense and convinces you by its sterlingness. My parcels are all done up overnight with little ends of string, the kind you have saved, though it takes you ten minutes sometimes, just because you won't waste the string. My few odd garments also are put aside ready for delivery, and a pair or two of boots. Boots are such expensive things to buy when money is rather hard to get: and often they only mildew in the corner of your room, as they may be a bit worn over at the side and, perhaps, have a patch or two. Well, they are the boots that should be done up in a parcel and called for by the home where the money is slack in turning up. Don't forget that, with your boots and other garments; it's a good way of starting Christmas. I could easily give you the names of some homes which would willingly house any such oddments. Again, you can quite easily start clubs for boys with gear that is no longer any use to you, footballs, stumps, bats, etc. But enough of this; only, there are homes where money is scarce, and the 6 p.m. meal drifts on and on and sometimes drifts right away and never comes.

As for Church, it is especially nice at Christmas-time with holly and evergreens,

especially if there is dry snow. I believe in praying a good honest boy's prayer over something you understand, like a game or for the sort of weather you want. This is not irreverent unless you do not understand. If you start thinking this way, it's wonderful how you go to the place where you can pray your "ewe-lamb" prayer best. Very often, when you get to the Church, if it's a well-thought-out Church, and pray hard about your "ewe-lamb," that it may have a comfortable fold, then somehow the boys' voices sound so nice, and the organ so deep and magnificent, and you begin to think of other lambs besides your own; and you really do seem to try in your mind that there may be Peace on Earth and Goodwill Towards Men. You forget that you began to pray that you might win a cup-tie, and it's when you have forgotten that that Church really does you good. Anyhow, this is what has happened to me, and it is useless writing what does not happen to you. Any one who reads Barrie can see that.

About the days round about Christmas much might be written. But I will take as an example what I think was my fullest day of this kind. We took a 'bus and went to South Kensington Museum. I was a boy again going birds'-nesting and roaming among the forest trees, with the real things before me of which, alas! so many only read in books. I was out for what a boy so really loves, and what he will sin for, if the love of it is really strong enough in his nature—adventure and romance.

Big game, the stealthy cat-like walk of the stately lion, the elephant on whose back K. S. Ranjitsinhji might have ridden in his own country with diamond-studded gear (to be

stolen later on), sparkling in the sun. The elephant is now only a skeleton, but what is that to the healthy mind? Why, you can clothe the elephant in diamonds and all, absolutely at once. Then comes the shot at that great elephant through the sugar canes, and the pause, when it is only wounded, and goes mad with fury. Then where do I go? For I shot at it! Among the trees and grass near the skeleton. This is really all true to me because I am young and can see. This is only one thing. I go to Scotland with the white hares and ptarmigan. Also I have much trouble with the gnat that kills in West Africa. No wonder, when you see it magnified and drawn large to scale. Again, I take as my own the wonderful little clay horses; they are alive, the little bays and chestnuts, with the broad sloping shoulders. On them I win races; they are Sceptres to me. All this takes much longer to happen than to write, though in time it does not occupy more than half-an-hour.

Upstairs there are gorillas and every kind of ape and monkey. They have blue faces and grimy teeth, and are very much like some men you see. Is there anything in this world to stop you thinking anything awful you like of what those blue-faced creatures will do to you? Romance! You can romance upstairs there.

Then downstairs you are able to birds' nest in a quiet English spirit, unmolested. For now there is only you in the Outer Hebrides, near the warm Gulf-stream, you and those soft, cold, wild sea-birds, with their peculiar calls; you, and the rocks, and the cliffs, and the waves, and the sea-birds. Think of the trip in the brown-sailed open fishing-boat to reach the Islands.

There is a moorhen's nest in the Museum, the very identical copy of the moorhen's nest on our island in the pond at home. The same nest of dried sedge and flags, and the same eggs which, if you boil them, are exactly like plovers' eggs when eaten. Plovers'

eggs are eaten where money is not hard to get; they sometimes cost 10s. per dozen.

Best of all, however, is the dainty little moss-loving wren, with the prettiest little eggs. And her tail is the neatest thing in nature, surely made to suit the nest in which there seems so little room to sit and have sixteen eggs or more. The hedge-sparrow, however, has the prettiest eggs, sky-blue, with a shade of green like very good china. The blackbird is there, too, with a nest such as you know so well, built just anywhere, only not, of course, like that of the sparrow, who simply doesn't care. And the swallow, who takes pains with one home and then always uses the same every summer; the swallow, who comes regularly from so very far across the sea—the bird you see near the water, when you are fishing, picking off flies, or flying very low on a cricket ground when your side has lost the toss.

But I should weary you, dear reader, with a full description of all I saw. But I may mention in conclusion that you see not only animals, but people, at South Kensington. For instance, Ranjitsinhji was on the elephant. So also Darwin was there among the monkeys, though I must say I don't really believe in him; but there is a bust of him at home, and I know his face. General Baden-Powell is in the mosquito part, though I don't know why. But he would score off the mosquito somehow, by putting soap in its eye or somehow. Mornington Cannon is with the model-horses; he is my favourite horseman. It is only natural to see Sir John Lubbock, now Lord Avebury, with the insects and the bees. I can quite believe you can reason with bees, with a little patience.

It is difficult to describe all I saw and did that day, but perhaps what I have mentioned may give you some idea. I have never since done quite so much on any one day. It may appear to you to have nothing to do with Christmas. All I can say is, to me it has.

SOME CHRISTMAS LETTERS TO JOHN.

MY DEAR JOHN,—Considering you have spent every school holiday here for the last four years, in fact, ever since your mother and father went back to India, I was somewhat amused to get your letter asking whether you might come to us this Christmas. Amused at your being polite

enough not to take a certainty for granted; an uncommon piece of good manners in a youth of to-day. Certainly you may come, my boy; and we shall all be very glad indeed to have you.

It is splendid news that you have gained your football colours, first of the new men. I was quite sure you would get into the

team all right. I knew you were a very promising and keen player, and as straight a goer as your father used to be—and still is, for the matter of that, though he plays polo now, and not football. Besides, your captain told me in confidence last month, when I was down, that you were “an absolute cert.” Of course, I did not let you into that secret. You must now try to train on your house team for the cup-ties. You have no idea what an enterprising and inspiring leader can do for a house team. Now that you sport blue knickers and a cap of honour, I expect you to radiate; yes, to radiate into the several members of your house team the same keenness and “try” as gained you those outward and visible signs of football grace. Having gained your colours so young, you ought to be captain of the school team some day, John; and apart from your duty to your house, there is no education for a good school captain as valuable as the making of a good house team. Don't tell me you've not got the material. You must develop it, John. You've no idea how slackers and long-legged, over-grown wasters can be mesmerised into keenness and activity by an inspiring captain. Why, in my Oxford days we only had fourteen men all told in College who had ever played soccer—Wadham was a Rugby College—and only about half these were any good; but, by Jove, we taught four or five Rugger men to keep their hands off the ball and to use their feet, and we went right through to the final of the Inter-College cup, and only lost to a team full of Blues by an odd goal. But, John, we had a captain.

By the way, you do not mention about your form prize. Your being top in the half-term order raised my hopes high. For you are not the sort that does worse in exams. than in vivâ-voce form work; you've got the knack, I am happy to think, of rising to the occasion, and of putting what you do know into decent shape on paper. Can it be that all this football has taken your mind off Livy and Euripides? I do hope not. For of all things, John, I should like to find you one of the real right sort, able to concentrate on the matter in hand. Keep a level-headed perspective of things, and you may be top in work and top in games as well; at any rate, during your school days. Look at Alfred Lyttelton. But you must concentrate; have your mind in compartments, and shut down the football compartment when you are at books. There

is nothing so valuable, John, as the habit of concentration. However, I daresay you'll get the prize all right.

Now, I want to tell you something. There is a motor-car here, in the coach-house. Johnson has had to put the wagonette and the tax-cart into the barn, and is very sick. He thinks it's bad luck “going back on them good 'osses.” Now, John, I must beg of you that you in no way turn taps, pull handles, experiment or otherwise interfere with this car or its engine. I shall be most delighted for you to go thoroughly into the matter of the car—it's a 14 h.p. Daimler, and a fizzer—but only under the eye of myself or the *mécanicien*. He is not quite such an ass as most of them are; so I think I can trust you with him. But note this, John. Motor-car machinery, like all machinery, is most terribly logical. Proper effect follows proper cause, absolutely. If you go and upset the internal logic of a motor, the motor won't mote or motes “à travers.” Therefore, you will be so very good as to make yourself complete master of the sequence of facts inside my car, and of precisely what each part does before you ask me to be allowed to learn to drive.

One reason why I am going to allow you to be introduced to the car is that I believe machinery is a splendid educator. A classical education—such, for instance, as you are engaged in absorbing—is liable to promote, so to speak, too great a belief in words. Words are very valuable in their own way, but they are not things. One great secret of success, John, is to see things as they are, both with the eye and with the mind's eye. Words often act like too much whiskey; they make you see things or think you see things which are not there at all, or else see nothing.

Now, I want you to see the inside of my motor as it is. Then, when you can satisfy me of the correctness of your vision, you shall learn to drive it.

I enclose a letter for you from your cousin. She wears long skirts now, and her hair in a lump behind her head. But otherwise she is unaltered. At least, I believe so. The vicar's son, the one who is now a second-lieutenant in the R.G.A., is home on leave. He plays Badminton here a good deal. I expect you'll find him a pleasant companion.

I will meet you at Westleigh with the motor-car, by the usual train. Till then, good-bye.

Your affectionate uncle,
C. BURGESS.

P.S.—We will convey your prize books in the car. The luggage can come by the carrier.

(From MISS WINIFRED BURGESS to JOHN BURGESS.)

DEAR COUSIN JACK,—You won't have to misspell Frau Niermeyer's name or address any more. I came home for good last week. My education is finished. It is very nice to be done with that stiff Munich, though I must say the Germans do have lovely music. It's an awful pity you are such a dunce at music, though I will say you are not bad for going to concerts in London with, for a school boy. Did you ever get that pair of white gloves which made you so uncomfortable at Queen's Hall last winter? I told you you would lose them. I suppose you wear a tail coat now in the evening instead of an Eton jacket. How funny you must look! For goodness' sake, Jack, don't try to look older than you are; it simply spoils anyone, and only makes them look more infantile. I don't mind your growing bigger, which, I suppose, you can't help. But for goodness' sake keep young. It's awful when decent boys grow old before their time. They are not any fun when they fancy they have forgotten how to play. Young boys, like you were last holidays, and old men like Uncle Charles, are the best. They can play without being idiots or condescending. I hope you have not got condescending. I always know when I can bowl you out—at least, I used to; it was when you shipped that "you're only a girl" style. I did laugh last summer, seeing you ordered about by the cricket captain in the Speech Day match. Who would have thought you were meek like that? But I must say, you used to be decent to play with except when you got lordly and tried "placing to leg like Ranji." I know how to play bridge. Sarah Kensington taught us at Frau Niermeyer's. But it's not much of a game; you have to think so. I see some idiot has been writing to the papers about boys at school being allowed to play scientific card games. I hope it wasn't you.

We play Badminton in the barn still. There is a new big sky-light, and you can see ever so much better. But it's a nuisance having to move the carriages out. They are there now, because of the motor-car. You had better not touch the car. It goes like the wind, but the explosions it makes in the coach-house are awful. Uncle Charles gets up at six now instead of seven, and puts on

dirty canvas clothes with coat and trousers in one, and comes in just before breakfast covered with oil and stuff. He says he is learning the job because it is more bother to look after "chauffeurs" than after cars. He is mad on motoring. If you're cute, you'll get lots of mounts this Christmas on his best horses.

I don't know whether we'll be able to have cricket in the barn these holidays. You must get leave to put up some wire-netting over the sky-light. Besides, I'm not sure I'm not too old for cricket now. Your aunt says I must not be "quite such a hoyden." I'm sure I don't know what she means, but it sounds horrid. Besides, I can't help having a good eye, can I? And cricket does not make one hot when one knows how to play. Uncle Charles says cricket is not a game of strength, and I'm sure the way he bats is not half as hot as tennis.

We went to such a stunning play when Uncle Charles met me in London, called *Little Mary*. It would do you good to see it, when I think of your performance last Christmas Day. Uncle Charles said thank Heaven the pursuit of athletics in his youth had made him hate any but very simple food, and just enough of it. It's about eating too much, the play. But you don't know that till the end. We had a good time in London. I am reading all J. M. Barrie's books. I am thinking of being an author.

Now I must stop. Mind you do not come back old and silly.

Your affectionate cousin,

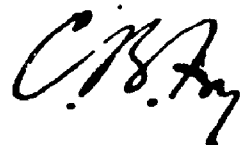
WINIFRED.

P.S.—I am very glad you have got your football cap. I will go with you to the matches at Southampton this Christmas again.

P.S.—I enclose an essay on "An Ideal Christmas." You need not show it to any one else. It's only a first attempt.

P.S.—Tom Hughes is at home at the Vicarage, having his holidays. He calls it "leave." He is rather nice when he forgets he's a lieutenant.

P.S.—The essay is written as though by a grown-up male, as you will see.

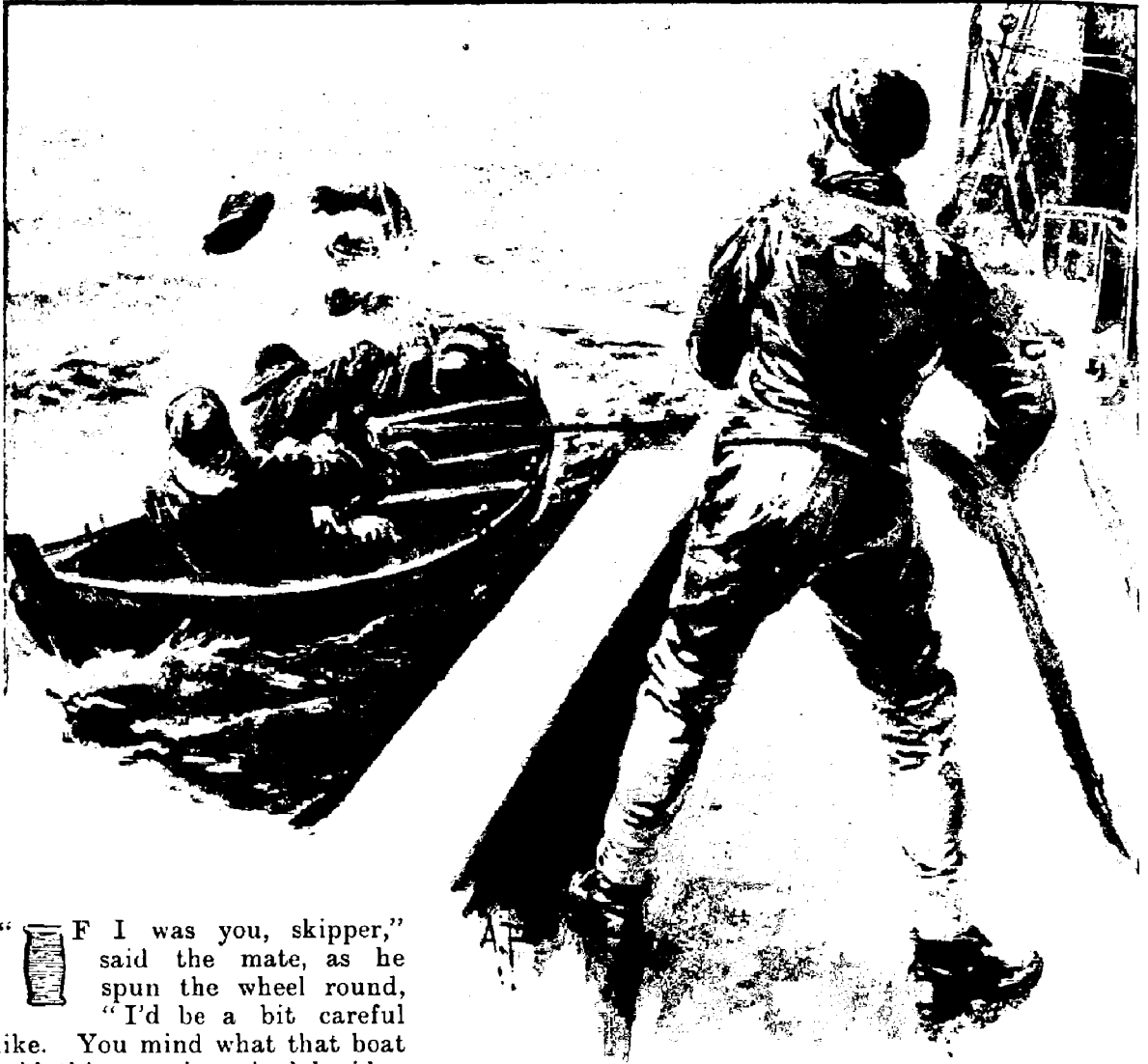



THE SEA-POACHER.

A Tale of the Iceland Fishing Grounds.

By A. E. JOHNSON.

Illustrated by ALFRED PEARSE.



“ If I was you, skipper,” said the mate, as he spun the wheel round, “I’d be a bit careful like. You mind what that boat said this morning. And besides, there bein’ a risk of the bogey-man, if one of them head-men ashore was to—”

Captain Nilsson faced round angrily. “Who asked you to speak?” he demanded. “I said, ‘Take her in,’ and take her in I will. I’d have you know I’m master here.”

The mate said nothing, but wrath smouldered in his eye. On board a trawler the skipper is *primus inter pares* only, and even a deck-hand is like to resent high-handedness.

Presently the steward climbed to the wheel-house, and handed a steaming pot of tea to the mate. “Yourn’s in the chart-room, skipper,” he remarked to Nilsson. The latter swung heavily out of the wheel-house door, and, descending clumsily to the deck, disappeared into his sanctum.

As the mate buried his face in the huge mug, the steward threw a sweeping glance

round, and cocked an eyebrow in surprise. "Goin' inside the limit?" he queried.

The mate set his pot down with a bang, and seemed about to reply at length. Then he paused, and slowly passed the back of his hand across his mouth. "Yes," he said.

The steward waited for further enlightenment, but none came. "Bit risky, ain't it?" he suggested, encouragingly.

"Skipper's drunk," said the mate laconically. "And if it wasn't for the consequences," he added, explosively, "I'd like to see him caught, the dirty swab. Seems to me he will be, too," he went on. "You mind what them Icelanders as boarded us this morning said. The bogey-man ain't so far away, that's certain; and if he was to come round the point there now he'd have us."

The "bogey-man," it should be explained, is the fisherman's term for the gun-boat which protects the Iceland fisheries, and endeavours to prevent foreign trawlers from towing within the three-mile limit.

"Besides," continued the mate, jerking his thumb shorewards, "there's houses. If one of them head-men was to take it into him to come out and get our number, who's to prevent his reportin' us? 'Tain't no sort of use coverin' up the ship's name and playin' them sort of games. I guess the old *Sea-Cat* ain't to be disguised as easy as all that." He nodded his head and pointed to the distant collection of buildings—for all the world like scattered bathing machines—on the shores of the bay, which marked the site of the Icelandic capital. "Within sight of Reykjavik, too. Why, they might put the bogey-man on to us theirselves. There ain't no telling. Oh, I reckon the old man's done it this time."

Presently the skipper climbed again to the wheel-house. His face was flushed and his eye was queer, but save for a gruff "Winch ready," as he took the wheel, he vouchsafed no word. The mate grunted a sulky "Aye, aye," and dropped to the deck to take his post at the steam winch. Several of the deck hands were already getting ready to shoot the trawl. They glanced curiously about them, and shot an occasional upward glance at the wheel-house: but they made no comment upon the skipper's doings.

A rough crowd was the crew of the *Sea-Cat*.—Nilsson's lambs, as they were called in port. The scum of Hull and Grimsby docks, drunken ashore, and never sober at sea so long as there was liquor to be got. Nilsson himself was a fitting leader of such a gang. Of Swedish extraction, but hailing from

Grimsby, he was known generally as the hardest drinking member of a trade not over given to sobriety. His record ashore and at sea was no savoury one: but being withal, when sober, a good seaman and a more than ordinarily skilful fisherman, his owners tolerated him, and shut their eyes, as far as might be, to his failings. Added to his other attainments, he undoubtedly possessed in no small degree the power of command. It was generally acknowledged that Nilsson himself was the only man capable of handling Nilsson's lambs.

Two new men there were, however, in the ship's complement this trip: the mate and steward. Companions in misfortune, both had been compelled, after exhausting their stocker in a series of frolics at Hell's Kitchen and sundry other choice taverns of Grimsby, to join the *Sea-Cat* in default of a better berth. And both ere now had found occasion to regret it. "I'd give my share of the trip to be back in GY," more than once the mate had declared.

It was no unusual thing for the *Sea-Cat* to be fishing within the limits. Nilsson was by no means the sort of man to have scruples about law-breaking of that kind. To venture so close to the shore, however, not only after receiving direct warning that the gun-boat was in the immediate neighbourhood, but to do so in Faxe Bay, within sight of Reykjavik: this was what puzzled the mate. To court capture (and its attendant penalties) in so reckless a fashion disgusted him.

The *Sea-Cat's* luck, however, had been dead out for the past week. Tow as she might, but little fish came to her net, and it was imperative, unless the trip was to be prolonged far beyond the usual period, that a heavier catch should be made, and that speedily. Accordingly, Nilsson had determined to try closer in shore. It is possible that had the stock of whiskey in the chart-room cupboard been less, an enterprise so foolhardy—under the circumstances—might not have found favour in his eyes so readily. But that same morning he had bartered a load of small and useless fish for several bottles of spirits with the Icelanders who had given warning of the gun-boat's presence, and one bottle was already nearly empty.

The skipper laid a hand on the telegraph and shoved the pointer over. *Tr—r—ring*, came the answering signal as the engines were slowed down. Over the side went the great net, the heavy "doors" which were to keep its mouth distended falling with a splash from the derricks. Then, as the ship went

slowly ahead, the steel warps ran out swiftly from the drum of the winch. At length, when the sunken trawl had been left some four hundred yards or so astern, the winch was checked, the straining warps were pinned together aft, and the skipper, signalling half speed ahead, began to cruise slowly round and about.

Thus a couple of hours passed. Ever and again Nilsson raised the glasses to his eyes and swept the horizon with a searching glance. On deck, too, the men kept lifting an anxious eye for signs of the "bogey-man." No glimpse of the gun-boat, however, was to be had.

At length the skipper deemed it time to haul. "Winch ready," he shouted through the wheel-house window.

"Aye, aye, sir," came the response from below.

Nilsson rang off the engines. "Le' go behind," he shouted, as the pulsating throb ceased, and with a loud twang the loosened warps flew asunder. "Right away," roared the skipper, then.

"Away it is," cried the mate, and with a clatter and a clash the noisy winch began to slowly coil in the warps. Gradually the ship swung round till she lay broadside to the breeze, with the net—of which the position was plain from the direction of the warps—to windward. With a sudden commotion the doors, their steel-shod keels gleaming, appeared above the surface and the winch stopped. A few moments' pause, then up, with a bubbling swirl, popped the rounded end of the tight-packed bag. Down upon it swooped the screaming gulls, heedless of the knot of deck-hands who, hurrying to the side, caught hold of the wide mouth of the trawl, and with many a lusty tug pulled in the slack until the bag lay close alongside. A rope-end was speedily twisted round, and a turn or two of the winch brought the bag half out of the water. In a trice the mast tackle was hitched on, and as the clattering winch again went to work, the great load was dragged slowly up until it swung heavily in board and hung dripping over the fore deck. It was the biggest catch yet of the trip, and the skipper laughed grimly as he looked at it. He thrust his reddened face into the mate's as he passed him.

"That for your dirty gun-boat," quoth he, and snapped his fingers.

Even the mate was bound to admit the luck, and for the moment—since he was entitled to a share in the profits of the trip—forgot his fears.

Meanwhile the trawl had been emptied and again dropped overboard, and was once more being towed astern. Knee-deep in the slippery mass which struggled on the fore deck, the hands were brandishing gory knives, splitting open and beheading the cod, gutting the haddock, plaice, and halibut, and flinging aside the cod heads and the small and useless fish.

An hour passed. Then Nilsson, as his eye roved around, caught sight of something on the shore that arrested his glance. He looked again, snatched up his glasses, and gave a prolonged stare. What he saw was a boat putting off from the beach by the little collection of houses to which the mate had drawn attention. In the boat were three figures. Their errand he did not know, but he could guess. He closed the glasses with a click, and said nothing.

It was some time before the crew, busy with their various tasks, took notice of the approaching boat. Presently, however, the third hand, pausing in the midst of his cod-splitting to straighten his back, caught sight of her. In an undertone he communicated his discovery to his fellows. All glanced at the wheel-house. The skipper was staring straight ahead, to all appearances oblivious of the new factor in the situation. After a few mutterings one of the deck-hands was sent to acquaint him. The man climbed to the wheel-house and gave his news. Nilsson turned on him with sudden fury.

"D'ye think I'm blind, ye thick-headed lubber?" he asked.

Too much taken aback to retort, the man rejoined his companions, venting his resentment in a pithy summary of the skipper's moral character.

By and by the mate lurched aft to the galley for a pot of tea. He poured a pint of the steaming liquid down his throat, and spoke.

"What'd I tell you?" he asked. The steward looked up interrogatively. The mate, with one comprehensive gesture, jerked the dregs from his pot overboard, and indicated the approaching boat.

"Yon's one of them head-men chaps, you can bet your clumpers," he said.

The steward shaded his eyes and stared eagerly across the water. "How's the old man?" he asked at length.

The other winked significantly. "See that nip he went and took after we hauled in that big bag? Reckon there'll be trouble if them Icelanders try to come aboard."

"What'll he do, d'y' think?"

"Dunne," said the mate, as he moved away. "Anything his drunken head tells him to, I s'pose."

Meanwhile the strange boat was rapidly drawing nearer, scudding along under all the canvas she could carry. As she approached, the crew paused in their work and gazed curiously at her. Nobody spoke; all waited to see what course the skipper would pursue.

Soon the little craft was almost within hailing distance. Her sails dropped, and two of her crew got out their oars—long, almost bladeless, sweeps that seemed at a distance like mere poles. The third man, seated in the stern, was steering. Evidently they intended to come alongside. As the boat—a somewhat curiously-shaped, open craft, pointed at both stem and stern—drew nearer, it became possible to distinguish the persons and features of the crew. The two rowers were young men, fair-haired, blue-eyed, with high cheek-bones: typical Norsemen, in brief. They were clad from head to foot in complete suits of yellow horse-skin, and their hands, even as they rowed, were swathed in thick woollen mittens. The steersman was an older man, bearded, and with a certain air of authority in his bearing. He, as the boat came within hailing distance, rose in the stern and shouted something to those on the trawler. The distance, however, was too great for his words to be intelligible.

In response Nilsson leaned out of the wheel-house window. His crew, familiar with his powers of oratory—which were extensive and peculiar—waited expectantly. They were disappointed. The skipper, though his looks were black, restrained himself. "Push off," he shouted, and waved his hand as if to motion the intruding boat away. The other

again shouted something, and then addressed some words to his two companions. Apparently he was urging them to greater activity, for they bent to their oars with a will, and, coming nearer, made as if to run alongside.

Nilsson watched them with the veins swelling on his forehead. Presently the bearded



"PUSH OFF," HE SHOUTED.

Icelander, now within easy hailing distance, spoke again. But before he had uttered two words the sluices of the skipper's wrath were opened, and from his mouth there poured a torrent of threats and abuse. Even the crew, accustomed to Nilsson's mastery of invective, were impressed. Nine-tenths of the idiom was doubtless lost upon the Icelander, possessed only of a limited knowledge of the

language, but the meaning was clear enough. Leaning far out of the window, the skipper shook his clenched fist at the object of his wrath, and dared him, with the foulest oaths, so much as to touch his ship.

The speech, however, had no effect; the Icelanders drawing closer, and displaying an evident intention to come aboard.

Then Nilsson's temper burst out of all bounds. Shouting to the third hand to take his place at the wheel, he flung open the wheel-house door, and leapt at a bound from the engine casing to the deck. Snatching up the hose that had been used for washing the gutted fish, he ran to the side.

"Now," he cried, brandishing the pipe in the air, "come alongside if you dare."

The Icelanders said nothing, but persisted. Only a few yards separated them from the ship's side.

"Right!" yelled the infuriated skipper, "if you want it you shall have it."

He was close to the door of the engine room, and turning, shouted to the chief to set the donkey going. In a few moments the throb of the donkey-engine was heard, and almost immediately a stream of water burst from the hose pipe which lay at the skipper's feet. Instantly Nilsson snatched it up and turned the jet full upon the up-standing figure of the steersman in the Icelanders' boat. The sudden impact of the water, taking him unawares, upset the old man's balance. He tottered, lost his equilibrium, and almost fell overboard. But he managed to clutch the gunwale in time, and tumbled heels over head into the bottom of the boat. A roar of laughter went up from the crew on the trawler, renewed when the skipper, turning the hose upon the remaining two occupants of the boat, succeeded in knocking one off his thwart. The other, endeavouring to escape the stream of water, let go his oar, which slipped overboard and went bobbing over the waves.

Thus temporarily unmanned, the Icelanders' boat speedily drifted away from the trawler, and out of range of the hose. The steersman, however, had quickly picked himself up, and was shouting to the others. His composure was gone, and it was evident that his temper, too, was roused. The lost oar was at once replaced by another, the boat was righted, and, to the astonishment of those on the trawler, the strangers again made as if to come alongside.

Nilsson seemed as a fiend incarnate. He glared round for a missile, but could find nothing to lay his hands on. He seized the

hose pipe again, but this time the Icelanders, prepared for the onslaught, withstood the stream of water undismayed. At first their intention was not clear. Then as they shipped their oars and allowed their boat to drop back, it became apparent that they proposed to hitch their painter to the warps of the trawl which hung (for the net was still being towed) tense and taut under the strain of the heavy load of the submerged bag, over the steamer's stern. One of the younger men, scrambling into the nose of the boat, made a hitch with the rope round the nearer warp. Then, of a sudden, Nilsson, who had been standing stock still, watching this last manœuvre with glowering eyes, ran to the winch. With a furious yell he plucked out the pin, and unlocked the machinery. Like a flash the straining warps flew whizzing out, and at the same instant the Icelanders' boat was dragged under in a gurgling swirl of water. The crew looked on horror-struck. It was murder, rank and open. But all had happened so suddenly, so unexpectedly, that interference, even had any been so minded, would have been impossible. Dragged under with their boat were the two young Icelanders. Their bodies, doubtless inextricably entangled, never rose to the surface. The elder man, as the nose of the boat was jerked suddenly downwards, was shot from his seat in the stern high into the air, and fell upon the water some little distance from where his boat had disappeared. Garbed as he was, with his legs thrust into heavy sea-boots, his chances of being able to swim were nought. But his oilskins, inflated with air, at first kept him buoyed upon the surface. From this perilous position his frantic cries for help rent the air. Nilsson, insane with drink and passion, merely laughed and shook his fist. The crew seemed terror-stricken and powerless to move. Two men alone ran to the rescue. They were the mate and the steward. The former, knife in hand, sprang upon the engine casing, and fell to hacking at the lashings of a life-buoy. The steward hit upon a quicker expedient. Running aft, he seized a coil of rope. Round his head he swung it, lasso-fashion, and launched it forth. Its snaky length untwisted in the air, but the wind caught it and blew it wide of its mark. The wretched Icelander, from whose clothes the sustaining air was rapidly oozing, uttered a despairing shriek which must have pierced to the very marrows of the listeners. But rescue was at hand. Grasping the freed life-buoy in his right hand, and steadying himself

with the other on the hand-rail, the mate stood erect upon the engine casing. Thrice he slowly swung the buoy to and fro, then hurled it with all his might. The mark, at that distance, was no easy one to hit. But Providence guided his arm, and the buoy lit upon the water but a few yards short. The struggling, sinking figure made frantic efforts to reach it, and a foam-capped wave tossed it into his arms.

Already the steward was busy with the tackle by which the ship's boat was slung abaft the engine casing. But as the mate dropped to the deck to help, Nilsson intercepted him.

"Who's giving orders for the boat to be lowered?" he demanded, with furious wrath.

The mate faced him steadily and looked him squarely in the eye.

"I am," he said, quietly.

With a roar, Nilsson swung up his fist, doubled like a sledgehammer. Ere he could plant a blow, however, the mate's lean fingers had caught his wrist, and held it as in an iron vice.

The crew stood by, expectant. Their sympathies were all with the skipper. But there was this virtue, at least, common to them all, that they would as soon have thrown a case of whiskey overboard, as have interfered with fair play in a fight.

For a few moments the two men faced each other silently. The skipper's wrist was still held in the mate's fierce grip, but his other hand was free. Ruffian though he might be, Nilsson was no coward, and for his opponent, though a big and lusty man, he had no sort of fear. But there was that in the mate's eye which kept the skipper's hand limply at his side. He quailed before the Right, by which, should he have it, the

strong man is made invincible. When at length he spoke, his tone was more subdued, though truculent still.

"Who's goin' to man her?" he asked.

"I am," again said the mate. He relaxed his grip upon the other's wrist, and turned to help the steward. Instinct told him he was master of the situation. Nilsson laughed



THE MATE'S LEAN FINGERS CAUGHT HIS WRIST AND HELD IT AS IN AN IRON VICE.

sardonically, but folded his arms and made no further effort to interrupt.

In a short space of time the mate and the steward, by herculean labours—for not one of the crew volunteered a helping hand—had succeeded in lowering the boat. Dropping into her over the side, they pushed off, and getting out the oars, made the best of their way towards the helpless figure floating on the top of the waves.

They had not gone far before the rattle of the winch on the trawler was borne on the wind to their ears, while the steam escaping from the exhaust pipe showed clearly enough that the net was being hauled in.

Neither spoke, but the same idea occurred to both, that it was Nilsson's intention to stow his gear, make off, and leave them behind. And sure enough, as soon as the bag had swung in board, the *Sea-Cat's* nose veered round, and away she went, full speed, southwards. By this time the rescuers had reached the object of their errand. They found him clinging desperately to the buoy, half dead from the long immersion in icy water. So completely helpless was he that only with the greatest difficulty were they able to haul him, but half conscious, into the boat. His fingers still tenaciously grasped the lifebuoy, which was dragged in with him. Fortunately, in an inner pocket of the poor fellow's horse-skin jacket they found a spirit flask of which the cork had withstood the salt water, and a dram poured down his throat did much to revive him. Then they took to their oars again, and shaped a course for the shore. The departure of the trawler troubled them but little. At the worst, a long pull of an hour or so would bring them to the shore at some point within reach of the Icelander's home. Rather were they puzzled at Nilsson's action, since it wreaked but a poor vengeance on them, while depriving him of the ship's sole boat, and of the services of two valuable hands.

As they pulled the boat round, however, they discovered a new factor in the situation. Looming up across the water was a ship, of which the lines were unmistakable. It was the "bogey-man," fast bearing down upon them, and in pursuit, as they could guess, of the *Sea-Cat*. The hurried departure of Nilsson was thus explained, and the castaways at once determined on an alteration in their plans. They lay right in the path of the gun-boat, so long as she held her present course, and it would be easy to hail her as she passed, and get picked up. Medical assistance for the rescued Icelander would be forthcoming, and they themselves would be able to lay a statement of all that had happened before the ship's commander. So they rested on their oars, and watched the coming of the "bogey-man."

"Reckon the old man might as well save his coal," remarked the steward, jerking his thumb in the direction of the trawler, now a diminishing speck in the distance.

"Aye," rejoined the mate. "The bogey-man'd give the old *Sea-Cat* a day's start to Faroe, and catch her."

"What's the game, d'y' think?"

"Dunno," was the answer. "Maybe

skipper's drunk enough to think the bogey-man'd not have seen him inside the limit."

"'Tain't likely," agreed the steward. "And the old man can't make out as how he was just a cruisin' there, like. Guess the Danish-man must ha' seen him haulin'; there ain't no hidin' the steam from the exhaust pipe."

They watched the gun-boat forging steadily ahead, and rushing down upon them like some leviathan monster. There was no chance of their not being seen; the only fear was lest, being mistaken for fishermen of the coast, they should be passed by. The dissimilarity, however, of their boat from the distinctively shaped native craft made such a misfortune unlikely. As the gun-boat came within hail, the mate stood up and shouted with the full strength of his lungs. The steward jumped up and supplemented his efforts. At first it seemed as though they would attract no notice. They redoubled their cries, and endeavoured by frantic gesticulations—pointing in the direction of the vanishing trawler, and then to the bottom of the boat where lay the rescued Icelander—to show that they had news of importance to communicate. To their relief the "bogey-man" slowed down to half speed, and as they took the hint, and, plying their oars with vigour, made towards her, she stopped her engines, hove to, and waited for them. Quickly getting alongside, the trio were taken aboard, and the "bogey-man"—a Danish cruiser—resumed her pursuit of the *Sea-Cat*.

The miserable Icelander was taken below, and handed over to the care of the surgeon. The latter pronounced him to be suffering from severe shock and chill, but prophesied his speedy recovery. The mate and the steward were taken before the officer in command of the cruiser. To him they told the tale of what had happened on board the *Sea-Cat*, including the murder of the two young Icelanders, and the narrow escape of their companion from a similar fate. They learned, in return, that the gun-boat, rounding the distant point, had espied the *Sea-Cat* hauling in her trawl within the limits, that the latter had promptly made off, that the gun-boat had as promptly given chase, and expected to overhaul her within a very short space of time. The news of Nilsson's more serious delinquencies naturally increased the determination of the commander of the "bogey-man" to bring the offender to book.

Meanwhile, on board the *Sea-Cat* there was tumult and dismay. So soon as the mate and steward had put off to the assistance

of the drowning Iclander, Nilsson had given the word to the haul. His intention had been, merely out of spite, to steam away and leave the boat and its occupants in the lurch—as indeed they themselves had suspected. The sudden apparition of the "bogey-man," however, had altered the complexion of affairs. Partly out of drunken bravado, partly as a last desperate resort, Nilsson determined to defy the gun-boat.

within a snug little bay at Grindavik. Nilsson had been the first to scent danger, and the *Sea-Cat*, besides being first away, was the fastest trawler out of Grimsby.

In the present instance, everything was against Nilsson, and he knew it. In the ordinary course he would have surrendered, and made the best of a bad job, but the thought of his recent misdeeds acted as a powerful incentive to flight, and he hoped



THEY SAW NILSSON SWAY, TOTTER, AND FALL.

Quickly stowing his gear, he signalled full speed ahead, and fled southwards. But his case, seemingly at all events, was hopeless. It stands to reason that a trawler steaming twelve knots an hour at full speed, can hardly hope to escape a cruiser doing eighteen with ease. It was not the first time, however, that the *Sea-Cat* had run from the "bogey-man." Once before she had taken to her heels, and with success. But on that occasion a whole fleet of delinquent trawlers had been trapped

blindly for some lucky chance that might make escape possible. His mood was shared by his crew. Panic ruled the ship.

But the gods fought not on the side of the *Sea-Cat*. Minute by minute the gun-boat crept nearer, and nearer still; ruthless, relentless, not to be shaken off, not be baulked of her just prey. The crew of the trawler clustered aft, and gazed wide-eyed at their pursuer. Suddenly there was a puff of smoke from the latter's decks, and as a dull boom

fell upon the ear, a shot plunged heavily and sullenly into the sea a hundred yards or so wide of the trawler. The crew turned white and frightened faces towards the wheelhouse, where Nilsson held the wheel. It was the warning shot, and they knew too well what must follow disregard of its summons.

Nilsson leaned forward and grasped the handle of the telegraph. The crew heard the bell tinkle, and thought he had rung off the engines. But the pointer in the engine room merely travelled half round the dial and returned to "full speed ahead." It was as though the skipper were urging the engines to redouble their efforts.

Breathless, the crew awaited the gun-boat's second word, their starting eyes staring fixedly across the water. Again the puff of smoke, the report; and this time a great column of water rose dead astern, so close as to drench the decks with spray.

They had the range, clear enough, those gunners. At the next shot, they—

A volley of oaths from overhead caused the panic-stricken crew to look up. It was Nilsson, who had left the ship to steer herself, and was standing on the engine casing abaft the funnel—Nilsson, white-faced and trembling. But it was rage, not terror, that blanched his cheeks, and fury, not fear, that shook his frame.

Then a terrible thing occurred. With their

looks turned on Nilsson, the crew saw not the puff of smoke that for the third time spurted from the gun-boat. Nor did their ears catch the thud of the report which followed it. But, of a sudden, there was a hideous bang, and as the funnel of the vessel went crashing overboard, they saw Nilsson sway, totter, and fall after it. Next moment, the *Sea-Cat* was floating idle, a totally disabled wreck.

The rest of the story is soon told. The *Sea-Cat* was speedily taken charge of by her captor, and towed back to Reykjavik. There her crew were placed on trial for the murder of the two Icelanders. The evidence of the mate and the steward (who were not, of course, included among the prisoners) showed, however, that Nilsson alone had been responsible for the acts which led up to and caused the death of the victims, and their testimony was corroborated by that of the rescued Iclander. The prisoners were acquitted and found their way back, singly and in pairs, on various trawlers, to England, and the purlieus of the docks. Nilsson's body had shared the fate of his victims.

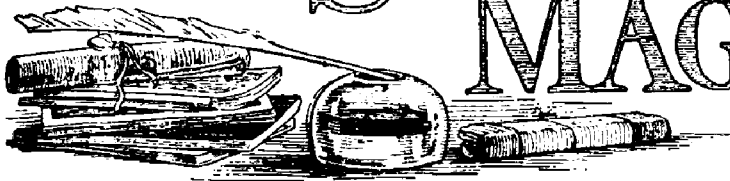
"Some says 'twas a judgment, sir," said the mate, who told me this tale as we kept a watch together one night in Faxe Bay. "*God's debts are never paid in money.*"



A MEET OF H. M. S. "BRITANNIA" BEAGLES.

Photo copyright Press Picture Agency.

SCHOOL MAGAZINES



"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

ALPERTON HALL MAGAZINE (near Harrow, August).—A Harrow boy remarks in this magazine that he has reached his last term at the school on the hill, and is moving on to Aachen in Germany to

study motor mechanics for two years. He says he is not sorry to leave Harrow, as he found the existence rather monotonous. Though for the comfort of Harrow he adds: "You do not leave the place without the feeling that, after all, the time you spent there you enjoyed sometimes." The A.H.M. is a smart little publication.

The Askean (July).—Bright and interesting, the articles being written in a lively vein only too rare in school magazines. H. Geo. Hart knows how to use his pen, and we have laughed over his "Links with the Past."

The Avonian (Port Talbot).—Though this magazine is an infant, it is a lusty child. The matter is attractively displayed. "School Jottings," excellent, to wit. A girl of Form V., writing on "A Day at the Seaside," remarks: "Then we went for donkey rides on the beach. One of the girls was thrown off, but fortunately alighted safely on terra cotta." "School Advertisements" are not without humour. Thus—"FLOUR—Buy Early Bird's Self-Raising Flour. For use at supper—gets you out of bed in the morning without any trouble. No more alarm clocks needed. Thousands of testimonials." Portraits of football and hockey teams good.

Bancroftian (Woodford, July).—The matriculation candidates have obtained magnificent results, signalling the fact of this year being the last in which matriculation candidates are placed in Honours by taking four out of six. H. H. makes a capital suggestion that every boy who scores 100 "not out" in any big school match should be presented with an inscribed bat. He cynically adds: "Centuries are not common enough for it to become a dangerous item of expense to school funds."

The Collegian (organ of the Baptist Students' Fraternal Union).—This magazine is off the track we usually traverse in the course of reviewing. It is painfully serious, as its *raison d'être* might imply. Yet we see no reason why *The Collegian* should not introduce a spice of humour into its pages; or, failing that, it might devote some space to sport and athletics. To be "lean and pale and leaden-eyed," with much mortification of the spirit, can no more help the Baptist student than any other student. In the College "hat the references to cricket, tennis, and football are of a Laodicean order. We are not surprised, therefore, to find that no victory on the field of battle is chronicled. We learn that Regent's Park College very nearly won the Shield Competition at cricket, and were beaten by three wickets. Regent's

Park is losing A. M. Roberts, a "Jessopian" bat (it is not our adjective), and a man who will "long be remembered by opposing goal keepers." Rawdon College played a couple of matches with the Friends, losing one and drawing one. In the Tennis Tournament with the United Colleges they suffered a slight reverse. Midland College chronicles a little debating, and Bangor students were on the eve of a Hebrew examination. There is an editorial lament about the lack of support, and there is a suggestion of a new policy and a new name. Motto, "Workers together with God."

Grammar School Magazine (Aberdeen).—The notes on physical registration are very interesting. Of 420 boys examined the general result is that the boy of good sight, good breathing room and power, and good head capacity, with signs of good nutrition, as shown by height, weight, and girth of limb, is usually high in his class or high in the school for his age. The principal exceptions are boys with excess of animal vitality, tempted to make work of play, and play of work; and the flabby, indolent boy, whose body and brains alike tend to fatty degeneration and cigarettes (at six a penny).

The Holmwood (Bexhill, August).—War has been waged in the editorial camp, and all because a printer's error clothed the magazine in red. "Green, the magazine had been great. Red, it would be ruined." Verily, how small a matter a great fire kindleth. "Blob Ballads" are good parodies.

The Johnian (July).—A contributor, too modest to own even a *nom de plume*, amusingly satirises "Lovely woman." Richard II. also falls under his lash. The boys went to His Majesty's Theatre, and, in spite of being disturbed by a slight suggestion of scene-shifting, slept well for 3 hours 55 min.

The Lyonian (the magazine of the Lower School of Harrow; editor, F. Swainson; sub-editors, S. Duncan and A. Anderson).—The annual sports appear to have been a huge success, especially from the point of view of attendance. So much was this the case that the crowd seems to have welled over on to the track and "the disgusted officials had a very trying time of it trying to remove those obstinate and weak-minded creatures who would persist in standing in the course. Creatures of this obtrusive and obstructive nature always make a point of getting all they can for nothing and think they are doing us a kindness by coming at all." Really, really, Mr. Editor, this is very strong language to apply to your patrons, many of whom, doubtless, were of the gentler sex. Perhaps your feathers were ruffled, but was it nice to put it in cold type? Do try in future to curb the young lions of the *Lyonian*. We are almost reminded of the young

A STOLEN "HALF."

By STUART WISHING.

Illustrated by GORDON BROWNE, R.I.



STRETTON'S a jolly good sportsman—and so is Maisie, too, if you can call a girl a sportsman. At any rate, she's a good sort, and when I leave school I shall ask her to marry me, unless some other fellow has got there

first. But I daresay you'd like to know what she did, and why we are all so keen on her just at present. Very well; just listen for a few minutes, and you shall have the whole yarn, exactly as it all happened. I'd better begin at the beginning, or else I shall get fearfully tangled before I'm half through. However, you mustn't expect a grand tale, as my grammar's always a bit shaky, and there are a few words that I'm not sure of as regards the spelling. But if you don't mind a plain straightforward story (and I suppose the printer fellow will put the stops in the right place), I'm your man.

The whole thing happened last Tuesday; so you see I've got all the details fixed well in my mind. Besides, I was so excited over the business that I shall remember it if I live to be a hundred. (I believe you always say that sort of thing when you're telling a tale, but that's how I do feel about it—really.) I shall never forget what a stew I was in when Maisie—but there, that comes in the middle, so I'd better start over again.

Well, last Tuesday morning Dickie Vaughan—he's my chum—and I went in to school at nine o'clock as usual. There's nothing out of the common in that, but I mention the time to show that I remember every point. Dickie had been late for breakfast, and so had I. As a matter of fact, he thought I'd hidden his collar-stud, and wasted a lot of time arguing it out. I'd only borrowed it, as I'd lost my own, and how he found out that I'd got it, I don't pretend to know. He got the beastly thing back after about ten minutes discussion, and I had to go down with my collar tied on to my shirt by a piece of string. I told Dickie he was a selfish mule, but he didn't seem to mind that, so long as he got his stud back. Some chaps have no sense of shame at all.

However, we went down to breakfast, and managed to sneak in unobserved by the

monitor. It wasn't till we'd nearly finished breakfast that a remark of Dickie's quite upset me. He asked me if I knew my rep.

"By Jove, no!" I answered. "I'd forgotten all about it."

"Same here," said Dickie. I felt rather glad that I wasn't the only one, but I didn't say so. He's so horrid sensitive.

"I meant to get up early and learn mine before breakfast," I said. "Only your fighting over that stud of yours made me late."

"You only wasted ten minutes over that. You were asleep long after the second bell had gone. There wasn't much notion of getting up early in your head."

"I could have learned it in ten minutes," I said, "I always can learn rep. quickly before breakfast."

"Yes, and forget it quickly afterwards," grinned Dickie. "I know you by this time. Anyhow, you've got ten minutes before school. Why not learn it now?"

"I can't learn things when I know I'm pressed for time," I answered. "We'll just have to trust to our luck in not being put on to-day."

"M'yes," he grunted. "That's a pretty feeble sort of thing to trust to. Still, I suppose there's no help for it."

We finished breakfast rather gloomily, and tried to learn a few lines before we went in. But it was no good—the wretched stuff wouldn't stay in my head, and Dickie was just as bad. We went into Big School for prayers, and came out as gloomy as ever. Stretton (that's the third form master) waved us cheerily into his form-room. He has a very cheery manner, and is on the whole a very decent chap. He does pile it on to a fellow who shirks, all the same.

Stretton followed us into the room after a few minutes, and sat down at his desk. He then proceeded to hear the rep. You can guess what happened. Dickie was put on and stumbled through two lines, and then came to a dead stop. It was no good my trying to prompt him—I didn't know it myself, and besides, Stretton has eyes like a hawk. Dickie was turned. I went on very soon after, and tried to mumble a few lines at the beginning. It was no good: he spotted me at once, and carefully put me on at the end part. I wish he wasn't so

beastly conscientious. Needless to say, I failed.

“Vaughan and Calmour, your names must go down on the list; this is the third time running that you have failed in your repetition.” (His memory’s marvellous.) “I am sorry, but you have brought it on yourselves.”

All right, we knew that already; he needn’t rub it in. I don’t mind telling you that I had a pretty low opinion of Stretton just then. However, “we have changed all that,” as somebody says. (We had that

These halves don’t occur very often, but as ill-luck would have it, Dickie and I were the only persons in the third who were turned that day. Of course, we couldn’t help it, but the other chaps seemed to think that we’d done it on purpose, and were quite nasty about it. Just as if *we* wanted to lose a half any more than they did. Really, some chaps have no sense at all.

Dickie and I, by uniting our forces, were able to keep quiet any who seemed likely to be more troublesome than the rest; but I can tell you we felt pretty sick at missing



HE WAS A VERY DECENT SORT, AND WE BOTH HOPPED IN.

phrase in our French lesson yesterday, so I know it’s all right.) There’s one thing about Stretton; when a fellow’s been turned in a lesson, he doesn’t try to turn him in others—like some brutes I know. And to tell you the truth, Dickie and I didn’t know much about our other work that morning, so we got off pretty cheaply by failing only once.

That one failure was unfortunate, and I will explain the reason. When a form goes through an afternoon and the next morning without a fellow being put down in the detention list, it gets a half-holiday next day.

a half just by failing in a few lines of rep. It certainly was rather hard luck when you come to think of it. Still, it was no use moping, and I said as much to Dickie.

“Moping? I’m not moping,” he said. He always contradicts you if he possibly can. “I’m only trying to think of a way out of the difficulty.”

“What difficulty?” I asked.

“To-morrow’s half, you ass. I wish we could bring it off somehow.”

“It’s too late to think about that. The Head won’t dream of giving us one now.”

"He doesn't know yet," said Dickie, hopefully.

"Of course he does," I answered. "The morning list is always taken round at 12.0, after school. It's now a quarter past one, and he must have read it."

"I'll bet you an ice he hasn't," said Dickie.

"Well, we can't prove it either way, so it's no use betting."

"I tell you I know he hasn't read it, yet."

"How do you know?" I asked.

"Won't you back your opinion with an ice?"

"Not when you're so jolly sure," I said.

"I've been had by you before, my son."

Dickie grunted, and I could see he was rather sick that I hadn't taken him on. I was too old a bird, though—besides, I'd known him for three years.

"Let's hear your knowledge," I said.

He grunted a bit more, but at last explained.

"Well," he remarked, "I saw the Head go off to the station in a topper and frock-coat. That means he's off to town. See?"

I saw, and was glad I hadn't staked my ice.

"If he's gone to town," pursued Dickie, "he won't be back before 9.0 to-night. It's now 12.30, so we've got about eight hours in which to operate."

"Less school-time," I interposed.

"Less what?"

"It's a business term," I explained. "It means you have to subtract our working hours, in which we can't do anything."

"Well, don't talk like a beastly shopman," said Dickie. (He's rather surly at times.)

"Let's see what we can do."

"Go ahead," I remarked. "Tell me your plan."

"Why shouldn't we remove that detention list from the Head's study?"

I gasped and stared at Dickie, thinking him mad.

"It oughtn't to be hard," he went on.

"You know Trotter"—that's our porter—

"always lays the list on his writing-table at 12.0. The Head went off about ten; he doesn't know anything about the list, and we'll get our half after all."

"That sounds all right," I said. "But you've overlooked one or two things. Supposing Stretton tells him we were kept in?"

"Oh, he won't do that. Besides, we must take some risks—it wouldn't be sporting if it was easy."

That was all very well, but I wasn't so beastly keen on sportsmanship just then.

"Well, how are we going to get into his study?" I asked. "That won't be all jam."

"We'll find some way or other." Dickie was always a man of wiles—like that old chap Ulysses, πολύ — something or other. "We must manage to sneak in unobserved."

Well, to make a long story short—and it's an awful nuisance writing a tale—we discussed matters for about an hour, but couldn't think of any dodge. We simply toiled to find out how we could get into the Head's study without being seen; but, by the time the bell rang for afternoon school, we hadn't even thought of a dodge to get into the house—let alone the study. As luck would have it, we did get in after all, and, of course, Dickie claimed the credit. It was really a bit of pure luck, and Dickie had nothing to do with it.

When school was over we hung about outside the yard at the back of the Head's house, wondering how on earth we could get in. Neither Dickie nor I had any idea—in spite of what Dickie will tell you—when we saw a cart coming down the road, with a large canvas-covered bath inside. I spotted it at once, for I knew that they had taken away the old bath—which leaked—the day before. This gave me an idea.

"Let's get inside," I said.

Dickie saw what I wanted, and in less than five minutes we had explained to the man all about it. He was a very decent sort, and we both hopped in. Then he tied all the canvas on again in a brace of shakes. It was lucky for us that they were so careful of the paint, or we could never have hidden in it.

I can tell you it was hot work for two chaps to scrum up into one bath, and when you remember the canvas, you can imagine that the thermometer wasn't at freezing point inside our new tabernacle. It felt awfully funny being driven along in the dark. Presently we felt the cart stop, and we heard the driver explaining. In a few moments the bath was lifted down, and Dickie and I nearly killed ourselves by laughing silently at the comments on the weight. Next thing I knew was that I had slid down on to Dickie. He didn't like it, but he couldn't protest. Of course, they were carrying us upstairs. Then we were put down with a crash (they were beastly careless), and my head got a nasty jar. However, I bore it like one of the old Spartans, who seem to have spent

their spare time in carrying foxes about, which gnawed their vitals. (I never could understand why they did it, but it seems to have been quite common in those days.)

As soon as we heard the footsteps go out of the room, we cut the string with our knives and hopped out.

his study and the all-important list. Well, I won't bore you with tales of our hair-breadth escapes from being seen by two housemaids and a footman, but I will simply say that after incredible difficulties we got to the study all right.

Now comes what is usually called the crisis,



"WHAT ARE YOU BOYS DOING HERE?"

"Come on," said Dickie. "We'll have to look sharp."

I knew that already. I tell you, it was a risky business. There we were in the Head's house, not knowing who might be at home, and we had to ferret our way about to find

or the dénouement. (I looked that word out, so I know it's the word to use.) Just as we were hunting for the list—in fact, just as we'd found it—we heard a slight noise behind us, and, turning, we saw Maisie standing in the doorway! Maisie is the

Head's daughter—about nineteen, I should say, and jolly pretty. However, I didn't think much about her prettiness just then—I was in too much of a funk. I tell you, I nearly dropped, and Dickie was just as bad. Maisie was the first to break the awkward silence.

"What are you boys doing here?" she asked.

We were so upset that we couldn't answer, and she had to repeat the question.

"We came to bag a list," Dickie said, bluntly.

"Better sit down, and tell me the whole story," said Maisie.

"Well, you see," I hinted, "we aren't so very keen to hang about here in case——"

"Oh, that's all right," she answered, in an awfully jolly way, "mother's not here to-day, and father's in town, so I'm in charge."

Very well; we didn't mind entertaining her, so long as there was no chance of the Head dropping in. So we sat down, and explained the unfortunate business. I thought Maisie would have died of laughing when I told her about the bath. She stopped laughing all at once, and said, "I suppose you want the list rather badly?"

"Rather," said Dickie—who has no manners, and I said, "If you please."

"Well," she went on, "it's very wrong of me, but it would be a pity if you were to go back empty-handed after all your trouble. I shan't tell."

That was enough for us. We nipped on to that beastly list like lightning.

"Now you'd better trot," said Maisie. I confess I was a little disappointed; as she'd gone so far, she might as well have gone the whole hog, and asked us to tea. However, it was no use stopping after such a plain hint, so we cut off.

Now I'll explain how it was Stretton showed himself such a sportsman. Next day in Big School after prayers, the Head announced that our form would have a half-holiday according to the tradition of the School, as no boy in the form had been sent up for detention. Dickie and I felt awfully nervous, and I looked anxiously across at Stretton. He didn't say anything, but he looked a bit puzzled. Probably he thought the porter had forgotten to take the list up. Anyhow, he kept his mouth shut, and Dickie and I had a ripping afternoon to ourselves.



"What's the matter, Tommy?"

"I fell in the ice, and those men have just sawn me out. I'm off home to get melted down."

Drawn by Tom Browne, R.I.



ON SWOPPING STAMPS.

WAS there ever a boy worth his salt that did not take a special delight in swopping his surplus stock of bats, or balls, or white mice, or stamps for other articles? And when a couple of keen swoppers get to business there isn't usually much margin for bragging of a bargain on either side at the conclusion of the transaction. But there are rules for the game. Some boys are naturally very generous, but a greedy boy will take all he can get, and give as little as possible in exchange. Hence, as the great majority of English boys love fair play, there are understood rules for swopping, in order that too generous boys may not be imposed upon, and that greedy boys may not gorge themselves with ill-gotten gains.

In stamps, swopping may be reduced to quite a science. Most boys are ever ready to start a chum collecting stamps with a small lot, for, by getting another companion to go in for the same hobby, the circle of interest is widened, and the gathering ground is generally considerably increased. As a consequence, new stamps are secured all round.

After a decent start has been made it is better to place the swopping of stamps, even amongst the most intimate chums, on an agreed basis. It is simple enough to go on giving and accepting ordinary duplicates without any hard and fast basis of value, but, as time goes on, and you dip into more expensive stamps, the day comes when even between the most generously-minded chums there must be an increasing awkwardness in accepting the free gift of valuable stamps. Your chum may have the good fortune to get the run of valuable stamps, which he could easily sell to dealers for considerable amounts that would enable him to greatly enrich his collection. You would feel it to be very awkward to be always accepting such duplicates without some arrangement as to swopping value for value.

Those and similar little difficulties are more

easily arranged in the pursuit of stamp collecting than in any other hobby. You merely agree that in future you will exchange on a catalogue basis. That is to say, you take one of the well-known catalogues, and agree that the value of a stamp for exchange shall be determined by that catalogue. For instance, your fellow collector has a kind relative in the South African trade, and he saves all the stamps from his correspondence for him. Here's a 5s. King's head, Transvaal, of which he has a duplicate to spare. You refer to the catalogue, and you find it is priced 6s. 3d. used. You want that stamp for your collection. So your friend has to find duplicates to the like value in what you can spare, or if you have none that he needs you agree that you are indebted to him for that value from the next lot of duplicates you get.

It is well for the purposes of personal exchange, to hinge all good duplicates into a small memorandum book that you can carry easily in your pocket. In this book all the stamps should be plainly marked with the catalogue values. Then, when you meet a collector you can exchange books and swop away to your heart's content.

Of course there is the question of condition. It is not a fair exchange to give, or take, a damaged, or heavily cancelled copy for one that is undamaged and lightly cancelled.

It is surprising what a good collection of stamps a young collector can get together, if he makes a practice of carrying a nice, plainly-priced book of temptingly clean and desirable duplicates. Fellow collectors get to know the contents of that book, and in their desire to secure those that tempt them most they hunt up stamps that will secure an exchange. And if the possessor of the nice book of tempting duplicates lets it be known that they are only to be had in exchange for nice copies of stamps he needs, he will soon find that his book of duplicates will secure him several splendid helpers in the building up of his own collection.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. H. L.-W. (Folkestone).—As there are several albums about the price you mention you had better write each of the album publishers for a price list and specimen pages, and then make your own selection. Consult our advertisement pages.

Durban Scot (Natal).—There are two mulready envelopes, one 1d., black, and the other 2d., blue. You do not say which yours is. But they are catalogued, the 1d. at 12s. 6d., and the 2d. at 70s., used. New Zealand, 1856, Colonial printing, 2d., blue, imperf., blue paper, is catalogued at 14s., used. The first issue of Belgium was made in 1849-52, and there were no 40 cents in that issue. Yours are probably the second issue, 1850. Of this issue, the 20 cents, blue, is catalogued at 1s., used, and the 40 cents, carmine, at 3s. 6d., used.

A. F. P. (Hackney).—Stanley Gibbons' Catalogue, parts I. and II., price 2s. each, and Bright's "A. B. C.," will give you the catalogue value of watermarked and unwatermarked stamps. What percentage you may take as the "exact" value is rather a poser, so much depends on the class of stamps and their variety. If they are ordinary stamps, you may say for used about 25 per cent. of catalogue, good stamps cataloguing from 5s. upwards, from 25 to 50 per cent., very rare stamps from 50 to 75 per cent. of catalogue. But I must warn you that this is a very rough and ready, though probably fairly reliable, basis for valuation. Your better plan will be to get a priced catalogue of a few of the auctions, and draw your own conclusions from those realised prices.

W. J. W. (Otago, New Zealand).—Northern Nigerias are worth much more than they are priced in Gibbons' 1903 catalogue. I should say at least double. Many thanks for N. Z. special delivery, but I do not chronicle, or advise readers of THE CAPTAIN to collect, special delivery stamps.

H. O. (Colchester).—Yes, Labuans were surcharged "4 cents" in 1889. I should say their value is *nil*. They are regarded as rubbish made for sale to collectors.

G. Y. P. (Blyth).—Your oblong Orange Free State stamp is only a fiscal, and therefore of no value in postage stamp collection. But there are fiscal collections. The value, however, of a used copy of the one pound stamp is only a few pence.

G. J. (Lichfield).—The Transvaal 2d., surcharged "E.R.I. Halfpenny," is catalogued at 2d. The addition "Passed Press Censor" makes it worth keeping as a curiosity, but does not add to the philatelic value.

M. V. S. (Lutterworth).—I cannot tell the value of your Ceylon stamp from your description. You do not even say what the face value of the stamp is. There are lots of brown Ceylons.

Ab. (Radstock).—Unused are preferable to used, even where the used are worth a little more by catalogue. So far as values are concerned, the unused will probably increase in value much more than the used. Unless the used has some special significance, such as settling the date of issue, the question of a stamp having been issued for use, etc., unused should be preferred. The 1d. black English was cancelled in black, as well as in red.

Constant Reader (London).—The Oil Rivers Protectorate, ½d. on English, unused, is catalogued at 6d.

S. C. C. (Highgate).—Brussels Exhibition stamps are of very little value. They are catalogued

at 1d. each, but you would probably find it difficult to get 1d. a dozen for them. They are mere advertising rubbish.

M. E. (Southport).—Inverted watermarks are not regarded as making any difference in the value of a stamp.

J. B. (Brooklyn, N. Y.).—The firm you name is reliable for new issues. There is no really good stamp journal published in Canada. You cannot do better than get Bright's movable leaf albums, as you propose, as a cheap form of movable leaves. They were suggested by us in the first place, and you will find such an article as you ask for in THE CAPTAIN, vol. 5., p. 138. All my own stamps are mounted on those handy little movable leaf albums. In arranging your stamps you can get a neat effect in rows of three on a page, about 3/8 of an inch apart. Canadians I arrange in rows of three distinct shades of each value. Fill up your rows of shades as they turn up. With Gibbons' Monthly Journal and the American Journal of Philately you should be well posted. You should take Northern as well as Southern Nigeria.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Bright and Son.—Seychelles, 3c. on 18c. Malta, 2½d.

Premier Stamp Co.—Bermuda, 3d.

Whitfield King and Co.—Seychelles, 3c. on 18c. Cyprus, 1p. and 4p.

Two Famous "Special" Correspondents.

SEE "CHRISTMAS WITH A.P.," ON PAGE 197.



A. PEARSE ("SPHERE") AND MELTON PRIOR ("ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS"), SPECIAL ARTISTS AT COWES DURING H.M. THE KING'S STAY THERE IN 1902.

Photo by W. W. Kirk and Sons. By permission.

"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 Penaway Dacre, W. M. Pryke, and Seymour C. Smith. Each prize-winner is requested to forward his present address, and at the same time to select a book.

Ghosts and Haunted Houses.

GHOST stories are not half so popular as they were years ago, when spectres roamed the passages in the moonlight, and each large house had its haunted chamber, but though most people jeer at ghosts, you will find that they will all own to some spectral experience. I do not refer to spiritual séances, table rapping, and the like nonsense, but to ghostly appearances.

I have only had one ghostly experience. Where we live in the summer there is a wide stretch of green common between the town and the sea-front. One night when I was crossing this common I felt a touch on my shoulder. I looked round, and lo! there was not a soul to be seen! Thinking that I was mistaken, I quickened my pace. Suddenly I felt the touch again. With a strange eerie feeling I turned, and there stood the ghost of an old schoolfellow. After a moment he vanished, and then—well, then I ran! Whenever I tell this tale I get scoffed at, but nothing can shake my conviction that it was a ghost.

Some years ago a friend of mine lived in a haunted house. Coming home late one night he was surprised to see his dog cower down by his side, moaning as though in fear. Looking up, he saw that two of the windows were illuminated by a strange bluish light. In vain he tried to persuade the dog to enter the house; eventually he had to go in alone. He spent that night packing his things, and left the next day.

A schoolfellow of mine lives in a some-

what old house, and his bed stands beneath a large window. Sometimes when he wakes up at night the window is lighted brilliantly, at other times it is quite dark. One night he saw, palely outlined in the moonlight, the forms of two men. One knelt in a supplicating attitude before the other, as though asking for mercy or pardon. After a moment the spectres vanished, and all was dark again.

I have heard many tales of mysterious warnings. In one family death was foretold by the sound of something falling. Sitting in the kitchen they heard a bump overhead, as though a chair had fallen over. This sound was repeated three times. Next day they heard of the death of their uncle, who lived in London. Another man told me that he was sitting in his library when he heard a tap on the window. Looking up, he saw his dearest friend gazing through at



A MERRY ME
TO YOU, ONE AND ALL!

him. They stared at each other for a full minute, and then the man at the window turned and went. That night my informant heard that his friend had died in bed *at the very moment that his apparition had appeared at the window!*

PENAWAY DACRE.

Memories.

[By an Old Boy.]

AS a small boy I was at a French school abroad. We English were all right when we got into a green field for Prisoner's Base. We played this game at Rugby, too, and Charles Dakyns, the best football player that ever played—many say that ever will play—got his extraordinary quickness from it. Bullying was kept in the background by fighting. A one-armed boy was worried too much by a bigger boy, so he fought him, and his blows were double as hard as the two-handed boy's, so he was not



THE TWO FACES.
A curious untouched snapshot by F. C. Turner, Preston.

bullied any more. There were other fights, too. I remember two brothers pelting a big boy, who was rowing, with sods, and the big fellow came ashore and hunted the brothers into a wheat-field, and pounded them, and they pounded him. It was a great fight, and they shook hands and were friends ever after. One of the brothers now commands a regiment of the line, and is a C.B., a distinction gained by good service and that great march which saved so many men after Colenso fight in the recent Boer War.

At Rugby we were quite certain that the best boys were our leaders, and would do what they could for the honour of the school. When walking one day with two schoolfellows, one began a story, evidently a bad one, but his friend, a præposter, cut it short with a threat of 100 lines. Perhaps you do not think that boys could be so particular, but they were, and every boy in authority in any school ought to be particular, if he wishes well for the school, his friends, and himself. Small boys, middle boys, and those that are nearly men, are a curious and interesting race, and can only be studied when boyhood is long past and gone.

E. F. T. B.

A Christmas Custom at Ottery St. Mary.

THERE is an ancient and interesting custom, still in vogue in the town of Ottery St. Mary, Devon, connected with the festival of the Nativity of Christ. At twelve o'clock midnight, on Christmas Eve, the bellman of the parish begins to make a circuit of the principal houses in the town, starting from the vicarage. He stops at each house, and, having rung his bell, recites the following lines:—

"At the Nativity of Christ Our Lord,
The Angels did rejoice with one accord;
Let Christians imitate them here on Earth,
And crown this day with joy and pious mirth."

He then proclaims the exact time of the morning, and the condition of the weather, and, after having again rung his bell, passes on to the next house. The bellman employs from three to four hours in making his circuit; at certain houses he is expected to stop and receive hospitality, while the family indulge in carol singing. The custom dates from very early times, and there are, I believe, but few places where such a relic of the past still survives.

W. MAURICE PRYKE.

Captain Prizes—Volume IX.

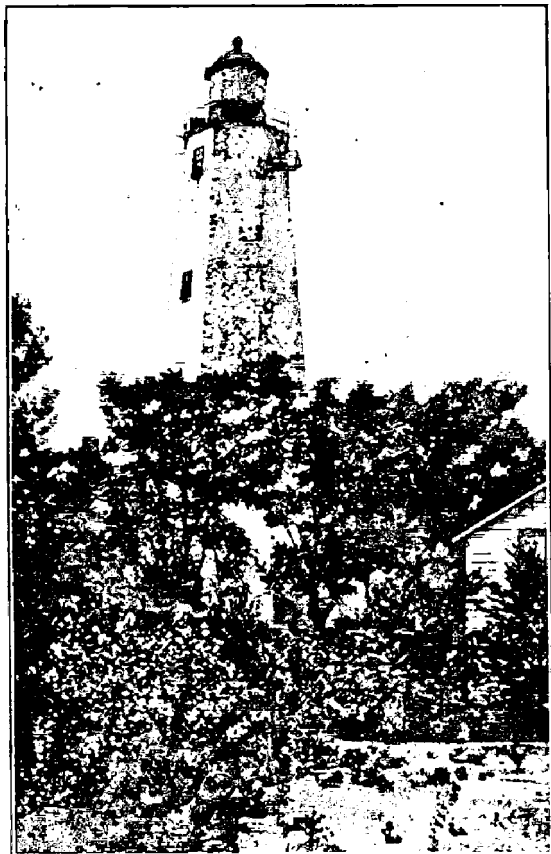
THE six numbers comprising volume nine of THE CAPTAIN, the following prizes were awarded:—

£5 8s. in cash, £2 12s. 6d. worth of goods from advertisement pages, three bicycles, twenty-eight hand cameras, twenty-three cricket bats, six sets of boxing gloves, eight Sandow's Combined Developers, three tennis racquets,



THE 22ND OF THE MONTH AT DREW MEMORIAL PARSONAGE, BELFAST.

By Seymour C. Smith.



THE OLD SANDY HOOK LIGHTHOUSE.

This famous lighthouse was built by the Dutch over 200 years ago, and is the first light sighted from the ships on approaching New York Harbour.

By Walter P. Robertson.

twelve printing outfits, eight sets of drawing materials, six fountain pens, six post-card albums, and six pocket knives. Consolation prizes consisted of ninety-eight magazine volumes or books, while five hundred and six packets of CAPTAIN post-cards were sent to honourably-mentioned competitors. Foreign and colonial readers were awarded money prizes to the value of £3 12s., and "CAPTAIN Club" contributors gained thirteen books. Grand total of prizes—241.

P. DACRE.

Literary Criticisms.

P. Dacre writes:—"In the September CAPTAIN, R. G. Hugo, criticising 'A Little Cameo of Low Life,' takes exception to that part which refers to the old woman and the coster lads, saying that, in all the nine years during which he has known Balham, he has never witnessed any such conduct. The incident occurred at three o'clock in the afternoon on Bedford Hill, and I put it down exactly as I saw it. Mr. Hugo also says that Balham is 'by no means the resort of all the cads and cadgers of South London.' I did not intend to represent it as such, but tried to reproduce the scene exactly as it

was, with no additions whatever. The same thing may be seen in almost any London suburb on a Saturday night. If I gave the impression that Balham was the abode of cads, and a locality noted for rowdiness, I can only say that I had no intention of doing so."—[Mr. Dacre having explained, let us hope we have now heard the last of this subject.—O.F.]

M. Ouchterlony.—Don't write your name and address on every page. Your "York Cathedral" savours too much of the guide-book.

"Floreat Lindum" and C. J. Thompson.—The latter part of the above criticism applies as well to your contributions. Don't send me essays about places that one can look up for one's self in a guide-book. Make your contributions bright and original.

Ernest Charles.—You have poetical instinct. Send further samples—*shorter* ones. I may be able to judge better of your ability if I see some more of your work. There is nothing, I must add, particularly striking or original in your descriptive poem "Dawn." Your clear writing is most welcome to my eyes.

F. N. Brierly.—Hope to print "Pitch Lake." Your spelling, my good sir, is very much below par. Still, the interest of your article saved it from the gaping jaws of the Office Dog.

T. R. D.—It was rather good of the sailors telling you that the Government paid a man £5 a year to whitewash the cliffs of Dover! I can quite imagine a very little boy "swallowing" this. There is not much, however, in the other anecdotes.

Nemo.—Your "Jottings about Ashinoya" is not particularly interesting. At least, I do not find it so. Try me with something else.

P. W. Bennett.—Your "Plea for more Story-telling Photos" will appear as soon as I can find space for it.

P. L. Holmes.—Photos too dim to reproduce well.

F. Coombes.—No, sir, you'll have to try a stretch longer before you take rank among our poets. You are clubbed, though, according to request—if that is any consolation to you.

"Naval Cadet Esse."—Well, when you have got into the Navy you can send us a breezy article about your "first day aboard H.M.S. What ever-she-happens-to-be." The article you send is full of figures and dates, and I don't like 'em. By the way, don't put six CAPTAIN stamps on a letter to us. Put them on your letters to friends—one at a time.

Harold Schofield.—I hope to use your "Bill Jones" some time next cricket season.

Jack L.—You should have called your article "Orkney Curiosities," and squeezed all the most interesting facts into about three or four hundred words, leaving out the account of your wanderings. That is the way to please an editor.

K. D. (Montreal).—The anecdote is excellent, but I cannot publish copied matter, even though you mention the source from which it was obtained. Next time, pray go to the trouble of writing out your contribution properly, and not sending it in the form of a letter. It is always worth a contributor's while to take pains and refrain from dispatching things in a hurry. I have to fag through piles of CAPTAIN Club Contributions, and so I am grateful to people who study me by writing neatly and paying attention to punctuation, spelling, and grammar.

D. Campbell.—As you will have seen, one of our readers has already dealt with "Football in Switzerland."

"Wanderer."—I regret to say that I really have no room for the account of your walking tour.

Albert Albrow.—I am sorry I opened your carefully-compiled "Catches" article far too late to be able to make use of it. I may add that I do not want any more articles of this kind.

"Puella."—Your "Daymare" poem is bright and lively, but too long—far too long. Consider our space, my dear! The best thing in it is where you describe your flight from the Office Dog, and Mr. Fry's sudden appearance and rebuke to the effect that you are not breathing properly. The other contribution, "The Wallace Collection," I hope to use.

J. H. Skuse.—There are funny snatches in your tale about Podge, but it's hardly good enough for the space it would occupy. It amused me to hear that Podge was shut up in a room with a geography and a bundle of tracts to make him good. The little poem, too, has merit—but not enough. Never mind. Go on!

Harry Payne.—I like contributors to be original, and not send me imitations. You have ability. Use it in original efforts.

H. F. G. Harvey.—Your prose, though evidencing ability on your part, is a trifle old-fashioned, and you set down your thoughts in a manner which might strike a reader as somewhat dull. Your subject, too, is an old one. Everybody is acquainted with the qualities of Dickens's work. Choose more modern topics, and condense your remarks into a smaller space.

Art Criticisms.

"Ambidextrous Amateur."—As a copyist you are very clever. Editing a comic paper is about your line, when you get the chance. Several well-known black and white artists draw with the left hand, viz., Louis Wain and George Hawley.

W. J. Goodbrand (Durban).—(1) Not suitable for publication, though clever. You write an excellent letter. (2) Your second attempt much better; no space.

Dorothy G. Riley.—Try again, Dolly; an elephant or a mouse.

Eric Lawson (Wellington, N.Z.).—You were too late for Photo Competition. Send direct to C.C. and you may win a prize.

E. Alliot (Nottingham).—Snapshots all good, but not of sufficient interest. Get figures in the foreground.

K. Glover (Gosforth).—Clever designs, but shouldn't advise you to be an artist. Your pen work is just average.

"Livingstone."—(1) The longest "mile" I know is the Hesse Mile, 19,547 English yards, and the shortest the Chinese Yis, 624 yards. (2) Pen drawing is not so popular as brush drawing, as the former is more difficult.

Maurice Peterson (Montreal).—You are Clubbed. Photo too faint; send another.

Frank Swallow.—Thanks, oh no! Idea not so "rotten."

J. Scott (Dundalk).—Clever open line work; quite above the average.

G. Debardon (Liverpool).—Shall use photo if room. Yes, your guess is correct.

W. R. Rose.—Very interesting. I was in Algiers some time ago. Use if space.

Colin A. Arrol.—Will use in a future number.

R. F. Megginson.—Smart, but not of interest.

G. E. A. (Folkestone).—Doubt whether room for *s.s. Arabic*.

G. T. D.—(1) You have practically no ability. (2) When it is noon at Greenwich, in Dublin it is 11.35 a.m.; in Edinburgh 11.45 a.m.; New York, 7.4 a.m.; Pekin, 7.46 p.m.; and Sydney, 10.5 p.m.

R. Meeke.—Brownie snaps too faint.

Pat C. C.—Candidly, they are *not* great.

Jaibée (Paisley).—You have ability, but don't "take to art" further than to amuse yourself.

F. W. Atterbury (Killiney).—Will use round tower when space permiteth.

R. J. Baumgartner.—Snapshots not of sufficient interest. No stamp enclosed. We cannot answer C. C. letters by return of post.

"Ranji."—(1) Post your drawings and MS. to the Editor, and put in stamped addressed envelope. Cannot say what remuneration; all papers differ on this point.

J. S. Newman.—A very worthy drawing. Sky slightly mixed up with the sails, though. Use more water with your work.

Phyllis Dacre (Ilkley).—(1) No. do not affix CAPTAIN stamps on postcards. (2) We cannot reproduce pictorial postcards, as they are the copyright of the photographer who took the picture.

"Jacob."—Smart; more careful practice wanted.

H. C. Tomlen. (Leicester).—Shall use A. O. Jones during the season, if room.

H. Blofeld (Highbury).—When space permits shall use the photo.

"Pussy" (Haverford Grammar School).—I am sorry to say the photos are all too indistinct. Have another shot.

"Springfield."—The maze is beyond me; work such things out more clearly.

K. R. Murray.—The faces are good and funny, but too much alike. What a lot of snub-nosed fellows you must know!

Contributions have also been received from:—D. Wheatley (accepted), W. J. C. Nettleton, A. W. H. (accepted), G. Franklin, D. C. Macgregor, "General" (accepted), V. J. Wells, "Tod" (accepted), "Fryite," Joseph Carley, G. E. Beaumont, J. H. Young (Dorking), Harold Watkins, Will Morton, E. A. Taylor (Sudbury), G. H. S. (Hastings), Daphne K. Stow (Hanley Castle), J. F. Iredale, C. T. Kennis, W. A. S. Statter (Wellington College), H. J. Judd, and others whose names will appear next month.

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR DECEMBER.

Last day for sending in, December 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, 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 Dec. 14th.

The Results will be published in February.

AGE RULE: A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 25 competition, so long as he has not actually turned 26. The same rule applies to all the other age limits.

No. 1.—"My Favourite Competition."—We will award Three New Columbia Graphophones, as illustrated on THE CAPTAIN Prizes page, to the senders of the three best Letters (to the "Old Fog") on the sort of Competition they like best. To the two competitors in each class next in order of merit we will award a Set of Messrs. Harbutt's "Plasticine Designer." Letters must not exceed 300 words in length.

Class I. Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III. Age limit: Fifteen.

No. 2.—"Drawing of a Loaf."—As "big loaves" and "little loaves" are now exercising the minds of your fathers and uncles, you might keep the matter before their eyes by making a drawing of an ordinary household loaf, in pen, pencil, or water-colours. To the senders of the three best drawings we will award Three of Messrs. H. Gradidge and Sons' half-guinea Footballs (Associa-

tion or Rugby)—or, in the case of girl winners, Hockey Sticks—as illustrated on THE CAPTAIN Prizes page.

Class I. Age limit: Twenty
Class II. Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. Age limit: Twelve.

No. 3.—"Comic Sentence."—Write, on a CAPTAIN pictorial post-card (a packet of which can be obtained from this office for 1½d., post free), a comic sentence composed from the leading lines of CAPTAIN advertisements in the present number, as, for instance, "A Gradidge Football is a Delightful Companion and an Admirable Food for all Seeking a Profession." To the senders of the six best sentences will be awarded Six of Messrs. Benetfink and Co.'s Hockey Sticks, as illustrated on THE CAPTAIN Prizes page.

Class I. Age limit: Twenty-two.
Class II. Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III. Age limit: Fifteen.

No. 4.—"Photographic Competition."—Send a print from your best negative; any subject. *Photographs must be original, and not copied from the work of others.* Neatness in mounting will be taken into consideration. Prizes: Three "Swan" Fountain Pens, value 10s. 6d. each, as illustrated on THE CAPTAIN Prizes page.

Class I. Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III. Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 5.—"The Poets and the Sea."—Send the best poetical extract you know, dealing with "the Sea." Two Handsome Albums will be the Prizes.

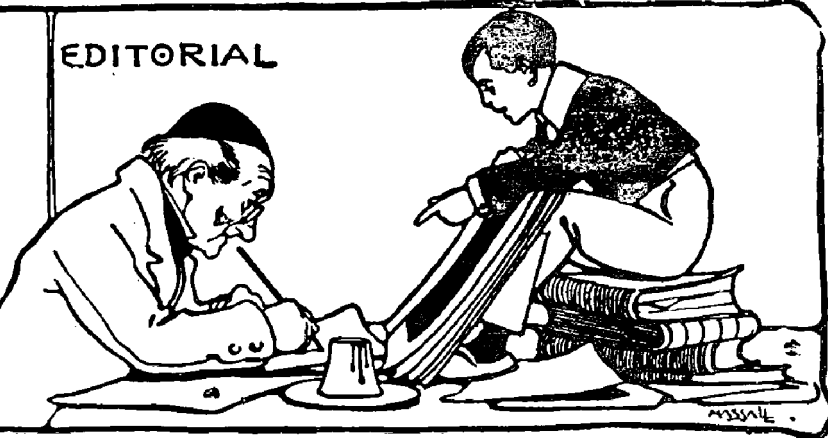
Class I. Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. Age limit: Eighteen.

No. 6.—"Handwriting."—Copy, in your best every-day handwriting, the first seven lines of "Christmas with A. P.," on page 197. Prizes: Two of Messrs. Benetfink and Co.'s Footballs; the four next, in order of merit in each Class, a Set of Harbutt's "Plasticine Designer" as illustrated on THE CAPTAIN Prizes page.

Class I. Age limit: Sixteen.
Class II. Age limit: Twelve.

THE OLD FAG

EDITORIAL



12 BURLINGH
STREET,
STRAND, LONDON.

MY IDEAL CHRISTMAS.

It was rather sharp of the Art-Editor to think of this idea. It is entirely his idea. He said to me: "Why not write to all our regular contributors and ask them to describe their 'Ideal Christmas'?" "Full speed ahead!" I replied, knowing the Art-Ed.'s partiality for nautical language, he having crossed the Atlantic thirty times, and suffered shipwreck thrice. "Aye, aye, sir," sang out the Art-Ed., getting to work on the letters with his usual alert seamanship. The results of the Art-Ed.'s breezy suggestion are appended, and a goodly symposium they make.



First I should like to give you a golden fragment from the pen of Mr. Franklin Welles Calkins, the talented American author. But we must be content with his "Picked Seven" story, and the further adventures of Etapa and Zintkala, which you will find in this number. I doubt if I have ever read a more delightfully human and pleasing tale of Christmas than "The Picked Seven at Hatband," and, hardened old editor though I am, my heart went out to Zintkala and Etapa while I was correcting the proofs of the chapters included in this issue. Could anything be more touching than this account of two children's wanderings, of their perils

and escapes, of their simple thanksgivings, of the lad's manliness and stout heart, of the little girl's devotion to her brother when he lay sick unto death!

So, as there's no time to write to New York, we must do without a contribution from Mr. Calkins. Mr. Wodehouse, however, is as close as an author can be—down the street at the *Globe* office—and the writer of that jolly serial, *The Gold Bat*, pops in with the following:

MY IDEAL CHRISTMAS.

I don't think I can improve on Dickens. The Christmas in *Pickwick* has always struck me as the sort of Christmas I should most like to spend, bar falling into the pond, which I could dispense with. My ideal Christmas would be passed solely with people I know intimately; people who could be relied on to ask me neither to play round games nor to sing. Round games poison any day of festivity. There is one in particular, called "Are you there, Moriarty?"—but the subject is painful. Also there must be snow (not too much) and a sharp frost. Finally, I should prefer to spend Christmas in the country. Old manor house—wassail—flickering fire-light—ghost stories, and that sort of thing. That's me.

Now for a little poetry. All of you have admired Mr. Felix Leigh's clever comic pictures (not to mention the clever wording he supplies to them), and so you'll be interested in this poetical effusion from his pliant and inventive nib:

MY IDEAL CHRISTMAS—THIS YEAR!

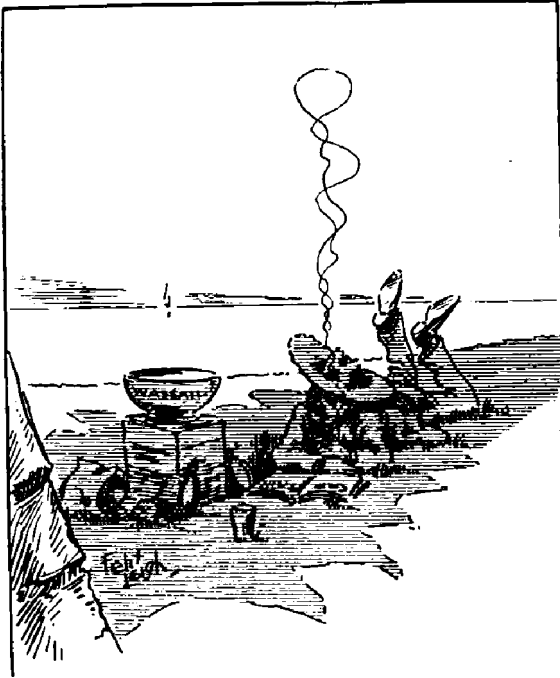
Now, to tell you the truth, Mr. Editor, *mine*
Would be spent on some tropical island,
Where the skies, as a rule, were more soft and benign
Than are those which are spread over *my* land.

It is there 'neath the shade of a palm I would lie,
With a pipe and my CAPTAIN to cheer me.
'Mid a landscape that smiled under Phœbus's eye,
Lemon-squash in a "wassail bowl" near me!

If the notion sounds rum, I am free to aver
You may strike upon others much rummer.
Isn't change always charming? By Jove, my dear sir,
I got tired of our winter *last summer!*

FELIX LEIGH.

Mr. Swainson has been too long absent from our pages, and a querying note as to the wherefore which I sent him the other day, elicited the explanation that he "has just reached the twelfth chapter of a



MY IDEAL CHRISTMAS—THIS YEAR!
By Felix Leigh.

new serial." I hope that story will be in my hands before long. Meanwhile, Mr. Swainson conjures up the following attractive picture of

AN IDEAL CHRISTMAS.

My ideal Christmas pre-supposes the ideal house, the ideal people, the ideal winter weather. Let me show you the house first. It is old, large, and rambling, and the lawn slopes down to a frozen lake—a floor, blue-black, like steel, by day, and a wondrous silver plain when the moon rides through the sky in the soundless, windless, frosted night. I fill that old house with my dearest friends. I spirit Jack from India, Charlie from Manchester, Dick from that mine in Spain, Sydney from the Threadneedle-street Old Lady, and I dig Joe out of Glasgow's yellow fogs and summon other dear friends from North, South, East, and West. I depend on Tessa to invite Dorothy, Chris, and Ethel, Muriel, Hilda and Florence, and I fine half-a-crown any one who prefixes Mister or Miss to any Christian name. Has it not been an ideal Christmas! There is no good guessing what Tessa's friends may do before lunch, but each man, I know, will have unlocked his gun-case and tumbled out his pet cartridges before he eats his first breakfast. He can choose his own shooting, from duck in the gloaming to rabbits on the covert sides. Ice, of course, was made for afternoons . . . ergo, a general rally there after lunch. Of evenings, Ethel will arrange some music, Dorothy, I know, will insist on at least one dance, and some one will breathe that thrilling word

"Theatricals." Then, after the songs, the very last *Extra*, the final drop of the curtain, as the case may be, when the girls have gone upstairs—I am not so unsophisticated as to suppose they've gone to bed—I can see my half of the Idealists trickling into the billiard-room, dearly-beloved briars and Arcadian mixtures will make a pale blue, smoky Elysium, and yarns of old friends, of the old school, the old college, and the wide world will keep us there round the fire until the wee sma' hours. Then, as old Pepys has it, "And so, merry, to bed."

Mr. Hervey generally sends us tales about tigers, and here he is in his usual blood-thirsty mood. You wouldn't think he was blood-thirsty to look at him, but he is—*very!* Even at Christmas his thoughts dwell on "tingling frays" and "forest beasts," and he has had to dash into poetry in order to relieve his feelings:

MY IDEA OF AN "IDEAL CHRISTMAS."
Sing ho! for the jungle deep and dank,
With a rifle in my hand,
Where the tiger prowls and the cheetah growls.
And the elephant takes his stand,
And the python lurks unseen, my lads,
To drop upon its prey;
I'd far prefer my Christmas, sir,
Eight thousand miles away!



THE ART EDITOR IS VERY SORRY, BUT HE IS UNABLE
TO SEE YOU THIS MORNING.
By E. S. Hodgson.

What are the joys of pudding and beef,
 And the turkey stuff'd with stuff,
 And the lollipops and carpet hops,
 And the game of blindman's buff,
 Compar'd to a shooting trip, my boys,
 And a rousing, tingling fray,
 With some forest beast in the gorgeous East,
 Eight thousand miles away!

H. J. A. HERVEY.

Mr. A. E. Johnson stands 6 ft. 1 inch in his stockings, and is a serious man, fond of deep-sea fishing and blowing off government cartridges in his capacity as a full private of the Artists' Volunteer corps. After hearing of these virile pursuits, you may be surprised to read the following very mild and inoffensive catalogue of Mr. Johnson's Christmas requirements:

MY IDEAL CHRISTMAS.

Frost snow, skates, toboggans, stockings, presents, cards, turkey, sausages (plenty of sausages), plum-pudding, crackers, games, Christmas tree, holly, mistletoe (in convenient places), snap-dragon—and lots of children—A. E. JOHNSON.

The Photo. Editor is pleased to be playful, for, in reply to the Art-Ed.'s query, he wrote:

CAMERA CORNER. "CAPTAIN" OFFICE.

DEAR SIR.—An "Ideal Christmas"! What can be expected upon such a subject from a photographic Editor? Well, may there be snow, may there be frost, may there be ice, may there be sunshine—in fact, a glorious, bright and happy time. May none of us spend Christmas in a "Dark Room." If there must be "Dry Plates," let's have 'em after dinner, with the walnuts and the wine. Then, calling to our aid "Flashlight Photography," let us, in the twinkling of an eye, sketch with invisible pen a picture of how an "Ideal Christmas" was spent, Anno Domini one thousand nine hundred and three!—Yours very truly, CHARLES W. HASTINGS (Photo Editor).

Mr. Stanley is one of the most promising rhymsters I am acquainted with. He gets home with a regular corkscrew effect in his final verse. One of these days Mr. Stanley will be writing lyrics for musical plays unless he takes to the Higher Poetry.

A FEW REFLECTIONS ON AN IDEAL CHRISTMAS.
 (With due acknowledgment to Mr. Barrie.)

Let me burn my hands and chestnuts,
 At a fire composed of "Best Nuts,"
 Snugly basking in the Yule coals' cheery glow;
 Let me frolic through the lancers,
 With a merry maze of dancers—
 Or sit out beneath the M—*Holly*, dontcherknow!

Though my taste may seem abnormal,
 I'll be pleased if some kind storm'll
 Show a little true—if somewhat cold—politeness,
 By tastefully adorning
 Mother Earth, on Christmas morning,
 With a bran new Winter "garb of dazzling white
 ness."

And our national proclivity,
 To overdo festivity,
 I think we might endeavour to obliterate,
 By being very wary
 Of allowing "*Little Mary*,"
 To determine the amount that ev'ry crittur ate.
 ARTHUR STANLEY.

Mr. Edward J. Nankivell, little as you may think it, does not occupy his mind entirely with stamp-collecting. He devotes three periods of ten minutes *per diem* to thinking of food, six hours to sleep, and five minutes to exercise (three times round the garden at ten miles an hour). On Saturday afternoon, in the warm months of the year, he plays bowls, and at this pastime he has inflicted severe defeats on Tom Browne, R.I., and the Art-Editor of THE CAPTAIN. He has also, indeed, invited the O. F. to battle with him on the level greensward, but bowls, I may tell you, is far too quiet a game for *me*! However, this is the Christmas Number, and so we must get on to the Philatelic Editor's "Ideal" Christmas, which seems, from the letter quoted hereunder, to be a very amiable sort of one. I have no doubt that, during the course of the day, Mr. N. steals away for a quiet half-hour amongst his beloved Transvaals and Uruguayans; otherwise, his Christmas is that of a contented and happy family man.

MY IDEAL CHRISTMAS.

A jolly Christmas family party installed in my shanty: a bundle of greetings from absent friends, a sheaf of unexpected cheques by the first post, but no other communication whatever with the business world, and the country around declared clear of Editors.

EDWARD J. NANKIVELL.

Anybody would suppose that Tom Browne was an elderly gentleman of eight-and-fifty to look at the picture of his Ideal Christmas. Instead of sitting before a roaring fire, in a dressing-gown, with a decanter of Roderick Dhu—whatever that may be—at his elbow, and a big cigar in his mouth, I will tell you how he will spend Christmas Day. At eight a.m., sharp, he will be out on Blackheath Common playing golf with the Art-Ed. (to whom he gives a stroke a hole). At nine he will consume a tremendous breakfast. From ten to ten-thirty he will glance through his morning paper, and at eleven his horse will be brought round to the front door, and he will go for a two-hours' canter. Lunch having been discussed, he will indulge in an hour's spin on his motor-car (the Art-Ed. hanging on to the back seat for dear life—with blue lips and



By Tom Browne, R.I.

a glassy eye), and then, dusk having fallen, he will play billiards in his studio till dinner-time. Over what he will then do I will draw a decent veil, for I do not wish to hurt the feelings of my good vegetarian readers. After dinner he will give a children's party in his studio, and then, the children having gone off, happy with many presents and sugar-plums, he will loll in an easy-chair in front of his great studio stove and tell the Art-Ed. anecdotes of his wanderings in Spain and Holland. When Tom B. is eight-and-fifty he *may* spend Christmas Day in front of a big fire, but, as he is only eight-and-twenty, his idea of an enjoyable day is at present rather less passive than what he is pleased to depict in the little drawing he has sent us.

The Competition Editor hurls the following Tennysonian echo at my unoffending head:

MY IDEAL CHRISTMAS.

In mood anti-melancholic,
I will gambol and I'll frolic,
And I'll sport with Billy Jones and Charlie
Thompson;
I'll caper and I'll chuckle,
'Cos I haven't got to buckle
To and get a sack—or three—of CAPTAIN comps
done!

The Idea Merchant—what! did you think I had forgotten him!—was applied to for a contribution, and you may imagine our grief on receiving the following laconic epistle:

H.M. Prison, Holloway,
London, N.

DEAR O. F.,—Am here for three months for differ-
ing with a gentleman on the fiscal question. In the
struggle I managed to break four out of his five ribs.
Yours in tears,

O. F., Esq.

THE IDEA MERCHANT.

Mr. Cockburn Reynolds spent his childhood in India—where he made the acquaintance of "Jungly"—and seemingly he would have us believe that, when a boy, he was no better than other boys. Anyhow, here we have him, sitting on a wall, devouring a plum-pudding and sowing the seeds of life-long dyspepsia. Jungly, in his one simple garment, appears to be helping him with praiseworthy zeal. What happened to little Cockburn when the theft was discovered, and what Kurrupowda Fishsauca Al 'Spollopinarisvata—father to the said Jungly—did to his son and heir, Mr. Reynolds does not mention. But we can well imagine.

As to myself, do you want to know what *my* idea of an Ideal Christmas is! Well, well, my young friends, I never like to disoblige you, and so I will tell you. I like to go away to a midland village I know very well, remote from pantomimes and splashing cab-wheels and hooting newsboys, and there to stay in a house that has seen two or three hundred Christmasses. I like to observe the lads and lassies coming back to this village year after year at Christmastide, "to see the old folk," and I like to watch them troop into church on Christmas morning and sing the old Christmas hymns that we never tire of. Though there may be no snow and no ice, yet it is Christmas in our hearts, and so, as each succeeding Noël-tide



THE STOLEN PLUM PUDDING.—THAT WAS AN IDEAL CHRISTMAS.

By E. Cockburn Reynolds.



"I HAVE NO 'IDEAL' CHRISTMAS, BUT THIS ISN'T A BAD WAY OF PASSING PART OF THE TIME."
By Gordon Browne, R.I.

Aye, at Christmas, as at no other time of the year, "there's no place like Home."

THE OLD FAG.

(We very much regret that, owing to the great pressure on our space this month, we have been obliged to hold over the "Answers to Correspondents," but any reader who expected a reply in this number can obtain one direct by sending a stamped, addressed envelope. This notice also applies to the "Naturalists" and "Athletic" Corners.)



MR. WHITWELL'S IDEAL CHRISTMAS IS TO BE HARD AT WORK ON THE ILLUSTRATIONS TO "THE GOLD BAT."

arrives, we find our way to the old home and greet old friends, and spend this good festival in an atmosphere of kindness and good-fellowship. This is why I hope Christmas will never die out. Young fellows out in the world should never fail to make for home at Christmastide, for, so long as a man keeps in touch with Home, so long is he likely to stick to the right path and play the game of life honourably. Christmas and Home!

Results of October Competitions.

No. I.—"Well-known Men."
CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)
WINNER OF BOVING GLOVES: John Brown, 13, Argyle-street, Paisley; W. Logan, c/o Raeburn, 14c, Mayfield, Edinburgh.
CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: C. Crossley, 62, Moorcliffe, Savile Park, Halifax; T. R. Davis, 6, Thurlby-road, Norwood, S.E.
HONOURABLE MENTION: C. H. Cruttenden, Maurice P. French, Geoffrey L. Austin, Randolph L. Pawby, Wm. C. Baines, T. H. Walker, L. Barnish, F. O. Tolfield, K. W. Warden, Frank L. Cloux, Henry S. Stephenson, James Turner, Alex. Scott, Junr.
CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF BOVING GLOVES: David Rankin, 2, Cadzow-place, Edinburgh.
CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Victor Gibbins, 28, Victoria-road, Exmouth; A. V. Lawrie, 113, Marchmont-road, Edinburgh.
HONOURABLE MENTION: Herbert Dakers, A. Boulton, C. G. Mackay, Thomas P. Bennett, W. Walkley, N. Howard, K. Atkins, Archie E. H. Miller, Frederick J. Davis, R. C. de Morgan, Herbert Bamner, Rosalind Studholme, Andrew Paton.

No. II.—"Photographic."
CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)
WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: R. C. Higginson, 16, Beaconsfield villas, Brighton.
CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Noël E. Lean, 6, Elmore-road, Sheffield; F. R. Willis, 7, Clarence-street, Cheltenham; M. C. Rhodes, 19, Royal-avenue, Scarborough.
HONOURABLE MENTION: E. O. Courtman, Frank C. Cave, Ursula M. Peck, Cecil E. Gouldsmith, F. Fitcher, H. E. Harvie, W. Paterson, R. Jennie Lindup, F. H. Durnford, William J. Watt, R. S. Smith, William Gray.
CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)
WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: John H. Young, Balgowan, Dorking, Surrey.
CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: L. Biggs, Elmdon, Forest-road, Moseley, Birmingham; William August Bagnall, The Groves, Winlaton-on-Tyne, Durham.
HONOURABLE MENTION: R. C. Woodthorpe, J. Ineson, Colin Gregory, Reginald Bronthead Blaher, Alex. Hutchison, Cecil G. Waudby, Henry Ponsford, John M. Nicolle, Luttrell Byrom, George W. Taylor, C. L. Graham, Harold P. Tavener, R. Dollman, Robert H. Bacon, W. L. Taylor, Leonard Bunnard, A. Stanley Lee, L. B. De Fontaine, Kenneth W. Dowie

(Canada), L. F. Addison, C. L. B. Brockwell, Eric G. King, Frank Garratt, S. Williams, Frank J. Adams, P. E. Petter.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fourteen.)

WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: R. W. Reade, Fairlight Glen, Parkstone, Dorset.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Marjorie Hervey, The Lowlands, Alderley Edge, Cheshire.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Edmund Gray, William Woodfin, G. E. Pearson, B. Witcombe, G. Maddison, G. N. Rigg.

No. III.—"My Favourite Quotation."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNERS OF PRINTING OUTFITS: R. H. Kay, Fieldhead, Oswestry, Salop; J. Jefferson Farjeon, 137, Fellows-road, South Hampstead, N. W.; Ursula M. Peck, 8a, Randolph-road, Maida Hill, W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: John Brown, Dora Avril, Percy Wm. Bennett, W. F. Johnston, Lilian Bowyer, M. V. Linde, J. Ferguson, John W. Lewis, Albert Albrow, Bernard W. Pask, M. E. Hamer.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNERS OF PRINTING OUTFITS: Sydney D. Wale, 299, Fulham-road, Chelsea, S.W.; Daphne Kenyon-Stow, The Rhydd, Hanley Castle, near Worcester; T. Spikin, 15, Queen's-road, Basingstoke.

HONOURABLE MENTION: David Lang, M. Rennell, Beryl Waters, Thomas A. Lowe, Winnie Middleton, J. Lowen, Stanley Williams, J. H. Honeysett, A. M. Toms, Kathleen Towerzey, A. W. Loach, E. A. Campbell, Emily Lewis.

No. IV.—"Handwriting."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNERS OF POST-CARD ALBUMS: Arthur Wheeler, 104, Southchurch-road, Southend-on-Sea; Victor Towers, Davenham, Northwich, Cheshire; Alan V. Denning, St. Dunstan's, Maney Hill-road, Sutton Coldfield.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. V. Pascoe, Alfred Scholfield, Harry Fritz, Fred. Hales, Harry Alden, Geo. R. Booth, W. P. Tolman, Connie Beamish, P. E. Petter, Harold Scholfield, William Shaw, E. J. Thomson, William A. Williams.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNERS OF POST-CARD ALBUMS: Harry Ide Anscombe, 204, Oving-road, Chichester; N. Miles Kemp, Aubrey House, Yeovil; Frederick J. Davis, 78, Elgin-avenue, Maida Hill, W.

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 Greyhouse," "Acton's Feud," "The Heart of the Prairie."

Comments on the October Competitions.

I.—This was such an easy competition that nearly all of the 2,300 entries were quite correct! Neatness therefore counted considerably. Some of the lists were beautifully written and arranged. The correct names were: Hayward, Browne, Bingham, Meredith, Kendal, Santley, Rolls, Huntley, Bigham, Logtes, Austin, Barnes.

II.—The photographs were slightly below the average in quality. Woodland scenes were to the fore, some of our youngest competitors sending exceptionally good work of this nature.

III.—As the most beautiful quotations were the most hackneyed, it was difficult to decide this competition, but I think the six prizes were well earned.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Arthur Green, Robert Brash, Claude Dach, Percy Darby, Winifred Gray, Erica Ferguson, W. G. Pickford, William Jackson, Winifred Parkin, W. S. Leeming.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNERS OF POST-CARD ALBUMS: Leslie Hulls, Grammar School, St. Ives, Hunts.; Alan Evans, St. Matthew's, Ipswich; Henry Godfrey, Orphan Working School, Maitland Park, S.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Thomas Harris, Charles Logbottom, Charles Blackwell, Alfred Smith, Ernest Shaw, Laurence E. Greening, E. Cunningham, Kenneth L. Duckett, Mary Crawford Pridden, Ella d'Arenberg, G. E. Whitton, Arthur Sample.

No. V.—"Missing Words."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNERS OF SANDOW'S DEVELOPERS: David Buchan, 9, King street, Alloa, N.B.; Archibald Loy, 2, Cemetery-road, Barnley, Yorks.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: J. F. Wilson, 16, George-road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: James Bruce, John Brown, L. Kerwood, W. M. Holman, Constance H. Greaves, Evelyn Pritchett, W. J. B. Crouch, John W. Hays, Dora Theakston, Elsie E. Collard, A. Clive Hay, E. G. Caldecleugh.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF SANDOW DEVELOPER: Arthur R. N. Rookaby, Castlegate, Grantham.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Arthur Aberton, 122, Castleton-road, Preston, Lancs.; A. D. Hutchison, 13, Clifford-street, Ibrox, Glasgow.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Ewart H. Swinstead, G. N. Warbrick, A. Bolton, Basil H. Binks, W. Wainwright, B. E. Witty, R. H. Newsome.

No. VI.—"Vegetarianism."

WINNERS OF SIX SHILLING BOOKS: John Leigh Turner, 152, Shaw Heath, Stockport; Maurice P. French, Abbeystead, Queen's-road, Bournemouth; Horace Brooks, 74, Merton-road, Wandsworth, S.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Mrs. Anderson, Lilian Seal, Lilian Bowyer, G. G. Macfarlane, Wm. B. Booker, T. P. Coe, G. Currie, W. B. Faull, Henry T. Berry, Gertrude Watkin, H. E. Kennedy, Maud M. Lyne, Andrew McFadyean, C. H. Webster, Marian Hewitt.



A HARROWING SCENE.
By W. G. Colloiden.

IV.—There was the usual large number of entries, the specimens of handwriting in all classes being excellent.

V.—The omitted words were: Development, water, selecta, world, house, choosae, remembers, according, often, much, needs, question. A most difficult competition, no one guessing all the words correctly, although the prize-winners in Class II. had only three wrong.

VI.—A large number of excellent letters were sent in, some in favour of and some against vegetarianism. The case for both sides was set down with great lucidity and fairness, but on the whole I think the non-vegetarian arguments were superior—at any rate, they were weightier. The Editor hopes to print a selection of the best letters.

THE COMPLETION EDITOR.

NOT INTRODUCED.



FOOTPAD: "Sir Bernard Bullion, I believe?"
SIR B. B.: "You have the advantage of me, sir."
Drawn by John Hassall.



THE TIGER, WITH AN APPALLING ROAR, SPRANG AT THE ELEPHANT'S HEAD.

Drawn by J. Macfarlane.

MY FIRST TIGER.

A QUAIN T INDIAN TALE.

By C. E. GOULDSBURY.

Illustrated by J. MACFARLANE.

PATE, or rather necessity, led me, like many another impecunious youth, to adopt a Colonial career, and thirty-five years ago I left the Southampton Dock for India, where I had secured an appointment in one of the Police Forces.

India, for me, was not altogether the "terra incognita" it is to many going out for the first time, as I was born there, and remembered enough about it to conjure up many a delightful vision of the joys of life in that country, especially from a sportsman's point of view.

Recalling to my mind the wondrous tales I had been told of tigers, leopards, wild pig, etc., running about like rabbits, and being already the proud possessor of a gun, and the prospective owner of a horse—what more, thought I, could a boy desire?

To snakes, mosquitoes, fever, cholera and such-like unpleasantnesses, I gave no thought, or possibly had forgotten their existence. It was sufficient for me that shooting and riding were to form the main features of my future life, and that I was, or shortly would be, provided with the means of enjoying both.

To describe the voyage out and the life on board the P. & O. steamer would be tedious alike to my readers and myself. Suffice it to say then that I reached Calcutta without experiencing any adventures worthy of note.

Ten days in this steamy and malodorous town was quite sufficient for me to make all necessary purchases, including uniform and the all-important horse, the selection of which occupied most of this time, and having seen him safely off on his march of 300 miles to the district to which I was posted, I followed myself three days later.

I arrived in due course, and, reporting myself to my official superior, was duly installed in office, much impressed with my position as a "fly on the wheel" of the general administration of the district.

It did not take me long to discover that the India of my childhood's recollections, and later imagination, was a vastly different place to what I now found it to be, and the joyful visions my youthful mind had created were singularly conspicuous by their absence! In their place were the sterner realities of my

official life, to wit:—morning parade at 5 o'clock, and a seat in a hot, stuffy office from 11 to 6, to say nothing of the daily hour of uncongenial companionship with an obsequious preceptor, striving in vain to master the mysteries of his abominable alphabet.

Of shooting and riding there was little, *i.e.*, of the kind my fancy had pictured.

Leopards did not, I found, pervade the roads, and of wild pigs and tigers there was none within two hundred miles! On the other hand, snakes were plentiful, and all appeared to be deadly, while mosquitoes swarmed and made the nights hideous with their music when not more pleasantly engaged in devouring my face and hands.

I will now, with the reader's permission, advance him some eighteen years or so, during which period I had served in many districts but so far had never yet heard a tiger and much less seen one.

At last, much to my delight, I was appointed to what was considered a really good sporting district, and was soon to realise the truth of this appellation.

One morning, shortly after I had joined, I was hearing the usual daily reports from all the Police Stations. Amongst them was one from the officer in charge of a frontier post, urgently requesting to be supplied with some more rounds of ball cartridge!

This being a somewhat unusual demand, and one I considered dangerous to comply with without further enquiry, I despatched a mounted constable at once to the post, some seventy miles distant, to demand further details.

In the course of four or five days I received a reply stating that a tiger had for some weeks past taken up his position in a jungle close to the outpost, and not only carried off several head of cattle belonging to the villagers, but had become also so bold and reckless that it was feared he might take to attacking human beings—hence the request for more ball cartridges.

On receiving this news, I sent orders immediately to the sporting official to collect as many elephants as he could lay his hands on, and have them assembled at his outpost

within four days, adding that as I would be there myself as soon as possible he was on no account to take any action calculated to frighten the tiger away before my arrival.

My gun and cartridges, together with the few articles of food and clothing necessary for a couple of days, I despatched in charge of my factotum on an "ekka"—a light two-wheeled conveyance of the country; I also sent three ponies for myself to different stages.

Giving time for my impedimenta to arrive, I started myself, overjoyed at the prospect of seeing a tiger at last, and perhaps shooting it!

On my arrival at the outpost I found a large and excited crowd assembled, and learnt that a night or two since the tiger had actually come into the centre of the village, and, jumping a bamboo fence, had carried off a fair-sized cow from the enclosure, returning as he came!

This news was highly satisfactory from my point of view, showing as it did, firstly—that what I had come in quest of was really a tiger and not a leopard, as I had feared, and secondly—that there was every probability of his being found lying up with his kill.

I saw that my instructions as to elephants had been carried out, as six were drawn up awaiting my inspection, and a motley crew they were.

In shape, size, or build no one animal resembled another, though all had the half-starved and draggled appearance suggestive of improper food and utter neglect. The tallest, which carried an apology for a howdah, was perhaps eight feet, the rest anything from seven to four, their drivers being as strange and weird of appearance as the animals they bestrode.

The howdah, too, was well in keeping with the rest of the entourage, for never was such a marvellous structure seen before, except, perhaps, in some museum of antiquities. Two hundred years since it had possibly graced the triumphal procession of some royal potentate, but its splendour had now departed from it and the relics merely served to accentuate the contrast with its past. There was little of the original left, what there was being held together with recent bindings of red tape, a fit emblem of its prospective occupant!

However, a howdah, even though an antiquated one, is not to be despised when one is in pursuit of such dangerous game as tigers, especially so active an animal as this

one had proved itself to be. So, thankful for small mercies, I clambered into it as gingerly as I could.

The cover was about half a mile distant, and we were just about starting for it when, much to my surprise, the inspector of the division, an enormously fat and most unsportsmanlike individual, came puffing and panting up, mounted on a diminutive pony, and having made his obeisance requested permission to accompany me on the plea that he had never seen a tiger and was most anxious to do so.

Permission was readily accorded, though I confess I was at a loss to imagine how my valiant but extremely obese subordinate proposed elevating his huge, unwieldy person on to the back of an elephant.

However, he had evidently grasped the situation, for, selecting one of the smallest animals, he first sent up a stalwart constable; then, ordering two others to push from below, he was gradually, but painfully, hauled on to his perch, maintaining his position by sitting astride the narrow pad instead of sideways, as is usual.

We now started and soon reached the jungle—a comparatively small one, though connected by a narrow strip of grass with a much larger patch about two hundred yards off.

Taking up my position in the centre of this grass, I directed the inspector, who, in virtue of his rank, I appointed second in command, to take himself and his forces to the far side of the cover, and to beat it up towards me.

He marched off, full of importance, and having marshalled his five elephants into something approaching a line, proceeded to carry out my instructions.

From where I was posted I could see the taller elephants of the line, as it advanced in my direction, and I was expecting every moment to hear the tiger break.

Suddenly there was a loud squeal from one of the elephants, followed by a general commotion all along the line, caused, I guessed, by the tiger having been either viewed or scented, so I made signs as well as I could for the line to be pushed on. The drivers did their best to obey, but in spite of all their efforts not an animal would advance, and small wonder, for there, barely ten yards in front of them, was the tiger, growling savagely!

At last one elephant, less timid than the rest, was induced to move a step or two



SIX ELEPHANTS WERE DRIVEN UP FOR MY INSPECTION, AND A MOTLEY CREW THEY WERE.

J. M. Gardner

forward. The next instant there was a savage roar, and every elephant, big and small, rushed helter-skelter back through the jungle, and soon the whole line could be seen careering madly across the open on its way back to the village, the inspector's charger, more nimble than the rest, leading the van!

I have seen some comical sights in my life, but never in all my experience one more utterly ludicrous than what was now before me, *i.e.*, the huge jelly-bag figure of the unfortunate official, encased in tight uniform, poised on the highest point of the little animal he bestrode, clutching frantically at anything he could find in his efforts to maintain his seat, and shouting at the driver to stop, yet betraying his anxiety to get on as quickly as possible by digging his heels into what he probably imagined to be the ribs of his pony, forgetful for the moment that he was now mounted on an elephant! The latter, with his tail in the air and his trunk up-raised, bustled along as fast as his sturdy little legs could carry him, squealing with terror. Indeed, elephants and men lent themselves to making up as droll a scene as it is possible to conceive.

However, I had little time to enjoy this impromptu burlesque, and soon had graver matters to attend to, for, while still laugh-

ing, a loud coughing snort was heard in front, and before I could raise my gun to my shoulder, with a quick rush through the grass the tiger had passed behind me. I turned and fired both barrels into the moving grass, but apparently without result, and ere I could reload he was out of range.

I now looked again for the elephants, only to find that I could hope for no assistance from *them*. They were still going, and likely to continue doing so.

In despair I consulted my driver, and, acting on his advice, having no experience of my own to draw on, decided to go in pursuit of the tiger, in the faint hope that one of my shots might have taken sufficient effect to prevent his journeying far.

But to pursue an angry tiger on a timid and untrained elephant was not so easy a matter, for to do so it was obviously necessary, in the first place, to make a start, and this the terrified animal absolutely refused to do. In fact, it was only with the greatest difficulty that we succeeded in making him even face in the proper direction. At length, thoroughly exasperated, I allowed the driver to use his "Kujbag," or goad, a terrible weapon resembling a monster fish-hook, the shank projecting beyond the curve, and terminating in a sharp spike. But this

only made matters worse, for, instead of moving forward, the animal now commenced to back, and then to "shake," a term applied to elephants and denoting one of their most dangerous vices. In effect it is much the same as buck-jumping in a horse, but the motion, instead of being longitudinal, is from side to side, and so violent that a really proficient "shaker" will often rid himself of his riders, literally "in a brace of shakes." This is what would have probably happened in

as we might come upon the tiger at any moment.

We had proceeded in this manner about two hundred yards when we came to a small clearing some thirty yards wide. Traversing this, we were about to re-enter the jungle when, without the smallest warning, the tiger, with a roar appalling in its volume and ferocity, sprang at the elephant's head.

Rendered wary by the extreme suddenness of his previous appearance, I was fortunately



THE NEXT INSTANT EVERY ELEPHANT, BIG AND SMALL, RUSHED HELTER-SKELTER BACK THROUGH THE JUNGLE.

our case. Providentially a peacock, rustling through the grass behind us, created a diversion, for the elephant, thinking the tiger was now behind him, started forward, and away we went, a great deal faster than we wanted, but in the right direction!

We had flashed through the grass and reached the larger cover before we could pull up our runaway mount, and having soothed him into a more suitable frame of mind to negotiate the dangerous tree jungle now before us, entered it, proceeding cautiously,

prepared, and, as he sprang, fired both barrels almost simultaneously, the next moment tumbling backwards into the howdah, as the elephant, turning sharp round, made off for all he was worth in the direction from which we had come.

Now came the most unpleasant half-hour I have ever gone through. The jungle, as already stated, was what is known as tree jungle, and therefore one to be traversed with extreme care and caution, and of necessity very slowly, when in a howdah.

The reader may, therefore, imagine my feelings when, on recrossing the small clearing, we dashed into the cover at railway speed, regardless alike of branches, thorns and creepers, and tore through them at a rate which, though necessarily reduced, was yet sufficient to sweep off howdah, guns and riders, landing the latter, perhaps, into the very mouth of the tiger, who, for all we knew, might be pursuing us!

How we escaped being brained, or at least swept off, I have no conception, for, as in most situations of the kind, it all seemed to happen so quickly that we never quite knew what actually did happen.

One very vivid recollection, however, and which a bump, the size of an egg, on my forehead helped me to recall for some days after, was a violent collision with a large branch. The bump aforesaid was not the only evidence of this rencontre, for on looking for my pith hat afterwards all I could find of it was the rim, the crown being found later in the branches of a tree! We had also apparently collided with one or two other hard substances, for my coat was badly torn about the shoulders, both of which felt extremely sore.

The mahout, being seated much lower, had come off comparatively scathless, except for some scratches on the face and hands, and a deep one on the side of the foot, evidently, as he said, from the tiger's claw.

Our elephant, even after reaching the open, had continued its headlong flight; in fact, he did not pull up till he met the others, now

returning from their little excursion to the village.

Giving the elephants, including my own, time to recover from their fright and to pull themselves together, I returned with them to the scene of my late encounter with a view to renewing hostilities.

Reaching the place, the first object that met our gaze was the tiger, or, rather, *tigress* (for so she proved to be), stretched out, stone dead, on the very spot where my elephant had been when she charged.

Quickly dismounting, I examined the body and found one bullet hole just below the throat, and another in the fleshy part of the thigh, the first obviously the shot that had killed her, and the second one of the two fired as she had dashed past behind me on her first appearance.

Both these shots could only be regarded as unusually lucky flukes, especially the first, which had probably saved us an extremely unpleasant, not to say perilous, quarter of an hour. As it was, the tigress must have completed her spring, judging from the mahout's statement, as corroborated by the claw wound.

We now measured our prize and found her to be nine feet four inches from tip of nose to tip of tail, a rare length for a tigress. Being in the prime of life and condition, her skin was an exceptionally fine one, and, when cured and hung up in my bungalow, served to recall, for many a year after, the pleasant and exciting incidents connected with the slaying of "My First Tiger."





"POLLY."
By Marjorie Hervey.

**"The
Captain"
Photographic
Gallery.**

*Being a Selection of
photographs entered for
our Competitions.*



MY OWN CANOE.
F. Fletcher, Salisbury.



THE YOUNG MUSICIAN.
By R. Jennie, Lindup, Brampton.



IN A GOLF CLUB FACTORY.
By H. E. Jury, Wellington College.



AT THE MEET.
By C. C. Harland, Winchester.



THE SHEPHERD.
By A. T. S. Weatherhead, Ealing.



PHOTOGRAPHIC PERSPECTIVE.
By H. W. Bassett, Sevenoaks.



BLANKET TOSSING AT WESTDOWN CAMP, SALISBURY PLAIN.
By H. V. Pascoe, Llanelly.



IN CLOVER.
By Harold V. Love, Southsea.

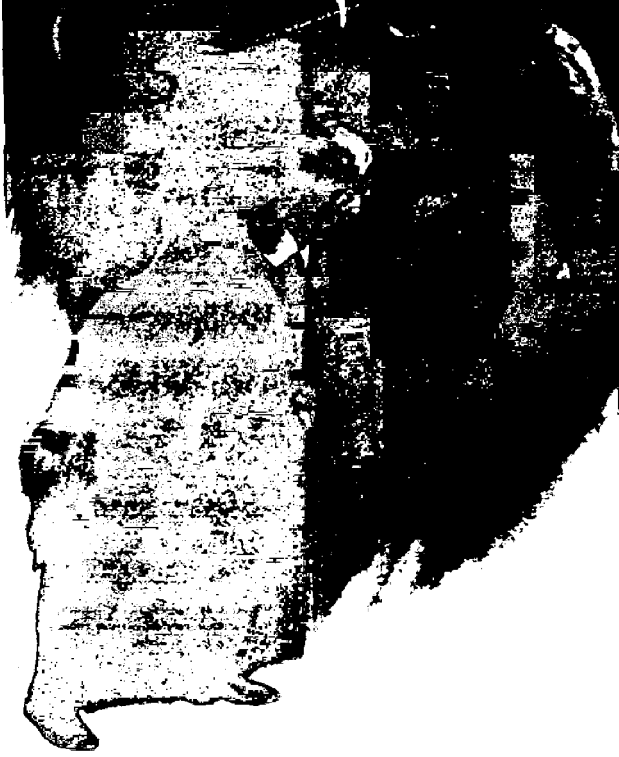


CHUMS.
William J. Watt, Aberdeen, N.B.



A SON OF THE SOUTH
By M. C. Rhodes, Scarborough.

THE GOLD BAT



A
PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY
BY
P. C. WODEHOUSE
AUTHOR OF
"THE POTHUNTERS"
"THE MANŒUVRES OF
CHARTERIS" ETC.

THE "gold bat" from which this story takes its title is a small ornament worn by Trevor, captain of the Wrykyn School XV., on his watch-chain. This bat Trevor has lent to O'Hara, an unruly Irishman, who, whilst employed on a midnight expedition whereof the object is tarring and feathering the Mayor of Wrykyn's statue, loses the little bat, and thereby fills Trevor with consternation, for, should the bat be found near the scene of the outrage, Trevor sees that he will be placed in an exceedingly awkward position. About this time Trevor is experiencing some difficulty in filling the fifteenth place in his team. Rand-Brown, a big three-quarter in the Second XV., would seem to be the most likely selection, but he is observed to funk badly in a trial match, and so Trevor displaces him in favour of Barry, a smaller but far more reliable three-quarter, who has hitherto played for the Third XV. Soon after this, the school learns that a mysterious League has been formed by a number of fellows unknown who intend to enforce their views and wishes by acts of violence. The League first wrecks the study of Mill, a prefect, and then proceeds to warn Trevor in an anonymous letter that its members do not desire Barry to continue to play for the First XV. Trevor disregards the letter and the League retaliates by mutilating his books, smashing his pictures, and turning his study upside down. Suspicion falls on Rand-Brown, but it is pointed out that he could not have wrecked the captain's room, at least, since he was in the field at the time the latter outrage was perpetrated. Late one night a boy named Leather-Twig (otherwise "Shoeblossom"), is passing the study of Milton, a prefect, when he is startled to see a white figure glide out of the room in question, and disappear into a certain dormitory. On the following morning Trevor receives another epistle from the League which fills him with no little concern.

CHAPTER XIII.

VICTIM NUMBER THREE.

"WITH reference to our last communication," ran the letter—the writer evidently believed in the commercial style—"it may interest you to know that the bat you lost by the statue on the

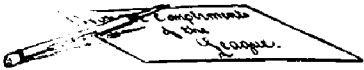
night of the 26th of January has come into our possession. We observe that Barry is still playing for the first fifteen."

"And will jolly well continue to," muttered Trevor, crumpling the paper viciously into a ball.

He went on writing the names for the Ripton match. The last name on the list was Barry's.

Then he sat back in his chair, and began to wrestle with this new development. Barry must play. That was certain. All the bluff in the world was not going to keep him from playing the best man at his disposal in the Ripton match. He himself did not count. It was the school he had to think of. This being so, what was likely to happen? Though nothing was said on the point, he felt certain that if he persisted in ignoring the League, that bat would find its way somehow—by devious routes, possibly—to the headmaster or some one else in authority. And then there would be questions—awkward questions—and things would begin to come out. Then a fresh point struck him, which was, that whatever might happen would affect, not himself, but O'Hara. This made it rather more of a problem how to act. Personally, he was one of those dogged characters who can put up with almost anything themselves. If this had been his affair, he would have gone on his way without hesitating. Evidently the writer of the letter was under the impression that he had been the hero (or villain) of the statue escapade.

If everything came out it did not require any great effort of prophecy to predict what the result would be. O'Hara would go. Promptly. He would receive his marching orders within ten minutes of the discovery of what he had done. He would be expelled twice over, so to speak, once for breaking out at night—one of the most heinous offences in the school code—



and once for tarring the statue. Anything that gave the school a bad name in the town was a crime in the eyes of the powers, and this was such a particularly flagrant case. Yes, there was no doubt of that. O'Hara would take the first train home without waiting to pack up. Trevor knew his people well, and he could imagine their feelings when the prodigal strolled into their midst—an old Wrykynian *malgré lui*. As the philosopher said of falling off a ladder, it is not the falling that matters: it is the sudden stopping at the other end. It is not the being expelled that is so peculiarly objectionable: it is the sudden homecoming. With this gloomy vision before him, Trevor almost wavered. But the thought that the selection of the team had nothing whatever to do with his personal feelings strengthened him. He was simply a machine, devised to select the fifteen best men in the school to meet Ripton. In his official capacity of football captain he was not supposed to have any feelings. However, he yielded in so far that he went to Clowes to ask his opinion.

Clowes, having heard everything and seen the letter, unhesitatingly voted for the right course. If fifty mad Irishmen were to be expelled, Barry must play against Ripton. He was the best man, and in he must go.

"That's what I thought," said Trevor. "It's bad for O'Hara, though."

Clowes remarked somewhat tritely that business was business.

"Besides," he went on, "you're assuming that the thing this letter hints at will really come off. I don't think it will. A man would have to be such an awful blackguard to go as low as that. The least grain of decency in him would stop him. I can imagine a man threatening to do it as a piece of bluff—by the way, the letter doesn't actually say anything of the sort, though I suppose it hints at it—but I can't imagine anybody out of a melodrama doing it."

"You can never tell," said Trevor. He felt that this was but an outside chance. The forbearance of one's antagonist is but a poor thing to trust to at the best of times.

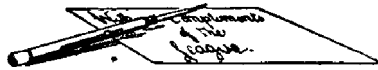
"Are you going to tell O'Hara?" asked Clowes.

"I don't see the good. Would you?"

"No. He can't do anything, and it would only give him a bad time. There are pleasanter things, I should think, than going on from day to day not knowing whether you're going to be sacked or not within the next twelve hours. Don't tell him."

"I won't. And Barry plays against Ripton."

"Certainly. He's the best man."



"I'm going over to Seymour's now," said Trevor, after a pause, "to see Milton. We've drawn Seymour's in the next round of the house-matches. I suppose you knew. I want to get it over before the Ripton match for several reasons. About half the fifteen are playing on one side or the other, and it'll give them a good chance of getting fit. Running and passing is all right, but a good, hard game's the thing for putting you into form. And then I was thinking that, as the side that loses, whichever it is—"

"Seymour's, of course."

"Hope so. Well, they're bound to be a bit sick at losing, so they'll play up all the harder on Saturday to console themselves for losing the cup."

"My word, what strategy!" said Clowes. "You think of everything. When do you think of playing it, then?"

"Wednesday struck me as a good day. Don't you think so?"

"It would do splendidly. It'll be a good match. For all practical purposes, of course, it's the final. If we beat Seymour's, I don't think the others will trouble us much."

There was just time to see Milton before lock-up. Trevor ran across to Seymour's, and went up to his study.

"Come in," said Milton, in answer to his knock.

Trevor went in, and stood surprised at the difference in the look of the place since the last time he had visited it. The walls, once covered with photographs, were bare. Milton, seated before the fire, was ruefully contemplating what looked like a heap of waste cardboard.

Trevor recognised the symptoms. He had had experience.

"You don't mean to say they've been at you, too!" he cried.

Milton's normally cheerful face was thunderous and gloomy.

"Yes. I was thinking what I'd like to do to the man who ragged it."

"It's the League again, I suppose?"

Milton looked surprised.

"Again?" he said, "where did *you* hear of the League? This is the first time I've heard of its existence, whatever it is. What is the con-founded thing, and why on earth have they played the fool here? What's the meaning of this bally rot?"

He exhibited one of the variety of cards of which Trevor had already seen two specimens. Trevor explained briefly the style and nature of the League, and mentioned that his study also had been wrecked.

"Your study? Why, what have they got against you?"

"I don't know," said Trevor. Nothing was to be gained by speaking of the letters he had received.

"Did they cut up your photographs?"

"Every one."

"I tell you what it is, Trevor, old chap," said Milton, with great solemnity, "there's a lunatic in the school. That's what I make of it. A lunatic whose form of madness is wrecking studies."

"But the same chap couldn't have done yours and mine. It must have been a Donaldson's fellow who did mine, and one of your chaps who did yours and Mill's."

"Mill's? By Jove, of course. I never thought of that. That was the League, too, I suppose?"

"Yes. One of those cards was tied to a chair, but Clowes took it away before anybody saw it."

Milton returned to the details of the disaster.

"Was there any ink spilt in your room?"

"Pints," said Trevor, shortly. The subject was painful.

"So there was here," said Milton, mournfully. "Gallons."

There was silence for a while, each pondering over his wrongs.

"Gallons," said Milton again. "I was ass enough to keep a large pot full of it here, and they used it all, every drop. You never saw such a sight."

Trevor said he had seen one similar spectacle.

"And my photographs! You remember those photographs I showed you? All ruined. Slit across with a knife. Some torn in half. I wish I knew who did that."

Trevor said he wished so, too.

"There was one of Mrs. Patrick Campbell," Milton continued in heartrending tones, "which was torn into sixteen pieces. I counted them. There they are on the mantelpiece. And there was one of Little Tich" (here he almost broke down), "which was so covered with ink that for half an hour I couldn't recognise it. Fact."

Trevor nodded sympathetically.

"Yes," said Milton. "Soaked."

There was another silence. Trevor felt it would be almost an outrage to discuss so prosaic a topic as the date of a house-match with one so broken up. Yet time was flying, and lock-up was drawing near.

"Are you willing to play——" he began.

"I feel as if I could never play again," interrupted Milton. "You'd hardly believe the

amount of blotting-paper I've used to-day. It must have been a lunatic, Dick, old man."

When Milton called Trevor "Dick," it was a sign that he was moved. When he called him "Dick, old man," it gave evidence of an internal upheaval without parallel.

"Why, who else but a lunatic would get up in the night to wreck another chap's study? All this was done between eleven last night and seven this morning. I turned in at eleven, and when I came down here again at seven the place was a wreck. It must have been a lunatic."

"How do you account for the printed card from the League?"

Milton murmured something about madmen's cunning and diverting suspicion, and relapsed into silence. Trevor seized the opportunity to make the proposal he had come to make, that Donaldson's v. Seymour's should be played on the following Wednesday.

Milton agreed listlessly.

"Just where you're standing," he said, "I found a photograph of Sir Henry Irving so slashed about that I thought at first it was Huntley Wright in *San Toy*."

"Start at two-thirty sharp," said Trevor.

"I had seventeen of Edna May," continued the stricken Seymourite, monotonously. "In various attitudes. All destroyed."

"On the first fifteen ground, of course," said Trevor. "I'll get Aldridge to referee. That'll suit you, I suppose?"

"All right. Anything you like. Just by the fireplace I found the remains of Arthur Roberts in *H.M.S. Irresponsible*. And part of Seymour Hicks. Under the table——"

Trevor departed.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE WHITE FIGURE.

"SUPPOSE," said Shoeblossom to Barry, as they were walking over to school on the morning following the day on which Milton's study had passed through the hands of the League, "suppose you thought somebody had done something, but you weren't quite certain who, but you knew it was some one, what would you do?"

"What on *earth* do you mean?" inquired Barry.

"I was trying to make an A.B. case of it," explained Shoeblossom.

"What's an A.B. case?"

"I don't know," admitted Shoeblossom, frankly. "But it comes in a book of Steven-



son's. I think it must mean a sort of case where you call everyone A. and B. and don't tell their names."

"Well, go ahead."

"It's about Milton's study."

"What! what about it?"

"Well, you see, the night it was ragged I was sitting in my study with a dark lantern—"

"Well?"

Shoeblossom proceeded to relate the moving narrative of his night-walking adventure. He dwelt movingly on his state of mind when standing behind the door, waiting for Mr. Seymour to come in and find him. He related with appropriate force the hair-raising episode of the weird white figure. And then he came to the conclusions he had since drawn (in calmer moments) from that apparition's movements.

"You see," he said, "I saw it coming out of Milton's study, and that must have been about the time the study was ragged. And it went into Rigby's dorm. So it must have been a chap in that dorm. who did it."

Shoeblossom was quite clever at rare intervals. Even Barry, whose belief in his sanity was of the smallest, was compelled to admit that here, at any rate, he was talking sense.

"What would you do?" asked Shoeblossom.

"Tell Milton, of course," said Barry.

"But he'd give me beans for being out of the dorm. after lights-out."

This was a distinct point to be considered. The attitude of Barry towards Milton was different from that of Shoeblossom. Barry regarded him—through having played with him in important matches—as a good sort of fellow who had always behaved decently to him. Leather-Twigg, on the other hand, looked on him, with undisguised apprehension, as one in authority who would give him lines the first time he came into contact with him, and cane him if he ever did it again. He had a decided disinclination to see Milton on any pretext whatever.

"Suppose I tell him?" suggested Barry.

"You'll keep my name dark?" said Shoeblossom, alarmed.

Barry said he would make an A.B. case of it.

After school he went to Milton's study, and found him still brooding over its departed glories.

"I say, Milton, can I speak to you for a second?"

"Hullo, Barry. Come in."

Barry came in.

"I had forty-three photographs," began Milton, without preamble. "All destroyed. And

I've no money to buy any more. I had seventeen of Edna May."

Barry, feeling that he was expected to say something, said, "By Jove! Really?"

"In various positions," continued Milton. "All ruined."

"Not really?" said Barry.

"There was one of Little Tich—"

But Barry felt unequal to playing the part of chorus any longer. It was all very thrilling, but, if Milton was going to run through the entire list of his destroyed photographs, life would be too short for conversation on any other topic.

"I say, Milton," he said, "it was about that that I came. I'm sorry—"

Milton sat up.

"It wasn't you who did this, was it?"

"No, no," said Barry, hastily.

"Oh, I thought from your saying you were sorry—"

"I was going to say I thought I could put you on the track of the chap who did do it—"

For the second time since the interview began Milton sat up.

"Go on," he said.

"—But I'm sorry I can't give you the name of the fellow who told me about it."

"That doesn't matter," said Milton. "Tell me the name of the fellow who did it. That'll satisfy me."

"I'm afraid I can't do that, either."

"Have you any idea what you *can* do?" asked Milton, satirically.

"I can tell you something which may put you on the right track."

"That'll do for a start. Well?"

"Well, the chap who told me—I'll call him A.; I'm going to make an A.B. case of it—was coming out of his study at about one o'clock in the morning—"

"What the deuce was he doing that for?"

"Because he wanted to go back to bed," said Barry.

"About time, too. Well?"

"As he was going past your study, a white figure emerged—"

"I should strongly advise you, young Barry," said Milton, gravely, "not to try and rot me in any way. You're a jolly good wing three-quarters, but you shouldn't presume on it. I'd slay the old man himself if he rotted me about this business."

Barry was quite pained at this sceptical attitude in one whom he was going out of his way to assist.

"I'm not rotting," he protested. "This is all quite true."

"Well, go on. You were saying something about white figures emerging."

"Not white figures. A white figure," corrected Barry. "It came out of your study——"

"—And vanished through the wall?"

"It went into Rigby's dorm.," said Barry, sulkily. It was maddening to have an exclusive bit of news treated in this way.

"Did it, by Jove!" said Milton, interested at last. "Are you sure the chap who told you wasn't pulling your leg? Who was it told you?"

"I promised him not to say."

"Out with it, young Barry."

"I won't," said Barry.

"You aren't going to tell me?"

"No."

Milton gave up the point with much cheerfulness. He liked Barry, and he realised that he had no right to try and make him break his promise.

"That's all right," he said. "Thanks very much, Barry. This may be useful."

"I'd tell you his name if I hadn't promised, you know, Milton."

"It doesn't matter," said Milton. "It's not important."

"Oh, there was one thing I forgot. It was a biggish chap the fellow saw."

"How big! My size?"

"Not quite so tall, I should think. He said he was about Seymour's size."

"Thanks. That's worth knowing. Thanks very much, Barry."

When his visitor had gone Milton proceeded to unearth one of the printed lists of the house which were used for purposes of roll-call. He meant to find out who were in Rigby's dormitory. He put a tick against the names. There were eighteen of them. The next thing was to find out which of them was about the same height as Mr. Seymour. It was a somewhat vague description, for the house-master stood about five feet nine or eight, and a good many of the dormitory were that height, or near it. At last, after much brain-work, he reduced the number of "possibles" to seven. These seven were Rigby himself, Linton, Rand-Brown, Griffith, Hunt, Kershaw, and Chapple. Rigby might be scratched off the list at once. He was one of Milton's greatest friends. Exeunt also Griffith, Hunt, and Kershaw. They were mild youths, quite incapable of any deed of devilry. There remained, therefore, Chapple, Linton, and Rand-Brown. Chapple was a boy who was invariably late for breakfast. The inference was that he was not likely to forego his sleep for the purpose of wrecking studies.

Chapple might disappear from the list. Now there were only Linton and Rand-Brown to be considered. His suspicions fell on Rand-Brown. Linton was the last person, he thought, to do such a low thing. He was a cheerful, rollicking individual, who was popular with everyone and seemed to like everyone. He was not an orderly member of the house, certainly, and on several occasions Milton had found it necessary to drop on him heavily for creating disturbances. But he was not the sort that bears malice. He took it all in the way of business, and came up smiling after it was over. No. Everything pointed to Rand-Brown. He and Milton had never got on well together, and quite recently they had quarrelled openly over the former's play in the Day's match. Rand-Brown must be the man. But Milton was sensible enough to feel that so far he had no real evidence whatever. He must wait.

On the following afternoon Seymour's turned out to play Donaldson's.

The game, like most house matches, was played with the utmost keenness. Both teams had good three-quarters, and they attacked in turn. Seymour's had the best of it forward, where Milton was playing a great game, but Trevor in the centre was the best outside on the field, and pulled up rush after rush. By half-time neither side had scored.

After half-time Seymour's, playing down-hill, came away with a rush to the Donaldsonites' half, and Rand-Brown, with one of the few decent runs he had made in good class football that term, ran in on the left. Milton took the kick, but failed, and Seymour's led by three points. For the next twenty minutes nothing more was scored. Then, when five minutes more of play remained, Trevor gave Clowes an easy opening, and Clowes sprinted between the posts. The kick was an easy one, and what sporting reporters term "the major points" were easily added.

When there are five more minutes to play in an important house match, and one side has scored a goal and the other a try, play is apt to become spirited. Both teams were doing all they knew. The ball came out to Barry on the right. Barry's abilities as a three-quarter rested chiefly on the fact that he could dodge well. This eel-like attribute compensated for a certain lack of pace. He was past the Donaldson's three-quarters in an instant, and running for the line, with only the back to pass, and with Clowes in hot pursuit. Another wriggle took him past the back, but it also gave Clowes time to catch him up. Clowes was a far faster runner, and he got to him just as he reached

the twenty-five line. They came down together with a crash. Clowes on top, and as they fell the whistle blew.

"No side," said Mr. Aldridge, the master who was refereeing.

Clowes got up.

"All over," he said. "Jolly good game. Hullo, what's up?"

CHAPTER XV.

A SPRAIN AND A VACANT PLACE.

"SAY," said Clowes, helping him up, "I'm awfully sorry. Did I do it? How did it happen?"

Barry was engaged in making various attempts at standing on the injured leg. The process seemed to be painful.



THEY CAME DOWN TOGETHER
WITH A CRASH.

For Barry seemed to be in trouble.

"You might give us a hand up," said the latter. "I believe I've twisted my beastly ankle or something."

"Shall I get a stretcher or anything? Can you walk?"

"If you'd help me over to the house, I could manage all right. What a beastly nuisance! It wasn't your fault a bit. Only you tackled me when I was just trying to swerve, and my ankle was all twisted."

Drummond came up, carrying Barry's blazer and sweater.

"Hullo, Barry," he said, "what's up? You aren't crocked?"



"Something gone wrong with my ankle. That my blazer? Thanks. Coming over to the house? Clowes was just going to help me over."

Clowes asked a Donaldson's junior, who was lurking near at hand, to fetch his blazer and carry it over to the house, and then made his way with Drummond and the disabled Barry to Seymour's. Having arrived at the senior day-room, they deposited the injured three-quarter in a chair, and sent McTodd, who came in at the moment, to fetch the doctor.

Dr. Oakes was a big man with a breezy manner, the sort of doctor who hits you with the force of a sledgehammer in the small ribs, and asks you if you felt anything *then*. It was on this principle that he acted with regard to Barry's ankle. He seized it in both hands and gave it a wrench.

"Did that hurt?" he inquired anxiously.

Barry turned white, and replied that it did.

Dr. Oakes nodded wisely.

"Ah! H'm! Just so. 'Myes. Ah."

"Is it bad?" asked Drummond, awed by these mystic utterances.

"My dear boy," replied the doctor, breezily, "it is always bad when one twists one's ankle."

"How long will it do me out of footer?" asked Barry.

"How long? How long? How long? Why, fortnight. Fortnight," said the doctor.

"Then I sha'n't be able to play next Saturday?"

"Next Saturday? Next Saturday? My dear boy, if you can put your foot to the ground by next Saturday, you may take it as evidence that the age of miracles is not past. Next Saturday, indeed! Ha, ha."

It was not altogether his fault that he treated the matter with such brutal levity. It was a long time since he had been at school, and he could not quite realise what it meant to Barry not to be able to play against Ripton. As for Barry, he felt that he had never loathed and detested any one so thoroughly as he loathed and detested Dr. Oakes at that moment.

"I don't see where the joke comes in," said Clowes, when he had gone. "I bar that man."

"He's a beast," said Drummond. "I can't understand why they let a tout like that be the school doctor."

Barry said nothing. He was too sore for words.

What Dr. Oakes said to his wife that evening was: "Over at the school, my dear, this afternoon. This afternoon. Boy with a twisted ankle. Nice young fellow. Very much put out when I told him he could not play football for a fortnight. But I chaffed him, and cheered him up in no time. I cheered him up in no time, my dear."

"I'm sure you did, dear," said Mrs. Oakes. Which shows how differently the same thing may strike different people. Barry certainly did not look as if he had been cheered up when Clowes left the study and went over to tell Trevor that he would have to find a substitute for his right wing three-quarter against Ripton.

Trevor had left the field without noticing Barry's accident, and he was tremendously pleased at the result of the game.

"Good man," he said, when Clowes came in, "you saved the match."

"And lost the Ripton match probably," said Clowes, gloomily.

"What do you mean?"

"That last time I brought down Barry I crooked him. He's in his study now with a sprained ankle. I've just come from there. Oakes has seen him and says he mustn't play for a fortnight."

"Great Scott!" said Trevor, blankly. "What on earth shall we do?"

"Why not move Strachan up to the wing, and put somebody else back instead of him? Strachan is a good wing."

Trevor shook his head.

"No. There's nobody good enough to play back for the first. We mustn't risk it."

"Then I suppose it must be Rand-Brown?"

"I suppose so."

"He may do better than we think. He played quite a decent game to-day. That try he got wasn't half a bad one."

"He'd be all right, if he didn't funk. But perhaps he wouldn't funk against Ripton. In a match like that anybody would play up. I'll ask Milton and Allardyce about it."

"I shouldn't go to Milton to-day," said Clowes. "I fancy he'll want a night's rest before he's fit to talk to. He must be a bit sick about this match. I know he expected Seymour's to win."

He went out, but came back almost immediately.

"I say," he said, "there's one thing that's just occurred to me. This'll please the League. I mean, this ankle business of Barry's."

The same idea had struck Trevor. It was certainly a respite. But he regretted it for all that. What he wanted was to beat Ripton, and Barry's absence would weaken the team. However, it was good in its way, and cleared the atmosphere for the time. The League would hardly do anything with regard to the carrying out of their threat while Barry was on the sick list.

Next day, having given him time to get over the bitterness of defeat in accordance with Clowes' thoughtful suggestion, Trevor called on Milton, and asked him what his opinion was on

the subject of the inclusion of Rand-Brown in the first fifteen in place of Barry.

"He's the next best man," he added, in defence of the proposal.

"I suppose so," said Milton. "He'd better play, I suppose. There's no one else."

"Clowes thought it wouldn't be a bad idea to shove Strachan on the wing, and put somebody else back."

"Who is there to put?"

"Jervis?"

"Not good enough. No, it's better to be weakish on the wing than at back. Besides, Rand-Brown may do all right. He played well against you."

"Yes," said Trevor.

"Study looks a bit better now," he added, as he was going, having looked round the room. "Still a bit bare, though."

Milton sighed.

"It will never be what it was."

"Forty-three theatrical photographs want some replacing, of course," said Trevor. "But it isn't bad, considering."

"How's yours?"

"Oh, mine's all right, except for the absence of photographs."

"I say, Trevor."

"Yes?" said Trevor, stopping at the door. Milton's voice had taken on the tone of one who is about to disclose dreadful secrets.

"Would you like to know what I think?"

"What?"

"Why, I'm pretty nearly sure who it was that ragged my study?"

"By Jove! What have you done to him?"

"Nothing is yet. I'm not quite sure of my man."

"Who is the man?"

"Rand-Brown."

"By Jove! Clowes once said he thought Rand-Brown must be the president of the League. But then, I don't see how you can account for my study being wrecked. He was out on the field when it was done."

"Why, the League, of course. You don't sup-

pose he's the only man in it? There must be a lot of them."

"But what makes you think it was Rand-Brown?"

Milton told him the story of Shoeblossom, as Barry had told it to him. The only difference was that Trevor listened without any of the scepticism which Milton had displayed on hearing it. He was getting excited. It all fitted in so neatly. If ever there was circumstantial evidence against a man, here it was against Rand-Brown. Take the two cases. Milton had quarrelled with him. Milton's study was wrecked



THE BAT WAS IN NONE OF THESE PLACES.

"with the compliments of the League." Trevor had turned him out of the first fifteen. Trevor's study was wrecked "with the compliments of the League." As Clowes had pointed out, the man with the most obvious motive for not wish-



ing Barry to play for the school was Rand-Brown. It seemed a true bill.

"I shouldn't wonder if you're right," he said, "but of course one can't do anything yet. You want a lot more evidence. Anyhow, we must play him against Ripton, I suppose. Which is his study? I'll go and tell him now."

"Ten."

Trevor knocked at the door of study Ten. Rand-Brown was sitting over the fire, reading. He jumped up when he saw that it was Trevor who had come in, and to his visitor it seemed that his face wore a guilty look.

"What do you want?" said Rand-Brown.

It was not the politest way of welcoming a visitor. It increased Trevor's suspicions. The man was afraid. A great idea darted into his mind. Why not go straight to the point, and have it out with him here and now? He had the League's letter about the bat in his pocket. He would confront him with it and insist on searching the study there and then. If Rand-Brown were really, as he suspected, the writer of the letter, the bat must be in this room somewhere. Search it now, and he would have no time to hide it. He pulled out the letter.

"I believe you wrote that," he said.

Trevor was always direct.

Rand-Brown seemed to turn a little pale, but his voice when he replied was quite steady.

"That's a lie," he said.

"Then, perhaps," said Trevor, "you wouldn't object to proving it."

"How?"

"By letting me search your study?"

"You don't believe my word?"

"Why should I? You don't believe mine."

Rand-Brown made no comment on this remark.

"Was that what you came here for?" he asked.

"No," said Trevor; "as a matter of fact I came to tell you to turn out for running and passing with the first to-morrow afternoon. You're playing against Ripton on Saturday."

Rand-Brown's attitude underwent a complete transformation at the news. He became friendliness itself.

"All right," he said. "I say, I'm sorry I said what I did about lying. I was rather sick that you should think I wrote that rot you showed me. I hope you don't mind."

"Not a bit. Do you mind my searching your study?"

For a moment Rand-Brown looked vicious. Then he sat down with a laugh.

"Go on," he said; "I see you don't believe me. Here are the keys, if you want them."

Trevor thanked him, and took the keys. He

opened every drawer and examined the writing-desk. The bat was in none of these places. He looked in the cupboards. No bat there.

"Like to take up the carpet?" inquired Rand-Brown.

"No, thanks."

"Search me if you like. Shall I turn out my pockets?"

"Yes, please," said Trevor, to his surprise. He had not expected to be taken literally.

Rand-Brown emptied them, but the bat was not there. Trevor turned to go.

"You've not looked inside the legs of the chairs yet," said Rand-Brown. "They may be hollow. There's no knowing."

"It doesn't matter, thanks," said Trevor. "Sorry for troubling you. Don't forget to-morrow afternoon."

And he went, with the very unpleasant feeling that he had been badly scored off.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE RIPTON MATCH.

IT was a curious thing in connection with the matches between Ripton and Wrykyn that Ripton always seemed to be the bigger team. They always had a gigantic pack of forwards, who looked capable of shoving a hole through one of the pyramids. Possibly they looked bigger to the Wrykynians than they really were. Strangers always look big on the football field. When you have grown accustomed to a person's appearance, he does not look nearly so large. Milton, for instance, never struck anybody at Wrykyn as being particularly big for a school forward, and yet to-day he was the heaviest man on the field by a quarter of a stone. But, taken in the mass, the Ripton pack were far heavier than their rivals. There was a legend current among the lower forms at Wrykyn that fellows were allowed to stop on at Ripton till they were twenty-five, simply to play football. This is scarcely likely to have been based on fact. Few lower form legends are.

Jevons, the Ripton captain, through having played opposite Trevor for three seasons—he was the Ripton left centre-three-quarter—had come to be quite an intimate of his. Trevor had gone down with Milton and Allardyce to meet the team at the station, and conduct them up to the school.

"How have you been getting on since Christmas?" asked Jevons.

"Pretty well. We've lost Paget. I suppose you know?"

"That was that fast man on the wing, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, we've lost a man, too."

"Oh, yes, that red-haired forward. I remember him."

"It ought to make us pretty even. What's the ground like?"

"Bit greasy, I should think. We had some rain late last night."

The ground was a bit greasy. So was the ball. When Milton kicked off up the hill with what wind there was in his favour, the outsiders

the noise would change to an excited *crescendo* as a school three-quarter got off, or the school back pulled up the attack with a fine piece of defence. Sometimes the shouting would give place to clapping when the school was being pressed and somebody had found touch with a long kick. But mostly the man on the ropes roared steadily and without cessation, and with the full force of his lungs, the word "*Wrykyn!*"

The scrum was a long-one. For two minutes the forwards heaved and strained, now one



BY THE TIME HE HAD BROUGHT HIM DOWN, TREVOR HAD GOT IT.

of both teams found it difficult to hold the ball. Jevons caught it on his twenty-five line, and promptly handed it forward. The first scrum was formed in the heart of the enemy's country.


A deep, swelling roar from either touchline greeted the school's advantage. A feature of a big match was always the shouting. It rarely ceased throughout the whole course of the game, the monotonous but impressive sound of five hundred voices all shouting the same word. It was worth hearing. Sometimes the evenness of

side, now the other, gaining a few inches. The Wrykyn pack were doing all they knew to heel, but their opponents' superior weight was telling. Ripton had got the ball, and were keeping it. Their game was to break through with it and rush. Then suddenly one of their forwards kicked it on, and just at that moment the opposition of the Wrykyn pack gave way, and the scrum broke up. The ball came out on the Wrykyn side, and Allardyce whipped it out to Deacon, who was playing half with him.

"Ball's out," cried the Ripton half who was taking the scrum. "Break up. It's out."

And his colleague on the left darted across to stop Trevor, who had taken Deacon's pass, and was running through on the right.

Trevor ran splendidly. He was a three-quarter



who took a lot of stopping when he once got away. Jevons and the Ripton half met him almost simultaneously, and each slackened his pace for the fraction of a second, to allow the other to tackle. As they hesitated Trevor passed them. He had long ago learned that to go hard when you have once started is the thing that pays.

He could see that Rand-Brown was racing up for the pass, and as he reached the back he sent the ball to him, waist-high. Then the back got to him, and he came down with a thud, with a vision, seen from the corner of his eye, of the ball bounding forward out of the wing three-quarter's hands into touch. Rand-Brown had bungled the pass in the old familiar way, and lost a certain try.

The touch-judge ran up with his flag waving in the air, but the referee had other views.

"Knocked on inside," he said; "scrum here."


"Here" was, Trevor saw with unspeakable disgust, some three yards from the goal-line. Rand-Brown had only had to take the pass, and he must have scored.

The Ripton forwards were beginning to find their feet better now, and they carried the scrum. A truculent-looking warrior in one of those ear-guards which are tied on by strings underneath the chin, and which add fifty per cent. to the ferocity of a forward's appearance, broke away with the ball at his feet, and swept down the field with the rest of the pack at his heels. Trevor arrived too late to pull up the rush, which had gone straight down the right touchline, and it was not till Strachan fell on the ball on the Wrykyn twenty-five line that the danger ceased to threaten.

Even now the school were in a bad way. The enemy were pressing keenly, and a real piece of combination among their three-quarters would only too probably end in a try. Fortunately for them, Allardyce and Deacon were a better pair of halves than the couple they were marking. Also, the Ripton forwards heeled slowly, and Allardyce had generally got his man safely buried in the mud before he could pass.

He was just getting round for the tenth time to bottle his opponent as before, when he slipped. When the ball came out he was on all fours, and the Ripton exponent, finding to his great satisfaction that he had not been tackled, whipped the ball out on the left, where a wing three-quarter hovered.

This was the man Rand-Brown was supposed to be marking, and once again did Barry's substitute prove of what stuff his tackling powers were made. After his customary moment of hesitation, he had at the Riptonian's neck. The



Riptonian handed him off in a manner that recalled the palmy days of the old Prize Ring—handing off was always slightly vigorous in the Ripton v. Wrykyn match—and dashed over the line in the extreme corner.

There was anguish on the two touchlines. Trevor looked savage, but made no comment. The team lined up in silence.

It takes a phenomenal kick to convert a try from the touchline. Jevons' kick was a good one, but it fell short. Ripton led by a try to nothing.

A few more scrums near the halfway line, and a fine attempt at a dropped goal by the Ripton back, and it was half time, with the score unaltered.

During the interval there were lemons. An excellent thing is your lemon at half-time. It cools the mouth, quenches the thirst, stimulates the desire to beat them again, and improves the play.

Possibly the Wrykyn team had been happier in their choice of lemons on this occasion, for no sooner had the game been restarted than Clowes ran the whole length of the field, dodged through the three-quarters, punted over the back's head, and scored a really brilliant try of the sort that Paget had been fond of scoring in the previous term. The man on the touchline brightened up wonderfully, and began to try and calculate the probable score by the end of the game, on the assumption that, as a try had been scored in the first two minutes, ten would be scored in the first twenty, and so on.

But the calculations were based on false premises. After Strachan had failed to convert, and the game had been resumed with the score at one try all, play settled down in the centre and neither side could pierce the other's defence. Once Jevons got off for Ripton, but Trevor brought him down safely, and once Rand-Brown let his man through, as before, but Strachan was there to meet him, and the effort came to nothing. For Wrykyn, none did much except tackle. The forwards were beaten by the heavier pack and seldom let the ball out. Allardyce intercepted a pass when about ten minutes of play remained, and ran through to the back. But the back, who was a capable man and in his third season in the team, laid him low scientifically before he could reach the line.

Altogether it looked as if the match were going to end in a draw. The Wrykyn defence, with the exception of Rand-Brown, was too good to be penetrated, while the Ripton forwards, by always getting the ball in the scrums, kept them from attacking. It was about five minutes from the end of the game when the Ripton right

centre-three-quarter, in trying to punt across to the wing, miskicked and sent the ball straight into the hands of Trevor's colleague in the centre. Before his man could get round to him he had slipped through, with Trevor backing him up. The back, as a good back should, seeing two men coming at him, went for the man with the ball. But by the time he had brought him down, the ball was no longer where it had originally been. Trevor had got it, and was running in between the posts.

This time Strachan put on the extra two points without difficulty.

Ripton played their hardest for the remaining minutes, but without result. The game ended with Wrykyn a goal ahead—a goal and a try to a try. For the second time in one season the Ripton match had ended in a victory—a thing it was very rarely in the habit of doing.

The senior day-room at Seymour's rejoiced considerably that night. The air was dark with flying cushions, and darker still, occasionally,

when the usual humorist turned the gas out. Milton was out, for he had gone to the dinner which followed the Ripton match, and the man in command of the house in his absence was Mill. And the senior day-room had no respect whatever for Mill.

Barry joined in the revels as well as his ankle would let him, but he was not feeling happy. The disappointment of being out of the first still weighed on him.

At about eight, when things were beginning to grow really lively, and the noise seemed likely to crack the window at any moment, the door was flung open and Milton stalked in.

"What's all this row?" he inquired. "Stop it at once."

As a matter of fact the row *had* stopped—directly he came in.

"Is Barry here?" he asked.

"Yes," said that youth.

"Congratulate you on your first, Barry. We've just had a meeting and given you your colours. Trevor told me to tell you."

(To be continued.)

ELAINE.

(A LOVE SONG.)

Some great change is stealing o'er me—
Or for better, or for worse,
I can't say—but things now bore me
That did, erstwhile, the reverse!
What can make the keenest sportsman
Find his favourite sport quite tame?
Hope that stirs, and Fate that thwarts man
In his life's one burning aim!

Once, at Lord's, I braved the baking
Sunshine—Ranji was in form—
Laying on the wood and making
Things exceptionally warm.
All the ring sat up and snorted
(Pardon these expressions), but
I alone sat untransported
By the glory of his cut!

Tennis can't assuage my troubles
Though it always used to—for
I persist in serving "doubles"
And forget to keep the score.

And this evening, after one set
I abandoned it, to lie
Gazing at a glorious sunset
With a dull, lethargic eye.

I have caught myself perusing
Vapid paragraphs that dwell
On the good effects of using
Something some one wants to sell.
I have gazed (with rapt attention,
Seemingly) at "Sunny Jim—"
Though I do not, I may mention,
Take much interest in him.

Many friends whom I could summon
Would unanimously state
That I've always been a rum 'un,
But much rummer still of late;
And I'll swear I never used to
Do such hopelessly insane
Things, till I was introduced to
Thee, my own, adored *Elaine!*

ARTHUR STANLEY.

[This poem should have appeared in June. I trust he is feeling better now.—O. F.]

THE PRODIGAL'S CHRISTMAS.

AN AMERICAN VILLAGE STORY.

By WILL N. HARBEN.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. R. LEIGH.



YOUNG man walked wearily along the village street until he came to the Walton cottage. There he paused, and leaned on the ramshackle paling-fence.

Old man Walton, seated in the doorway, peered out at him drowsily, and then with dawning recognition he raised his rugged gray brows in surprise.

"Well, ef it hain't Alex!" he exclaimed. "By Jinks, we wasn't lookin' fer you to turn up! Home fer Christmas, I reckon."

"Yes, I sorter 'lowed I'd like to spend it heer, ef you-all don't keer," and the young man moved along to the sagging gate, passed through, and extended his hand to his uncle. "How's the folks?"

"Oh, 'bout as common," drawled the old

and crossed his thin hands between his legs. His coat was threadbare, his trousers frayed at the ankles; he looked as if he were very tired. He was clean-shaved, and had a handsome face and a clear, jovial eye.

"Bill an' Mary hain't got married yit!" he said, tentatively. "Seems to me I heerd they hadn't."

"No, not edactly," replied the old man, drawing on his long, yellowish-gray beard. "But that hain't Bill's fault. He certainly has tried hard enough to fetch it to a head. I reckon he wants to take charge o' Mary's farm an' do a husband's duty in collectin' the rents an' puttin' 'em whar they'll be safe. Lawsy me! young man, thar's whar you drapped your 'lasses-candy, as the feller said. Thar was a time she'd 'a' tuck you at the drap o' a hat, but you kept gittin' triflin'er and triflin'er, tell the gal jest had



"HOW ARE YOU, BILL?" HE SAID, GENTLY.

man, with a grin. "When things is common with common folks I reckon they are common enough. Yore brother Bill's crop missed in the fall, an' he's been as ill as snake ever sence. He was hardly fit to live with as it was. You know that."

Alex Walton sat down on the door-step

to listen to the advice o' friends. I reckon you're as fond o' liquor as ever."

The young man lowered his head until it rested on his quivering hands. He flushed red.

"I reckon I am, Uncle Joe," he said, softly. "I—I—I started to say I'd swore

off, but I remember I did that so many times without stickin' to it that this time I won't make so many promises."

"You're a-goin' to quit, an' then swear off; that's the idee," smiled the old man.

"That's about it, Uncle Joe."

Just then Bill Walton slouched down the street from the direction of the village post-office, and entered the gate. He scowled when he saw his brother, and stood facing him for a moment. Alex Walton stood up, and extended his hand. "How are you, Bill?" he said, gently.

But Bill Walton, a tall, gaunt man with a hard, sallow face, was not in a good humour.

"I'd like to know what you are heer fer!" he growled, holding his hand behind him.

"Let's not have another row, Bill," said the younger brother. "The Lord knows I've been sorry enough 'bout the last one. The truth is, I've come back to try to make up with you an' do better. I've been over at Darley; I got that fur lookin' fer land to rent fer the spring. I've got my eye on a good tract, an' a man over thar has agreed to back me once more. I felt so good over his faith in me an' the outlook fer the future that I tuck a notion I'd like to spend this Christmas at home. Lord, I've been lonely sence I seed you-all—lonely an't the name fer it; an' to-day it seemed to come down on me like a thick fog, an' I had to come."

"I reckon you want to celebrate the day by lyin' up drunk like you did the last time," snarled Bill Walton. "I tell you I've had enough o' you 'round heer. Uncle Joe knows—"

"Don't fetch me into it," said the old man, uncrossing his short, thick-set legs. "I won't take part either side; but I'll say this to you, Bill Walton. Alex thar is as nigh akin to me an' my wife as you are. You hain't a-payin' board heer that I know of, an' you sha'n't abuse Alex under my roof. You are a startin' this heer row, ef I'm any judge o' starts. Alex has acted like a gentleman—an' a good un at that—sence the minute you opened that gate. Some folks say he's more o' a gentleman, anyway, an' you'd better not let 'em say you hain't no claim to the title at all."

Bill Walton growled out an inaudible reply of some sort, and with a heavy, clattering tread he entered the cottage, and made his way to the back entry to get a drink of water from the bucket on the shelf.

The old man laughed knowingly as he looked over his shoulder after him.

"He hain't never got over Mary's fancy fer you," he said. "Huh, that rankles!"

Alex Walton fixed the genial old face with a piercing stare. "You don't mean that, Uncle Joe," he said under his breath; "you don't think that's the reason Bill——"

"O' course it is," declared the old farmer. "She won't let nobody run you down, an' he knows it. Lordy, ef she'd 'a' been lookin' on jest now he'd 'a' shook hands readily enough. Yes, yore cake was purty well cooked two yeer ago, but that prolonged spree an' poker-playin' an' all combined turned it to flat, soggy dough ag'in. Bein' a rail good friend o' her'n, an' havin' promised 'er ma on 'er death-bed that I'd sorter look atter Mary, I couldn't advise the gal to resk you."

"But—but you did advise 'er to take Bill?" ventured the young man, tremulously.

"Well, a did an' I didn't," said the old man, reflectively. "I showed 'er both sides o' the matter, an' told 'er to take 'er choice. I told 'er he'd never let 'er starve to death, beca'se Bill believes in feedin' his stock well, an' that with his batch o' land hitched on to her'n they could sorter make out. But I told 'er she'd have to live with Bill, an' ef she begun that she'd not keer much whether she starved or not."

It was growing dusk. Some small boys were making a big bonfire down at the meeting-house, and older boys and men were firing guns and pistols and exploding fire-crackers.

"Goin' to have a Christmas tree at the meetin'-house, I reckon," said Alex, softly.

"Yes, fer the Sunday-school childern an' anybody else that wants to hang on anything. Bring anything fer Mary?"

"Yes; I fetched a few little tricks, Uncle Joe. I never like to come without some present or other. Whar is she—whar is Mary?"

"I reckon she's back in the kitchen helpin' the old woman at the cookin'. They've been bakin' all day—got the fattest turkey-gobbler you ever laid eyes on; had to cook him by sections, an' lop off chunks o' fat to keep him from swimmin' in his own grease. Thar's Mary now, lightin' the lamp."

Alex Walton turned into the sitting-room, and approached the tall, rather pretty girl in the lamp-light at the centre-table.

"Howdy, Mary?" he said, softly, a tremulous note in his voice.

"Howdy do, Alex?" she answered, giving him her hand, and looking down. There was a round, full accent of gladness in her

tone, which she seemed to be trying to subdue. "Home fer Christmas!"

"Yes," he answered, awkwardly, as he released her hand. "I got as fur as Darley lookin' fer land to rent for next spring, an' it sorter went agin the grain to lie up thar amongst plumb strangers with you an' all the rest so nigh. So I walked over heer. I didn't feel edactly right 'bout—'bout comin', after the way I acted last Christmas, but I done it anyway."

The girl said nothing. She had not adjusted the lamp-chimney properly, and she bent to fix it. When she drew herself up erect he saw her face full in the light, and its beauty and a certain quality it seemed to mirror struck him like a blow.

"I acted bad—bad—bad!" he blurted out suddenly, his voice sounding harsh and blunt in the still room. "When I went away from heer it was with the best intention to quit my bad habits an' settle down. I 'lowed I could do it, an'—an' maybe I could 'a' done it sooner but fer one thing. I got to thinkin' 'bout you an' Bill an' his determination to marry you, an' knowin' that he never failed to gain his point, I got reckless. Somehow I can't git used to that—I jest can't!"

The eyes of the speaker met the mild, half-frightened stare of the girl, and the two stood in silence for a moment. She broke it suddenly.

"I couldn't marry a drinkin' man, Alex," she said, with a gulp. "I'd be miserable. No, I couldn't tie myself to a drinkin' man, no—no matter how much I—I loved him."

There was something in her eyes like springing tears as she left him and turned into the kitchen. His aunt, a portly old woman with a kindly face and gentle voice, came in and greeted him with a hearty, motherly shake of the hand. "I'm right glad you come home," she declared. "But, Alex, you mustn't sp'ile all our fun an' git on another spree—you mustn't do that."

"I'm not a-goin' to do it, Aunt Maria," he said, sheepishly. "The truth is, I've—but I'm goin' to show you that I can be a man. I won't make any promises, but you'll see."

The old woman laughed incredulously, and went back to the kitchen.

"Alex is throwin' out hints that he's quit liquor," she said to the girl, who stood over the cooking-stove. "Somehow, I like the way he talks 'bout it. Do you reckon he could? I reckon it's got 'bout as big a holt on him as it ever had on anybody."

"He may mean it this time," said the girl, avoiding the old woman's eyes. "He looks different—like he'd been sick a long time, or—or——"

"Or had some deep trouble," put in Mrs. Walton when Mary paused for the lack of the proper word. "I tuck notice o' that, an' somehow I wanted to hug him. He always could git next to me, anyway. Bill's the safest o' the two, but la me! ef I was on my dyin' bed, an' couldn't sec but one of 'em, I'd ruther have Alex come to me half drunk, with that sweet, comfortin' smile o' his'n, than his brother as sober as a judge."

Mary said nothing. She made a feint at stacking some plates on the table, and presently she went into her own room. Going to her trunk in a corner, she took out some money, and joined Bill Walton in the back yard.

"You said you was goin' down to the store directly," she said.

"Yes, I am," he replied, a light of expectancy in his dull eyes. "Anything I kin do fer you?"

She put the money into his outstretched hand. "I want you to buy me a nice pocket-knife," she said; "a man's pocket-knife. I want to put it on the tree fer Alex."

"Oh, that's it," and he frowned sullenly as he fumbled the bill in his fingers.

"An' I want you to leave it with the committee at the church as you come 'long back," she said. "They'll sec that it's hung on the tree."

Bill Walton's face was dark with wrath, but he thrust the money into his pocket and glared at her. "I don't think I'd humour Alex to that extent," he said. "It's good enough in you-all to allow him to come back, without loadin' him down with presents. He ort to be showed whar he belongs; but it takes women to sp'ile a man. But I'll git it," and with that Bill Walton strode angrily away.

That evening the open space in front of the little frame meeting-house, with its dog-kennel belfry on the roof, was ablaze with the light of numerous bonfires. Boys stood in the doorway shooting Roman candles and sky-rockets. Mary went with Mr. and Mrs. Walton. As she took her seat near the great Christmas tree, the top of which reached to the ceiling, she saw Bill Walton across the room sitting alone, a sullen look on his face. The crowd had assembled when Alex came in. Friends on both sides of the aisle reached forward to shake hands and welcome him home, for he was very popular. For a

moment he stood looking admiringly at the tree, with its glittering tinsel and burning wax candles, and then he sat down in a retired corner near the oblong wood-stove. Mary eyed him closely; there was a care-worn expression on his face, a tense seriousness, a lack of merriment that had usually characterised his features. Presently she became conscious that two old men on the bench behind her were talking of Alex, and she bent her attention to their words.

"Yes, I seed the two meet at Dobbs' store," said one of them. "Bill walked right up

powering impulse to go to him, and thank him, but her natural timidity held her back. She sat perfectly still, her eyes on the tree, now intent upon only one thing—his receiving her gift, and understanding that he had been in her thoughts; but it was not given him, and the preacher was walking around the tree, pulling the branches apart to see if he had overlooked anything. Other gifts lay in her lap—one of them from Bill Walton—but she did not unwrap them. She now believed that Bill had played her false.

Her blood rushed angrily through her



"I'M GOIN' TO LEAD A DIFFERENT LIFE—I KNOW IT, MARY."

to him, whar he was talkin' to some fellers in the back end, nigh the stove, an' tol' him they was jest one too many o' them to live in the same settlement, an' that he was a-gwine to stay. I was in hopes Alex would slug him one in the jaw, but he didn't. He fust got red, an' then he got white as a sheet. That's the way he always looks when he's mad. I don't know what he said; he drawed Bill off to one side, an' talked to him sorter gentle-like. Dobbs said he promised Bill he'd leave in the mornin', an' that he said he never meant to baulk him in anything."

There was a loud clapping of hands just then, as the minister entered the church, and Mary could not hear any more of the conversation behind her. The preacher's arrival was the signal for the entertainment to begin, and after a hymn was sung he made a little speech, and then began to take the various presents from the tree and deliver them to their recipients.

Among the very first was a beautiful book for Mary, in which Alex had written a cheerful and tender Christmas greeting.

She looked across the room, and caught his eye, and smiled. She had an almost over-

veins. The presentation of gifts was over; the preacher made a speech, and then everybody stood up; some of the men began to make a long table out of rough planks laid across the backs of the benches, and the women busied themselves laying white cloths upon it, and taking delicacies from well-filled baskets. There was to be a feast. The room was filled with the din and confusion of many happy voices.

Mary went across to where Bill Walton still sat, his face clouded over. He looked up half defiantly as she approached, but his eyes went down under her steady stare.

"You didn't git that present fer Alex!" she said.

"No, I didn't!" he retorted. "I'll hand the money back to you when we git home; I left it in my room!"

"Why didn't you do it?" she asked, almost fiercely.

"Beca'se I wasn't a-goin' to have you make a fool o' him!" he replied, sharply; and yet his eyes were shifting here and there, as if he could not look her fairly in the face.

She shrugged her shapely shoulders, and a sneer of contempt lay on her face.

"Well, maybe you'll wish you had," she

said, coldly; and she turned suddenly, and went across the room to where Alex stood alone. He did not see her until she was quite near to him, and then he flushed, and stood before her awkwardly, clutching his soft hat in his hands.

"Alex," she said, with a gulp, "I reckon you think I'm mighty mean. I don't want to raise no fuss betwixt you an' Bill, an' I know you won't quarrel with him when I tell you not to; but I sent the money by him to buy you a Christmas present, but he—he refused to do it. Oh, Alex, I'm so miserable! I heerd you was goin' away to-morrow."

He started, and stared at her in silence for a moment, and then he said, "Yes, I'm goin' in the mornin', Mary. I had no business comin' back heer tell I've showed folks that I intend to be a new man. God knows I've had enough o' the sort o' life I've been leadin', an' I'm through with it! I hardly know how to tell you; it will sound strange fer me to talk 'bout it, but over thar at Darley I was sorter lonely, an' got to attendin' a revival goin' on thar. I found salvation, Mary; it busted over me like a bright light, an' I felt as light as a feather. I've learned to know Jesus Christ, an' He's goin' to give me the strength I never had o'

my own self. I'm goin' to lead a different life—I know it, fer I ain't tempted like I used to be, an' I ain't so easy to git mad."

She was looking straight into his eyes, and her own suddenly filled to overflowing. She tried to speak, but she choked up and put her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Oh, don't, don't, Mary!" he cried.

"I can't help it," she sobbed. "It's the answer to my prayers. I've been prayin' fer this fer a long time. Don't go away, Alex! I can't stand it—I jest can't stand it! I love you—I've loved you ever sence I was a little girl, an' ef you want me I'll be yore wife. You may have me fer yore Christmas present ef you want me."

He stared at her incredulously. He tried to speak, but his words hung in his throat. The organist had seated herself at the little organ, and everybody was singing a joyous Christmas hymn. Mrs. Walton came to them, and laid her hand on his arm. "I believe you two have come to an agreement," she said, "an' I'm awfully glad. For," she added, "I love you both like you was my own children."

And then all three stood and listened to the Christmas hymn, with great happiness in their eyes and in their hearts.

A RECIPROCAL TREMOR.



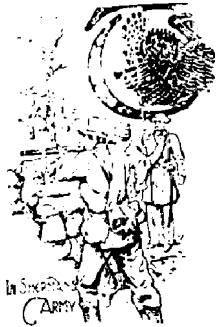
The Hunter } : "WELL, I HOPE HE WON'T SEE ME, FOR I'VE HEARD THAT { HEARS } WANT TO { HUG } PEOPLE."
The Bear }

By Felix Leigh.

EVENTFUL CHRISTMASSES.

By A. B. Cooper.

Illustrated from paintings by F. Goodall, R.A., J. Ambrose Walton, Philippoteaux, &c.



HOUGH the name of William the Conqueror is one of the best known in history, it is not every schoolboy who remembers that he was crowned on Christmas Day. They seem to have had lively times, too, on that occasion, for the men-at-arms who stood around the Abbey set fire to the adjacent houses and began to pillage them as they burned. There was a great hubbub, and the people rushed out of the church, leaving William and the prelates alone before the altar. It is said that the oath was taken in a great hurry, but that probably did not matter much, for, alas! oaths were of little avail in those days.

Another event which has left a deep impression on our historical imagination happened in Christmas week of 1170, for the King—Henry the Second—had long been at variance with the Archbishop of Canterbury, Thomas à Becket, and, in a fit of petulance, exclaimed, "Will no one rid me of this pestilent priest!" Four knights who heard him forced their way into the Archbishop's palace. The prelate was hurried by his clerks into the cathedral. As he reached the steps of the transept, his pursuers burst in, shouting, "Where is the traitor?" The primate turned and cried, "Here am I, no traitor, but a priest of God," and confronted his foes. "You are our prisoner," shouted Reginald Fitzurse, one of the four, and they seized à Becket and dragged him from the church. The primate, who was a strong man, shook them off roughly. "Strike, strike," cried Fitzurse, and blow after blow fell upon the brave prelate, a retainer of Ranulf de Broc's finally scattering his brains on the ground.

On the same date, 524 years later, Mary, the Queen of William of Orange, died, to the great grief of the people. Very fittingly, seeing that her death is associated with the festival of peace and goodwill, Greenwich Hospital still stands as her enduring memorial.

But the Stuarts were not entirely done with, for, in 1715, the Old Pretender made an attempt to regain the throne of his father, James II.,

and in 1745 Charles Edward—the "Bonnie Prince Charlie" of many a ballad—came near succeeding. The approach of Christmas in that year must have been an anxious time, for the Young Pretender, with six thousand Highlanders, marched from Glasgow to Derby, arriving on the 4th of December. But then, like the famous Duke of Cumberland, who marched his men to the top of a hill, and then "marched down again," there was nothing for the poor boy to do but return to Glasgow, which town he reached at Christmas. He was finally overthrown at Culloden, and, after many adventures, in which, of course, the famous and beautiful Flora Macdonald figures, "Bonnie Prince Charlie" escaped back to France.

But to CAPTAIN readers these events seem far removed from their ken, and it will be well to jump the centuries, and come at a bound to the great century, the close of which every one of them has seen.

A very significant occurrence took place on Christmas Eve, 1814, for upon that day a treaty of peace was signed which has never since been broken, and it is surely the prayer of every English-speaking man and woman, all the world over, that it never will be broken. This was the Treaty of Ghent, which ended the last war this country engaged in with our cousins across the Atlantic. War with the United States of America is almost unthinkable to-day, and no greater disaster could be imagined. Happily the angels' message proclaimed nineteen centuries ago, has been realised between these two great nations—which are really one—for nearly a century, and America and England clasp hands across the sea, and vow to stand or fall together.

Another Christmas which is particularly interesting just now is the Christmas of 1845, for on that day Sir Robert Peel came back to power, and, as Prime Minister, was instrumental in repealing the Corn Laws, and establishing Free Trade, which has remained the policy of the nation ever since, whatever the future may have in store.

The Christmas of 1854 marks one of the most shameful episodes in our history—the awful suffering of our soldiers in the Crimea, owing to gross mismanagement on the part of the Government of the day. The winter was one of the



SEBASTOPOL, IN WHOSE VICINITY SO MANY OF OUR BRAVE SOLDIERS SPENT CHRISTMAS, 1854.

severest ever known, and if it was a severe one in England it may well be imagined what it was in Russia. The frost even split the cannons in the redoubts, and yet men spent Christmas Day practically barefooted, because, although boots had been sent, they were all for the left foot, and although stores were lying in Balaclava Harbour, the tortuous ways of "red tape" prevented their delivery to the starving, frost-bitten men. To show the utter lack of practical forethought on the part of the authorities at home, it may be instanced that green coffee beans were sent out, which would have to be roasted by the men—who were fireless—and ground, before a cup of coffee could be made!

The *Times* said, "The noblest army England ever sent from these shores has been sacrificed to the grossest mismanagement. Incompetency, lethargy, official indifference, favour and routine, perverseness and stupidity reign, revel and riot in the camp before Sebastopol, in the harbour of Balaclava, in the hospitals of Scutari, and how much nearer home we do not venture to say."

Cholera attacked the troops, and the hospital at Scutari was filled to overflowing. The poor fellows were without bedding, comforts, or medicine. That noble lady, who is still with us in honoured old age, Miss Florence Nightingale, immortalised her name by organising a band of devoted nurses, and in place of death and misery bringing life and happiness to thousands of poor fellows.

But if Christmas 1854 was a gloomy one, that of 1857, three years later, was celebrated with unusual cheerfulness, on account of the Relief of Lucknow. The death of that brave Christian soldier, Sir Henry Havelock, although it took place on November 25th, was not yet known in this country, and thus the joy of the people was unmingled with sadness. What a period of awful suspense it had been! The ghastly episodes of the Mutiny have been the theme of countless poems and stories, and for heroic devotion and unexampled bravery no events in our history can match them. For weeks and months the awful tale of torture and massacre had come slowly to the anxious people of Britain—tales of Cawnpore and the Residency at Lucknow, which made men's flesh creep. Havelock, Lawrence, Outram, and Colin Campbell were household names to millions. No wonder that Christmas 1857 was a joyful one!

"Hark, cannonade, fusillade! is it true what was told by the scout.

Outram and Havelock breaking their way through the fell mutineers?

Surely the pibroch of Europe is ringing again in our ears!

All on a sudden the garrison utter a jubilate shout.

Havelock's glorious Highlanders answer with conquering cheers.

Sick from the hospital echo them, women and children come out.

Blessing the wholesome white faces of Havelock's good fusiliers.

Kissing the war-hardened hand of the Highlander wet with their tears!

Dance to the pibroch! saved! We are saved! is it you? is it you?

Saved by the valour of Havelock, saved by the blessing of Heaven!

'Hold it for fifteen days!' We have held it for eighty-seven!
And ever aloft on the palace roof the old banner of England blew."

If the story of Christmas 1862 in thousands of Lancashire homes could be written, it would



CHRISTMAS IN THE CRIMEA, 1854.—FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE IN THE HOSPITAL AT SCUTARI.

From "The Life of a Century," by permission.

be one of the most pathetic ever penned. The American Civil War had cut off the supply of cotton at its fountain head. The consequence was that at Christmas there were in Lancashire 500,000 people dependent upon charity. Yet the same characteristics of endurance and stubborn pluck which marked our soldiers in the Crimea and the Indian Mutiny, helped the Lancashire

operatives through the cotton famine, and not the least disturbance of any kind occurred. They were anxious that the North should win in the war, and Lincoln be enabled to free the slaves, and they bore their share in the struggle heroically.

And all this came to pass. A few days before Christmas 1860, South Carolina seceded from the Union of American States, and the war practically commenced which was to continue for four years. On December 22nd, 1864, General Sherman sent a despatch to Abraham

On Christmas Eve, 1863, too, a sudden sadness fell upon England, for on that day William Makepeace Thackeray died. He was born at Calcutta, and was an Old Wykehamist. Thackeray's fame has vastly increased since his death, but, nevertheless, when that event occurred it saddened Christmas in thousands of English homes, because the author of *Vanity Fair* would write no more.

Christmas time unfortunately has sad associations for our Royal House, and Christmas 1861 was the saddest of all, for, on December 14th,



THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW, CHRISTMAS, 1857.

From the painting by F. Goodall, R.A., by permission. In the Mappin Art Gallery, Sheffield.

Lincoln. "I beg to present you as a Christmas gift the city of Savannah, with 500 heavy guns and plenty of ammunition, and also about 25,000 bales of cotton." Sherman's march through Georgia was one of the greatest on record. But before this Lincoln had abolished slavery in America.

It may be mentioned in passing that Christmas Eve, 1860, was the coldest night and Christmas Day the coldest day for fifty years. The temperature at four feet above ground was 8° below zero, and on the grass 13.8° below zero, or 45.8° of frost. In Staffordshire it fell to 15° below zero.

Prince Albert died, and the Queen's life suffered sudden eclipse. Just ten years later, on the 26th of December, Queen Victoria sent the following letter to her people: "The universal feeling shown by her people during those painful, terrible days, and the sympathy evinced by them with herself and with her beloved daughter, the Princess of Wales, as well as the general joy at the improvement in the Prince of Wales's state, have made a deep and lasting impression on her heart, which can never be effaced. It was indeed nothing new to her; for the Queen had met with the same sympathy when, just ten years ago, a similar illness removed from her

side the mainstay of her life, the best and wisest and kindest of husbands."

This was written when our present gracious Sovereign, King Edward, had been as near death's door as man can be and live. Public anxiety reached its climax on December 14th. People talked of nothing else. Prayers were offered by Hindoos, Parsees, Mussulmans, and

join with you in prayer for my husband before I return to him?"

The Rev. Vicar, before reading the Collect, speaking in a voice trembling with emotion, said, "The prayers of the congregation are earnestly sought for His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, who is now most seriously ill."

Again on December 26th, 1878, the Queen



BEHIND THE DEFENCES AT PLEVNA.

From "The Life of a Century," by permission.

Jews. The Prince was said to have recognised his mother on that night.

But he had seemed a little better on the 10th, and the Princess caused a touching request to be conveyed to the Vicar of Sandringham. "My husband being, thank God, somewhat better, I am coming to church. I must leave, I fear, before the service is concluded, that I may watch by his bedside. Can you not say a few words in the early part of the service, that I may

wrote a letter to her subjects, for Princess Alice, one of Queen Victoria's most devoted daughters, after nursing her husband and children through diphtheria, was stricken with the deadly disease herself, and died. The Queen's letter spoke of her as "a bright example of loving tenderness, courageous devotion, and self-sacrifice to duty." And never were truer words written.

Christmas 1870 will never be forgotten by the French nation, for Paris was in a state of siege.

The Germans were all round the city, and no one could get out or in except by balloon—as several people did! On Christmas Day, instead of the usual distribution of horse-flesh to the beleaguered inhabitants, good rations of beef were given out. The Germans kept Christmas in more festal style at Versailles.

To jump from grave to gay, there is an incident of Christmas 1872 worth recalling. Sir Sydney Waterlow was Lord Mayor of London, and he entertained on Christmas Day at the Mansion House 186 of his relations. His lordship's father, 82 years old, had the gratification of dining at the same table with his thirteen children, 49 grandchildren, and fourteen great-grandchildren. The Lord Mayor was supported by his four sons, four daughters, four brothers, six sisters, seventeen nephews, twenty-two nieces, twenty-nine cousins, and one grandson; and Lady Waterlow by her stepmother, four brothers, three sons, twelve nephews, twelve nieces, and 41 cousins!

King Edward—then, of course, the Prince of Wales—spent the Christmas of 1876 in Calcutta—indeed, he arrived on Christmas Day—and was present at a State dinner given by the Viceroy.

On the 10th of December of the following year Plevna fell. The young readers of *THE CAPTAIN* can hardly realize the interest taken in

this country in the defence of Plevna by the Turks, under Osman Pasha. After a very long siege, and many fierce assaults on the part of the Russians, it fell, and 32,000 men surrendered. On Christmas Day the Russians were marching on Constantinople.

There is a familiar ring, however, about the fact that Lord Roberts spent Christmas Day of 1879 in Cabul, after the battle of Sherpur. Another great name is connected with the Christmas of 1884, for General Gordon spent it, surrounded by fierce Dervishes, in Khartoum, looking for "the help that never came," although all the time a brave army was struggling against colossal difficulties to reach him. "It was not to be, for Gordon, the Christian hero, was killed on January the 26th, 1885.

But this record must come to an end, and it only remains to recall the Black Christmas of 1899, when the darkest days of the Boer War hung like a pall over all our hearts. White was in Ladysmith; Buller, with insufficient men, was making heroic but vain attempts to relieve him. The Tugela and its tale of blood and disaster were in everybody's mind—it was one of the saddest Christmases in our annals. Our hope is that the Christmas of 1903 will be one of "peace and goodwill to men," and one of the happiest and brightest of the long, long series.



THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.

After the painting by Philippoteaux, in "The Life of a Century."

POOR, DEAR HARRY!

A REAL SCHOOL STORY

By Guy N. Pocock. Illustrated by Gordon Browne, R.I.

"Poor, dear Harry" is a new boy, who, before coming to school, has been reading a lot of school tales in which the Hero is always very long-suffering, and the Bully a most atrocious character. Arrived at school, Harry, to the bewilderment and amusement of his fellows, insists on assuming the role of "Hero," and proceeds to "rescue from drowning" a boy who is splashing about quite safely in shallow water—much to the rescued one's amazement and discomfort. In pursuance of his heroic programme, Harry performs various antics in the cricket-field, insisting on "batting without pads" (as he considers this consistent with the behaviour of a "Hero"), and finally, just before the fall of the tenth wicket, making off with the ball with the idea that he will thus be "saving the match." Harry is much concerned when the school barber relieves him of his abundant locks, but this misfortune does not hinder him from sternly condemning the other boys' innocent card-playing as "a sinful practice."

VIII.

SUNDAY came with its long walk across the sands to the village church, and its roast-beef lunch, and its glorious sweet-packets, and its hot, dreamy afternoon. There were beautiful snug corners behind the nets buzzing with heat and gnats, where one could lie for hours and suck peppermints, and read, and dream. Each little clique had its own particular Sunday afternoon corner, and one from each clique provided a rug, which was not to be moved except when the master came out to read *Westward Ho!*

The day passed pleasantly enough for all save Harry, whose self-consciousness at the

loss of his hair made him moody and irritable, and inclined to find fault with everything. But it was not till late in the evening that things came to a crisis.

"I don't feel a bit inclined to turn in yet," said Frost, putting his arm through Harvey's as they strolled towards the dormitory.

"Nor do I," said Harvey, "I wanted to finish *Tom Brown's Schooldays*."

"I feel so beastly lazy," continued Frost.

"Let's do ten minutes' Indian clubs before we turn in. Hullo!" he added, searching behind his bed, "they seem to have gone. Has anybody been using my clubs?"

"Oh! I've got them!" sung out Jenkins from the other end of the dormitory. "I'm sorry, Frost," he added, bringing them over, "I forgot to put them back."

"Well, I wish you wouldn't forget, when you borrow them without asking," grumbled Frost. Jenkins knew he did not really mind, but liked to be important about his clubs. "All right, Frost," he said.

And then, as Fate would have it, Harry entered the room. Hearing the tone of Frost's last remark, he stopped suddenly by the door, and seeing him standing with an Indian club in either hand, by the side of the penitent and pyjamed Jenkins, he flushed deeply and strode forward muttering, "At last!"

"Sneak, wretch, and molly-coddle!" he hissed, seizing the astonished Frost by the arm.

There was silence in the dormitory, for all felt that things were coming to a head.

"What is it *now*?" asked Frost, recovering from his surprise, and half smiling in spite of himself.

"Now I *know*," replied Harry, "that you are the Bully!"

The burst of laughter with which Frost greeted this announcement still further enraged the already infuriated Harry.

"Drop that—that instrument!" he screamed, pointing to the club which Frost still held, "and leave that boy alone!"

"Oh! don't be such an ass," cried Jenkins, rolling back on to the bed in fits of laughter.

"Drop it!" shrieked Harry, "or I'll strike you between the eyes!"

Frost began to look serious. "Are you talking to me?" he commenced, when Harry's fist flew out straight from the shoulder.

Frost sprang back, receiving the limit of what would have been a terrific blow upon his lips, and knocking the contents of his water-jug all over the floor with his elbow. There was a moment of dead silence; the elder boys waited, surprised and expectant; the smaller boys sat up in bed looking a



little scared. "Frost'll kill him!" whispered one youngster to another, in Harvey's hearing, and Harvey, with a sudden feeling of alarm, sprang to his friend's side and whispered, "Steady, Frost—don't hurt it!"

But Frost had not lost his temper; he merely nodded as he hurriedly wiped the blood from his lip, and, as Harry advanced to strike again, he hit him a stinging smack across the cheek with his open palm. Harvey sighed with relief. Speechless with rage, Harry drew himself back, dropped his head, and charged, butting with all his weight, and would inevitably have brained himself

my Indian clubs. Is there anything else you would like to know?"

Harry looked round doggedly: "I will *not* be tossed in a blanket, anyhow," he said.

"Be what, dear boy?" asked Frost, still retaining his grip of Harry's wrists.

"I repeat: I refuse to be tossed in a blanket."

"I don't know what you mean, child," said Frost, releasing his wrists; "but this is what you will do. You'll get over into your corner and go to bed, and think of what might have happened to you if I *had been* 'The Bully,' as you called me!"



HARRY'S FIST FLEW OUT STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER.

against the washstand had not Frost, as he leapt aside, caught him by both wrists, which he had crossed behind his back in the act of charging.

"Now!" said Frost, twisting Harry's wrists inwards, and forcing him upright. "Now, have you got anything to say?"

Harry struggled frantically without avail. "Yes," he said, at length, "how dare you bully that weakling?"

"I'm not a weakling," cried Jenkins, "and Frost wasn't bullying me—thanks very much all the same," he added, with an uncomfortable feeling that he must appear ungrateful.

"Then what is that instrument?" asked Harry, in a thick voice.

"That, dear child," said Frost, "is one of

And so things all ended comfortably and to everybody's satisfaction, and the talk was as happy as usual when the master came round to put out the lights.

But the last thing Jenkins remembered before he fell asleep was the sound of Harry's voice from the next bed. "It has all worked out wrong!" it groaned; and Jenkins felt that he understood, and would have felt sorry—if he had not gone to sleep.

IX.

IT was undoubtedly a curious dream. It appeared to Jenkins that he was shivering on an iceberg, weeping bitterly because something had "worked out wrong," and he tried so hard to think what

the something was that he woke up, and chuckled over the dream. But it certainly was unusually cold, thought Jenkins, sitting up and reaching for his dressing-gown; and he wondered dreamily why there was no one in the next bed, and why the bed-rail had something tied to it, and why it was so cold. But of course it was cold, for the window was wide open; and—Jenkins suddenly sprang out of bed more wide awake than he had ever been in his life.

"Hi! wake up, some of you!" he shouted. "Harvey! Frost! it's gone! run out of the window!"

"Warsmatter?" growled somebody from under the bed-clothes.

"It's run away, I tell you!" cried Jenkins, flinging a pillow full at Harvey's head.

Several boys sat up rubbing their eyes.

"Great Scott! so it has!" cried Harvey, running to the window and examining the knotted sheet with which Harry had let himself down.

"What's to be done?" cried several in excited chorus.

"Some one had better tell the Head," said Frost.

Harvey was already half-way down the passage that led to the headmaster's room.

"Do you think he's drowned himself, Frost?" asked one small boy in a frightened whisper.

"Or hung himself?" suggested another.

"Of course not!" said Frost, with a nervous laugh.

"That's the window, sir," said Harvey, entering with the headmaster, who swiftly and carefully examined the rope, the open window, and the direction of the footsteps below.

"There are still ten minutes before the first bell," he said at last; "early preparation as usual, of course. There's nothing to be afraid of," he added, with a smile; "we shall find the boy directly."

But ten minutes later he was riding furiously to the town, while two masters and the two men servants rode off on bicycles in different directions.

For a time an awed gloom took possession of Harry's schoolfellows, but boys are not easily depressed for long, and the conversation during the day, though it was naturally confined almost entirely to the one topic, resolved itself for the most part into absurd speculations as to the runaway's whereabouts.

At half-past four the school was summoned to the hall, and the headmaster addressed the boys. As yet there was no trace of the missing lad; the police had been communicated with, and the boy's uncle telegraphed for. He wished to know whether any one could throw any light on the reasons for his disappearance.

"Please sir, I smacked him," said Frost, looking very miserable.

"Ah!" said the Head, looking quickly round.

"I can explain that, sir," cried Harvey, fearing for his friend's bluntness of speech. "It wasn't Frost's fault, sir." And he proceeded to give an exact account of the previous night's performance.

The Head listened attentively, but made no comment. "Can any boy," he said at last, "give me the slightest clue from anything that the boy may have said or done, as to his present whereabouts?"

The solemn silence was broken by Jenkins.

"Please, sir," he began, "I think I can."

"You think you can do what?"

"Tell you where he is."

The headmaster's face expressed astonished interrogation, and Jenkins, seeing that all eyes were turned upon him, blushed violently.

"I mean, sir," he stammered, "I can't tell you where he is, but—but I think I might be able to tell you where you might find out where he might be."

"Well, Jenkins?" said the Head, smiling encouragement.

"Please, sir," he went on, "he's always reading the sort of school stories that don't ever happen, sir, and he thinks he's a school hero with sickly eyes and long hair, sir."

"Well, Jenkins?" said the Head, smiling in spite of himself.

"And, please, sir, in the last one he's been reading, called *Harry the Hero*, I know the hero runs away—and—and if you read it I believe you'll find out where to look for this one. I haven't read it all, sir, but I know the Hero runs away in his shirt-sleeves, and Harry's coat is still hanging up on his peg, although it was so awfully cold."

"Fetch me the book," said the Head, and Jenkins darted off, followed by the wondering eyes of the entire school.

"This is the book, sir," he said, as he returned, blushing with excitement, "and this picture is awfully like him; just look at——"

"Very well, Jenkins," said the Head, as he

received the volume. "Did he take food of any description upstairs?" he added.

"He took up a bit of meat several times last week when he went to bed," said Jones.

"There's steak-pie marks under his pillow this morning," added Jenkins, decidedly.

The Head slowly turned the pages. Then, after speaking to the third form master for a few minutes in a low tone, he left the room.

"The headmaster thinks that there may be something in what Jenkins has told us," said the master, "so go and get your hats on, and search all the ditches between the school and the windmill, and keep within sound of the whistle!"

In a few minutes the school, exultant at the thought of an extra half-holiday, and no less at the idea of a real hunt, had split up into batches, and were scrambling and sliding down into the valleys which the streams of many winters had cut through the sand and clay cliffs to the sea.

Jenkins, Harvey, and Tommy set off together, and walked directly and decidedly towards the mill.

"There *was* a mill in the picture," said Jinks, "and he was sitting under a tree in a ditch—but I suppose the valley'll do as well? Now," he added, as they reached the spot, "you, Harvey, stop here; Tommy, you go up the valley towards the mill, and I'll go down this way."

Jenkins scrambled along for some way, through the tall and painful gorse and last year's bracken, till he came upon an old tree that stretched out across the stream.

"If I climb on to that," thought Jenkins, "I can see for fifty yards down the stream without getting stuck all over with prickles."

And forthwith he got astride of the trunk.

"Hullo!" he cried suddenly, as he caught sight of a foot protruding from a hole where the roots of the tree should have been.

"I suppose I'm trespassing again?" came a plaintive voice from the direction of the foot.

Jenkins's heart beat fast with triumph and excitement as he recognised the voice.

"Come out! come out! you're wanted!" he shouted, lying at full length along the tree-trunk, and peering downwards.

"Leave me in peace," said the voice. "I assure you I don't want your wretched rabbits in the least."

"Don't know what you mean," said Jinks, and added, "I'm Jenkins, and you've got to come back."

Harry came out of his hole and peered cautiously round. He had no coat on, and

was covered with mud to such an extent that it seemed to have been smeared on intentionally.

"Here!" cried Jenkins, throwing down a piece of bark.

Harvey looked up. "I thought it was another farmer," he said; "you've been an *im-mense* time coming!" he added, reproachfully.

"You haven't been expecting me?" asked Jenkins, hanging from the trunk and dropping at Harry's feet.

"You were due nearly three hours ago," said Harry, after consulting his watch, "according to the—but you wouldn't understand," and he smiled sadly.

"You'll get into an awful row, you know," said Jenkins; "nobody ever ran away before."

"Of course not!" exclaimed the Hero, with conscious pride. "There's never been a—but you wouldn't understand!" and he smiled again.

"And the whole school's out looking for you."

"Of course. All in tears, I suppose!"

"No, no, hardly that, you know; but you've upset poor old Frost rather, I believe; though he doesn't show it."

"Exactly," said Harry, with an exasperating smile.

"Well, come on now at once!" cried Jenkins.

Harry lay back and closed his eyes.

"I think I'm dying," he said.

"WHAT!" cried Jinks.

"Though I shall try and last out till sunset," added Harry, with a faint smile.

"What's the matter with you?" asked Jenkins, half-scared and half-laughing.

"Chiefly steak-pie, I think," said Harry.

Jenkins's laughter now quite overcame his alarm.

"That pie I saw you buying at the tuck shop last Tuesday?" he laughed.

"That was it."

"And you ate it to-day?"

"All."

"Well, get up, and come back with me!"

"I simply can't," said Harry, with a groan.

"Hi! Tommy! Harvey!" cried Jenkins. "here he is! Can't get him to budge! Here, by this tree!"

The two boys came up panting and grinning triumphantly.

"Well, what do you think *you're* doing?" asked Harvey, after scanning the runaway for some moments.

"Passing away," said Harry, with shut eyes.

"You won't 'pass away' so long as I'm here!" cried Harvey, swinging himself up on to the tree-trunk. "Scoot along and fetch reinforcements, Tommy, while Jingo and I guard him!"

Off ran Tommy, nothing loth to be the bearer of such exciting news, leaving Jinks and Harvey swinging their legs astride of the tree-trunk and watching the determined Hero as he crouched doggedly in his hole.

"How shall we get him out?" whispered Harvey; "shall we smoke him out with bracken?"

Jenkins pursed his lips meditatively, and finally answered in a loud stage whisper, "I should hardly think he *could* know what an ass he looks in there, should you?"

Harvey grinned approval, replying in a stage whtisper, which was almost a shout, "Shouldn't think so, poor brute, or he wouldn't stop there another second. It'd be a kindness to tell him."

"Rather like the Caterpillar in *Alice in Wonderland*—only not so what'd you call it — dignified."

Harvey laughed. "And I wonder why it has smeared that mud all over it?"

"Oh! that's to make it look more tragic; and I wonder why—h-s-h! it's coming out!"

And sure enough, Harry, with flushing cheeks, was slowly and painfully sliding out of the muddy little shrine in which he had ensconced himself.

"I hear every word you fellows said," he began, sitting in a puddle beneath the trunk and gazing tragically upwards, "and—and I am much dissatisfied with you both!"

"How awfully awkward for us!" cried Harvey, with a prodigious wink at Jinks.

"Much dissatisfied," repeated Harry, pleased with the neatness of the phrase.

"You came out, though," said Harvey, maliciously, though Jenkins kicked him vigorously for saying it.

"I came out," began Harry, with hoat;



HARRY CAME OUT OF HIS HOLE AND PEERED CAUTIOUSLY ROUND.

"I came out," he repeated, with emphasis, because he was somewhat at a loss for a reason, "because I felt I was being misunderstood. Now I shall go back."

In a moment Harvey and Jinks had swung themselves clear of the trunk and seized the unfortunate Hero by both ankles. For several

minutes he struggled frantically, kicking violently with both legs, and covering them with mud. Then, with a sudden forward heave, he seized a tie in either hand and flung himself backward, pulling his two guards headlong upon the top of him. Over and over they rolled, squelching through mud and thumping against tree-roots; stones went dancing down the slope, and the dry bracken crackled beneath their weight as they struggled nearer and nearer to the stream.

"This is the place, Colonel Gilbert!" cried a voice upon the ridge above them.

In a second Harry had stopped struggling. His hands dropped like lead from his opponents' ties, while over his face came an expression of shame and ludicrous terror, impossible to describe. Breathless and astonished, the two boys gazed at him, but never for a moment did they leave go of their captive's ankles.

"This is rather rough for you, I'm 'fraid, Colonel!" cried the voice of a master above them, amid sounds of voices, and snapping twigs, and crunching fern.

"Rough! ha! ha! one doesn't serve for years in West Africa for nothing!" sang out a gruff but hearty voice. "Now, where is the boy? under this tree, you say?"

A second later, and half the school burst in upon the three, and with them came a tall, soldierly-looking gentleman with a fierce grey moustache, which he curled vigorously with his right thumb and forefinger, as he stared long and relentlessly at the fallen Hero. Harvey and Jenkins let go of him and stood up, while Harry gazed, with frightened awe, first at his uncle and then at the group around him.

"Well, are you going to sit there for ever?" said the Colonel at last.

Harry scrambled hastily to his feet.

"I had a fellow in my battalion in Afghanistan," said the Colonel, slowly, "who was so conceited that he thought nobody could do

anything worth mentioning except himself. And this fellow sat on the trenches instead of taking cover, because he thought it a sporting thing to do; and not only nearly got shot himself, but drew the enemy's fire on to the whole battalion. And what do you suppose the men did with him?"

Harry's cheeks were burning, and he began to feel more foolish than he had ever felt in his life before.

"Why," said the Colonel, laying his hand kindly on Harry's shoulder, "they hauled him down and sat on him! And that's just what your friends have got to do with you. Oh! no, you're no coward—I know all about that; but conceited, my boy—as conceited as they make 'em! And full of trashy stories, too. And now you'll go back and pull yourself together and be like the other boys—they'll knock you into shape if you'll let 'em! Now, which is Jenkins?"

"Me, sir," said Jinks.

"You're a sensible lad," said the Colonel. "and I hope to see you in the Scouts some day; and, by the way, you may ask the cricket captain to put you down for a new bat. Well, since we've found the boy," he concluded, "I must go and find the headmaster, and after tea, if he'll let me, I'll come and tell you boys what real scouting is like!" And like a wise man he left Harry to be brought back by the boys, while he and the master walked on ahead.

And that night Harry was far happier than he had been for many a week.

Next day Jenkins, Harvey, Tommy, and Frost held a ginger-beer-party, and invited Harry.

"Quite a decent chap when you know him," said Frost, after their guest had gone.

"I always told you he would be as soon as he chucked being a hero!" cried Jenkins. as he drained his ginger-beer bottle to the dregs.

THE END.

SCREAMER & SKILFUL



SOME EXPERIENCES
OF

PUPPY-WALKING.

By "JACK."

THERE is certainly a great unexplored field of all sorts of possibilities for those who take up "puppy-walking"; but, to be a successful pioneer, one must be a lover of dogs and in perfect sympathy with them, otherwise one will soon be disheartened by the continual unexpected. One thing alone I can safely promise you, and that is "more than you bargained for."

In hunting counties, every season, a great number of hound puppies are sent out to walk. That is to say, they are sent to such persons as are willing to feed, exercise, and be responsible for them until the time when they are called in. With each puppy a schedule, such as the following, is sent. This must be filled in and returned when the pup goes back to the kennels.

BLANKSHIRE HOUNDS.			
No.....		Puppies sent out in 1900.	
NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	
Screamer Skilful.	Worry.	Matchless.	
Name and Address of Person to Whom Sent.		Date of Going.	
CAPTAIN SCATTERFIELD, "The Pupperies," Grasslands.		April 26.	
REMARKS.		Date of Returning.	

On the back of the schedule are full instructions as to the feeding and general treatment of the puppies.



They are sent over from the kennels in a cart; so many to a district. If one knows when they are coming, one has a chance of picking them, which is a decided advantage. One should always, if possible, pick one's pups by the initial of one's own name; particularly if the sire and dam have taken prizes. The earlier one can get one's pups sent out for walking the better, April and May being by far the best months; for should the puppies contract distemper, they stand a better chance of getting over it in the summer than late puppies sent out in August and September, who have the winter months to meet before they have gained a fair age and strength. Puppy shows are held annually, in July or August, at which prizes are given for the best conditioned hound. But such as are sent in before the 31st January are disqualified for them. Good condition does not mean being loaded with fat, for all superfluous fat must be got rid of before the hound is in working order. A hound in perfect condition is one whose flesh is hard and firm to the touch, giving proof of judicious feeding and careful, regular exercise.

Puppies should be fed with discrimination, all salt food being avoided. Their future success depends so largely on their being properly nourished during their early days

that one of the rules is the instant return of the pup, should the supply of food run short. Regular daily exercise is also insisted upon, and under no conditions must the puppy be tied up. Should it become so troublesome as to require its liberty curtailed, it must at once be sent home, and with it the reason for its return. It is wise, however, to shut puppies up at night; otherwise, any instance of sheep-worrying which may take place in the neighbourhood will surely be laid to their charge. In the event of illness, no other physic than castor oil is allowed them while out at walk, but immediate postal communication with the huntsman, at the kennels, must be made. Should the pup die, or be killed by accident, the paper received with it must, without delay, be returned to the huntsman, with a correct statement made under "Remarks."

And now, having finished my preface, I will proceed to some particulars regarding Screamer and Skilful.

From the very first moment that I saw those pups in the stable-yard I scented trouble ahead; for I had already had one season's experience of what walking fox-hounds means.

Nevertheless, I was quite unable to withstand the pleading in their lovely faces. They were sitting shivering on a heap of straw, with their poor little sides raw from recent branding, and water streaming from their eyes, the picture of helpless misery. Tiffs, the two-year-old terrier, was regarding them with lofty scorn from his post of observation on the pig-trough, and, of course, his satellite, the little sheep-dog, was with him. When Tiffs caught sight of me, he grew most important; he walked round the unfortunate pups, his little body rigid, and his head held up in the air, sniffed scornfully at them, and turned his back on them with the most supreme contempt.

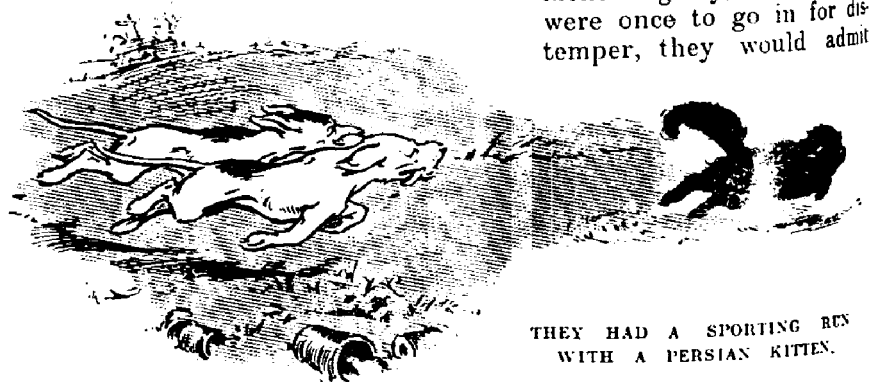
He also had had a season's experience and meant to make it plain that he did not intend to be let in a second time. When I had finished laughing at him I turned my attention to the new arrivals. Screamer was something unusual in the way of awkwardness; his body was far too heavy for his legs,

which slipped away from under him in the most unmanageable way possible, landing him on his back, where he had to lie until somebody picked him up again. Skilful was very handsome, with rich, bright colouring. She won my heart at once.

"That theer Screamer woant be no zort o' gude, Miss. A gurt lumbrin' dawg, 'e be, but thic little 'un be oncommon sprack, her be." This was the yard-boy's version, and he fancied himself a don in such matters. I thought otherwise, however, and saw the makings of a grand hound in the Screamer. His head even at this early stage was magnificent, and his deep chest gave promise of no mean order. I had great difficulty in persuading the powers that were to let me have my way in this instance. By means of a note smuggled surreptitiously to the friendly "vet.," however, I managed it. He had stood my friend on more than one occasion, in connection with my numerous dogs, and he now appeared (quite by chance, of course), and declared my view of matters to be the right one, so that I went to bed contented. Could I have looked forward a few days, to that time when I wished that someone would come along and bury me, I doubt if this would have been so, but "where ignorance is bliss——"

Next morning, on paying the pups an early visit, I found them both down with distemper. Poor little Skilful was in the worse plight, and night after night I sat up with her, never for one moment thinking it possible that she would pull through. At the end of a week she did contrive to stand, and I retired to bed to take my turn at this uncomfortable illness.

People are inclined to treat puppy ailments lightly, but if they were once to go in for distemper, they would admit



THEY HAD A SPORTING RUN WITH A PERSIAN KITTEN.

that it is anything but a joke. One's eyes, at such a time, seem to desert one, and leave in their stead red-hot cannon-balls with a perpetual shower of scalding rain. One's

throat turns itself into wash-leather, and swells, and swells, and swells, until, without ever having learnt economy, one begins to practise it in the breathing line; each moment growing more and more stingy, with an absolute dread of taking one's last gasp. Even now, I never see a puppy suffering from distemper without shuddering, as my thoughts go back to that time when my doggies shared even their misfortunes with me.

As soon as we were well enough, I took Screamer in hand, coaxing him to walk a little way, and afterwards rubbing him well with neat's foot oil and rum;



SCREAMER TOOK ADVANTAGE OF THE MILK-BOY'S LOVE OF GOSSIP.

then leaving him to sleep off his weariness. This I repeated whenever I had a spare ten minutes, always increasing the distance; and at the end of a few weeks I had the satisfaction of seeing a marked improvement. I was very proud of my success, and even the friendly vet. was astonished; he said I might expect great things of the pups. In this he proved to be a true prophet.

I date the first from that memorable Sunday morning, when, on making my usual round of inspection, I was greeted with, "Plees, Miss, tha' owd Varmer Conk hev cum round tew zay as 'ow that their Screamer hev tucked up tha' owd broody-'en and zeven chicks, an' 'e 've lef um bide vur thee-self tew zee. 'Twur nashun zore 'e wur, an sez as 'ow zummat loike 'ull hev tew be done."

This was not the sort of thing calculated to give one an appetite for breakfast, and I felt a sickening sense of impending evil, from which I would have given much to have escaped. Matters had, however, to be faced, and I slowly turned my steps to the farmer's yard. There, sure enough, lay the old Biddy, or, at least, what there was left of her; also the remains of seven chicks, all in a more or less mangled and bald condition. It was not exactly a cheering sight, nor was Farmer Conk an easy man to tackle; so I decided that my strength was "to sit still" and let him talk himself out.

"Thic owd 'en wur worth a zight o' brass, her wur," he grumbled. "Last zeazon her brought out dree brood o' chicks, her did. Thic brood wur a tarning out as voine a lot as ever ah zee; tew quid 'ull narey cover um,"

Vol. X.—42.

As I had never seen them alive, it was useless to dispute their value now that they were little more than heaps of gory feathers. I paid the worthy farmer his own price, for I was helpless in the matter, and I came away with the uncomfortable feeling that I had been done brown, and a vague impression that, at this rate, puppy-walking was likely to prove in the long run a somewhat more expensive thing than a subscription to the hunt.

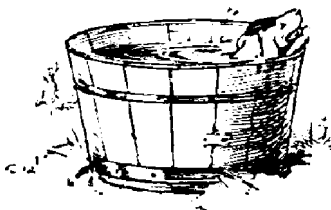
Next day I invested in yards of wire netting, which I carefully nailed along the foot of our yard-gate and the garden palings—a solid five-hours' task.

Having thus limited their range to the paddock, the stable-yard and the kitchen-garden, I flattered myself that my prisoners could do no harm; and for one whole week there were no complaints.

I was soon to learn, however, that the puppies had by no means spent that week in idleness; far from it. They had been hard at work digging a tunnel underneath the kitchen-garden wall, into a neighbour's orchard. Here they raided a rabbit-run, and, having feasted off prize Dutch and Himalayan rabbits, they slunk home with a guilty air and their little sides bulging suspiciously.

This was a far more serious affair than that of the farm-yard, and I began to fear that I should never square the furious rabbit-fancier, so expressive was his language.

After treating me to a warm ten minutes of his opinions about people who were not fit to look after puppies, and puppies that were not fit to live, he produced endless pieces of



AND SKILFUL DID HER LITTLE BEST TO DROWN HERSELF IN THE PIG-TUB.

cardboard, all of which represented prizes won by the defunct bunnies at various shows. And these, he declared, were nothing to the triumphs they would have achieved had not those wretched pups put an untimely end to their promising career. The man's explanations were so bewildering that I was powerless to argue it out, and I came away poorer in pocket and richer in the knowledge that rabbits, like poets, have to leave this unappreciative world before we discover their intrinsic worth.

After this, I was prepared for anything.

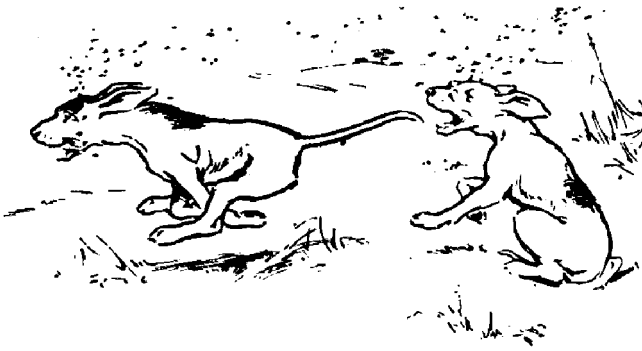
and I had only to wait until the following day to hear that the puppies had bitten all the noses of a flock of sheep grazing in the neighbouring close, and driven some lambs (that were fattening for market) two miles along the high road at a hand gallop. They belonged, unfortunately, to a butcher with whom we did not deal, and who, in consequence, said things that were more pointed than polite—who, in short, threatened to summon me for keeping two public nuisances.

I ordered the yard-boy to take the pups for a long walk, thinking that want of sufficient exercise had, perhaps, much to answer for. On the way home they gave him the slip, and made their way into a flower garden kept by some sedate spinsters, where, after steeple-chasing over a bed of begonias, they had a sporting run with a Persian kitten, and finally ran her to earth in the conservatory. I thought I should never hear the last of those dear ladies' lamentations over their frightened darling.

Then there was a lull, followed by a week of peccadilloes, beginning on Monday, when Screamer took advantage of the milk-boy's love of gossip to jam his head so securely in the milkcan, in search of forbidden fruit, that it was necessary to send for a tin-smith to extricate him.

Continued on Tuesday, when Skilful did her little best to drown herself in the pig-tub, with such consequences that even the other pups found her *de trop*.

Carried still further on Wednesday, when



AND ON SATURDAY FINISHED UP AN EVIL WEEK BY DISTURBING A SWARM OF BEES.

they interested themselves in the drying of the weekly wash, to the extent of unlawfully possessing themselves of the best dining-room

table-cloth and my new white dress, with both of which they played at tug-of-war until there was nothing left of them but the shreds.

Extended to Thursday,



ON WEDNESDAY THEY PLAYED AT TUG-OF-WAR WITH THE DINING-ROOM TABLE-CLOTH.

when they paid a surprise call on one of our neighbours, and gorged themselves to the tune of 12s. 6d. on a batch of butter set out in the larder, ready for market.

Prolonged to Friday, Screamer retiring to the dust-bin with the beefsteak that was waiting to be cooked for luncheon, and Skilful demolishing the pigeons that were destined to form part of a toothsome pie.

On Saturday came the climax, when it was discovered, just as I was starting for the Rectory garden-party (to absent oneself from which would be counted one of the deadly sins), that the pups had been stirring up a swarm of bees that had settled in our paddock. Screamer was making the place echo with his howls, and Skilful's face had swelled until it was a question whether she had any eyes at all.

There was no help for it; so I settled down to an afternoon with the puppies and the blue-bag, while Tiffs and the sheep-dog looked on with delighted interest.

After this I began to look forward with something akin to relief to that day when my little fiends would return to the kennels. Yet, when that day actually came round, and I stood and saw them put in the cart that was to bear them away for ever, and when I had watched them out of sight and knew that I had seen the last of them, then things seemed suddenly to have grown flat and stale; and I felt that for some time to come, though perhaps less unprofitable, life would not be quite the same, without the loving companionship of those precious little imps of mischief, Screamer and Skilful.

IVAN'S FLIGHT, A SIBERIAN DRAMA

By Olive Phillipps-Wolley.

*Illustrated by
COLBRON PEARSE.*

vitch, that the men round the rick yard were talking.
"Thou hast no chance, Ivan, against Eugène's roubles."
"The little dove cares no more for his roubles than she cares for Dimovitch," retorted the yellow-headed giant who sat swinging his legs on the rick rail.

"But her folk do," the other insisted.

"I am not marrying her folk, and besides, look you here, Stepan, if that cursed whisky seller bothers Macha any more with his love-making, I'll drive this between his shoulders;" and he touched a great jack knife which hung at his girdle.

The half dozen who lay round him burst out laughing in his face.

It pleased them to hear their great bear growl, feeling perfectly safe from his claws.

"Thou kill a man, Vanka?" laughed one, "thou hast not heart to kill a chicken!" And before the giant could get off the rail, to avenge this insult, another of the crowd caught him by the heel, and tipped him headlong into the loose hay at the foot of the rick.

Then, with a yell of delight, the crowd of idlers took to their heels, until they ran into the women folk returning from the harvest field. This put an end to their flight.

Even the avenging angel could not drive Berovka's young men past their sweethearts,

I.

IT was at the time when men cut the corn in Valdai, a land at the very heart of Russia, not unlike Canada in its lakes, pine forests, prairies, and log houses.

In the corn lands, the quail were beginning to call, and the women were slowly gathering their things together, before tramping home from their work, bareheaded, barefooted, in red shirts and white kirtles, their eyes more blue than the cornflowers in their yellow hair.

The men had gone before, and a group of the younger amongst them sat or lay round a rick yard at the nearer end of the village of Berovka, a village that had been, and still was, as loyal, God-fearing, and happy as any in the Tsar's domains, but even on that autumn day a shadow lay on its crops, and was creeping daily nearer to its homes.

A Jew vodka seller had settled in the place, and though few of the villagers realised their danger, a dozen young peasants were already deep in the Jew's debt, and Dubovitch had pawned his crop for vodka.

It was about the Jew's son, Eugène Dimo-

who, of course, wanted to know what all that laughing was about, so that when Ivan came up, with the straw still in his fair hair and beard, pretty Macha Petrushkin was blushing peony red at the tale which had been told.

But she was a brave little woman, so she treated the matter masterfully, catching her big lover by the waist as if he were a child.

"Nu', Ivan, stop that," she ordered. "Thou wilt not wring the neck of that noodle Sacha, and thou wilt throw that great knife away. Such hands need no knife."

Now, whether it was the fear of his tyrant, or whether it was because of the pride in her strong man, which that tyrant's last words disclosed, is not known, but Ivan burned red even through his sun tan.

"I hear thee, most illustrious," he answered, meekly, and then, drawing the knife from his belt, "See," he said, and with a jerk from his hip he sent it spinning and flashing through the air, until it came down somewhere amongst the birches by the little fish pool.

"That, then, will never kill thy lover, most illustrious," he said, and then with a familiar impudence altogether at variance with his speech, he passed his arm round Macha's waist and the whole party went singing and laughing up the street.

But Macha had many lovers, though she was betrothed to Ivan, and one of these, a man with narrow green eyes and white eyelashes, had lain at the foot of the rail when Ivan's threat was uttered.

He had had no share in the bear play that followed; he was a quiet man who chose his words carefully, and spoke softly, and when Ivan's knife dropped amongst the birches, he left the noisy group and went down towards the fish pool with an evil look in his narrow eyes.

Perhaps it was because there was not room for two men's arms round Macha's little waist. . . .

However, though this was Dubovitch, once the richest peasant in Verovka, no one followed him, and no one missed him that evening, and therefore, of course, it never occurred to any one that this Dubovitch, who went down to the fish pool where Ivan's knife fell, loved vodka more than all things, and hated the man who sold it more than all men, but loved Macha Petrushkin and her father's roubles next to the vodka, and hated Macha's successful lover almost as much as he hated the man to whom he had mortgaged his crop.

Even old Timofeevitch, the constable,

never thought of these things when he met Dubovitch late that night at the *trakteer*, and heard from him the story of Ivan's threat.

He laughed at Dubovitch's warning, of course, because he knew Ivan. If he never had any work to do until Ivan committed murder, it would suit him exactly, but every one in the village was not as level-headed as old Timofeevitch.

The man with the white eyelashes, although he was so soft spoken, was very persistent. In one way or another he managed to tell every one in the village the same story, so that, though no one took his view of the matter, it happened that by the time Ivan had forgotten all about it, every one else in the village remembered his threat.

And then a strange and terrible thing happened, such a thing as had not happened in that peaceful district in the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

Eugène Dimovitch, the Jew's son, Ivan's rival, was found dead in old Petrushkin's house with a peasant's knife driven clean through him from the back to the breast bone, and the knife was that of Ivan Gregorevitch.

It was in vain that Ivan protested that he had been seen to throw that knife away. Those who hide can find, and no one would be fool enough to throw away a knife which cost a rouble, even if he was in love. So argued the *moujiks*.

It was in vain that Ivan swore that he was away hunting hares on the Steppe when the deed was done.

Those who hunt hares leave the village early, and no one had seen Ivan go.

The knife had been his knife; Dimovitch, the murdered man, had gone to Petrushkin's house to court Macha; Ivan had sworn that if Dimovitch persisted in courting Macha he would drive his knife through him, and there lay Dimovitch dead, with Ivan's knife still sticking in him.

Villagers are not, as a rule, close reasoners, and Russian officials who try the peasants are not specially concerned to rob Siberia of a good colonist, so that no one put two and two together on the other side of the case; perhaps, indeed, no one knew enough to point out that by the death of Dimovitch at Ivan's hands, the green-eyed Dubovitch, who had published Ivan's threat so carefully, would get rid of two rivals at one stroke, and get a chance of redeeming his property with old Petrushkin's roubles from the Jew to whom he had pawned it.

If any one had noticed Dimovitch's visit to the birches by the fish pool where Ivan's knife fell, it might have been different, but as it was the yellow diamond was sewn between Ivan's shoulders and another strong man was driven by circumstantial evidence across the border to Siberia.

II.

WHEN Charles I. was King in England, Russia impaled men and tortured them for misdemeanours. In the beginning of the eighteenth century she grew more civilised, and only transported them to Siberia for such crimes as prize-fighting and snuff-taking. The silver mines she had found at Nertchinsk, the gold mines at Kara, and the young industries at Irkutsk, wanted men, and she realised that it was extravagant to kill or maim any one who could do a day's work.

But she wasted no money on their transportation. In chained gangs she drove her erring children many thousands of miles, allowing them to beg their rations by the way, or die if they could get nothing to satisfy their hunger.

Fortunately for him, times had changed again when Ivan Gregorevitch was sentenced, so that, under the supervision of a great State department, he was allowed at first to exist if he could in a pestilent den, built for fifty prisoners, and containing 156 at the time of his arrival, a den in which the foul air was so heavy, that he, who had never seen a man faint, swooned after an hour's confinement, and passed his nights standing, like a horse in its stall, because he could not bring himself to lie in the filth under his feet.

Half stunned by the suddenness of his fate, and the realisation of the impotence of innocence in the hands of the Russian machine, Ivan herded with "murderers and Christian martyrs, radicals and regicides," all condemned, guilty and innocent alike, to an experience which hell could not parallel.

Luckily for him he was so stunned as only to realise his sufferings as a man realises those of nightmare.

In prison he lived on 3½ cents a day, and then, weak from hunger and want of sleep, he was sent upon his journey of four or five thousand miles, travelling by barge in a wire cage along the Volga and the Kama to Perm, and thence by the smartest of new

railroads over the Vral's to Ekaterinberg, the last town in Russia to the east.

Here, for the first time, he and his fellows were invited to take to their feet for a trifling walk of some few thousand miles.

A paternal Government had provided Ivan, in addition to his 3½ cents a day, with a long grey coat, adorned with a yellow diamond, trousers, one thin shirt, a cap, boots, and some pieces of cloth to wrap his feet in, and, as a last sign of its regard, a pair of five-pound irons which fitted neatly round his ankles and were connected with each other and his waist belt by a loose chain which made music for him wherever he went.

Sullen and silent, he submitted to each fresh misery without a murmur, but it was a shock even to him to find, when he was first told to walk, that mere five-pound leg irons were too heavy for him, and a paltry twenty versts harder to cover than three times that distance should have been to such a man.

He had noticed that at every stopping place the number of his wretched fellows grew, but he had overlooked the fact that already some had been released. The tale of deaths began before they reached the great forwarding prison of Tiumen, and even his strength was failing.

It was at the pillar of the broken-hearted that Ivan really awoke.

All around, as far as the eye could see, lay the late winter's snow. On the kindly Kama, Ivan reflected, the snow would long since have disappeared. The white birches shuddered in the wind under a sky as leaden as the hearts of the exile train.

In a dull stupor Ivan looked round him, and wondered why the soldiers leaned on their rifles, why the whips had ceased to crack, and why the men who had plodded by his side lay or knelt in the snow round that short square piece of masonry.

Then the meaning of their cries and the reason of their tears forced themselves into his dull brain, and rushing to the pillar he clasped it with his arms and leaned his hot forehead against its icy surface. He was leaving his fatherland.

On one side of the pillar were the arms of Perm, on the other those of Tobolsk.

Behind it lay Europe; in front of it lay Asia. Home behind, and Siberia ahead.

The cold of its masonry set his brain working again, and because it was the place of eternal farewells, no one, not even the Cosacks, interfered with him by so much as a word.

The unhappy man looked back through the shuddering birches and saw, not the snow and the deep track made by the exiles' feet,

honest, wholesome labour, and the red-shirted lassies bringing home posies of cornflowers and forget-me-nots.



HOME BEHIND, AND SIBERIA AHEAD.

but the straw-thatched cottages of his own village, the long fields that tempted to

Ah! those lassies!
And as one sweet face came to him, Ivan

raised his head, and his eye caught an inscription which some sad-hearted fore-runner had scratched upon the pillar.

"Proschai, Macha,"—"Good-bye, Mary," it read, and as his eyes dwelt upon it, the heavy, strained look went from his face, his eyes flashed, his shoulders squared themselves, and with tightly-set lips he too carved a message.

His read, "Doswedania, Macha,"—"Until our next meeting, Mary——"

That other might despair; he would not. If there was a God in Heaven, He would help the innocent, and with His help he would escape and see Mary again, though the Tsar's pasture were twice five thousand versts in breadth and bare of all save snow and the wandering winds.

III.

THE writing of that message upon the Pillar of Sorrows was as a sacrament, and an inspiration to Ivan Gregorevitch.

When the order to "form ranks" and "march" was given, there were many who lingered, few whose eyes were not dim with sorrow and longing.

On Ivan's face only there was a smile of hope. Henceforth he would no longer let himself go. He had an object to live for, and day by day he nursed his strength, and made the most of the pitiful rations which came in his way.

From the old brodyags (or tramps) who had made previous futile escapes, he learned all that they had to tell.

It was not much. To escape was easy; to pound the leg iron into an ellipse and slip your heel through it was not difficult once you had escaped from the guard, but after that the difficulty was to live.

None of them seemed to have tried seriously to make their way back into Russia across the Urals.

For weeks the exile party tramped and travelled by barge, confined like beasts in a cage between the deck houses of the craft which looked like a dismantled steamer.

Thus they went from Tiumen, the great forwarding prison, to Tomsk, and at Tomsk they settled down to a tramp of 1,040 miles to Irkutsk.

Every day the Tsar's pasture grew larger and more hopeless. If an escape was to be made, there was little time left to make it in.

The winter seemed to travel with them, or rather spring followed slowly after them,

but slow as she followed she caught up with them at last.

They were passing through the Taiga, that belt of slender pine forest which crosses Siberia, and the snow lay but thinly between the tall graceful trees, and here and there an early spring flower showed its tender face.

Suddenly, as the silent band plodded on, with heads hanging and vacant faces, the voice of Spring called to them.

"Cuckoo, cuckoo," she sang, and through all the ranks a tremor ran, and life surged up in those wasted men as the sap rises in the willow.

But a cloud came over the face of the captain of the convoy, even before he caught the words of an old tramp in the front rank.

"General Kukushka calls, brothers," said the old man.

"Aye," replied the officer, "and tramps have the legs of the wolves who called last night, but Berdan bullets have the wings of eagles."

"Nevertheless, he will offer to let us walk without leg irons to-morrow if the artel pledges itself that there shall be no escapes," muttered the man who had been in many convict gangs.

Before Ivan's eyes the whole position unrolled itself instantaneously like a picture.

Now was the moment to attempt an escape. To-morrow the association of exiles or artel would have pledged itself to assist in the capture of would-be fugitives, or in their punishment in return for the freedom from leg-irons.

It was an old bargain often made, and Ivan knew that Death was the punishment of those who broke the artel's bargain.

The wolves had cried in the night! He knew that, too, and knew that the long winter had left those ravenous beasts mad with hunger. He realised that the snow was still thick in places, and that it would be hard to hide his tracks.

Unthinkingly he drew a piece of fresh pine brush through his fingers and put his hand to his face.

The scent of the crushed needles went straight to his brain. It is the scent that brings back all a hunter's joys to the woodland bred. The fleecy clouds with peeps of brilliant blue were over him; there were dim aisles of pine on either side of him; the moss of the forest floor sprang beneath his tread, and then the cuckoo called again—"Cuckoo, cuckoo."

Most of the guards were on the other side of the line, and all were loafing. The sun

had made them incline to dreams and tobacco.

After all, it was death or freedom, and as the cuckoo called again the first man of that gang answered the general's orders.

With a rush, Ivan left the ranks, his irons ringing madly as he stumbled on. Then he heard the order to halt, and the rattle of the rifles, and the next moment there was a roar in his ears, a whistling about him as of angry wasps, and something struck the chain between his legs and threw him on his face.

The next moment he was in the timber, the bullets still whistling about him and chipping the bark from the silvery pines, but, barring bad luck, he was safe for the moment.

The guards, he knew, dared not leave the train of exiles where they were, and even a chained man is soon out of sight where the small pines stand as close as they do in the taiga.

As long as the breath remained in him, Ivan ran. He ran until no sound reached him from the Tsar's highway, and when the dusk caught him, he lay spent but free where a cool spring burst from the forest moss.

Here he slept, and at dawn with a stone from the brook pounded the hateful iron circlets into long oblongs through which he worked his heels, until he could shake the hateful chain from him, and stand up a free man.

He was only just in time. If the Tsar's pasture is large, he keeps many dogs in it to herd his wandering stock, and as the grey light of morning filtered through the pines, Ivan heard the first whimper of the man-hunting pack.

He was on his feet and running in a moment, and, as the first faint questing cries died away, he began to think that he had slipped away undiscovered from the wolf pack which had dogged the tracks of the exile train.

A full burst of wolf music undeceived him. The horror of that savage chorus seemed to make the very pines quiver, and as Ivan dashed panting through the snow it seemed to him that his very tracks were red.

His head swam with faintness and exertion, so that when he came out upon a long open track he did not know whether it was or was not the Tsar's highway.

In any case it did not matter. If he ran into an exile train it would mean slavery; if he did not it would mean death.

When he heard them first the wolves were

far away, but his pace was not their pace, and he knew that the race could not last much longer.

At every glance over his shoulder he expected to see their lean grey forms and hideous red jaws, and prayed that his heart would burst with his efforts before he felt their teeth in his throat.

He had not covered another hundred English yards before a wild yell behind him told that the pack had run from scent to view. Along they came at that awful, untiring wolf-swing!

Nearer and nearer! Still Ivan ran, with great sobs in his throat, and the wolves came closer, until at last they were at his very heels. A few more yards and they must pull him down. . . .

And then—suddenly—a break occurred in the road.

Right across it lay a gully, narrow but deep, and from the bottom of it grew stunted pines.

It was as if long ago a narrow strip of the road had sunk many fathoms deep.

There was no way over it and no way into it. The banks were too steep to climb; too high for a man to jump from.

For a moment Ivan hesitated, and then the foremost wolf, a grey old dog, drew level with him and leapt at his throat with a hungry snap of its lean jaws.

At that, all power of thought left the wretched man, and in his madness he raced at the gully and leapt at it as if it had been a twelve foot brook which he could take in his stride.

If the gully had been eighteen good feet he would have cleared it, such was the strength that fear gave him. As it was, he fell lower, and then stuck, half dead and absolutely helpless, in the fork of a small pine which grew from the middle of the gulch.

The wolves had checked at the edge of the gully, and as he lay there he saw some of them that had found a way to the bottom of it pass under the very tree in which he lay, and he heard the rest of the pack raving and howling like baulked fiends within a few paces of his face. Their pale blue eyes gleamed like fires of hell, looking right into his own, but though they gathered themselves as if to spring, none ventured.

To spring into the top of a tree from a bank, even if the tree be only forty feet high, is not wolves' work.

Ivan had dropped his exile's coat as he ran, not far from where he took his leap.



THE FOREMOST WOLF LEAPT AT HIS THROAT WITH A HUNGRY SNAP OF ITS LEAN JAWS.

and this the wolves set upon and tore to ribbons, fighting over it so that the snow was stained with their blood, and even as they fought three shots rang out, a wolf turned over on his side, and the rest disappeared like an evil dream, as a party of Cossacks dashed round the corner and galloped up to the spot.

"The Tsar's dogs have been before us," said the leader as he leapt from his horse and picked up a fragment of the convict's coat.

"True, there's his blood," said another.

"No! That is the wolf's blood."

"You lie, brother! My wolf lies where I shot him. I don't shoot as thou dost."

"Stop quarrelling," said the officer, shortly. "Vassily is right. The blood of the dead wolf is all round it. This is yards away. No doubt it is the man's blood whose coat is here. He could not have jumped that, and there are no wolf tracks beyond in any case. Get into your saddles, boys, and home."

And so, with a fragment of Ivan's coat to verify their story, the Cossacks trotted back to report the death of the first man who had answered General Kukushka's call.

IV.

"**H**OW can I tell you, who do not know the woods, the story of Ivan's subsequent wanderings?"

You would not know how a man may live on the inner bark of trees, on the lichens that hang from them like fringes, on the bulbs that grow beneath them.

You would not know where to find the grouses' nest, though you might find the fieldfares', and snare the little four-footed beasts which man, who is not starving, disregards.

You would not believe that a man can live for days upon less than suffices you for a breakfast, or that a naked man can sleep even where snow is on the ground, by crawling into the red glow of a burning log. When the fire dies down he freezes, but the cold wakes him, and it is easy to make up the fire again.

As the brodyags lived, lived Ivan, and in the early winter he

saw again the inscription which he had carved upon the Pillar of Sorrows, and the sight of it gave him hope.

As soon as he reached the river his way was easy. Indeed, hunger had troubled him little since he had dared to touch the great highway, for, travelling mostly at night, he had found on every peasant's window sill a plate of scraps set out expressly for God's wandering poor.

Winter had come again when, a mere skeleton, and all but naked, he saw in the distance the first houses of that long avenue of cottages which he had once called home.

Though he knew it not, the day was the eve of the New Year, and as he approached the little green-roofed church which was the eastern outpost of Berovka, he became aware of a gay crowd marching towards him in procession.

Until that moment he had had no thought of how he should present himself to his



"IVAN!"

fellow villagers; no disturbing fear lest their first action would be to hand him over again to the men with whips and leg irons.

Now the thought of this overwhelmed him. He had no time to think, and he would not flee from home again even if home meant death.

But he had to hide somewhere until he could think, and as the only place which offered him any sort of shelter was the porch of the church, he hurried into it and crouched on the doorstep under the cross with its crucified Christ.

Peasant-like, even in that desperate moment, he bowed before the image and prayed for protection.

But the crowd he had seen approaching came steadily down the street. The people in it had no business at the house with the green bough before its door where the whisky was sold, nor even at the house of the starosta.

On they came steadily, and now Ivan saw a priest in front in robes, and heard the chanting of the men.

It was a wedding procession. Some one was coming to be married, and he must be discovered.

All who knew him were there. He recognised the starosta, the priest, and even old Timofeevitch, the constable.

It was too late to run; there was no place to run to; and so he stood, a gaunt, tattered wretch, with wild, hunted eyes, and clenched hands, waiting in the porch beneath the Crucifix.

As the procession turned towards the porch he saw for the first time who the leading couple were.

Dubovitch, with green eyes alight for once, and with a confident, jaunty step, led Macha, Ivan's lost love, as a butcher leads a dazed and helpless lamb to the slaughter.

When the two men's eyes met there was at first no recognition in those of Dubovitch. He even opened his lips as though he would rebuke the ragged beggar who intruded upon his marriage day, but his lips remained open, no word issuing from them, whilst slowly an expression of fear froze every feature.

Then, shriek after shriek of untold terror, Dubovitch dropped his bride's hand and fled headlong up the street, and the bride, looking up for the first time, fell upon the tattered demalion's shoulder, sobbing "*Ivan!*"

Hate knew him, and love, though all else forgot.

In charge of Timofeevitch, Ivan was marched back to the starosta's, and again committed to the little hut which served Berovka for a prison. But he was not kept there long.

Ere night fell he was released.

To Dubovitch, the gaunt figure under the Crucifix had seemed no escaped convict from Siberia, but the risen dead, come to forbid his marriage, to wrest from him the price of his crime, and in a torment of fear the panic-stricken wretch had gone straight to the priest and confessed.


* * * * *

There was another marriage at the little church a week later, and to-day Berovka's starosta is one of the few men who ever found their way home from the Tsar's pasture.





OLD KING BOMBA'S STAMPS.

 Of all the postal issues of early European postal days, few are more interesting than the one series issue of Sicily, popularly known as old King Bomba's stamps. And there certainly never was an issue that caused more trouble or fuss.

When the use of postage stamps was decided on, all sorts of knotty questions arose. The Neapolitan arms had already been appropriated for an issue of the twin kingdom of Naples, so a design embodying anything of that sort was at once put aside. Consequently it was resolved that the head of his very sacred Majesty, King Ferdinand, the reigning Sovereign, should decorate the design. Then came the troubles of selecting a design, and deciding the colours of the series. Of course, for such a portraiture the most eminent artist must be found, and no other could be trusted with such a sacred piece of work. After much inquiry, Thomas Aloisio Juvara, a native of Messina, one of the most celebrated engravers of his time, was induced to undertake the work.

On the 28th February, 1858, King Ferdinand approved of the design submitted to him, the result of many attempts to secure an acceptable presentation of the sacred features of old King Bomba, who seems to have been a bit of a terror to those around him in his little domain.

Then came the work of engraving the accepted portrait. One engraver after another was tried till the finance minister was almost at his wit's end. At last the well-known portrait was engraved. The selection of colours was also beset with difficulties. Those were the days of wars and revolutions, when no throne was secure. Certain colours were proscribed as obnoxious to the Government, presumably because they were those of troublesome combinations at home and abroad. Red and green, combined with white, constituted the well-known cockade and banner of the Italians. At first the adoption of a single colour for all values was suggested as a way out of the difficulty, then a uniform colour for the three higher values because they would be less used stamps, but re-

serving a shade for the four lower ones. Finally the values and colours were decided, as follows:

- 1 grano, yellow.
- 1 grano, olive green.
- 2 grana, blue.
- 5 grana, red.
- 10 grana, dark blue.
- 20 grana, violet black.
- 50 grana, brown red.

But before the stamps were issued there arose the very delicate question of cancellation. A design of the arms of the kingdom might be cancelled and blurred to any extent: the more so, the less likely were the stamps to be cleaned and used again. But to bang a cancelling stamp right over the sacred features of his Majesty was not to be thought of: the bare idea of such an act of desecration seems to have horrified the authorities. As a way out of the trouble some ingenious soul suggested a little framework design, which, if very carefully used, with due deliberation, would effectually cancel the stamp, and yet leave the august countenance without a sign of disfigurement. That cancellation design was forthwith adopted, and no other ever marred the beauty of the exquisitely engraved postage stamps of King Bomba. Now and then you will come across a stamp in which the features have been obliterated, but so scared were the postal employes of committing what might be regarded as an act of petty treason, that in most of the used stamps the profile, at least, is always clear of defacement.

The stamps were issued to the public on the 1st January, 1859. But one night in the last week of May 1860, Garibaldi entered Palermo, and the circulation of King Bomba's stamps came to an untimely end. In Messina, it is said, they continued in use till July 1860. Thus at the most they had a life of only nineteen months.

The remainders of the stock in hand were sold off to M. Moens, a Belgian stamp dealer, and for years that stock of remainders has been drawn upon by dealers and collectors all over the world. But M. Moens has retired from business, and the stock is now dispersed.

Stamps that have been comparatively common are now getting scarce. Specialists are making them the subject of study, and Dr. Diena, an eminent Italian philatelist, is writing a book on the history of this one little short-lived series of postage stamps.

The illustration of a pair of used Bombas from my own specialised collection of these in-



teresting stamps will serve to give a good idea of the portrait and the cancellation.

Notable New Issues.

THE rush of notable new issues has somewhat abated, most of the Colonies being now supplied with King's heads. But Australia remains to be provided with its Commonwealth issue, and other changes are on the way in various countries. Our friends in the United States having made a dead set against the 2c. Washington stamp of the current series, a new design is being prepared for issue, which is said to be a gem of the engraver's art. British Somaliland is being supplied with a second lot of Indian stamps, surcharged for its use. This time the current King's heads have been overprinted, and after these have been issued and used up, the territory is to have a series of its own. Thus in a very short time this new philatelic country will have given us three interesting and distinct sets of stamps. British East Africa and Uganda will in future be combined for postal purposes, and will shortly have a series of postage stamps labelled "East Africa and Uganda Protectorates." British Central Africa has abandoned its negro design, and has issued a series of King's heads which we illustrate this month. A change of colours seems to be in progress with the current series of Trinidad.

Bermuda.—It seems to be the intention of this colony to present us with a full series of the dock and shipping arms design. We have long since chronicled the 1d., and now we have received the 3d. in the same design, which we hear was issued on September 5th, 1903.



Wmk. Cr. CA. Perf. 14.
Arms.

1d. carmine.
3d. sage green, centre magenta.

British Central Africa.—This British Protectorate has adopted King's head stamps in place of the amusing negroes in skirts design that has served its purpose from 1895. As will be seen from our illustration, the new stamp very closely resembles our English penny stamp with a wreath of laurel leaves on one side, and oak leaves on the other. The designation is also slightly



changed; instead of being "British Central Africa," it is now "British Central Africa Protectorate." Thus we go on writing history on our stamps. First the Company name, British

Central Africa, then the Protectorate, and some day the Protectorate will be dropped under Colonial administration. The old plan of small stamps for the lower values, and a larger size for the higher values is retained. The usual words "Postage and Revenue" are absent.

The lower values are watermarked Cr. CA., and the larger size Cr. CC. Perf. 14.

Wmk. Cr. CA. Small size.

1d. carmine, centre grey.
2d. magenta, centre purple
4d. black, centre grey green.
6d. buff, centre grey.

Wmk. Cr. CC. Large size.

2s. 6d. green.
4s. mauve, centre lilac.
10s. black, centre grey green.
£1 carmine, centre grey.
£10 blue, centre grey.

Bulgaria.—The current 15 st. has been surcharged with "10," in large figures in black.

Perf. 12½.

"10" on 15st. lake and black.

Cyprus.—The 1 piastre and 4 piastres of the King's head series have been received. The colours and design remain as before, with the substitution of the King's head for that of the late Queen's.

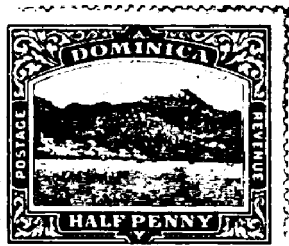


Wmk. Cr. CA. Perf. 14.

1 piastre, carmine and blue.
4 piastres, sage green and maroon.

Dominica.—The promised series of stamps of special design has been issued. As in the case of Antigua and Montserrat, the 5s. value alone bears the King's head. All the other

values show very roughly and indistinctly a view of Dominica. We illustrate the ½d. The 5s. is of the same design as the 5s. Antigua illustrated in THE CAPTAIN for October last.



Wmk. Cr. CC. Perf. 14.

- ½d. green.
- 1d. carmine and black centre.
- 2d. brown and green centre.
- 2½d. blue and black centre.
- 3d. black and purple centre.
- 6d. orange brown and black centre.
- 1s. green and mauve centre.
- 2s. violet and black centre.
- 2s. 6d. orange and green centre.
- 5s. brown and black centre.

Dutch Indies.—The Dutch colonies are being provided with what may be termed a special Colonial design, which we illustrate. It contains the latest stamp portrait of Queen Wilhelmina, and is a very simple and effective design. So far, we have only seen the 10c. and 30c. of the Dutch Indies, but we shall, no doubt, have other values and other colonies to chronicle later on.



Perf. 12½.

- 10c. slate.
- 30c. orange brown.

India: Nabha State.—Several values of the King's head issue of India have been overprinted for the use of this native state, with the words "Nabha-State" in two lines in black. We have received the following.

King's head stamps of India overprinted.

Wmk. Star. Perf. 14.

- 4 annas, olive green.
- 6 annas, bistre.
- 8 annas, mauve.
- 12 annas, purple on red paper.
- 1 rupee, green and carmine.

Malta.—A 2½d. stamp is the latest addition to the King's head series for this dependency. The head is in maroon, and the framework of the design is in ultramarine, a striking combination. The 4d., 5d., and 6d. of the lower values are yet to come. Up to date the series issued is as follows:—



Wmk. Cr. CA. Perf. 14.

- ½d. dark green.
- 1d. carmine, head grey.
- 2d. slate grey, head mauve.
- 2½d. ultramarine, head maroon.
- 3d. deep purple, head slate grey.
- 1s. deep violet, head slate grey.

Italy: Albania.—Three values of the current series of Italy have been surcharged in Turkish currency, for use in the Italian post offices in Albania.

Stamps of Italy overprinted.

Wmk. Crown. Perf. 14.

- "10 para 10" on 5c. green.
- "35 para 35" on 20c. orange.
- "40 para 40" on 25c. blue.

Mauritius.—The 4c. of the current arms type has been changed in colour from lilac and emerald to green and value in mauve. But Messrs. Whitfield King and Co. inform us that the stamp was printed thus in error, the printers having transposed the colours in mistake, the stamps being printed in green with value in mauve, instead of mauve with value in green. Of these errors there were 90,000 printed, so there will be plenty to go round.



Arms type.

Wmk. Cr. CA. Perf. 14.

Error.

- 4c. green, name in mauve.

Morocco Agencies.—The overprinting of the Gibraltar King's head stamps for use in the British post offices in Morocco, has commenced with the 10 centimos, which has been received overprinted "Morocco Agencies" in two lines in black. Gibraltar King's heads overprinted.



Wmk. Cr. CA. Perf. 14.

- 10 centimos, purple on red paper.

St. Lucia.—The 1s. value of the King's head series has been received. As will be seen from our illustration it is of the commoner De la Rue Colonial type.

Wmk. Cr. CA. Perf. 14.

- 1s. green, name and value in black.

Seychelles.—Yet another Provisional has to be added to those chronicled in the October CAPTAIN. This time the 18c. has been used. Up to date, the provisional 3c. issued, are as follows:

King's heads surcharged.

- 3c. on 15c. ultramarine.
- 3c. on 18c. sage green and carmine.
- 3c. on 45c. chocolate and carmine.

Trinidad.—The change of colours in the current series continues. The latest change is that of the 4d. value, which has been altered from lilac and orange to green and blue on flesh-coloured paper. So far the changes are as follows:—

Wmk. Cr. CA. Perf. 14.
Colours changed.

- 4d. green.
- 1d. black, paper red.
- 4d. green, value in blue, paper flesh.
- 1s. black, value in blue, paper yellow.

NEW STAMP PUBLICATIONS.

THE new catalogues will be out before the end of 1903. MESSRS. BRIGHT AND SON are issuing a supplement giving a complete list of all new issues since their last catalogue was published to the present date. Price 6d.

MESSRS. BUTLER BROS. send me a copy of their stamp and album price list. It is very fully illustrated, and full of tempting sets and packets.

MESSRS. LAWN AND BARLOW'S list has a catchy cover made up of an offer of £2000 for the rare post-office Mauritius 1d. red and 2d. blue. We are sorry we cannot oblige them. The catalogue is very neatly got up, and is full of information concerning publications and stamp outfits. Their "Cistofle," an ingenious arrangement for keeping stamps without albums, I must describe in detail in the next CAPTAIN.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

We are indebted for early copies of new issues as follows:—

J. W. Jones for Bermuda 3d., Bulgaria 10st. on 15st., Malta 2½.

Bright and Son for Malta 2½. Seychelles 3c. on 18c.

Whitfield King and Co. for Bermuda 3d.; Bulgaria 10st.; Cyprus 1p. and 4p.; Dominica set ½d. to 5s.; Dutch Indies 10c. and 30c.; Nabha State, 4a., 6a., 8a., 12a., and 1r.; Albania 10p., 35p., and 40p. Malta 2½d.; Mauritius 4c.; Morocco Agencies, 10c.; St. Lucia, 1s. Seychelles 3c. on 18c.; Trinidad, 4d.

W. H. Peckitt for British Central Africa 1d., 2d., 4d., 6d., and 2s. 6d.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. G. R. (Calcutta).—"FATIALA" for "PATIALA" is only a case of a broken "P" looking like an "F." Mr. Stewart-Wilson, in his work on "British Indian Adhesive Stamps Surcharged for Native States," says he has purposely omitted such cases as merely broken type.

Interested in Stamps (Guernsey).—I do not know of any Victoria postage stamp answering to your description. It is evidently a fiscal. The postmark may be a telegraph cancellation.

C. S. B. (Berks).—The 1895 St. Anthony Celebration issue of Portugal is catalogued as follows:—

	Unused.	Used.
2½r. black	0.2	0.2
5r. orange	0.2	0.3
10r. magenta	0.4	0.4
15r. brown	0.6	0.5
20r. lavender	0.7	0.6
25r. green and purple	0.4	0.4
50r. blue and purple	1.6	1.6
75r. rosine and brown	2.6	2.0
80r. green and brown	3.0	3.0
100r. chocolate and black	3.0	3.0
150r. rosine and brown	5.0	5.0
200r. blue and brown	5.0	5.0
300r. purple and brown	10.0	10.0
500r. brown and blue	20.0	12.0
1000r. purple and blue	28.0	

They were issued as a Celebration issue for the purpose of raising money by their sale to stamp collectors to help an impoverished exchequer. But of late some collectors seem to have taken a fancy to them.

Phonographer (Clitheroe).—*Ewen's Weekly Stamp News* is published at 32 Palace-square, Norwood, London. Plate numbers grow scarce just as other varieties, and then, of course, tend to increase in value, but the number of collectors of plate numbers is small. There is probably more pleasure than profit in it. The stamp journal that was advertised in the *Reporters' Magazine* was the *Philatelic Record*, then edited by me, but now conducted by the leading philatelists of Manchester. It is an excellent stamp journal, price 4d. Address G. F. H. Gibson, Clarence-street, Manchester.

D. M. (Maida Hill).—"T. F." was overprinted on the stamps of the Orange Free State to set them apart for use as telegraph stamps, but, as many were used and passed for postal purposes, they are included in most catalogues. There were four values of the triangular stamps of the Cape of Good Hope, as follows:—

	Unused.	Used.
1d. red	15.0	6.0
4d. blue	12.6	2.0
6d. lilac	35.0	10.0
1s. green	70.0	17.6

I have given the lowest catalogue prices, but there are varieties in shade, paper, and watermark which are very high priced.

S. W. G. (Bognor).—Yes, perforations vary the value of stamps, in some case very considerably. Any good catalogue, Gibbon's or Bright's, will enable you to separate stamps by their perforations, and give you the values.

G. R. (West Norwood).—Cut or damaged stamps are practically unsaleable, unless they happen to be very rare, but even then they are very low prices.

C. H.—"Reprint" means an impression taken from the original plate after the stamps are superseded by another issue. No, all Mexican stamps issued before 1885 are not included in this category, nor has the surcharge or number anything to do with the question of reprints. Some Mexicans were overprinted with name or number, and some were not.



MODELS

AND

MODEL MAKING.

By A. WILLIAMS,

Author of "The Romance of Modern
Invention," &c., &c.

I.

SOME ADVICE FOR BEGINNERS.

THERE are very few people, I should imagine, who can fail to be interested, at least for a time, by a good working model engine, whether stationary or locomotive. The emotions aroused by such a bit of machinery are complex, and it is rather hard to put down in black and white exactly what it is that rivets our attention. Very likely the first cause is but a glorified version of the primal desire to "see the wheels go round," evinced by infants in the lap stage; and as we grow older we become aware of the beauty of the adaptation of means to the end shown in all machinery, and more charmingly by the model than by its full-grown brothers, which are too much part of our everyday life to earn proper recognition.

I also suppose that there are few of the male sex who have not at one time or another been smitten by the wish to own a model; while a somewhat more select number would like to add the glory of construction to that of ownership. Go and stand outside one of the shops whose windows display a tempting array of Lilliputian machinery, and I am very much mistaken if you don't overhear many "I wish I could do that's," or "I wish that were mine's."

Now, though models may be had at so-called "popular prices," between the average admirer and the more than average model there is usually a gulf fixed, to be crossed only on a golden bridge of considerable dimensions. For those whose purse is long enough to span the charm, well and good. They may buy the beautiful products of the professional maker and rejoice. There is, however, a large number of people who, from one motive or another, prefer building a model for themselves to buying it outright. To help them, I shall once more tread the road that has been already beaten pretty flat by many capable writers of excellent little



This beautiful little model of a G.N.R. express engine is $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches long. Its other principal dimensions are:—Bore of cylinder, $\frac{1}{2}$ in.; stroke of cylinder, $\frac{1}{2}$ in.; diameter of driving wheels, $1\frac{1}{2}$ in.; width of badplate, $1\frac{1}{2}$ in.; gauge, $\frac{3}{4}$ in. It has been run under steam. Its maker, Mr. P. Daniel, of Clevedon, says of it:—"I made it when I was just thirteen years old. It has Stephenson's link reversing gear, made chiefly of tin and ordinary pins. With the exception of the handrails and one or two levers, the whole thing is of tin, and soldered together. The wheels are cut out of tin, and the tread soldered on." This model is a good example of the capacities of clever head and hands in combination.

works; my apology for so doing being that wayfarers on the same track see the country they traverse from different points of view, and can each contribute valuable information to the general stock of useful knowledge about that particular region.

On reviewing, as a whole, the many articles on model-making that have appeared in print, they seem to fall under two main heads:—(i) those written for the skilled mechanic with plenty of good tools at his disposal, (ii) those to aid the novice who has command of very elementary knowledge, and but simple material. It is excellent for the happy possessor of a lathe to be shown how to turn out a perfect little marine engine, or for a less fortunate designer to learn how cocoa-tins and old shaving-soap cases may be combined into a working locomotive. My own particular view of the matter is this: that when you are making a model you may as well make as good a one as you can possibly afford; since, when finished, it will amply repay the self-denial shown in time and money, and also be intrinsically more valuable than a smaller creation that never can be more than a mere toy. By working on a fairly large scale, much more scope is given for adding details, which are unsatisfactory when reproduced in excessive miniature; and the complete model will be much more easily kept in repair when there is "room to move in" about its various parts. I shall, therefore, assume that those who mean to follow out my advice will not shrink from letting a sixpence go on occasion. I shall also assume

that the reader knows nothing at all about model-making, and start at a convenient place—namely, at the beginning.

We must enter into a partnership, you supplying tools and time and material, I supplying advice, which will refer not only to the How, but also to the Why.

The reader may here be reminded that though model-making has a very satisfactory end in itself, by no means its least valuable feature is the general handiness that it gives to the devotee. This is an increasingly mechanical age, in which our houses, roads, and general surroundings are becoming more and more replete with appliances which, though most convenient and necessary, are apt to get out of order. Then happy is the boy or man who can be his own machine-doctor. To take an instance in my own experience—thanks to model-making, I have saved at least £30 on my motors, because I know how to handle tools and where to look for mechanical defects. A touch of solder in time saves ninepence very often among the family pots and pans. Ability to use red lead saves shillings from going into the house gutters. And, knowledge apart, the mere possession of tools to rivet, bore holes in metal, and cut the same, has saved me the cost of those tools several times over. I think the man is to be pitied whose sole refuge from difficulties arising out of the imperfections of things metallic, is the aid of the professional workman—with its accompanying little bill—not always so little, either. If our mothers and sisters can sew on our buttons and mend our clothes, and make us all manner of things with needle and cotton, we men and boys ought to be able to wield drill and shears and soldering iron equally well. The cycle has done a lot for our education, and the motor will do a lot more, and very probably model-making may do most of all.

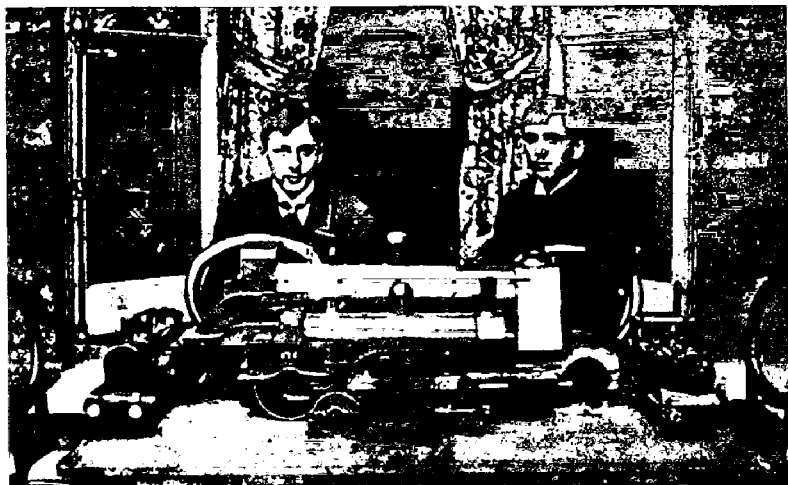
It is a work of genius to make things out of nothing or very little, as did the French *chef* who turned out dainty dishes from the leavings of his English predecessors. But we are not all geniuses, and I think a great deal of bother, time, and disappointment will be saved to those who start properly provided with a fair outfit. Many people are able to

borrow or beg tools. Others who have dabbled in mechanics will find that they have accumulated quite a respectable number of implements. Let me, however, suggest which will be most useful and best worth buying if you do not already possess them.

Holes play so important a part in all things mechanical that first a word about them. They must be made according to a settled plan, and be of as few sizes as possible.

We, therefore, purchase for a few pence each Morse twist drills to cut holes $\frac{3}{32}$, $\frac{1}{8}$, $\frac{5}{32}$, $\frac{3}{16}$ of an inch in diameter. These for screws of like size to pass through freely, without holding. The screws, which can be bought cheaply by the gross in iron and brass, should be of some standard thread, either Whitworth standard or British Association. In the following chapters the former will be taken.

Have screws with "countersunk" heads for "flush" work, *i.e.*, where they are not to project; and with "cheese," or square-



This fine group of home-made engines represents (starting from the back) a "mixture"; a L. & S. W. R. express, a Midland Railway, 6ft. 6in. "coupled," and the tiny G.N.R. express shown elsewhere. On the left is a 7-foot coupled L. & S. W. express, on the right a three-coupled L. B. & S. C. tank goods engine.

section, heads where they are to project. Sort out your screws into compartments of a shallow tray, each carefully labelled.

The carpenter has small difficulty in driving his screws home, thanks to the Nettlefold taper point. But for metal-work screws the way must be carefully prepared by means of steel "taps" of the same size. These, together with a die-plate to cut threads of like dimensions, will cost two or three shillings and upwards, according to quality. For brass and copper work a very high-class article is not needed.

The holes for tapping must be rather

smaller than the taps themselves. The following figures will be helpful:—

For a $\frac{3}{32}$ in. top (or screw) drill a $\frac{5}{64}$ in. hole.
” $\frac{1}{8}$ ” ” ” $\frac{7}{64}$ ”
” $\frac{3}{32}$ ” ” ” $\frac{1}{8}$ ”
” $\frac{1}{4}$ ” ” ” $\frac{3}{32}$ ”

The $\frac{5}{64}$ -in. drill must therefore be added to our list.

For working these small drills I use a geared brace with triple-jaw chuck to take all sizes up to $\frac{3}{16}$ straight shanked drills. For larger sizes an ordinary carpenter's brace and square shanked drills are convenient; in fact, this brace will do for all diameters, though handicapped by the fact that the Morse drills with circular shanks are made in all multiples of $\frac{1}{8}$ -in. for small sizes, whereas the square-shanked variety advance by $\frac{1}{32}$ in.

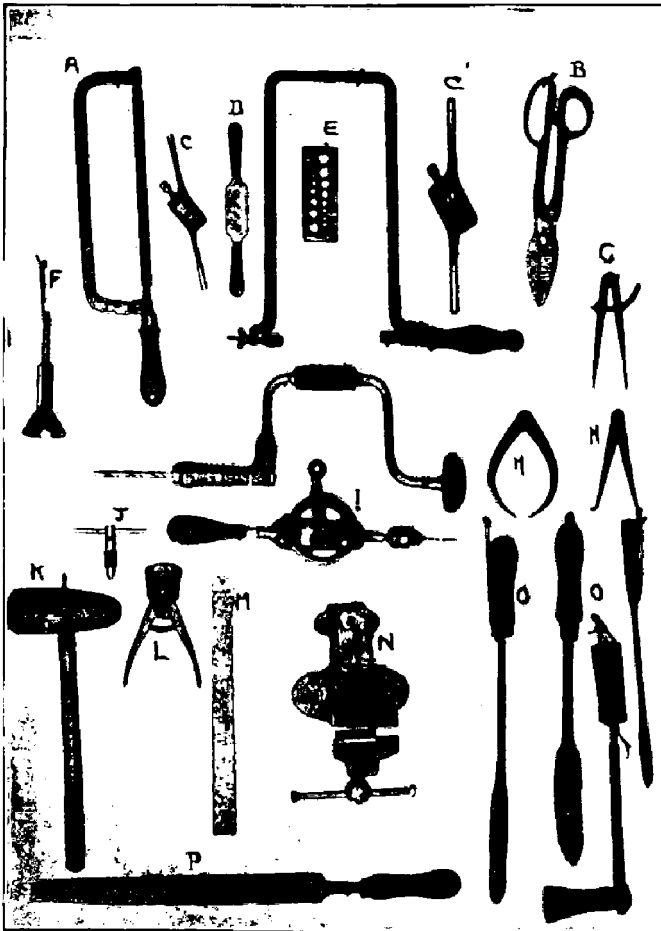
While on this topic I give a hint for true drilling. Get a friend to view your drill in flank while you watch it from in front. When it is perpendicular to the work in both planes your hole is entering at a true right angle. Nothing is more vexatious than a “cockeyed” hole. I should certainly advise my readers, whenever it is possible, to work in couples, as two pairs of hands will, under many conditions, get as much done as half a dozen independent pairs. It often happens that a piece requires holding in some particular position, while a delicate operation is performed on it, and the operator becomes painfully aware of his two-handedness. This community of help might be extended to community of tools, each member of the “syndicate” contributing certain items.

A vice with 2½ to 3-in. jaws is, if not a *sine qua non*, a most useful part of the model-maker's plant. I prefer one with parallel jaw action, which comes squarely to the work. Some makes are provided with a neat little anvil on the inner jaw.

I next add a cheap hacksaw, an ordinary fretsaw (which cuts sheet brass and copper very easily), and a pair of metal shears; the last, if your funds permit, with grips for the thumb and fingers, similar to those of heavy tailor's scissors. The cheap kind will cut well enough, and pinch you, too, rather painfully sometimes.

Files next. Don't be without a selection of these; they are good friends. Get a Bastard and smooth-cut each of triangular, round, flat, and half-round nine-inch Sheffield files for large work; and similar shapes in jeweller's files for small work. The lot will cost about three shillings. Several sheets of engineer's emery-cloth and some very fine emery powder will complete the requirements of the “finishing and polishing department.”

As the reader probably already possesses hammers and screwdrivers, little need be said about them. I would remark, however, that a few bradawls with tempered points on long handles will be most useful for the small screws; while a wooden box-wood mallet with rounded ends such as lead-workers use will prove handy for flattening and flanging thin metal plating. A 1½lb. engineer's hammer, having one flat and one spherical end, may also be recommended.



Some of the principal tools used by the Author in model-building.

- A. Hack-saw.
- B. Metal shears.
- C. C. dies for cutting threads to $\frac{1}{8}$ inch.
- D. Die plate to cut from $\frac{3}{32}$ to $\frac{5}{32}$ inch.
- E. Gauge plate, showing diameter of holes to be drilled for various sized taps.
- F. Bell centre punch.
- G. Compasses for scribing.
- H. H. Callipers.
- I. Hand drill.
- K. Boxwood hammer.
- L. Powerful metal nipper.
- M. 1 foot steel rule.
- N. 3 inch vice.
- O. O. Soldering irons.
- P. Large file.

For measuring purposes get a 1-foot Chertman's machine-graduated steel rule, showing all fractions of an inch to $\frac{1}{8}$ (price about 1s. 6d.), a strong pair of steel compasses with screw and sector adjustment, and a pair each of "inside" and "outside" callipers. Absolute accuracy in all measurements is of the first importance.

To those who contemplate a fairly elaborate outfit I can strongly recommend a small upright drilling machine, with three-jaw chuck accommodating drills to $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch; a fret-sawing machine, and a small steel anvil.

The utility of the lathe in metal work is so great that I will here make some reference to it, since some of my readers may think it worth their while to get one. A second-hand article may generally be picked up at very moderate prices, say from £6 upwards. The following are some of the chief "points" of a good lathe.

(1) There must be absolutely no "play," or looseness, in the rotating parts that hold the object to be turned.

(2) The treadle shaft should work on anti-friction rollers, rather than on steel points.

(3) It should have a good compound slide-rest, graduated for cutting cones.

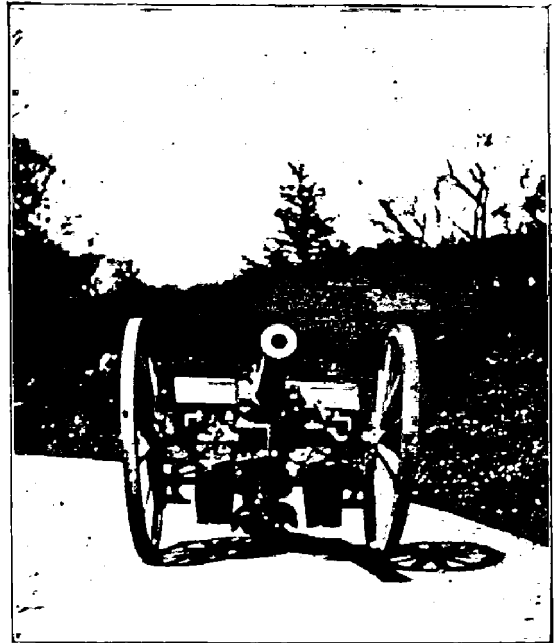
A three-jaw self-centring chuck to grip objects up to four inches in diameter is a very useful adjunct. This will cost £2 upwards, according to size. If possible, have two sets of jaws to grip things by the inside or outside, as you may wish. "Inside" jaws are particularly handy for holding round-shanked drills of all sizes. High-class lathes are furnished with screw-cutting gear which, by means of a long screw bar, and series of cogs, moves the slide-rest, and the tool it carries along the work at a uniform speed, ensuring a much more regular "feed" than is possible with a hand-worked rest. From time to time I shall give advice as to the most convenient methods of employing a lathe for model work, though, as I hinted above. I intend that the models suggested in future pages shall be such as will be within the power of those who do *not* possess lathes.

We may now turn our attention to the second important head of requirements, namely, the material on which to work. In large machinery, as you know, iron and steel is mainly used. But these metals have their disadvantages for the amateur, on account of their stubbornness and liability to corrosion. Brass and copper are, therefore, preferable, especially for boilers, which must above all things be safe, and not subject to unseen

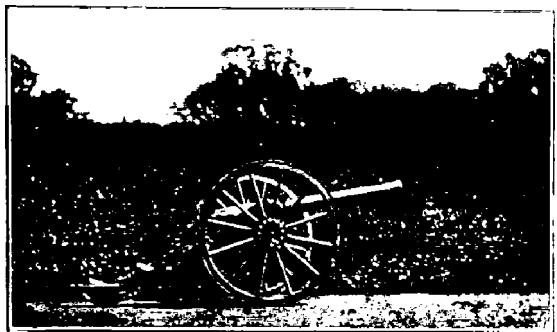
internal corrosion. The cost of these materials is high compared with that of iron, but they are easily handled and durable, and will take a polish that makes them pleasant to look upon.

I keep a box for odds and ends of brass and copper by me, as everything comes in useful, sooner or later.

There is no objection, of course, to the



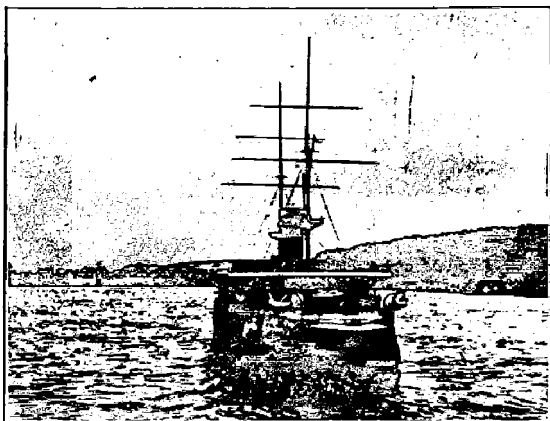
Mr. A. Foster is responsible for this splendid $\frac{1}{4}$ -scale model of R.H.H. 12-pounder gun. It is complete in every particular, and has proper limber and ammunition waggons. Its range is two miles, and it will make very good practice at 1,000 yards. These two photos are taken by the author.



employment of iron for parts that are not to meet great heat, and which can be painted over without detracting from the appearance of the model. Personally, I believe in a liberal use of the paint brush, as the keeping bright of small surfaces of brass or copper becomes a tedious business after a while, whereas paint is easily cleaned.

Many model-makers have a great hanker-

ing after the locomotive type of machine, and I have been rather tempted to proceed



This interesting model of the *Glory*, the property of Messrs. A. and E. H. Foster, of Coombe Park, Whitchurch, by whom it was fitted up, is 24 feet long, and of some 2 tons displacement. It can accommodate 6 persons below deck, where sit the steersman, looking through the conning tower, and the engineer in charge of the 1½ h.p. gasolene engine. It carries a full armament of 12-inch, 6-inch, and small quickfirers; and is provided with a proper complement of lifeboats, &c. The photograph is suggestive of a real man-o'-war that even a practised eye can hardly detect the model.

to arrive at that stage of construction by degrees, and I, therefore, think it best to commence with a simple, inexpensive, and effective horizontal stationary engine, which may be employed to drive a small dynamo or do other useful work. After that we shall pass on to the building up of a proper boiler to drive one engine; devote a chapter to steam pumps, and so arrive at the "king of steam-engines," as the locomotive may be termed, and its consort, the marine engine.

I must thank the gentlemen who have furnished me with the material for our interesting illustrations, which represent the two extremes, as it were, of model-making. At the one end is the tiny G.W.R. express, built up by an ingenious schoolboy out of the simplest materials; at the other the magnificent models of war-machines for use on sea and land, created with the aid of high-class machinery. Perhaps at some future time I may be able to give a fuller account of the *Glory* and the 12-pounder, for the edification of CAPTAIN readers.

Archibald Williams

to the description of a locomotive in my next chapter. It will be prudent, however,

SCHOOL MAGAZINES REVIEWED.

"*Hæc olim meminisse juvabit.*"

Bede Magazine (Bede College).—The articles and stories read rather like "Pages for the Little Folk," but if we are to take into account the apparent youth of the editorial staff, the magazine becomes a very creditable production. That this should be so, however, hardly warrants the reproduction of such portraits as that of "The Boy who Made the Magazine Pay," and other literary lights of Whitley Bay. It is a mistake to encourage self-importance. An Old Boy, in the course of his reminiscences, relates that once he "wrote what I thought a brilliant essay on Railway Signals (cribbed from THE CAPTAIN, but don't tell Mr. Whitehead)." Perhaps Mr. Whitehead doesn't need to be told!

Carthusian.—News from the School Mission makes entertaining reading. "At Godalming," writes one who conducted a party of slum children to Charterhouse, "we found that we had with us a veritable Nimrod. Ten minutes after his arrival he was displaying with pride a fat toad, neatly enveloped in his hat. . . . Later on in the day he had captured a small weasel, which made a great sensation. Some asserted that it was a rabbit, others mistook it for a rat, while one, more imagina-

tive than the rest, declared that it was a sea-lion!" Again, at the Mission Camp near Broadstairs, "the sea was a never-ending delight to them all."

Some saw it for the first time and would persist in calling it the "barves" when they went to bathe, and expressed their surprise and disgust in no uncertain terms at finding the water salt! Whatever passed in the shipping way, whether colliers, timber laden vessels, fishing-craft or what not, we were always told they were "men-of-war" or "torpedo-destroyers!"

The verse in the latest numbers of the *Carthusian* is weak. Pathos and bathos, the writer of "The Drummer Boy" should remember, are not to be confused.

Durban High School Magazine.—We shall watch with interest the result of the competition in which votes are to be taken as to the best story or article in the last September number of THE CAPTAIN. The result of the "Twelve Best Books for Boys" is curious. The prize list leads off with *A Tale of Two Cities* and *The Prisoner of Zenda* bracketed. Dickens is further represented by *Pickwick Papers*, and Anthony Hope by *Rupert of Hentzau*. Kingsley and Scott, Blackmore and Doyle, also Dumas, are each represented by one volume, while the late Mr. Henty is responsible for

four Guy Boothby (*Dr. Nikola*) also has a place in the prize list.

Haileyburian.—About 350 Haileyburians went out to the front during the South African war, of whom 113 were mentioned in despatches. Thirty-five lost their lives in the service of their country, fifteen in action, one in a train wrecked by the Boers, four from wounds received in battle, and fifteen from enteric fever. In memory of these gallant sons, Haileybury has erected a beautiful obelisk, that all who gaze upon it may honour the dead, and learn the lesson which their noble end enforces. Runs the inscription on the monument:—
"Sta puer et revocans quos abstulit Africa fratres, vivere pro patria disce, morique tua." The ceremony of unveiling was performed by Lieut.-General Sir John French, from whose splendid speech we append two brief passages:—

To honour the memory of the glorious dead has been at all times and in all countries the greatest satisfaction and comfort of those who remain to mourn their loss. The French, in the time of the wars of the Great Napoleon, had a custom of which I am constantly reminded. When the roll of a regiment was called, it was usual to continue to include in it the names of the officers and men who had been killed in action or died from wounds or disease for a certain time previously; and when the dead man's name was called, the answer always came back from his friends and comrades in the ranks, "Died on the field of honour."

You should never look upon this monument without thinking that some day you may be placed in the same critical position that these gallant men were when they were struck down. The qualities that will come to your aid then are not Heaven-born; they are to be cultivated and improved and trained, and the earlier you begin to cultivate and train them the better. I may sum these qualities up briefly as being clear, calm, deliberate courage, self-reliance, indomitable resolution, and a thorough knowledge of your business. Thank God, English Public School boys have never been backward in courage and self-reliance; but in the supreme moment such as I am talking of when you may be in what we call a "tight place"—it is absolutely necessary that a man should have early learned to train and exercise his powers of courage and resolution, and should have acquired by hard work and mental application a thorough knowledge of his business.

Hurst Johnian.—Hurstpierpoint has lost the services, after nineteen years, of the Rev. H. Woolsey, and one of the brightest amongst the many school magazines that strew our office tables is thus deprived of its editor. The new staff has a high standard to maintain. In the number before us are some grave "Reflections on Algebra" from a contributor who is not suffering from what he idiomatically terms "mathemalgia."

La Martinière Chronicle.—We are sorry to gather from numerous hints scattered through these pages that our friends in Calcutta are suffering from an epidemic of slackness, which cannot be wholly excused by the abnormal heat of the latter end of term. We agree with "Anti-Loafer" in his condemnation of the slacksters "who stroll about with slouching gait."

They're never "game" to take the place
Of those they say can't play,
Yet sicken every honest chap
With "jaw" the livelong day.

Buck up, La Martinière! Is not your motto
"Labore et constantia"? Very well, then.

Lorettonian.—The last numbers of this magazine to hand at the time of going to press are full of reminiscences of Dr. Almond, whose death has deprived Loretto of her animating spirit and dominating influence. Dr. Almond was a great headmaster, whose labours in the cause of common-sense education can never be over-estimated. Not too much is generally known of Loretto and the methods pursued there. The present is not the place where they can

be properly discussed, but the following brief summary of the man can hardly fail to be interesting. To his enthusiasm, the present writer, who had the honour of a brief correspondence with him, can testify:—

It remains to say a few words indicating the many-sidedness of his spirit. He was Snell Exhibitioner at Balliol, a Double First in Moderations, and a Double Second in Greats; he rowed in his college boat, he played cricket for the Gentlemen of England, he was a great salmon fisher, and an authority on salmon rivers (several of which he rented in the North of Scotland with the express purpose of improving the salmon fishing industry), he was an ardent mountaineer, and was president of the Scottish Mountaineering Club, he was a keen politician, a powerful, incisive writer. He was generous, to a fault, as many and many a boy or young man has good reason to know: "fearfully and wonderfully energetic"; vehement in speech, and with an enthusiasm that left an unaccustomed listener breathless. To know him was, to use the well-worn phrase, "a liberal education," and to know him, however widely any one differed from him, was to admire him. Few who came under his personal influence but caught some of the infection of his ardent spirit, and there are many of us who date their first glimpse of what education really is from the moment they came to Loretto. The gospel of work was a very real one to him, and the work he did was enormous, and always with the greatest of aims before him.

In another issue a past member of Wanganui, the splendid New Zealand college, modelled on Loretto, describes his visit to the Scottish school, and rejoices in there renewing his schooldays.

O. H. S. Magazine (Oxford High School).—A second paper appears on "The Art of 'Digging'"—in other words, living in lodgings. "Never engage your landlady in conversation more than is necessary," says the writer. "Give her a word and she will take a lexicon." In similar vein he conveys a number of excellent hints to young fellows just starting life away from home.

Ousel (Bedford Grammar School).—A prolific bird is the *Ousel*! Scarcely a postman seems to call but brings a fresh and flimsy issue. Would it not be better (and less expensive) to produce fewer numbers, and those more compact? A correspondent encloses a copy of a quaint signboard unearthed in a curicuity shop and bearing a legend which sets forth that, amongst other things, its owner sells "pickles, such as hepson salts, hoysters, Winsor sope, anzetar."

Penvro (Pembroke Dock County School).—The prize offered by THE CAPTAIN to the writer of the best article in the issue before us has been awarded to H. C. Treweeks for his "Natural History Notes." The contribution is interesting and shows considerable power of observation, but the style will bear a lot of improvement. Next in order of merit is "My Adventure with an Owl," by D. A. Williams, which is a capital tale, very well written. It lacks, however, the interest of the prize paper, and accordingly is awarded second place. There are several other contributions, all of considerable merit, and the Editor of the *Penvro* (the old word for Pembroke-shire) is to be congratulated on the successful encouragement he is giving to literary tastes in the school.

Petriburgian (King's School, Peterborough).—The first number of the new volume has taken unto itself a new guise, both outward and inward, and we extend our heartiest good wishes to the new venture.

Isis.—Three numbers of this Varsity journal are to hand as we go to press. Amongst Oxford men "idolised" we note Mr. Desmond F. Talbot Coke, late Editor of the *Isis*, whose portrait was reproduced in THE CAPTAIN at the period when he was leaving Shrewsbury.

Also received.—*Blue, Cottesmorian, Frogmorian, Somerset Student, Trevro College Magazine.*

ACROSS THE WILDERNESS

Being an account of the Strange Adventures of Etapa and Zintkala, son and daughter of Fire Cloud, Chief of the Red Indian tribe of Oglalas.

By

FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS

AUTHOR OF "THE BULLET-MAKER'S STRATEGY," "THE PICKED SEVEN AT HATBAND," &c., &c.,

ETAPA and Zintkala, son and daughter of Fire Cloud, an Oglala chief, are held in captivity by Tall Gun, an Ojibwa village headman. Taking advantage of a favourable opportunity, one spring day, the boy and girl make a desperate dash for liberty, and set off across the wilderness in the direction of their home, eight hundred miles distant. For a time they elude the pursuing Ojibwa, but at length they walk into a trap and find to their consternation that they are hemmed in by Tall Gun's trailers. By practising the most cunning Indian tactics, however, they are still uncaught at nightfall, when they wade out into a marsh. After a long period of terror and suffering they reach a pine wood on the opposite side of the marsh, and hurry on their way. So quick is their progress that they soon forget all about their enemies and little dream that the smoke from their camp fire has been sighted by an Ojibwa from his far-away perch in a lofty pine. On awakening from sleep, wilderness instinct rather than anything they can see or hear tells them that their pursuers are close upon them. Dashing away at a great speed, Etapa and his sister cover a distance of forty miles before they drop to the ground exhausted. Soon afterwards Etapa falls sick with fever, and Zintkala tends him with wonderful cleverness and most loving care. No human being comes near them during this period, so it is evident that the Ojibwa have relinquished the chase. As soon as Etapa is well enough to travel, brother and sister proceed to a village whose smoke Zintkala has descried in the distance.

CHAPTER XVI.

BLACK OTTER.

As they were aware that they might be seen by hunters or fishermen at any moment, they made no attempt to conceal their movements. They advanced along a plain path, traversing an oak ridge for a mile or more.

They halted for a time upon the bluff path within plain view of the village. Then, as no one appeared to be on the lookout to detect the approach of strangers, Zintkala said, "Come, younger brother, let us go among these people."

They set forward at once and soon emerged from the bushes upon an open flat. A little way out from the nearest wigwams they met a woman with a large fat baby peeping over her shoulder, and this person uttered a slight exclamation of surprise.

The woman indeed stared at them in a rather unmannerly way. Yet she looked upon an unusual sight, for plainly by their dress the strangers were Sioux children and the foremost a young girl of erect bearing, with an earnest,

intent face and quite the air of a chief's daughter and of having come upon an important errand. She had halted in the path in her surprise, but she stepped aside and the Dakotas passed on without seeming to take note of her.

Some wolf-dogs came from the near wigwams and barked, but these, too, fell away before them. Children ceased to play, and some shy little folk ran behind shelter to peep at the newcomers.

No one spoke to them, and Zintkala was much puzzled and even distressed to know to whom she might properly apply for hospitality. The children had passed the centre of the village thus looking at the lodges and were feeling very much embarrassed when an old man confronted them.

"Ho, young Dakotas, you are come a long distance, it appears," said this one. The man spoke in Ojibwa, and Zintkala answered hesitatingly, her face reddening at her own temerity.

"We are Dakotas, therefore we wish to speak to the head soldier of this large town."

With a gesture the man bade them follow. He walked toward the lakeshore. When clear of surrounding wigwams he pointed to a large conical lodge which stood against a cluster of water willows near to a gravel beach.

"The man is there," said the old man simply, and he strode away and left them. The children approached the tall lodge as hesitating pilgrims approach a shrine. It was difficult to come near so great a man as this chief must be, unannounced. Therefore, at some unobtrusive paces, they halted to wait for some sign of recognition.

They saw before them—which gave their hearts encouragement—a big tepée of buffalo skins and upon its front, newly painted, the totem of a blue fish and an otter. For some minutes they stood, growing more embarrassed and very red of cheek.

They talked together in low tones to relieve their distress, and, while they stood thus with their faces near together, a young woman came from the darkened interior of the lodge and stood in front of its triangular opening. This person regarded the strangers gravely and with evident inquiry. Zintkala saw the woman, but seemed to be looking straight beyond her, and Etapa turned his face toward the lake and shifted the carcajou skin to a shoulder. They were visibly ill at ease.

The young woman saw this and went into her tepée. She spoke something in low tones and a man's voice answered her. This talking continued for a moment; then a man came forth with a nervous shuffling stride and approached

the newcomers. He was a young man with a mop of hair upon his shoulders and a fringe covering his forehead to the eyebrows. He wore no paints. He had a striped blanket about the shoulders, and his buckskin leggings had many-coloured fringes, and his moccasins were beautifully decorated with turquoise beads. He had a keen face with shrewd eyes that seemed to look through one.

"How, how, Dakotas," he greeted, reaching a hand. They shook hands with him gladly, the boy following the girl.

"We are the children of Fire Cloud of the Oglalas, and we are come a long way," said Zintkala.

"How, I know that man. He has fought my people a number of times," said the young man grimly. He looked at them with a glance so searching that their little souls shrank within them. For an instant they felt far removed from this strange village and their faces were cold and lifeless.

Zintkala spoke in a far-away voice. "We were taken to the agency at Traverse des Sioux," she said. "We were to learn to be like white people. We did not like to do so. When we ran away from those people the Hohé came upon us very suddenly. They took us to a far country from whence we escaped, and one of us is not able to travel."

The man regarded her face keenly again, but he asked no embarrassing questions. "Come," he said, and led the way into his tepée.

"Some Dakotas have escaped from their enemies," he said to the woman they had seen. "Give them meat." He seated himself upon some skins and waved his visitors to some mats opposite. His wife immediately went out and put some fish in her kettle and set it cooking.

Gravely, but with no other sign of emotion, the little voyagers took seats, squatting with legs decorously crossed. The man lit his pipe and smoked. A small child, affixed to a board which leaned against a bunk bed, blinked solemnly at the strangers.

Presently the man spoke.

"I am Black Otter," he said, "of the Awanse Pillagers. My father was Esh-ke-bug-e-coshe. He fought with your people and overcame them at Bear River."

He spoke simply, without boasting, cleaning his pipe bowl meanwhile with a small sharp tool.

Esh-ke-bug-e-coshe! The little voyagers' faces grew pinched and cold again. For the name of this man's father was a hated one among the Dakotas.

No wonder that fear gripped their hearts; yet they sat motionless, saying nothing. After a



time their host looked at them earnestly and his words were good.

"We are now at peace with the Dakotas," he said. "We have fought each other enough heretofore and we wish the Dakotas well. I shall give you some presents, and I will treat

you well so long as you shall stay in my wigwam."

He who imagines that the Indian and the Indian's child are stoics, void of the ordinary emotions, should have seen the young Siouxs faces light up and shine with a great joy.



"WE ARE THE CHILDREN OF FIRE CLOUD OF THE OGLALAS. AND WE ARE COME A LONG WAY."

CHAPTER XVII.

INTO THE WILDERNESS AGAIN.



THE little voyagers had indeed chanced upon Black Otter's village at an opportune moment. Although they knew nothing of the truth at the time, less than a moon had passed since Little Crow's Sioux scouts had visited the Awanse winter towns, and had gained the

promise of this Chippewa soldier and his young men that they would soon join the Dakotas in a war of extermination to be waged against the settlements and posts of the Upper Mississippi.

The reception of Zintkala and Etapa among these hereditary enemies was, without doubt, coloured largely by their recently formed alliance. These children were treated with truly distinguished consideration, quite as the son and daughter of a friendly chief would—from natural kindness and motives of interest as well—have been treated.

When the sister and the brother had gained confidence Zintkala told to Black Otter and his wife the whole story of their misfortunes after running away from the missionary school, their capture by the Hohé, the "sleeps" they had travelled with them, the meeting with Tall Gun's Ojibwa near the traders' fort, and of how Tall Gun had traded with Gauché (Left Hand), giving two spotted ponies, one with white hind legs, in exchange for themselves; they were small ponies also, but he had given the Hohé also a fine green blanket and an axe and many fish-hooks and beads. She told, too, how she had hidden her necklace of elk's teeth, and of the cruelty of 'Lizbet, who had beaten her because she had clung to the strings. Then of the sugar-making and of the flight, and how Tall Gun's soldiers had shot at them. They showed the little white scars of the small shot, and Black Otter and his wife put their fingers upon the swan-shot under the skin of Zintkala's hand.

The young chief and his wife were filled with interest. Narratives of the true incidents of war, the chase, and adventure made up a large part of the interest of life to the Indian of those days, and a tale of escape from captivity with so many incidents of varied character was absorbingly entertaining.

When Zintkala told of Etapa's striking the bear the chief was much pleased. "Hu-hu!" he

exclaimed, "that was indeed very brave. How, that was well done, how, how!"

Etapa had begun to feel some life and animation among these new friends, and so he showed in his mimic way how he had struck mato-sapa a hard stroke upon the snout. And Zintkala came in for a share of commendation when she told of what she had done for her brother in his illness, and of the killing of the carcajou. Black Otter and Other Bird, his wife, much admired the carcajou's skin as an ornamental garment, and they quite regarded Zintkala as a person of consequence, saying that what she had done was how, how, very well done of a truth.


The chief said that he was very much disappointed in the Assiniboin, who were his friends, that they had done so badly in a time of truce among Indians, and when all must be considering what they should do to save their lands from the white men. As for Tall Gun, he was not surprised. The man was a distant relative, but he had mixed with white people and agency folk, and had drunk of their red waters till he was very nearly as bad as they were. Tall Gun and his men had come to be very much no-account Indians, and they were no longer considered as true Awanse. Zintkala and Etapa had done well, he told them, to run away from such folk.

Yes, indeed, said Other Bird, she knew 'Lizbet Tall Gun very well, and she had always been a very disagreeable woman. Twice her husband had turned her out of his wigwam, and he would not have taken her back only she had many half-breed relatives around the posts, and these had supported her in the quarrels. Once, too, 'Lizbet had stolen from her—Other Bird's—mother a beautiful pair of moccasins ornamented with stained porcupine's quills and blue beads. Certainly that was very bad among one's own people.

Other Bird quickly became much attached to her young guests. She took that vivid interest in them as strangers' children which is common to young mothers the world over. Zintkala's ability to talk the Awanse and thus to tell of her life among a strange people, lately become Ojibwa allies, gave her an extraordinary attraction.

Having naturally a shrewd turn of mind and an alert intelligence, the young Sioux girl talked well.

Etapa also warmed into life among these friendly folk. A dry lodge to sleep in, a variety of nourishing food, and a new interest in life, these things added daily to his strength of body and mind. Soon he was able to play with boys that came, shyly at first, to get a peep at the



strangers, and finally, as his strength improved, to admire his feats with the bow and arrow, a weapon which had fallen into disuse save as a plaything among the Awanse. The Sioux boy taught them new games and learned to play at theirs.

Many older people, too, took a lively interest in Black Otter's protégés, and they brought many small gifts and listened again and again to Other Bird's account of their adventures. Zintkala soon had quite a pouchful of coloured beads, bits of bright ribbon, stained feathers and the quills of porcupines, one of those bracelets she had wished for wrought from the skin of a green snake, and other ornamental and useful trinkets such as girls take pleasure in.

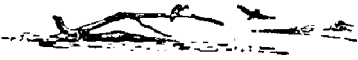
Other Bird was delighted that her guest should receive these gifts appropriate to a chief's daughter. She herself made for Zintkala a pair of highly ornamented leggings and a short blue skirt of trader's cloth.

For a time these friendly people made Zintkala and Etapa forget their homesick longings. Besides their genuine hospitality and the blossoming of their wonderful spring season, there were fishing and swimming, canoe racing, drum and flute music and dancing, and, not the least of pleasures, the gathering and eating of fat young pigeons—"squabs," as the white settlers have called them.

There was also a war excitement. The young men of this large camp were preparing to take up the hatchet, and there were strangers coming and going who had entered a league forming against the encroaching whites. It appeared that Black Otter was not the chief of these Awanse, as the Sioux children had at first been led to suppose, but only a partisan and war leader of the young men.

After a time, seeing all this preparation for war, and that Etapa was becoming strong again, Zintkala thought of going homeward. One evening she spoke to Other Bird about this. Black Otter's wife sat thoughtful for a time, then she got up and went outside her tepée to see if any one was within hearing. When she came in she spoke.

"You have seen," she said, "that our young men are going to war. Men from Little Crow's towns of your people have come among us urging war against the white folk who have taken our lands. So there will soon be fighting in the lower country. It may be that they are fighting now. It will not be good for you to leave us yet until we can safely send you to some of your people who will assist you homeward. What I have said is as the bird sings, and my husband would be angry with me if



he should hear that I had spoken thus unwisely."

Zintkala said nothing, but these words gave her great uneasiness. She wanted more than ever to go home. She was not capable of logical reasoning, but she felt that now her father must surely wish his children to be at home and not among the toka (onemy). With all her little soul she detested the conquering race, but she did not believe that her father would wish to go to war against the white people. Fire Cloud had said to his family, "My children, the wasé-cunpi" (white ones) "are countless. We are nothing. It is very silly for us to think of going to war against such."

Zintkala knew that this father, however, would send for his children very quickly if there were to be war against the agencies. She was very much troubled and spoke to Etapa of these things when she could do so privately. "Let us go homeward secretly and quickly, older sister," was his response.

"Younger brother," she replied in reproof, "what you have said is very wrong indeed. We should not escape from these people as from the enemy."

It was but a day or two later that they played for a long time in the afternoon upon a gravel beach, gathering pretty pebbles and especially hunting for small coloured stones with holes in them. They were hunting these at sunset when some young men came down to swim, and as these passed them they heard a familiar voice, and, looking toward the group, saw several of Tall Gun's young men. Instantly the two bent low over their search, turning their backs toward the swimmers. They slipped gradually away from the vicinity, and, getting quickly behind some bushes, ran swiftly to the lodge of their host. Black Otter had gone away in the morning. Other Bird had taken her baby and gone to gossip with a neighbour.

The Sioux children did not stop to consider the usages of hospitality. All these people were become once more the enemy. The head chief of this village they did not really know. He had never spoken to them. Doubtless when Tall Gun should demand the slaves whom he had purchased of the Hohé this man would deliver them to him, and, according to all Indian custom, they were the property of Tall Gun until they should be ransomed or make good their escape.

Therefore they gathered their blankets and the few weapons and effects they had brought with them, and, placing their presents in a heap upon a mat, as soon as darkness came on, crawled under the skin at the rear of the tepée, silently crept away among the bushes which

fringed the lakeshore and bluff, and so passed unmolested around the village and into the wood beyond.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN THE COUGAR'S LAIR.



IT may be that they fled from the camp of Black Otter unwisely. This cannot be known, as there was no discovered attempt to follow them. They ran as they had once run before, until their legs refused the office.

They had become hardier voyagers than those of the tamarack swamp and "spirit

woods." The novel fears of the first nights—the first they had ever spent alone—in the forests had been in a measure schooled out of their minds. To the weird night cries, the strange silences, the influences of the shadows, they were becoming inured by experience.

Yet startling things befell and frightened them. The ruffed grouse whizzed from its covert and they caught their breath, stunned by the thunder of its wings. A wolf heard the light pit-pat of their footfalls and lay in wait for some easy quarry. Its gruff snarl of surprise and chagrin as it sprang away at the point of contact brought them to stand with prickling skins. The hoarse squawk of a bittern which sprang from the marsh grass at their feet, the hushed swoop of an owl across a moonlit space, the starfire of a decayed log, the ghostly arms of a dead white birch, the near shrill yapping of a red fox, the lighted flash of a deer's white flag—all these things and many more gave them momentary terrors.

At last, when the moon had outridden its zenith, and their legs were extremely weary, they came upon a prairie with a soft carpet of grass, and a huge elk, with great black clubs of antlers, confronted them, stamping and snorting as if minded to attack. They stood close together, panting and talking in low tones while behaka threatened. They could not run away; they were too tired. Presently, however, the big bull trotted off, and they walked on. They could no longer run, and it was Zintkala who first spoke of stopping.

"Younger brother, let us lie down," she pleaded. "I faint from weariness."

"Not so, sister, come ye on to the woods

again, lest the enemy shall find us when we are awakened," said the boy, who was again the hardy leader he had been.

Against such sound advice the sister could not protest, and so she plodded on, her little feet dragging and stumbling in the grass, her eyes closing now and then from sheer fatigue. Etapa led the way for some time over a high prairie country, when they came suddenly upon a coulée stream, sunken deep in the bosom of the level lands, gurgling and tumbling through a sharply-cut and wooded ravine.

On the bluff looking down to this shadow gulch they walked for a little way, hesitating to take the plunge into its abyss-like depths. They could not know that they might cross the stream, rumbling among the rocks below. At last, however, they were too weary to longer hesitate, and at the head of a dark, rocky and bush-grown coulée they paused for a moment confusedly.

"Tanké," muttered Etapa, sleepily, "I think we should rest here, where the thick bushes will hide us from the enemy."

"I wish to lie down," murmured Zintkala, staggering as she spoke. So they began to descend the steep, ragged ravine.

As they dropped lower into the coulée the blackness became intense. Nothing could be seen below. They would gladly have retraced their steps but for the arduous and well-nigh impossible effort of the climb.

Overcome by sleep and fatigue they were thus toilsomely descending when Etapa's feet slipped and he fell. Involuntarily he seized upon Zintkala's skirt, and the two, whirling over and over, dropped to the bottom of an almost perpendicular notch.

"O younger brother," muttered Zintkala, "I fear that we die." Yet the little girl lay upon a bed of leaves and débris, and, despite her bruises, turned herself upon her side and almost instantly fell asleep. Etapa sat up for a time trying to collect his battered senses; then he, too, fell back upon the leaves and slept the sleep of exhaustion.

But for the weary stupor which was upon them the two would doubtless have noted a musky and peculiar odour in the dark pocket into which they had fallen. If their ears also had not been deaf to all sounds in the sleep-ridden jar of their fall, some faint little hissings, from the darkest corner of the crevasse into which they had fallen, would have driven them speedily to another shelter. As it was, they lay unheeding, a blanket roll here and another there, the boy's bow caught upon a bush part way up the steep, his arrows, thrown from their quiver, scattered among the rocks below.

If the moon could have shone at a certain angle into this crevasse, a deep, bush-grown triangular notch in a rock ledge, its light would have fallen upon two pairs of innocents. One, unconscious of peril, lay as motionless as the cleanly gnawed bones of the dead which were scattered on every hand; the other, with recently opened eyes, cowered within the deepest corner of their lair, amazed and distressed at the ominous and disagreeable odour which filled their sniffing nostrils. These two crawled over each other, hugging an earth bank beneath a shelving rock. They buried their small noses each beneath the other's body or between its own furry paws. Unable to shut off the offensive smell they bared their pin-pointed fangs and hissed and spat in faint sibilant breathings like the warnings of a harmless snake.

In the meantime a cougar dam trotted stealthily among the bush-grown ravines of the coulée. During all the long day she had lain alternating between the luxury of sleep and the pleasure of suckling and caressing her babies. She was now very hungry. She had been out since midnight, perhaps, but the moon's light was too brilliant for good hunting. The hare was abroad and alert, sitting nowhere long enough to give scent for the still hunt. The grouse whizzed from cover far beyond reach, as keen of eye as in the day-time; and the wood-duck and her young moved calmly out from shore, dipping their bills and nodding wisely. Two or three insignificant and stupid ground birds, snapped from their nests in the upland grass, served only to whet the appetite. So, as meat must be had to nourish her young kits, the huntress of the long claw repaired to a deer's runway, to play the waiting game.

Upon the coulée's bluff, at the head of a ravine which was traversed by a narrow and

hard-trodden path, she concealed herself among the low bush. She lay at the edge of the prairie where her eye could sweep a wide half circuit of grass land. A number of deer were feeding, scattered here and there, but, though she waited patiently and cunningly after her wisdom, none of the animals came to the creek for water. A heavy dew had fallen, and the succulent, wet young grass offered food and drink in abundance.

Daylight came, the sun arose, and found her lying in wait. Most of the deer moved away



"OH, BROTHER, WE DIE," SHE WAILED.

toward a highland. Only one, a yearling doe, lingered near. This one lay down and chewed the cud. Its back was turned to the cougar, and now the sly one stole forth upon the chance, against long odds, of taking the shy one unawares. Flattened to the semblance of a huge yellow snake, her tail following like a smaller snake, her back barely showing above the short grass, the great cat wormed her way inch by inch toward the ruminant.

Fortune favoured her, for the long ears of the



young doe were lopping lazily, thus cutting off the line of vision of one eye, which must have noted unusual movements across her shoulder.

Doubtless yet she might have escaped had not her face for one fatal moment been buried under her flank to bite at some offending insect. In that instant the cougar dam gathered all her whipcord muscles into knots and launched herself. Too late the fawn's ears caught the sibilant sounds of that skimming, whizzing rush. She leaped wildly in air, and the cougar struck home her talons deep into flank and shoulder. The animals rolled together like a ragged yellow ball, and the fawn's neck was broken with a snap. After tasting the blood of her quarry the hungry one remembered her kits and hastened back to her lair.

The hot scent of blood in her nostrils and the blind savagery of triumph prevented her discovery of the voyagers until she had leaped from a rock, and, half tumbled, half dragged her prey into the mouth of the notch.

Then her threats, suddenly launched, would have electrified any but the dead. At the first rattling vibration of snarls the little Sioux sprang to their feet with nerves strung for flight. But there was no line of flight open. The cougar dam had flattened herself as if for a leap, with bared fangs and claws tearing at the soil, within the one narrow pass from her lair.

Zintkala sprang to an opposite rim of rock and covered, her hands shielding her face. "Oh, brother, we die," she wailed.

Étapa was scared. His knees shook and his teeth chattered with fear. Yet the boy, seeing no chance of escape, looked instinctively for his weapons. Only his tomahawk was within reach, and this lay half-way between himself and the cougar. As he dared not take a step toward the threatening creature, he backed away to where Zintkala cowered and drew her long knife from its sheath.

The spirit within him was braver than the flesh, for his hand shook as he raised the weapon, and his voice was thin and quavering as he cried, after the manner of his kind, to the snarling beast, "If you come to fight I will cut your skin, igmu-hanska! I will make holes in your flesh!"

As the boy had receded the cougar dam advanced, now standing upright, with distended jaws and deep chest roarings, whipping her tail to and fro, the incarnation of savage ferocity.

She halted midway in her lair, and the notch rang with her threats. Yet, though her muscles were knotted in a half-crouch, her yellow-green eyes ablaze, and all her fangs bared, she hesitated to attack.

The boy saw this hesitation, and his nerve came back in a reactive shock. Again, as when the bear had threatened, he flared into savagery. He shouted an Oglala war-whoop. "Hi-yi-yih! yi-hi! Come on, igmu-hanska! I will cut your skin. Yih-hi! It is even so. I will do it." He made his knife blade whirl before him, and the rocks re-echoed his fierce shouts.

Suddenly, as he whooped at her, the beast before him ceased her threats. The hair fell upon her skin, the tail ceased to snap, and she craned her neck with a hoarse whine of anxiety. She seemed to be calling, and the mother solicitude was written so plainly in her intent gaze, her eager, anxious face and piteous whine, that a child could not have mistaken.

The boy unconsciously followed the line of her gaze, directed to a point under the rock rim against which he had planted his back. He stooped and looked obliquely into a pocket within a step or two of his feet. He saw the reason for the "long-cat's" threats, the object of her yearning anxiety.

"Ho, igmu-hanska!" cried the boy, "you desire your children's safety. I will not hurt them. See, I will give them to you." And without an instant's hesitation, he thrust his foot into their nest and poked her hissing, spitting kits out into the open. Then he seized and tossed them one after the other quite over the old dam's head and into the mouth of the notch.

The cougar's eyes followed her kits, and she sprang eagerly after them, stooping over them with strange inquiring cries. Then she gathered both tiny creatures in her mouth and slipped into the depths of the coulée.

CHAPTER XIX.

IN A DEAD MAN'S CANOE.

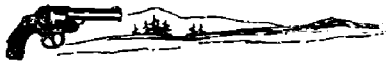


WAN ho, Tanké, see what igmu-hanska has left for us!" cried Étapa. His fear had vanished, and he pounced joyously upon the carcass of the young deer. His hunger was now keen, and here was fresh meat in abundance.

"Inama! It is wonderful!" said the girl. Her face had not regained its colour, and her legs yet felt shaky, but she was very glad of this good meat.

"I am very thirsty, but I cannot yet go down to the water," she said, "and I am also afraid to stay," she added.

"The long-cat will not come back," Étapa



assured her. "Look for the Cree arrows, sister," and he took her basin and descended to the stream. He returned in two or three minutes, and then, while he took the skin of the fawn, Zintkala gathered some dry, tender fagots and lighted a little blaze which gave off but a tiny wreath of smoke. Thin strips of venison, scorched over this flicker of flame, tasted wonderfully good and they ate until their girths had visibly increased. They then gathered their few effects, and, carrying the "saddles" of the fawn, toiled out of the coulée.

A little after noon the voyagers passed into a great hardwood forest, and in the depths of the woods built a fire, and cooked all their meat so as to preserve what they could not eat. After they had eaten they were attacked with sleep, and fell upon their blankets.

They were awakened some hours later by volleys of thunder, and arose to find the sky darkened, and to hear a great roar of coming wind and rain. Then a terrific storm fell upon the woods. Overhead was a swaying, mighty uproar. The tree tops were lashed together as grass blades. Big oaks were snapped off as though stricken by cannon balls. The crash of these, the incessant rattling volleys of thunder, the awful roar of wind mingled with the deafening beat of rain, might well have appalled the coolest brain or the stoutest heart.

The Sioux children flung themselves face downward upon the ground, and suffered the terrors of those who expect a violent death. The rain fell as in a cloud-burst until every gully and runlet gurgled or rumbled with its flood. Inches of water fell, and the storm passed as quickly as it had come. The little voyagers could hardly believe themselves alive when they faced each other, with sunlight filtering through the torn branches, upon the drenched and leaf-strewn earth.

Laughing happily, they squeezed the water out of their soaked clothing and dripping braids. With the best wringing they could give them, their blankets were very heavy. They wished to dry their clothing, and so packed their bundles and trudged on to find an opening where sun and wind could do the work most quickly.

Fortune favoured them. While the sun was still shining hotly, they came out upon an open prairie, and, at the edge of a hazel thicket, where they could spread their blankets to catch both wind and sun's rays, they made camp for the night. As they had an abundance of meat they had only to lie at ease drying their clothes.

Yet Zintkala, with a keen scent for wild fruit, soon discovered a patch of strawberries, and the two feasted, eating of the delicious fruit until

their hands and faces were stained a vivid red and their stomachs could hold no more. Upon the warm, damp grass they slept until morning. They breakfasted as they had taken supper, in the berry patch. They were loth to leave the abundance of strawberries, but finally tore themselves away upon the chance of finding more en route.

The sun was slanting toward the west when they came upon a wooded stream with a deep, rapid current which ran to the southwest. They were trudging along the bank of this river when they stepped from thick brush into an opening, and without warning came plump upon a log cabin with a dirt roof, standing by an oak tree newly riven and splintered by wind or lightning. The voyagers were not greatly alarmed. They knew this familiar half-roofed hut for the *tepée* of a French fur hunter, a domicile seen at all the trading posts and at many Indian villages.

As they stood, undecided whether to go forward or beat a retreat, their eyes fell upon a man's arm stretched out upon the bare ground and reaching half its length beyond the corner of the cabin. Was the man sleeping? Softly Etapa stepped forward at an angle which would give him a front view of the hut, and slowly the full figure of a man came into view. The boy did not need to look closely at the swollen upturned face to know that the man was dead. He had been stricken by lightning, or a fallen limb, directly in front of his door. Etapa knew that there could have been no other persons at hand, or the dead one would have been buried.

"This *wasécun*" (white man) "is dead. I think Wakinyan has slain him," he said, in a tone hushed with awe. Zintkala came forward on tiptoe and looked.

"Nakaeš, younger brother, it is so," she said, and then turned her eyes to the river bank. "There is the canoe of this dead one. I think we should take it."

The prow of a birch-bark vessel showed plainly against some bushes, and hastening to it they found the canoe moored, with paddle inside, in a sort of bayou notch. The voyagers were glad to be speedily whirled out of sight of that still figure before the hut. The man would not need his canoe further, and they were glad of its aid for what distance the river might run to westward.

The current of the stream was deep and strong, and the paddle was only needed for steering. When they flung off the gruesome feeling which a view of the dead man's distorted face had excited, they were happy to be borne swiftly past woods and prairie.



Often both prairie banks were massed in wild roses, and as the children descended between the hedges of colour they forgot caution and shouted at each other, each as if the other had no eyes, "See, see!" "Oh, do look!" "Nina waste!"

Now and then they shot rapids that would have wrecked their slight craft at another season. But the water was very high from recent heavy rains, and, though the current bore them at a dizzy speed, its centre was usually as smooth as glass. At one narrow pass, however, where there was a sharp bend, the waters were rolled together as a scroll. They saw the danger too late to avoid it, and with breathless speed their light craft whizzed through the foaming tumble of waters. The canoe was half filled, and the voyagers were drenched to their skins, but they suffered no other hurt than a momentary fright.

They brought the craft to land, turned the water out, and again rung their blankets and clothing with laughter at the mishap. Thereafter they approached sharp curves more cautiously.

When night came they had probably voyaged fifty miles or more to westward, and they ascended a low bluff to find themselves upon a prairie where no timber could be seen save the narrow fringe which skirted their waterway.

They were overjoyed. This was indeed their own country. They knew the prairie literally "as seamen know the sea." Here were the teepsinna and other roots which Zintkala

lored to dig. And here were the whistling antelope which stood at gaze stamping their feet saucily, but safely beyond arrow range. And, yes, almost at their feet there lay the horned skull and bleaching bones of tatanka, the buffalo bull.

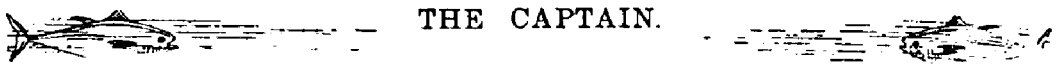
For a time these wild children ran about, care-free upon the prairie, revelling in its tonic, untainted breeze, pouncing with joyous exclamations upon familiar flowers and plants. They gathered handfuls of red lilies and yellow moccasin-flowers, and they ate wild turnips and potatoes until they could hold no more.

They would gladly have camped upon the high prairie, where they felt so much at home, but caution forbade, and at night they returned to the river's bank. Lighting their fire was now a more serious matter than it had been. Zintkala had hoarded her little store of matches, and the remainder, rolled tightly in buckskins, had even come dry through the rain. But the afternoon's canoe drenching had soaked her tiny



SOFTLY ETAPA STEPPED FORWARD AT AN ANGLE WHICH WOULD GIVE HIM A VIEW OF THE HUT.

bunch and spoiled them. As they had neglected in daylight to search the river woods for dry and powdery punk, and all the old fog of grass was wet with dew, they were fireless until morning; though they would gladly have made a little blaze for the cheer of it.



CHAPTER XX.

AT THE BIG RIVER.



THEIR first greeting at daylight made them laugh with delight. On the river's bank a bird of yellow breast sat upon a tall, dry willow top and sang, Kola ni Lakota! Kola ni Lakota! (Friend, you are a Dakota.) And they

interpreted its familiar accent in the plural sense. The bird was *tašiyaknonpa*, the meadow lark, which Dakotas did not kill because of its reiterated claim to kinship.

Zintkala and Etapa cried out joyously that they were indeed Dakotas, and the bird flew away apparently well content. That morning they also saw other old friends—*šungila*, the swift and crooked-bill, the squalling prairie curlew. They ate of the cooked venison and did not build a fire, although Etapa secured tinder from the woods.

For another day the swift, full-fed stream carried them out into the plains country. There was danger in this daylight canoeing, for, at any moment, they might shoot into view of a hostile camp or village.

For the rest the canoe needed only steering, and much of the way it ran, for speed, as the elk trots. Low bluffs continued along the river, and often enough for fresh surprises they were banked in red roses and the atmosphere between them was laden with a delicious fragrance. Thus the voyagers sped joyously homeward, going so fast and so far that it seemed to them the river must keep on until they should reach their own Oglala town.

But at midday they came to the end of this waterway, so far, at least, as it ran to the westward. Their canoe, at a sweeping turn, was discharged quite suddenly upon a wider and discoloured current which ran to the north almost as the crow flies. Much disappointed that canoeing should so soon have ended, they crossed to the west bank of this large river and climbed its low bluff to find a beaten road at the top, and a trader's post, with out-buildings, in full view a mile or two to the northward.

Immediately they knew this river for the Mini Luta, or Red River of the North; for down this stream and past the very fort which they now saw the Assiniboin had carried them to captivity. They had arrived at a country hostile to Dakotas, but they were well out of a strange

and trackless wilderness. They looked at each other joyously. In the language of seamen, they now had "plain sailing." They had only to follow up this river to its lake head to reach Sioux territory.

They returned to the canoe and for a little time Etapa paddled up the stream just to see what progress he could make.

"Tanké," he said, "I think we should now go nights in the canoe."

But a half-hour's slow progress disposed of this plan, and the two, packing their bundles, trudged along the river's bank. They dared not go upon the level prairie for fear of being discovered by people from the fort.

Their wisdom was justified at evening. They were lying at rest among some bushes, when their ears caught a familiar sound, a snatch of the song of Canadian boatmen:—

"Printemps . . . petits grands . . . Lou lou laridon daine"—these last words sung by several voices in unison.

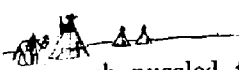
The song and its resonant chorus came nearer, and presently the creak of oar-locks admonished the voyagers to lie low in cover. They did not dare to risk discovery in peeping at the strangers: for there might be Hohé (Assiniboin) in that large boat, and these would shoot or capture young Sioux with little regard to the jolly boatmen. So the bateau slipped by, and its thrilling chorus ceased to charm the hiders.

The voyagers dared not build a fire that evening, but ate their cooked venison and betook themselves to their blankets. They lay in a low thicket of hazel bush.

They had not yet fallen asleep when they heard hoof-beats upon the bluff. They sat up with hearts in their mouths and peered cautiously up at the hill's black rim outlined sharply against a starlit sky. The figure of a horseman, halted, loomed upon the crest. He sat as if waiting for some one, and presently they heard again the distant muffled thud, thud of hoofs.

After a bit the second pony rider halted and the man upon the bluff lifted his voice and shouted at the loiterer. "Coo'e'e!" he called. "Hokšida! Cohan, cohan!"

Zintkala and Etapa understood these words, yet they were not as they should have been spoken in their own dialect. Their shrewd ears detected, too, that the man said "hello" and "boy" differently from the Assiniboin, but that he said "come on" just the same. This man was evidently a Dakota, but not of the Assiniboin tribe. Perhaps he was a friend who would gladly assist them to go homeward. He might even lend a pony. Yet they dared not call out to him, and the man and his boy rode on and passed beyond hearing.




They were much puzzled to know what they should have done, and they talked, speaking in low tones, for a long time about this. They were no little depressed at the thought of having let a friend go by; for they knew that there were northern Sioux who were friendly with both the Holié and their own people. Yet they did not see how they could wisely have attracted this man's attention.

For a long time they did not sleep. It was very warm. The mosquitoes attacked them, and they covered their faces with green leaves. Thus lying, they listened to the night murmur of the river, the hoots of owls, the booming of the night-jar, the pop-plop of the diving beaver, and the whizzing of a myriad of June-bugs.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE PONY STEALERS.




THE morning was very still and clear. After eating of their venison the little voyagers debated for some time as to whether they should now travel by day. The river thoroughfare seemed a dangerous route.

On the other hand, the prairie, as far as the eye could reach, was level as the extended palm. Plainly it would not do, day or night, to walk on the plain, at least until they should get far beyond the traffic of the trading-posts.

Zintkala favoured travel by day along the river, where there seemed always willows, bushes or trees for hiding. True, there might be villages or tepées along the streams, but the sister argued that they could discover approach to these best by the sun's light, and so avoid them.

The sister's earnest persuasion prevailed finally, and they took up the burden of a cautious and difficult march. For most of the way the river ran through a coulée which was like a deep, rough canal cut in the prairie. Occasionally this rather narrow pass widened to give room for a belt of timber or a loop of willow-fringed meadow.

It was near noon, and they were just entering a wood, having approached the river bank after a détour, and by way of a dry run, when they heard a splash in the current below. They turned their faces to see a man, an Indian, wading near the edge of the water. This man's back was toward them, and he held a spear



poised in one hand. Like startled partridges the two sank to the grass and squatted motionless until the wader had passed beyond hearing.

Then they looked at each other with uneasy inquiry. They were plainly between the fisher and his tepée or village, and it appeared equally perilous to go up or down the narrow valley.

They were yet undecided what to do, and sat listening intently, when they heard the tinkle-tinkle of pony bells upon a bluff. A number of animals were soon sighted, several bow-shots distant, coming over its crest and descending the bush-grown scarp of the coulée. Also behind the ponies several black heads appeared above the bush, dusky dots upon a shield of green, and the voyagers saw that some young Indians were driving the little herd.

The village was thus plainly located at a point up the stream within the coulée and near at hand. Their own position was one of immediate peril. At any instant a straggler from the camp might chance upon them. They could not, of course, wade the river; they dared not go forward, and the man with the spear might at any instant mount the bank below.

They chose the safest line of retreat. Entering the woods in front they turned to the right and walked leisurely to the foot of the river bluff. They moved slowly, that they might not rustle the bushes, and carelessly, so that if seen at a distance they might be mistaken for children of the village or camp.

The coulée scarp was grown thickly to small bush. Making sure they had not been seen, they crawled cautiously upward until they reached a point near the crest. Here they took refuge under a low hedge of wild grape vines and where they could peer safely down upon the valley. A long stretch of the river could be seen fringed with trees, and hemmed, in the distance, by converging lines of bluffs, and—almost under their eyes—beyond the grove they had entered were four conical tepées pitched upon the open flat and close to the stream. Beyond the lodges a herd of ten or a dozen ponies were grazing lazily.

The children who had brought these animals down from the prairie had caught two of the runaways, and were tethering them at a bow-shot from the camp. Some women were apparently cleaning fish upon the river's bank. Near to them were several upturned canoes. Three men were lying upon the grass, and one of them was making gestures as though telling a story.

For a time the voyagers dared not talk lest someone might be near at hand. At length, however, after they had scanned all the reaches below, and noted that a breeze had begun to rustle the bushes and trees, so that no sound,



E. F. Steiner

THEY DID NOT WAIT TO LOOK
BACK, BUT MOUNTED THEIR LED
ANIMALS AND SET OFF AT A
GALLOP.

not even of pony bells, came up from the tepées, they spoke together in undertones.

"Older sister," said Etapa, "it appears that these people are very slothful. I think that they are good-for-nothing agency Indians. I would not be afraid to steal all their ponies, and I think that we should take horses of them to-night."

Zintkala's eyes snapped approval. These people were certainly a silly folk, or they would not allow strangers to approach so near to their tepées unnoted. The spirit of daring seized upon the girl, and she spoke in eager tones.

"Let us do so, younger brother," she said. "I will assist you to drive away their ponies. We shall arrive at home afterward very quickly."

The Sioux children marvelled that they had escaped discovery. Naturally they took credit to themselves for the shrewd caution of their march along the river. From the appearance of their tepées, and the fact that they travelled both by canoe and travois, the voyagers judged these Indians to be Hohé, Assiniboins of the river, and not of the dry plains. They were of the sort who dwelt about the trading posts and agencies, and perhaps some were of mixed blood. But they were toka (the enemy), and, therefore, it would be highly honourable to take their horses from them.

So the young Sioux plotted deeply. They noted every movement of the Hohé camp. Before nightfall they had counted the inmates of the tepées, the number of dogs—there were three—and of ponies and colts. They traced in plan every foot of their approach to the pasture ground from a détour of the prairie to descent of a bush-grown spur of the coulée and a wary retrograde along the river's edge.

They had still a store of hard-cooked, stale venison, enough to last three or four days at a pinch, and they could ride, ride, ride until hunger should compel a halt. They ate but sparingly that day and awaited with impatience the slow setting of the sun.

Yet it was a long time after the stars appeared before they stirred from cover. They were rather stiff and weary from long lying under the low vines when they finally ascended to the prairie.

Upon the level ground they sat long enough to tie their blankets and all the articles they were to carry in tight rolls. Etapa included bow, quiver of arrows and tomahawk in his bundle. These light packs they secured on their backs by buckskin strings and thongs.

Thus equipped they walked around to a spur of bluff which was perhaps a mile below the Assiniboin camp. Here they stopped for a time. They sat upon a bare spot where they could

study all the darkened spaces of the coulée and thus fix upon lines of escape should discovery follow their undertaking.

The night was quite dark, with only starshine to light the depths of the river gulch, and when the two had reached the stream, under the shelter of its fringe of bush and trees, they had little fear of making advance toward the pony herd.

Though they walked with extreme caution their hearts beat high with expectancy.

When, in the growing dusk, they had last seen the Hohé ponies they were scattered upon a narrow strip of bottom at a considerable distance from the tepées. Some three or four of the leaders were tethered to long picket ropes. Unless some untoward thing should happen to arouse the camp it would seem a matter of no difficulty to lead these ponies away.

From tree to tree and bush to bush, carefully they approached the hard ground. At last, as they knew by a certain thick cluster of young trees, which stood near the river's edge, they should have come opposite the tethered ponies. Close scrutiny of the level land disclosed only one animal. This pony was grazing but a little way out from the trees. And the occasional tinkle of bells, which for some minutes they had been noting and trying to locate, now sounded far down toward the camp, even below it perhaps!

This was very discouraging, for those belled ponies had been tethered right there, opposite the trees. Certainly it would not be wise to go to or to pass the camp after the horses. They held a whispered consultation. It seemed best to take this one horse, which they could do with safety, and go with it. They had buckskin enough for a halter, and they could both ride the animal without overburdening it. Perhaps the Hohé would not chase a great way for just one pony. They might even think it gone astray, and, where there were so many tracks, be led to search at random up and down the stream.

So they quietly walked out from the trees toward this animal, which they supposed to be picketed; for doubtless the unruly bell ponies had pulled their pins. They were much surprised when the lone horse kept stepping away in their front and feeding on toward the camp. The animal was loose. They yet hoped to catch it, going one on either side and approaching carelessly. But the pony still slipped away, feeding toward the Hohé camp, as though drawn by a magnet.

Presently, as they made a wide circuit to get around the wary one, another pony appeared, a small one, lying down. This one arose and came

toward the larger, and then both slipped past the children and melted into the darkness.

The large timber below the tepées now showed tall and black, and from where they stood nothing could be seen within its shadows. The tinkle-tinkle of bells now sounded very close. It was evident that those old run-abouts were picketed between their position and the camp. They listened intently. There was nothing to be heard save the murmur of the stream, the rustle of tree foliage, the jingle of the bells, and the stamping of the mosquito-bitten ponies. The horses were certainly near at hand, and so were the Hohé tepées. The campers and the dogs were evidently sleeping.

A spirit of covetous daring had come upon the young Sioux. They simply could not go away and leave all these ponies to graze undisturbed. They came near together and Etapa signified by gesture that they should go on, cut loose the picketed horses, mount, and drive away the herd. Zintkala put aside all thought of peril and agreed to the plan.

They now walked forward, going around the ponies as they came to them. They went on until they had passed all the horses as nearly as they could reckon.

Suddenly a dog began to bark, and immediately all the curs they had seen came out and set up the familiar ki-yi-yap of the Indian wolf-dog. Instead of running away the young Sioux seated themselves upon the grass and began to busy themselves as if cleaning fish or skinning game. As the curs continued to yelp they stretched themselves in the bottom grass as though disposed to sleep. The grass was tall enough to cover their bodies. The cowardly dogs did not run at them, but continued to bark and howl around the tepées.

Presently a man came out and spoke to the dogs. This was a trying moment. Had the curs yelped with increased excitement and run at the hidiers like good watch dogs, discovery and capture must have inevitably followed. But they were Indian dogs, and the Dakota boy and girl knew their ways. When the man

came out these dogs expected to be kicked or whipped, and, while still yelping and howling, exerted themselves only to keep out of harm's way. In the end the Indian ran at them, throwing sticks and shouting angrily, until the pack had scurried into the woods.

In the midst of this excitement Zintkala and Etapa crawled away and approached the nearest tethered pony. The stolid animal, having seen them all the time, paid them no attention. Etapa cut its picket rope, and the two crawled slowly on to the length of the string. There they sat in the grass for a long time, letting the ponies get used to their presence, and waiting for the people and dogs to fall asleep again.

They waited till a faint light above a western bluff warned them that the moon was rising. Then they led their captive gently forward to where the second pony was picketed. At the same time they gradually moved the loose ponies before them. They wished to leave no chance of pursuit behind.

Adroitly, almost inch by inch, the little bunch of Hohé ponies faded away from their picket grounds. Before the cunning "rustlers" had passed the point of descent, a misshapen moon, which perhaps the mice had gnawed, was looking over the river bluff and into the coulée.

Suddenly an incautious voice was heard in the rear, the voice of a man, who had heard the fading tinkle of bells, and who supposed the ponies had pulled their picket pins, and were wandering off.

"Sohe-e! Sohe-e! Ksook-ksook!" the man called in a remonstrant resonant voice, which filled all the coulée behind.

They did not wait to look back, but mounted their lead animals and whirling their rope ends dashed upon the herd in their front. The cracking strokes, the sharp "huh-huh-huh!" of their urging quickly set the small bunch of ponies off at a gallop. Once they got going it was easy to make them go faster. In a minute or two they had swept around a point of bluff, up a coulée descent, and out upon the illimitable prairie.

(To be continued.)





ABOUT BOYS' CLUBS.

THE other day that cheery friend of youth, the Old Fag, looked in upon me, and, with a fatherly hand upon my shoulder, ordered an article upon clubs. "Just a line or two about clubs for next month, young man, please," were his exact words. "Certainly," I replied, "and I suppose you mean Indian clubs?" For the old man treats me as a living dictionary of physical development facts and fancies. "Not at all," said he, "not at all. I mean English clubs for English boys." And he disappeared with a friendly nod. This made me chew my quill for quite ten minutes, for I never was a club-man, except as far as cricket and football clubs go, and I would not deceive myself into believing that the old man meant quite that sort of club. No, he had CAPTAIN clubs in his editorial eye; I could not blink that.

So I sat and pondered. CAPTAIN clubs and how to make them. That was the idea, was it? Why didn't he go to some one else for such an article? I wondered. Casting back my mind's eye to my not very distant boyhood, I could not see any club-making there. True, I had used clubs of all sorts, had enjoyed the benefit of them, but never had I contributed to the making of them. Then it occurred to me what a pity it was I had not. I remembered many a long mid-summer and Christmas holiday which I had spent in comparative loneliness. How often I had found the long August days somewhat dreary for want of a cricket club of boys of my own age! How often had I sighed for football in Decembers, yet had sighed in vain because there was no boys' club where I lived! Yet there were plenty of boys for more than one club within a cock-shy of our home. I knew a few of them, and they knew others.

How easily we could have made a club! But we just did not do it, and I see now we missed a lot. Now, my young brother (who by the way, is a soldier-doctor in India, a Captain, I'll trouble you, at the age at which I was only half-way through my 'Varsity career) was far more alive to opportunities. He was distinctly a club-maker. When he was about fifteen and a student at Dulwich College, not content with the Rugby football he enjoyed there, he organised an Association club at Streatham, where we lived then. He had a printed fixture list of about a dozen matches; he was, I believe, president, secretary, and treasurer, and he always managed to put eleven players into the field. I remember that club well, because one winter vac. he persuaded me to play, and an opponent let fly with a heavy boot where the ball wasn't, and my shin was, and I carried a lump like a goose's egg for a year and more. Periostitis, my brother called it, being scientific; I called it just a goose-egg on the shin. However, the club was very successful, and provided no end of healthy enjoyment for about twenty boys, in addition to the pain it caused me. I do not quite know how my brother managed it. He just had the knack. Certainly he did not seem to spend much time or trouble on it. But it was a good little club of the kind which Britain could do with by thousands. The point, of course, is—how was it organised? Well, so far as I know, my brother concluded in his rather clear head that he would like a football club; he argued that probably other boys also would like one. So he made a list of boys on a piece of paper and then—and I think here was the secret of his success—he went to see each of them. Having a perfectly clear plan to put before

them, and an exact knowledge of what he himself wanted, he succeeded in making his club. Just note these points; firstly, a definite plan: secondly, a personal interview. Master these points, and you are master of success in many directions besides club-making. You cannot do anything much unless you make clear, definite, practicable plans; and if you want anybody to do anything, go and see them. Letters are well enough, but, for most personal purposes, interviews are far more effective, especially if you have the priceless gift of tact.

Now, just a word about plans for clubs. First you must see clearly that a club is desirable, and you must see clearly the purpose of the club. Then you must ask yourself who are the likely and suitable members. Then, being quite clear on these points, you ought not to have much difficulty in organising your club; for the means to that end suggest themselves at once. You have to explain the idea of the club clearly to each prospective member, to point out its advantages, and—please remember—if you especially want some one to join, you have to go and see him.

Boys are quite capable of organising their own clubs. And I believe that any boy who takes the small and pleasant trouble to organise a club is repaid over and over again. For has he not given himself exercise and education in that most important science, the science of orderly, apt, and adequate organisation? Indeed, the kind of boy that organises a simple little football or social club really well is just the man to grow up into a Lord Kitchener, a Sir George Newnes, or an Andrew Carnegie. Organisation is the secret of great successes; that, and knowing what is wanted, and what you want.

Speaking of social clubs, of course, all clubs, cricket, football, &c., are in one sense social, but there are clubs which are in a special sense social. Now, my young brother—please do not mind my using him so much as an example—instituted a very successful social club. It was called the Ixion club, and was half-literary and half-conversational. I believe the name Ixion was taken because every member was, so to speak, for ever on the wheel of literary composition, for every member had to read a paper when his weekly turn came. If you don't see the connection, consult the nearest classical dictionary; look out Ixion. By the way, this particular club also went bicycle rides in

phalanx—which concerns another kind of wheel, and, funnily enough, in addition to taking in papers, it also went paper-chasing. They went far into the country towards Brighton once, and some of them did not get back for two days. However, it was a good all-round literary-social club, and its members enjoyed themselves exceedingly. They sometimes met at our house, and they used my sanctum, and, I blush to say it, some—not much—of my tobacco. My brother was, as I say, about fifteen, but some of his brother Ixions were about twenty-three, and liked my special bird's-eye.

Now, that club, I can most honestly say was a very good club—bar, perhaps, the smoking—and it brought out a certain amount of talent. I knew some of the members slightly, and I should never have thought them capable collectively of the amount of good sense and humour which most of their "papers" contained. I used to read these papers, because my brother was secretary, president, and treasurer of this club, too: at least, so I understood, and anyway, the "Ixion papers" lived in the top right hand drawer of my writing-desk. It was the drawer which used to hold my fishing gear, fly-books, reels, &c., but this gear moved to the top of a cupboard the moment the Ixion club came into existence.

Now you'll think this rather a random kind of article. But I want to make a point. I have always had an idea that my brother will some day become a great and leading man. Possibly this is mere brotherly love, family affection, blind devotion. Be that as it may, I know quite well that what first put the idea into my head was his success with those little club ventures of his. "Bound to get on," I thought, "with his tact, his knack of winning people over to his view, his methodical way of approaching an affair, and his power of organising." Now it is not a difficult thing to organise a little club; far from it. But how many boys do it? Not many; scarcely one in the thousand. The average boy waits to be organised, and often refuses to be organised, even though he sees the thing is for his considerable benefit and enjoyment.

So just pause for a moment and consider what might be done in the way of local CAPTAIN Clubs.

In hundreds and hundreds of places there are hundreds and hundreds of boys, all spending rather dull and purposeless holidays just for the want—to put it bluntly—of some

one to play with. Yet how easy to organise a CAPTAIN Club for football or cricket, on the one hand, and social, literary or debating evenings on the other. Clearly THE CAPTAIN itself cannot organise local clubs; it can only supply a kind of fatherly figure-head. But any boy with a touch of common-sense can get a few friends to help in the founding of a CAPTAIN club in his district, and just a little common-sense and unselfishness will make the club go!

When I look back on some of my own holidays, I can see how infinitely advantageous it would have been for me had THE CAPTAIN Magazine existed in those days. For certainly I should have read it every month (it was just the magazine I pined for and could not get), and almost certainly I should have had a shot at making a CAPTAIN club in my district. Dear, what a pity! Why on earth didn't that slack Old Fag start his magazine sooner?

Now I solemnly warn you, my kind readers, not to miss the chance. For boys' clubs are splendid things, and the membership of clubs, and especially the active membership, which assists in organisation, is a splendid thing for the character. Your self-centred, selfish, unsociable boy is not the one likely to grow up into a fine citizen. The proper study of mankind is man; and the earlier you begin that study the better for you in very many ways, and the better for your friends. In fact, it pays all round; and every one is a winner. A last hint: if you would successfully organise a club, study the members before you start—and after. Clubs are founded—securely—upon community of interest, and exist upon consideration for others.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

D. B. C. (La Villette).—(1) A back may not assume the duties and privileges of goalkeeper suddenly. But he may do so after having given the referee notice of the change. If a back fists a ball out of goal now a penalty-kick is awarded, or a free shot at goal with only the goalkeeper in front. The awarding of a goal for such an infringement is now obsolete. (2) I do not know whether any English amateur team will play in the International competition at Paris this season. I hope so. (3) Thank you for your information, which I quote for the satisfaction of the inquirer. Jumping at the Velodrome in 1900 was without weights. Jumping in all federations in France is done without weights or spring-board, unless otherwise stated. It may interest readers to know that in the football competition at Paris. Germans, Austrians, Dutch, Belgians, and Spaniards will take part. Evidently we English do not monopolise the football vein!

Beefy.—It is a mistake to take heavy exercise

in the morning before breakfast. But ten minutes or so dumb-bells or exercises is all right. Use light bells, 2lb. each at most. But I strongly recommend the free gymnastic exercises as taught in the army. You can get a little hand-book of them from Messrs. Gale and Polden, 3, Amen Corner, E.C. Any one who is working hard at book work as you are should be careful not to overdo physical exercise. Never tire yourself. Fresh air counts a tremendous lot. Put in as much walking as possible.

Splits.—If by the "splitting trick" you mean the method of tackling in football which consists in spread-eagling yourself on the ground with one foot straight out in front of you ramming at the ball, I fear I cannot instruct you as to how the thing is done. It is not worth while acquiring this method, as if you miss the ball you appear to have attempted an awful foul, and if you get the ball you are spread out on the floor and unable to get up again for several seconds. Better keep to simpler and less misconstructionable methods.

J. H. G.—Although you may undoubtedly become a first-rate swimmer and diver without the aid of lessons from an expert, I should say that you are more likely to achieve success with good coaching than without it. A correct style is very important for speed in the side-stroke. In diving, it is very difficult to detect one's own errors of style. I do not know of a coach. But perhaps the insertion of this answer may elicit some information.

Hermes Tresmegistus.—Thanks for interesting letter. You ought to consult a doctor about your chronic cold in the head. I gather it is of the post-nasal catarrh sort. A nasal syringe is a useful and wholesome instrument, I believe. You ought, by the way, to breathe through the nostrils and not through the mouth. I expect proper breathing exercises would do you good. See the little book on the subject, published by Gale and Polden.

J. H. Beavan.—(1) I am most likely going to play for the Corinthians, if I am considered good enough. (2) Plymouth Argyle is one of the best teams going. I admire their forward play especially. It might be copied for style and directness by all clubs with advantage. My word, they do move! It is a joy to see them after some of the humbugging go-back-and-turn-six-times-and-then-do-nothing methods of some forward lines.

H. J. H. H.—How many more times? The Brighton ground is no faster for scoring than several others. Taunton, for instance, and Bradford and Chesterfield.

Anxious.—Don't try to do all the exercises. Fifty-four exercises before breakfast is all humbug. Ten minutes is enough. Split up the course and spread it over a week.

Stewart T.—I do not see why dubbing should harm a football outer cover. If the ball is properly blown out the softness of the dubbed leather is a recommendation rather than the reverse. I can confidently recommend Gradidge for footballs.

Answers to Fred. Fielder, H. M. M'G., A. G. Holman, Don Orsino, F. M. Cundy, M. J. H., W. R. Cresty, M. W. G., Enthusiast, Enquirer, and G. H. R. Laird have been held over through lack of space. They will appear next month, or will be sent direct on receipt of stamped, addressed envelope.

"VEGETARIANISM."

SOME OPINIONS BY "CAPTAIN" READERS.

A Vegetarian says that Meat is Productive of "That Sleepy Feeling."

Your correspondent, "Veg.," deals with the subject of vegetarianism mainly from the point of view of humanity. While at once admitting that this shows a fine Christian spirit, I would like to point out that there is a far more important matter to be taken into consideration when discussing the merits of vegetarianism, and that is the vital question of hygiene.

I contend that man can not only abstain from meat, without injury to health, but also derive far greater benefit from a pure and judicious vegetarian diet.

Meat contains a certain nitrogenous substance (proteine or albumen), which is generally considered necessary to the maintenance of health. This, however, is found in larger quantities, and in a far purer state, in nuts and certain cereals!

Again, meat contains a large proportion of uric acid, which poisons the blood, and deadens the finer sensitiveness of the nerves. This accounts for that sleepy feeling, so often experienced by meat eaters, after a heavy meal.

In my opinion, the most rational form of diet is a regimen based on nuts and fruits, and wheat in its original, unadulterated form. Tea and coffee, and all alkaloid-containing substances, should be avoided, as, also, should the commercially "prepared" foods, which are placed upon the market chiefly with the idea of paying dividends, and not in the interests of hygiene.

There is one other important point of view—that of economy. All the time and labour spent in preparing the conventional dinner of to-day is absolutely wasted. The vegetarian meal can be prepared, in five minutes, at about half the cost!

In conclusion, I may point out that some of the greatest athletic contests have been won by vegetarian competitors, and this fact alone should appeal to the sporting instincts of CAPTAIN readers.

HORACE BROOKS.

A Meat-Eater suggests that Vegetarians Go Mad in the Third Generation!

You ask for our reasons approving or condemning vegetarianism. I am one of the "hardened sinners" who eat meat. I use these words because I have heard it seriously urged by a vegetarian that it is morally wrong to eat meat. One of his strongest arguments was that in the Old Testament the eating of meat was strictly prohibited. In accordance with this, as he said, the Israelites were punished for turning back to the flesh-pots of Egypt. Now, I do not scruple to say that I have always taken meat because I was brought up to do so, and because I find it agreeable, but such a statement as the above set me thinking for sound reasons to justify my custom. In the first place, I found that no such strict law was observed in Israel; moreover, any rules laid down about the eating of meat were sanitary precautions rendered necessary by the climate of the country. This

explains the law relating to swine. But, apart from this, the Old Testament is not our supreme authority; and on going to the New we find that Christ fed the multitude with fishes. This disposes of the moral objection.

Now, monotony is one of the worst possible things for developing character. Similarly, a monotonous diet, or a one-sided diet, cannot fail to retard the development of the body. Vegetarian food can never give the same strength as meat, for the very simple reason that it has not sufficient nourishing properties. The human frame needs variety of food. Both meat and vegetables contain such valuable constituents that neither can be disregarded. Nor is meat strengthening only for the body; it is necessary for the brain. Vegetables and fruit are also valuable for building up brain power, if taken in moderation; but it has been said—I know not on what authority—that, in the majority of cases, a vegetarian family becomes mad in the third generation!

AMA KEF.

I am taking advantage of your invitation to CAPTAIN readers to ask how vegetarians, and "Veg." in particular, interpret the following text from the ninth chapter of Genesis:

A Meat-Eater argues from the Book of Genesis.

"Every moving thing that liveth shall be meat for you; even as the green herb have I given you all things"; for I suppose that some, if not all, vegetarians, read the Bible and believe in it. Also, if it were not right to take life, would the Jews have been commanded to make sacrifices? And I think it would soon be found that all people could not do without meat, as, if that were so, the animals would not be provided; neither, in that case, would there be sufficient green food for man as well as beast, and man would most likely be the first to suffer. I quite agree with you that as a rule man eats too much meat, but I think that is because comparatively few English people cook vegetables in such a way that much can be eaten. Finally, I could suggest to "Veg." that there is *life* in eggs, for if not, where would we get chickens?

"MODERATION IN ALL THINGS."

I am very strongly in favour of vegetarianism, chiefly for two reasons, viz. :—First, that I think it cruel to kill animals, and to treat them as animals are too often treated when they are being driven to the slaughter-house; and

A Vegetarian points proudly to "Veges" who are Great Athletes.

secondly, that, in my opinion, a vegetarian diet is more healthy than a mixed one. This second reason is proved to be a good one by the fact that there are many diseases, such as tuberculosis and appendicitis—both fatal, if allowed to go far—which are caused by eating butcher's meat too much, or too often, and which are unknown to vegetarians. Moreover, large quantities of non-vegetarian food are acknowledged to

be sold, and eaten, in a state quite unfit for human consumption.

It is often contemptuously asserted that vegetarians are a very milk-and-watery class of people. But this is not so. A great many cycling and walking championships have been won, and records broken, by vegetarians quite lately, and it is beginning to be generally admitted that a vegetarian diet cannot be beaten for feats requiring great stamina and staying powers. This is in spite of the notable fact that few people become vegetarians unless their health is bad.

About five years ago, I, along with the other members of my family, adopted vegetarianism. I was then very delicate, and was never well. My bad health continued for a short time, which I attribute to the impurities working out of my system. Since this ceased I have never had a day's illness. This fact will, I think, explain my enthusiasm—which is great—for vegetarianism.

Taking it all round, I think that vegetarianism has the best of the argument, both from a humanitarian and from a purely selfish point of view.

C. H. WEBSTER.

I am opposed to vegetarianism for the following reasons:—

It is of advantage to the human organism to receive a larger amount of proteid than can be obtained from vegetables.

"A certain amount of pain is inevitable in Nature." The various cases in which a vegetarian diet has been found beneficial are not cases of general law, but merely instances

of disease requiring special regimen; and the arguments urged against animal food from a hygienic standpoint apply only to its excessive use.

Vegetarians argue that the slaughter of animals is unnecessary and cruel. In reply to this I should like to point out, that even if such animals as cattle and sheep were not used for food, they would not be likely to survive, since land is too valuable to be given up to their use. As to the cruelty: this could be greatly mitigated by substituting public abattoirs for private slaughter-houses. A certain amount of pain is inevitable in Nature, which, though we can in many cases alleviate, we cannot eliminate.

Again, whilst in theory vegetarianism offers a new and large variety of foods, in practice the reverse is the fact, those habitually consumed by vegetarians being singularly deficient in this respect. In answer to the statement that vegetarians are not confined to the use of vegetables and fruit in the preparation of their meals, but that milk, cheese, and butter are extensively employed, I may say that if animals were not utilised for food it is not likely that a dairy farm would pay, as otherwise the non-milking cows and other superfluous cattle could not be profitably disposed of, and the result would be that dairy produce would not be obtainable.

JOHN LEIGH TURNER.

The question of "what ye shall eat and what ye shall drink" is one that has affected, and will ever affect, all animal creation; consequently it is imperative that all who wish to

If you kill a black-beetle, why not a bullock?
 conducive to good health.

enjoy length of days (and few do not) should seek to eat and drink those things which are con-

There are different systems of diet, but the one I wish briefly to discuss here is "Vegetarianism," that is, the theory and practice of living upon vegetable matter, to the exclusion, at any rate, of all food prepared by slaughter.

First of all, I am not a vegetarian, and my main reasons follow.

In perusing the letter of "Veg" in THE CAPTAIN, I find that precedent forms one of her chief reasons for practising this system, so I will place it as one of mine for not so doing. As far back as I can trace my ancestry, I fail to find one who did not eat animal food, hence I might say that I am constitutionally not a vegetarian, so that the process of transforming myself into one would necessarily be slow, and would most probably be attended by ill-health and physical weakness (mental weakness would probably have arrived before such a rash step was taken).

Then, again, "Veg" considers it cruel to kill animals for food. Now, would she, do you think, if a mouse, a blackbeetle, spider, or earwig appeared in the room, stand by, armed with a round ruler in one hand, and a poker in the other, and dare any one to approach or molest these members of the animal kingdom? If not cruel to kill for the one purpose, it can scarcely be cruel to kill for the other. A parent who "spoils the child" would be considered more cruel than one who "spares not the rod," hence, judging by analogy, it would be more cruel to permit animals to multiply to such an extent that many died of starvation for lack of pasture, than to kill for food.

Last, but greatest of all reasons, comes the use of these animals. The Omniscient Creator of the universe never formed anything thoughtlessly or without a use, and, as a bullock could hardly be termed a pet, or a pig an object of beauty or beast of burden, we must come to the conclusion that they were intended for the purpose to which they have for all time been put, namely, for the food of the head of the animal kingdom, that is, MAN, himself.

MAURICE P. FRENCH.

My arguments against vegetarianism, in addition to the permission given in Holy Writ, are as follows:—

A Plea for a more rigid supervision of slaughtermen.

First, meat is necessary to man. Man is naturally a flesh-eating animal. He has the teeth required for such food; also, though in some sense certain vegetables may be said to have the same value as certain kinds of meat, their nutritive value is not really the same, and there is frequently some part of a vegetable food upon which the digestive juices waste their action.

Secondly, it is very likely that animals suffer less pain when killed for food than if they were allowed to die slowly of disease.

One of the chief arguments brought forward by vegetarians in support of their opinion is, I believe, that cruelty and carelessness attend the slaughtering of animals for food. This, I believe, is often the case; but it need not be so, and I am sure that there are few of the opponents of vegetarianism who would not wish everything to be done to prevent unnecessary pain to the dumb and helpless creatures who serve us by their death.

Though I am not a vegetarian, I cannot help wishing that animals used for food need not be killed in cold blood. That, I am afraid, is one of the cruel necessities of our advanced civilisation:

but it was better when they had a chance of escape from the hunter in the green recesses of their native woods, far back in the long ago.

H. E. KENNEDY.

A "Veg." Chaffs the O.F. In replying to Miss Veg.'s letter in the October issue you state that "If we did not eat them (animals) they would multiply to such an extent that they would soon want the whole country for pasturage." Is this your excuse for eating meat? Do you mean to tell me that, with a generous spirit of self-denial, you doom your body to the sepulchral necessities of an over-stocked nation? You eat meat because a bungling and inefficient Providence has provided no other way to dispose of animals? I think it is a pretty poor excuse. It won't hold water for a minute. I have been a veg. for over two years, and wouldn't change for anything. Has it ever struck you how enthusiastic vegetarians are? You say that the diet would not suit every one. I have never known any one to give it a fair trial and revert to the old diet! I have converted about a dozen people to vegetarianism (including a whole family), and none of them say that it does not suit them. I enclose list of the performances of the Vegetarian Cycling Club. Comment is needless.

ALFRED GERMANY.

[N.B.—I gather from the list this correspondent encloses that Mr. Eustace Miles, Amateur Tennis and Racquets Champion, is a vegetarian. For the information of vegetarian readers I may add that the Hon. Secs. of the Vegetarian Cycling Club are Messrs. C. G. Clear and T. Sweetlove, 52, Coram-street, W.C.—ED. CAPTAIN.]

Some time ago, when the weather was more summerlike than that of 1903, I was bitten with the craze for vegetarianism. To my enlightened mind the delights of fruit salads far outweighed those of roast beef, and my only trouble was that "the powers that be" in the shape of my parents possessed not the same enlightenment of mind. So you

**Vegetarianism
Wholesome in
the Dog Days.**

[The consensus of opinions is clearly in favour of a moderate and reasonable admixture of meat and vegetables in our daily food. Fruit, too, is a most desirable form of nutriment. One correspondent very sensibly points out that we should eat far more vegetables if we could get them cooked properly. That clearly infers that cooking is a somewhat neglected art in this country, and that the modern girl might spend a little less time on her bicycle and a little more in the kitchen.—ED. CAPTAIN.]

A SONG OF MEAT.

BY A RADICAL ANTI-VEGETARIAN.

I RISE at eight, I snack at nine,
At one and seven I feast,
And of all the things I eat I pine
For *vegetables* the least!

Then—

Sing ho! for the nimble steak,
And down with prune and prism!
I wouldn't give a *sous*
For people who
Like Vegetarianism!

I dote on chops, roast pork I praise,
Veal takes my fancy much;
A fig for your shredded wheat and maize—
I snap my thumbs at such.

Then—

Sing ho! for the outlet sweet,

will see, Mr. Editor, that it is not because of inclination of taste that I am not a vegetarian.

To be any real credit to this particular form of diet, I consider two points at least are necessary:—
1st. A perfect digestion.

2nd. Outdoor life and occupation.

To obtain the same amount of nourishment a much greater quantity of vegetable than of meat is needed. This entails a serious increase of work on the digestive organs, and demands, further, that they be exceptionally strong. In the case of a man who spends his life in outdoor manual work, who walks much and has a hearty appetite, this is well. But looked at from my own point of view—that of a student—there are many difficulties. The sedentary life, with its brain-fag, makes it advisable that the work of digestion should proceed as easily as possible, and this could not be done on a wholly vegetarian diet.

But while I am thus opposed to vegetarianism on the above grounds, I think that in the case of every one a change of diet is advisable, especially in the hot months—and then it would be well to try the "fruit and vegetable course." For, after all, "what is one man's meat is another's poison," and it is impossible to lay down an iron rule in this matter.

MAUD M. LYNE.

I was interested in reading your paragraph about vegetarianism, and agree with you that there is no

**A Sensible
View.**

doubt we eat too much meat, but I am not in favour of a vegetarian diet entirely, as in a variable climate like ours we need the warmth that animal food gives to the system. We might do without meat, but want the soups, gravies, &c. that meat makes. No doubt some people might exist here on vegetables, milk, and cereals, but it has to be proved that they would be able to do the same amount of work, or resist disease the same as those who took animal food. The idea is not nice that life has to be taken for the purpose, but there is no doubt that God intended animals for our food. Therefore I think we may use it and be thankful.

M. SYNE.

Your cornflour pie's rank schism!
I'd like to kick
Your fanatic,
On Vegetarianism!

Of eating hare that's jugged I've formed
An admirable habit,
And if there's anything I've gormed—
It's pie that's made of rabbit!

Then—

Sing ho! for the rasher of ham,
All splutter and fry and fizz'm!
Miss Veg. may frown,
But I cry: "DOWN
WITH VEGETARIANISM!!!"

THE IDEA MERCHANT.

[I must point out to my gifted contributor that "prism" is not a vegetable, but a word used in cultivating a correct and lady-like pronunciation (*vide* Dickens). The rhyme "fizz'm" also seems to be somewhat far-fetched. I will admit, however, that the Idea Merchant set himself a hard task in finding words to tally with the sound of "ism."—ED. CAPTAIN.]

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR JANUARY.

Last day for sending in, January 18th.

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus :—

Competition No. —, Class —, Name —,
Address —, Age —.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete, 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 Jan. 18th.

The Results will be published in March.

AGE RULE: A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 25 competition, so long as he has not actually turned 26. The same rule applies to all the other age limits.

No. 1.—"The Blind Man."—A New Columbia Graphophone, as illustrated on THE CAPTAIN Prizes page, will be awarded for the best reply as follows, to be sent on a CAPTAIN post-card. Some time ago a clever American surgeon operated on a man of thirty who had been blind from birth, and succeeded in curing him of his blindness. Tell us the three objects which, you think, would cause this man the greatest pleasure to gaze upon.

One Age limit Twenty-one.

No. 2.—"The most Miserable Day I ever Spent."—Describe your most miserable day in a brief essay not exceeding 400 words in length. Prizes: Three 10s. 6d. "Swan" Fountain Pens, as illustrated on THE CAPTAIN Prizes page.

Class I. Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. Age limit: Twenty.
Class III. Age limit: Fifteen.

No. 3.—"Photographic Competition."—Send a print from your best negative; any subject. *Photographs must be original, and not copied from the work of others.* Neatness in mounting will be taken into consideration. Prizes: Six Photographic Albums, "Sunny Memories," handsomely bound, to contain about 150 prints of all sizes. Two to each class. See THE CAPTAIN Prizes page.

Class I. Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III. Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 4.—A "Captain" Character.—By way of indicating to the Editor what kind of characters you like reading about in serial stories, and also by way of testing your ability to remember what you have read, we want you to write an essay, not exceeding 400 words, on a character in any CAPTAIN serial story that has appeared in our pages since our first number was issued. It may be your favourite character, or any other character. Choose the one you feel you can write about with the greatest zest. Three "Sandow" Developers, value 12s. 6d., will be awarded, one set to each class.

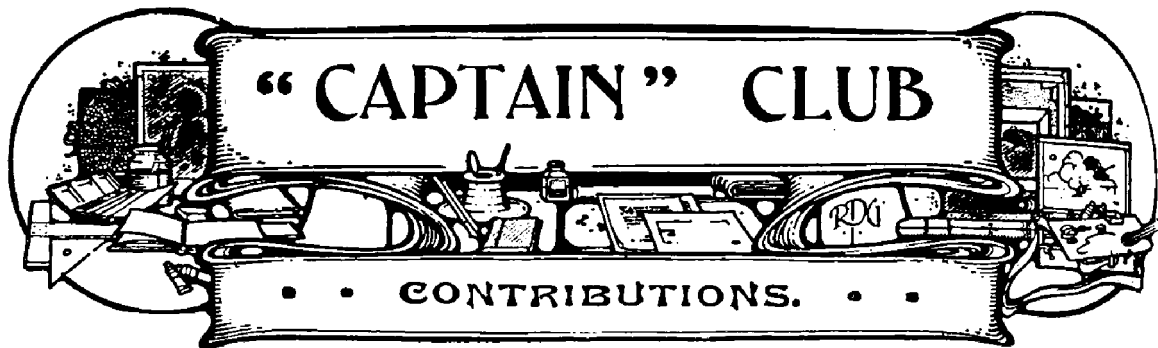
Class I. Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. Age limit: Twenty.
Class III. Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 5.—"Drawing of a Chair."—For the three best sketches of any sort of chair, in pen, pencil, or colours, we will award Six of Messrs. Benetfink and Co.'s Hockey Sticks, two in each class. See THE CAPTAIN Prizes page.

Class I. Age limit: Twenty-three.
Class II. Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III. Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 6.—"Handwriting."—Copy in your best, ordinary, everyday handwriting the first ten lines of "My First Tiger," on page 293 of this number. Prizes: In Class I., Four Footballs by Messrs. H. Gradidge and Sons; in Class II., Four Footballs by Messrs. A. W. Gamage, Ltd.

Class I. Age limit: Sixteen.
Class II. Age limit: Twelve.



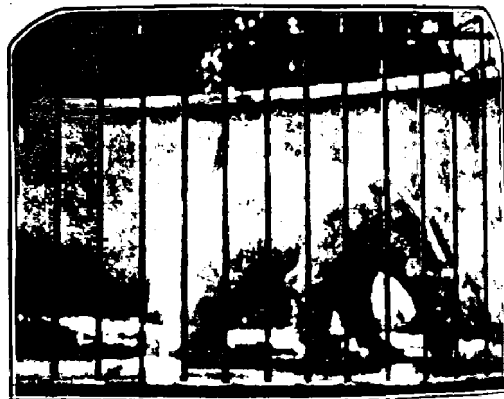
This part of the Magazine is set aside for Members of the CAPTAIN Club with literary and artistic aspirations. Articles, poems, etc., should be kept quite short. Drawings should be executed on stiff board in Indian ink. CAPTAIN Club contributions are occasionally used in other parts of the Magazine.

Books by CAPTAIN authors are awarded to Albert Albrow, John Brown, Gordon Stark, "Nobody Much," E. A. Hodder, G. W. Ivey, and "A Constant Reader." Each prize-winner is requested to forward his or her present address, and at the same time to select a book.

Christmas in Other Countries.

NOWHERE on the face of the earth is Christmas kept up with so much zeal and heartiness as in Germany. Every home in the Fatherland has its Christmas-tree, and every child in the household receives a present from it. First and foremost is the Kaiser's beautiful Christmas-tree at Potsdam, while each of the Emperor's children has his own tree, the firs differing in size according to the ages of their juvenile owners. Christmas gifts abound, and the whole country gives itself up to feasting and merriment. In France, as elsewhere, feasting and merriment are the great features of the Christmas season. There is much more church-going than in this country, and during the festival the people throng the boulevards and cafés, where a tremendous amount of merry-making is carried on. French children do not hang up their stockings on Christmas Eve, but place their shoes side by side on the hearth. In Holland, Christmas is looked upon by old and young as the one great festival of the year. On Christmas Eve the children, while indulging in various games, keep casting anxious glances at the door, as if expecting a visitor. At length their play is hushed by a loud knock at the door, and St. Nicholas, clad in his episcopal robes, enters. He makes careful inquiry as to whether the juvenile inmates have devoutly and regularly said their prayers, and been diligent in their studies during the year. Those who have he praises, and those who have not he scolds, warning them to mend their ways. Finally, however, he bestows his blessing on them all, and, promising to give

them each a present on the next morning, disappears. Before retiring to rest that night, each member of the family places one of his or her shoes on the table in the parlour. The door is then locked, but next morning proves the truth of Santa Claus's promise, for in each shoe is found a present for its owner. Coming to Russia, Christmas is spent by the peasant children in going from door to door singing carols, for which they receive money or other rewards. In return for these they scatter handfuls of oats over the givers, a proceeding which the superstitious inhabitants believe is certain to ensure for them wealth, health, and all good

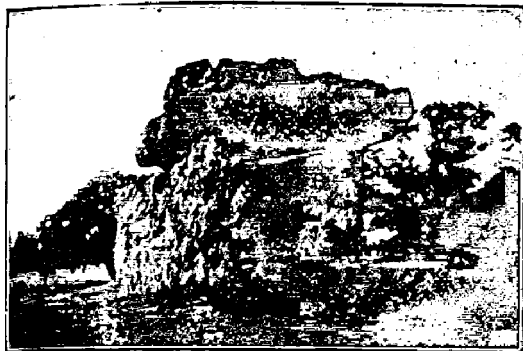


THE FAMOUS POLAR BEAR, "SAM," IN THE LONDON ZOO, WHICH DIED EARLY IN NOVEMBER.
By F. C. Turner. Preston.

luck. Every year the Czar sends a fine sturgeon as a Christmas present to our Royal Family. Christmas comes in in Spain with much music and a great deal of beautiful singing, mostly of a religious character. In Seville the students and other young men vie with each other in ringing the church bells, many of them being expert bellringers. In Roumania there is a custom of publicly blessing the River Danube on Christmas Day. A large cross of

ice is carried before the procession. Otherwise, the season is spent very much the same as in France and Spain.

ALBERT ALBROW.



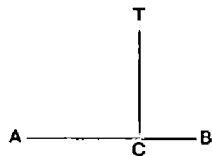
AN INTERESTING CROMLECH, NEAR CARDIFF.
By G. N. Rigg, Whitohurch.

How's that, Euclid?

A NEW PROPOSITION BY GORDON W. STARK
(AGED 12).

GENERAL Enunciation: To prove that any straight line is equal to $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards.
Particular Enunciation: Let AB be the given straight line.

Construction: On the line AB take any point C. Then draw a straight line C.T. perpendicular to AB, and equal in length to AC.



Proof:

$TC + CB = \text{an } L.$

because $AC = TC$ (construction),

therefore $AC + CB = \text{an } L,$

$AC + CB = AB,$ therefore $AB = \text{an } L$

But an Ell in "cloth measure" = $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards,

(Hamblin Smith).

Therefore AB the given straight line = $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

Q. E. D. (quite easily done).



THIS IS HOW THEY ROLL THE POLO AND CRICKET GROUNDS IN UPPER ASSAM, INDIA.

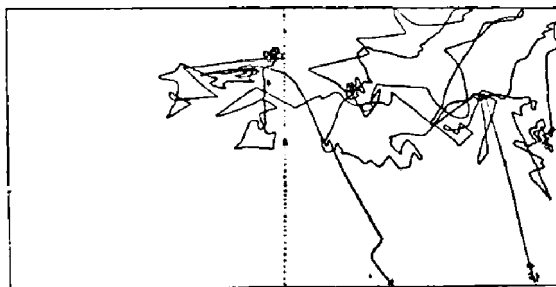
Sent by E. A. Hodder, Henfield.

A Few Plain Words on Picture Post Cards.

THERE are two kinds of picture post-card collectors—one is the sane, and the other the insane. The sane collector gets views of the various places which his friends visit. Each card recalls something, and is not merely "another for your collection." He does not make friends with the sole idea of increasing his collection, nor does he collect comic (?) rubbish which has neither beauty nor meaning to recommend it.

The insane collector has one idea—that is, to have a larger collection than his neighbour. If collectors would just think! Every card in their album means an outlay on their part of three half-pence, because it is a case of exchange. Surely a less expensive and more profitable hobby could be got. Post-card collecting, if confined within reasonable limits, is a source of pleasure, and a good plan to adopt is to collect only views which are both instructive and beautiful.

JACK L.



THE WANDERINGS OF AN ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL RIGHT-BACK (FIRST HALF).

From a sketch at a football match, by A Constant Reader, Dundee.

With a Birthday Gift.

I'll gie ye this sma' giftie, mither,
Tac mark the day ye first saw licht,
An' may ye gang thro' mony anither,
Afore we twa maun say "gude nicht."

R. C.

The Weather.

[WITH A PROPOSED PROGRAMME.]

WAS ever anything so grumbled at and complained about as our English weather? First, it is too abnormally hot and close for one to breathe comfortably, then it is too bitterly cold for one to venture out of doors; at one time the ground is too hard and dry for the crops to grow and the people are in desperate straits because of the lack of water, and at another time the ground is too damp for the crops to grow, and every one cries out because we do not have

enough dry weather. I propose that we re-organise the weather altogether.

Two years ago we had a terribly hot summer, hardly a drop of rain or a cooling breeze during the whole season. Great were the lamentations resulting therefrom. The weather has now changed its tactics, and gives us plenty of rain all the summer through, with now and again a blazing day of heat. Still we grumble, and I doubt that the weather knows what to do next in its endeavours to please one and all.

I have made a careful study of this question and have come to the conclusion that what the majority of people would like in the weather

same morning. Foggy days about once in three months (when there's nothing special on.) Snow and ice to disappear in a single night, and not to take days over it.

"NOBODY MUCH."

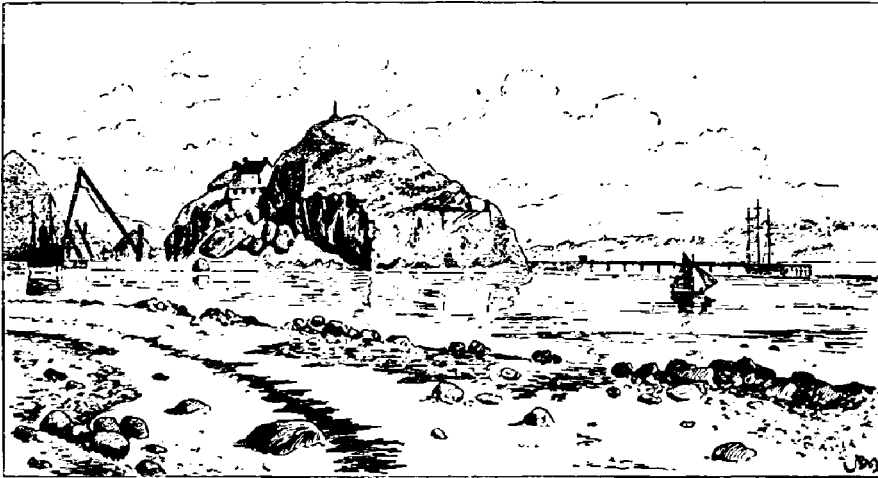
A Song of John Bull.

THERE'S a grand old man who lives in our isle,
And he's lived there for cent'ries full,
And he still will live there a good long while,
For his name is Old John Bull.
And he fears no foeman the wide world o'er,
Tho' in scores around him they ramp and roar,
For he'll knock them again
as he's knock'd before,
Will this grand old John-
ny Bull!

So with gladd'ning wine
of ruby red,
We'll fill a bumper full,
And raising it high above
our head,
We'll toast our Johnny
Bull!

And Sandy and Taffy and
fighting Pat
Will stand around him
and all see that
The grand old man is e'er
blithe and fat,
"Hurrah!" for old John
Bull!

J. S. Cox.



DUMBARION CASTLE FROM THE WEST.
A delicate bit of line work by John Brown, Paisley.

line is something after the style of the following:—

Monday: Fine and hot, suitable for driving, rowing, &c., with a bright, clear evening.

Tuesday: Cool and autumnal, with a gentle breeze at intervals; moonlight night and plenty of stars.

Wednesday: Bright and frosty, for skating, sledging, &c., and warranted to grow a little warmer when one feels cold.

Thursday: Breezy, windy, March weather, the sun shining in a clear sky, the flowers springing up, and the air sharp and fresh.

Friday: Hot, sultry, no wind; evening light as day until about nine or ten p.m.

Saturday: Rather cold, but the air bright and crisp, and the football ground damp and spongy, as it is good for the home team.

Sunday: Nice, warm, and bright, with the sun shining for all it's worth, the sort of weather to make one feel good; with a nice, moonlight night to commence as soon as church is over.

General Rules: All raining and drizzling to occur between one and two o'clock in the morning, and to dry up entirely before six o'clock the

London and Wanganui.

A COMPARISON.

DO YOU CAPTAIN readers know what life really is? You, whose lives are spent among the smoke and fog, with the same monotonous round of business day after day, don't you envy those whose "lot is cast in pleasant places"? If you but tasted of our life here in Wanganui, would you feel like going back to the dreary London struggle? I think not.

We, here, are never out of sight of green fields, trees and flowers, never out of hearing of the birds. In the busiest parts of the town grass is to be found—real grass—with no unfriendly notices—"Keep off," &c. Yes; it is an ideal life in its way; but we grumble all the same. Here a day's work comprises, say, about seven hours, or, perhaps, eight, and then you are free—free to wander through this sunny, flowery paradise at will. Would you exchange places, any of you?

Then the climate! Our winters are mild, our summers mild also, in fact, it is almost perpetual spring. We cycle here in all seasons—we swim from October to March—we are free from London fogs—and yet we grumble!

There are drawbacks (what place has not?), but they are few and trifling. Our Christmas is in midsummer; no skating, no "yule logs," no mistletoe. Then we have earthquakes, big, ugly, shaking things that give you the creeps. (Would you still change, dear reader?) I envy you sometimes, you London workers, but then I think of our poor "Old Fag" slaving away in a pokey office all day, to wind up by groping about in the fog for his lodgings, there to sleep until daylight brings another day of drudgery.

To him, then, and to others in the same predicament, I send this little glimpse of another life.

"PORANGI POTAE."

[Ah, he may well pity me!—O.F.]

An Echo of "The Long 'Un."

[BY HARRY PAYNE.]

Being a letter supposed to be written to the author by "Harold Jefferson."

HOTEL ANGLAIS, NICE.

October 1, 1903.

DEAR MR. BELL,—As the chronicler of the most momentous epoch of my life, I feel constrained to write these few words to you. I commence with the full admission of the fact that my career hitherto has been that of a "cad," dictated by a mean and purse-proud nature; but I have been punished bitterly.

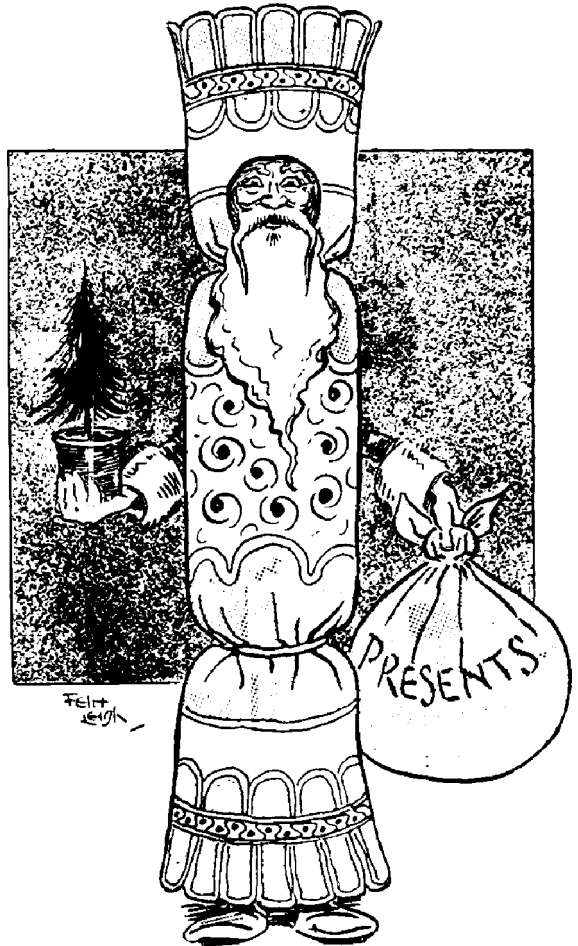
No one knows (I did not myself, till I lost her) how dearly I loved Dora Maybury. Beneath the arrogant, patronising spirit which ruled uppermost in me towards her, I know now that I bore a love for her which was deep and true—but, it is all over! In the misery of my voluntary exile, I have fought the battle out and—gained the victory. I have struggled as painfully through the valley of humiliation as any man could, and am glad to say I have emerged therefrom a wiser and better fellow.

I should be glad if you could manage to let something of this be known to your readers, for, though I have absolutely no self-pity, and do not desire to mitigate my past caddishness by one iota, I should not like CAPTAIN readers to think Harold Jefferson the out-and-out rotter he has appeared, incapable of anything better.

No, I have received my "gruel"; the lesson has been a stiff one, but, I believe, has made a man of me. My one hope is that my darling Dora will always be happy. She came into my life for a brief spell, and has now gone out of

it for ever, but I shall always think of her as the dearest and sweetest woman the world contains.

I am,
Yours very sincerely,
HAROLD JEFFERSON.



A CHRISTMAS CRACKER.

Witty Miss Wheatley.

If Mississippi takes Missouri's bonnet, what will Delaware?

Perhaps she'll Havanas, but Alaska!

DOROTHY WHEATLEY.

"Captain" Advertisements.

"THE CAPTAIN" claims to be a magazine for "Boys and Old Boys," and this claim is borne out by the nature of its advertisements. The following table shows the proportion and nature of THE CAPTAIN advertisements, as compared with other magazines. The figures are for the November CAPTAIN. "The Average Magazine" percentages were obtained by taking four other magazines, and averaging their figures. The percentages

show, not the number of advertisements, but the proportion of space occupied by each class.

DESCRIPTION OF ADVERTISEMENT.

	"THE CAPTAIN." per cent.	THE AVERAGE MAGAZINE. per cent.
Sport, including bicycles, athletic sundries, games, &c. ...	39	4½
Stamps, picture post-cards, albums, &c. ...	20	—
Models, including mechanical toys, fretwork outfits, &c. ...	13	—
Books and journals ...	10	3
Stationery, including typewriters, fountain pens, &c. ...	5	5½
Patent medicines, foods, and cocoas ...	5	35
Watches and jewellery ...	2½	4½
Educational ...	2½	2
Furniture, including pianos, bath cabinets, phonographs, &c. ...	2	16
Clothing ...	—	6½
Physical development ...	—	5½
Soap and toilet perquisites... ..	—	6½
Tobacco ...	—	3
Financial ...	—	1
Hypnotism, &c. ...	—	1
Sundries ...	1	6

As will be seen, over one-third of THE CAPTAIN'S advertisement pages are occupied by King Sport. Next comes the Stamp mania, that ever popular hobby, with mechanical models a good third. Quack medicines, which lead the way in the average magazine, are simply nowhere in THE CAPTAIN, which is as it should be. Taking it on the whole, THE CAPTAIN percentages are a very good guide to the tastes and inclinations of the average boy.

GEORGE W. IVEY.

Criticisms.

F. S. Brough.—Promising, promising. Try again, young man, and keep off mythological personages.

Viator.—You write pleasantly, and I am sorry my limited space will not allow me to print your walking-tour essay. I will keep "Books" by me, and may comment on it in my "Editorial" some day.

"R. C."—Certainly you are thoughtful, and you have poetic instinct, but I hope my telling you this won't set you writing poetry all day long. Polish your verses and never lapse into vagueness. Be clear-cut and concise. Am using "With a Birthday Gift," which is very pretty and very filial. What an unpoetical *nôm-de-plume* you have chosen! I have disregarded it, in consequence.

A. S. Wylie.—You are far too young to write stories, my friend.

R. M. Robertson.—Anybody can get hold of a newspaper file and "Wisden" and do sums out of them. If you have a passion for cricketing statistics, find out the population and area of each first-class county and see whether the most thickly

populated counties turn out the best teams, or vice versa.

F. B. Morton.—I am sorry I cannot use your carefully-compiled lists. The fact is, I have already accepted two contributions concerning our prizes, and will take this opportunity to say that I don't want anything else of that nature for some time to come.

Walter Hartill.—Sorry cannot find space for your football article.

The 'Wegian.—No room for Picture Post-Card Collectors' Corner. Now I will answer your questions. (1) Use larger paper. (2) Yes, your writing is a little too close. (3) Punctuation somewhat faulty, but you don't express yourself badly. (4) I can't tell really from one essay what sort of ability you have. (5) No, I am not the Rev. Albert Lee, author of the "Two Fags." (6) Sorry no room for essay: I have so many essays in hand that I can only accept exceptionally interesting ones. Better than any description would be the first picture-card itself. Have you got a copy?

T. Grant.—Am keeping your "Gunpowder Plot" article for next November. Hope you will have sent photo by then.

W. S. Cother.—"The Christmas Term" is mere rhyming, and possesses no literary merit. "Hope" is better, but some of the lines are very crude, and the whole needs polish. Every now and again you put in a line just to make a rhyme and fill up. That is bad art. Each line should contain a thought or continue a thought. Don't "pad."

"O Migh."—Very neatly written. There is nothing very original in your description of a tramp, however. You seem to be able to describe, but editors don't want descriptive articles. They want thoughts, facts, and humour.

D. T. Middleton.—See reply to R. M. Robertson. You have worked out the tables very industriously, nevertheless, and I admire your energy.

N. S. Wolfendale.—Not bad, but rather an old trick! Shall expect to hear from you again. Clubbed.

D. B. Campbell.—Right O! I'll use it.

Dorothy Johnson.—"Gotha" essay is well written, but too long for us at a time when space is very precious. I trust you will succeed in getting it taken by a ladies' paper. Try *The Ladies' Field*.

V. J. Wells.—I have handed your "How to Make a Model Sailing Boat" to Mr. Archibald Williams, who may comment on it in a future number if he thinks it worthy of notice.

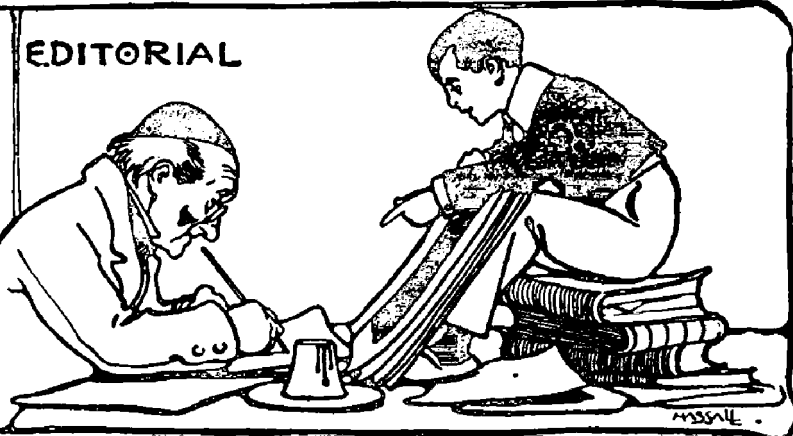
W. D. G.—The game your Belgian friend taught you is as near "Fives" as a game can be without a Fives Court.

C. Parkinson.—Photo not of sufficient interest. Send something humorous or curious.

Contributions have also been received from: H. F. S., J. R. Cooper, F. N. Briery, "A New Reader," R. Spiggot, G. W. Ferguson, "A Swimmer," Cecil Tweedy, F. Vero, E. H. Savill, "Tag," W. H. Archer, Sydney Smith, N. C. Ouchterlony, F. Whittingham, E. A., G. W. Berry, P. Dacre, E. L. Aubrey, J. W. Connell, "Bolek" (clubbed), X. Y. Z., J. E. Lee, G. J. Walker, R. L. Bridgnell, H. Payne, T. F. Stubbs, J. H. Skuse, J. L. Turner, and others whose efforts will be criticised or acknowledged in future numbers.

THE OLD FAG

EDITORIAL



12 BURLINGHAM STREET,
STRAND, LONDON.

A Happy New Year to you all!

Don't make too many good resolutions, but make a few—and keep them. No wonder those funny fellows who write for funny papers find humorous capital in good resolutions, but they wouldn't enjoy half so much sport out of these breakages if people did not pile such heaps of good resolutions one on top of another. Nearly everything of worth, made to last, must occupy a long time in the making. The Romans made mortar which has survived the great stones it held together. Their recipe died with their dynasty, and we of this era can only gaze in wonder upon their work. We cannot equal it—we can only imitate it. Populus Romanus! What a people! To-day we occupy a position very similar to that which the Romans held once upon a time. But it wasn't built up by broken resolutions.

The foundations of this stupendous Empire were laid by stupendous men, who, as boys, were brought up in a hard school; as men, were brave as lions, wise in counsel, temperate in the hour of victory; men who, by learning to rule themselves, were thus fitted, when the hour came, to govern others. And so they lived, and when Death came they looked him fearlessly in the face, and so went to their rest, stupendous still, though wrapt in everlasting slumber.

The beginning of a New Year evokes such thoughts as these. This is the time to put off the old garment of slackness and indifference and don the habit of a different life. Do you want to emulate your great forefathers? Then do as they did; cultivate

resolution. But do not set about the change in nervous haste. Slip out of your old self gradually, and as you emerge by degrees you will wonder how you could ever have stayed so long down in the depths where sloth, and cowardice, and vice lurk in congenial comradeship.

You must not expect, in these late times, to find anything made easy for you. While the world remains the same size, the people in it are constantly increasing in number. The snug berths of fifty years ago that young men dropped into by the aid of influential friends are non-existent now. To-day you must fight, or else go to the wall. So learn to depend on yourselves while you are young; don't lean on others. When you come into the world here, come with hard muscles, a clear eye, and a steady brain. As you form yourselves now, so you will be all your lives. Later on you can't unmake yourselves and go in for an entire remodeling. A man is made once and for all time; school-days are the bone and blood and muscle making days. Neglect your opportunities now, and you'll repent it for fifty years.

Every fellow, at times, feels that he is not keeping up to the mark—feels that he would like to be better. What more propitious time for a change, then, than the opening of a New Year? Some of you will laugh at these remarks, some will glance over them carelessly and think no more about them, and some will remember them. Why? Because I'm not preaching, but just talking plain sense. I'm a man, and you're boys, and when you're men you will see things as I see them now. And so I send you this New Year message, confident that it will not appeal to you in vain. May the New Year

bring you new hope and new strength, and the courage which does not include "defeat" in its dictionary.

TO THE NEW YEAR.

The past is dead; its tale is told;
 Its work of joy or sorrow done;
 But thou wilt to our eyes unfold
 The lessons from it to be won:
 To leave old sins, to shun old snares,
 To hold with firmer grasp the Right,
 To love old friends, forget old cares,
 And keep our faces to the light.

O, glad New Year, thy robe of snow
 Is bright with frost-points sparkling gay,
 And on thy brow a sunny glow
 Beams radiant through this winter day;
 So help us o'er our griefs to wear
 The veil of white unselfishness,
 And to this sad old world to spare
 A smile to make its sorrows less.

A. L.

Boys' Clubs.—My remarks on Clubs for Boys in the November number have brought me several letters on the subject. It seems that there are all sorts of little clubs all over the country, consisting of small bodies of boys and youths. In some cases they are managed by ladies and gentlemen, and in other cases by the boys themselves. I append a few particulars of the clubs that have been brought to my notice, so that boys and young men living in the neighbourhoods referred to may have a chance of making the acquaintance of young fellows of their own age, and passing their evenings in a pleasant and profitable manner.

MALONE NATURALISTS' CLUB.—This is a Belfast institution, and the Secretary is Thomas A. Lowe, 7 Chlorine Gardens, Belfast. The President is Richard Kearton, Esq., F.Z.S., the famous writer on birds and their habits. The object of the club is the promotion of the study of natural history. The half-yearly subscription is sixpence, and the entrance fee threepence. One thing I notify with great satisfaction is that members are expected to use their influence in the prevention of cruelty to birds or animals.

PRESTEIGNE CLUB FOR BOYS.—This was started at the time of the Diamond Jubilee by Mrs. L. Debenham, of the Old Rectory, Presteigne, Radnorshire, and last year the membership numbered nearly seventy. Mrs. Debenham will be very pleased to correspond with any ladies or gentlemen interested in such clubs. I may mention that the Master of the National School is the Superintendent of this club, and that a gentleman living in the neighbourhood, who is a splendid gymnast, gives his services in this department. The club is open for four months during the winter, on three evenings a week, and the

boys read, play bagatelle, box, manipulate dumb-bells and Sandow developers, and indulge in other recreations of a healthy character.

THE HIGHCLIFFE INSTITUTE.—This is a club for boys and youths, and is situated at 48 High Road, Willesden Green, London, N.W. Its present membership is 60, divided into two sections—juniors, between the ages of 14 and 18 years; seniors, 16 years and over. The institute provides chess, draughts, and cards, and two billiard tables, one a quarter-size and the other three-quarters. From the canteen refreshments can be obtained at a moderate tariff, and the institute has the benefit of the profit. The institute premises consist of the two upper floors over a shop in the best position in Willesden Green, and a caretaker lives on the premises. There are three football teams in connection with it, and it is hoped to form other athletic clubs shortly. Members are drawn from the artisan class. CAPTAIN readers living in this district can obtain a card of particulars, &c., by applying to the Secretary.

BEECHWOOD CLUB (31 Oakhill Road, Sheffield).—May I be permitted, through the medium of your magazine, to say a few words about a "Social Club" to which I belong? This club (the Beechwood Club) has now been in existence for nearly eight years, and comprises a president, two vice-presidents, and seven members. A wooden building, nicely papered and painted and fitted up, is used as a club house. Each member has to pay a weekly subscription of a few pence for providing necessaries, lighting the club, &c. If any of your readers desire to start a club with the aid of their friends, I shall be very pleased to go further into the subject and give any information I am in a position to supply.—H. E. ROE (Hon. Sec.).

PROPOSED "CAPTAIN" CLUB AT BRIXTON, LONDON, S.W.—Mr. Ernest R. Carroll, of 8 Dalberg Road, Brixton, will be glad to hear of any CAPTAIN readers who would like to form a club in that district on the lines described in Mr. W. R. Carter's account of the Athenian Club at Gorleston (*vide* November number). In connection with the proposed club there will be: A Camera Club, a Bicycle Club, a Foreign Stamp Exchange, and a Library; if sufficient members join, Cricket and Football teams will also be made up. The club is open to members of THE CAPTAIN Club between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one. Mr. Carroll writes me a very businesslike letter, and promises to be a most enterprising Secretary, so I hope his efforts will meet with the greatest success in this large and populous district, where there must be heaps of young fellows who would like to join a club of this sort.

PROPOSED "CAPTAIN" CLUB AT BIRMINGHAM.—Mr. J. H. Weeks, of 206 Dudley Road, Birmingham would like to hear from members of THE CAPTAIN Club in his neighbourhood, with the object of forming a club such as has been suggested in THE CAPTAIN. From Mr. Weeks's letter I can quite see that he fully realises and sympathises with the loneliness many young fellows suffer from, as he says: "Such a club as you propose would provide a haven for many a decent fellow who is thrown absolutely on his beam ends for want of congenial society." Mr. Weeks has had a fair amount of organising experience, he tells me, having been Secretary of numerous school societies, and proposes to run the club on the same lines as those put forward by Mr. Carter, of Gorleston.

PROPOSED "CAPTAIN" CLUB AT KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.—Mr. Charles C. Harbert, 87 Portland

Road, Kingston-on-Thames, would like to hear from readers of *THE CAPTAIN* in that district, with the object of forming a club on the lines I have already suggested.

I have no doubt that as time goes on I shall receive particulars of other clubs, and I shall publish them as soon after they reach me as possible. For the benefit of people who wish me to print information of this kind, I may say that we close down for press on the 21st of the month—that is to say, we are closing down for press with this (January) number on the 21st of November. In connection with these clubs it must be borne in mind that it is impossible to ignore the fact that class distinctions do exist very strongly in this country and always will exist. All sensible fellows recognise this, and so, in forming clubs, readers must be careful to make them up from the class to which they belong. I have no doubt that those energetic readers who start about forming clubs will have sufficient tact to understand the point I am now pressing home. There is plenty of room for all classes, and we welcome all classes as readers; for what is good reading for a boy at Eton or Harrow or Winchester, is equally good reading for a lad who has to work hard with his hands all day at painting or plumbing. We shall, therefore, be glad to hear from boys of all classes who wish to form clubs and enjoy themselves in a friendly, rational manner. If you cannot get hold of a club-house, which is not indispensable, you can form yourselves into football or cricket-clubs, or "field-clubs"—and go for long rambles on half-holidays and Saturdays. Mr. Fry, by the way, has some very sound things to say about Boys' Clubs in his own "Corner."

"My Ideal Christmas." — Mr. Harold Bindloss, writer of virile yarns, sends the following:

The most pleasant fashion of spending Christmas Day I can think of recalls one spent so some years ago.

It was about six in the morning, and I was in the service of a Spanish company, when we started on mules from a village high on the hillside above Santa Cruz, Teneriffe. A ride through cool air and brilliant sunshine was followed by a luxurious swim in a tepid sea from a beach of coal-black larva, where, once the white surf was passed, the water was as clear as crystal. Then there was a stroll through the quaint old city with the cathedral bells clanging and the sound of droning organs in venerable churches. After that breakfast, with heaps of flowers on the table and great hoards of fruit, and a row off to a very smart little mail-boat in a gig whose bottom was filled with bags of silver.

Next, a six hours' voyage, while the deck was

warm with sunshine, across the blue roll of the trade wind sea to the island of Grand Canary, with a dispute between Spanish captain and English engineer (during which the latter stopped the ship) thrown in to furnish excitement.

After that we went fishing with a wire net for fresh sardines, and finally, when it was dark again, towards six o'clock, assembled, a cheerful party of exiled Britons, in an English house in Las Palmas. There, with every door and window wide open, we sang English songs, and longed, perhaps foolishly, for the English frost and snow, while the Spaniards played guitars in the dusty streets, and the Atlantic rollers growled along the reefs. After that we floundered among rock, boats, and broken lava looking for our boat, and finally rowed off at midnight under bright moonlight to our steamer, with some one singing "Good King Wenceslas" in the stern of the boat.

"St. Austin's": by P. G. Wodehouse (A. and C. Black, 3s. 6d.) This is a collection of short stories, most of which have appeared in *THE CAPTAIN*. The quality of Mr. Wodehouse's work is now familiar to our readers, so I will not expatiate upon it. Of the book's varied contents, "The Tom Brown Question" is an item which has not appeared in *THE CAPTAIN*, and should interest a good many people in that the author discusses the problem as to whether the late Judge Hughes wrote the whole of "Tom Brown's Schooldays." Other stories and sketches which have not been published in *THE CAPTAIN* are: "L'Affaire Uncle John," "Author," "The Tabby Terror," "The Prize Poem," "A Shocking Affair," "Work," "Notes," "Now, Talking About Cricket—." The book is enlivened with a number of illustrations by Mr. T. M. R. Whitwell and Mr. R. N. Pocock, and any boy, or boy's sister, or boy's big brother, who gets hold of "St. Austin's" will while away one of these cold Christmas afternoons very pleasantly indeed.

The Technological Dictionary.

This is a work I can highly recommend to my readers, especially those who are attending technological institutions or engaged in factories and workshops. The Dictionary is to be published in fifteen fortnightly shilling parts, and the first number was issued in November. The contents include special articles on, and definitions of, the terms generally used in Architecture, Bookbinding, Carpentry, Chemistry, Cycle Manufacture, Engraving and Etching, Glass Manufacture, Mining, Motor-Car Manufacture, Music, Painting, and thirty other subjects, all fully illustrated. It is published by Messrs. George Newnes, Ltd., Southampton-street, Strand, London, W.C.

The Same Firm (Messrs. Newnes) have also recently published a delightful volume entitled "The Jack of All Trades," by D. C. Beard. This is described as a book of useful arts and handicrafts for boys of all ages, and among the contents I notice that there are "fair weather ideas," and "rainy day ideas." The former comprise "Hunting Without a Gun," "A Back-Yard Zoo," "A Back-Yard Fishpond," "How to Make a Back-Yard Aviary," "A Boy's Back-Yard Workshop," "How to Build and Furnish a Cabin," "How to Build a Toboggan-Slide in the Back-Yard," &c. For rainy days you are told how to make a home-made circus; how to extract fun by means of scissors, and paste-board and paper; how to have a circus in the attic; how to have a Wild West Show at home; how to have a panorama show, &c. I have not quoted the subject-matter of all the chapters, but I have given sufficient to show what sort of book this is. It is cheap at six shillings, and just the thing to give a boy at Christmastime.

The Girl's Handy Book (Newnes), by Lina Beard and Adelia B. Beard, is described as a work which opens a new world of delightful and useful recreations for girls of all ages, and deals with the preservation of wild flowers, walking clubs, cottage decoration, how to make a hammock, how to make a fan, how to make a telephone, how to paint in water-colours, how to model in clay and wax, how to make frames and decorate them, amusements and games for the Christmas holidays, what to do with rubbish, &c. There are also chapters on bicycling, golf, swimming, physical culture, and girls' clubs. This also costs six shillings, and I can imagine the delight of any healthy, natural girl who is so fortunate as to be presented with this most interesting volume, written as it is by two ladies who have done everything they herein describe.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Ami d'une fille.—I'm getting rather tired of these French *noms-de-plume*. Can't you hit on a good English one? Well, well—do I think that your girl-friend's companionship does you any harm? No, I don't, if she's a nice girl. As you are 19½, you hardly come under the category of "boy," but you are hardly a man yet, and so your career should absorb the majority of your waking hours. Boy or girl friendships should not involve the "boy" in expense, or lead him to devote to the girl hours which should be spent in work and manly recreation. A nice girl should have a great influence for good over a fellow of your age, and I heartily approve of such friendships; but silly

girls don't do a fellow any good, as they are apt to engender in him the idea that girls are mere playthings. You are fortunate. Stick to her, always behave like a gentleman, and nought but lasting good can come of this companionship.

Ecossais (more French!) thinks the old CAP. the best boy's magazine going, but, nevertheless, has a grievance. And what is it? Why, I stated recently that when I said "England," I meant the word to include Wales, Scotland, and Ireland. Instead of England, says "Ecossais," I should always say "Great Britain." I wonder whether all this reader's fellow-countrymen wish me to say "Great Britain" instead of "England"! Nelson once made a mistake similar to mine, if I remember rightly, for, according to "Ecossais," the great admiral's signal to the fleet at Trafalgar should have read: "Great Britain expects every man this day to do his duty." And yet I trow every Scotsman in the fleet knew that, when Nelson said "England," he was thinking of the *whole* of this tight little island, and sister Ireland as well. And I mean that, too, when I say "England."

Paddy (Cork) agrees with my view of vegetarianism, and at the same time very sensibly protests against the cruel manner in which animals are treated when being got into, and out of, cattle trucks on the railway. Paddy adds that I may expect a long letter from him on the subject of "Vivisection," but I must request him to stay his hand. Willing and ready as I am to do all in my power in the cause of humanity, I cannot open my columns to any and every subject for correspondence. Another reader ("O. A.") wants me to discuss "Cremation," and I expect others will try to entice me into giving my opinion of Free Trade, Women's Suffrage, Vaccination, and a hundred other topics. But no! Paddy shall not anti-vivisect here, nor shall "O. A." cremate. On this I am determined.

D. Bradshaw writes: "Would you prefer a rise of £20 a year in your salary to an increase of £5 every half-year? You naturally say you would prefer a rise of £20 a year. Let us look into the question. A's income is £100 a year. He gets a rise of £20 a year, so that in three years he receives the sum of £360. B. also gets £100 a year, which is increased by £5 every half-year, the result being that in three years he nets £375. Therefore he is better off in three years by £15, or £5 every year."—Any CAPTAIN reader who is asked how he would like his salary raised is hereby advised to say, "By an increase of £5 every half-year, rather than by £20 a year."

"Nonsense and Insolence" writes very angrily, and inquires whether I give my correspondents' names and addresses to people who run half-penny comic papers, because he has recently received a post-card from such a paper, with a hair-raising picture, and a communication somewhat after this style:—"The Editor of the — begs to call your attention to the commencement of a new serial story, 'Blue-Eyed Bill of the Blood-Curdling Club,' by that celebrated author, Major-General Gumpot."—I need hardly say that I certainly do not supply the names and addresses of my correspondents to other papers. As regards the papers "N. and I." mentions, they will continue to sell and prosper so long as street boys and servants and factory-girls continue to buy them. Of course, uneducated people like their fiction crude and hot and strong, and the proprietors of such papers serve up stories of a certain type for a

certain public. That public, I am sure, is not **THE CAPTAIN** public, and I feel certain that very few of my readers ever waste their money on such unutterable rubbish.

Sisterless makes some very sensible remarks about boy and girl friendships. He says very truly that, "Girls do not realise how very contemptuously they are spoken of when they make themselves 'cheap,' and try and dress in a manner older than their years, and behave in a silly fashion when they are in the company of boys and men. I wish the chaps who have sisters" (adds "Sisterless") "would look after them a bit. Parents think they know a lot, but in affairs of this kind they haven't half the influence over a young girl that a sensible brother or sister would have. I am sure that all boys will agree with me that when they meet a decent, ordinary, natural girl—and they are very rare—they admire and respect her most awfully. I know I do."—I do not quite agree with my correspondent that the "decent, ordinary, natural girl" is very rarely come across. At the same time, I quite see what he means, and am glad he holds such a high opinion of really nice girls. I trust all my girl-readers will take his remarks to heart, and never behave in a manner which will cause them to forfeit the respect of their male associates.

"**Wanting**" (Bristol) wants to get a number of readers to go out with him during July, August, or September on a holiday camp. As, however, he doesn't wish to be deluged with correspondence before the proposal takes a definite shape, he withholds his name and address for the present. If "Wanting" thinks I am going to be "deluged with correspondence" by way of saving him trouble, he is very much mistaken. I shall not insert a reply to any letters sent to me on the subject of this camp, but if any one likes to write to "Wanting" c/o this office, letters will be forwarded to my correspondent after he has sent me his full name and address, and given me some sort of proof that he is a fit and proper person to organise a holiday camp.

Colonial Reader (Trinidad).—I cannot extend the time for competitions. As it is, we only just get the results in time to print them two months after the "comps." are set. The results of the competitions set in this number will not be known until the March number appears, and if I gave a longer time for the sending in of these competitions, our thousands of readers at home would have to wait another month, and of course this would not do at all. I am sorry, but I cannot help it.

Certificates for Honourable Mentions.—"Massa Sinney" and other readers have written to ask me to give certificates for hon. mens. I should be very pleased to do this if we had only one competition extending over three months, but in view of the fact that we have six competitions every month, and award a considerable number of hon. mens., and that very often the same people are honourably mentioned over and over again, we should find ourselves giving away an enormous number of certificates. At present, therefore, I cannot add to the work of this department by giving certificates of merit.

Paddy's Brogue.—It will be remembered that in the November number Mr. J. H. Skuse declared that the Irish peasant says "oi" when he means "i." Another Irishman, Mr. H. V. Fielding, of Dublin, writes to say that Pat—the Dublin

variety, anyhow—certainly does not make a diphthong of the simple vowel "i," and say "oi." Mr. H. V. F. has lived in Dublin, he says, all his life, and is as familiar with the brogue of the Irish capital as most people. He discusses Irish dialect at some length, but I have no space in which to quote his further remarks. For all I care, Irish peasants can go on saying "oi" for the next ten thousand years, if they like. It is a most pardonable mispronunciation, and one much to be preferred to the horrible London East End dialect, which changes "say" into "sye," and murders the harmless aspirate on every possible occasion.

Another Lonely Boy.—Try and join some football or social club in your neighbourhood. I cannot publish the addresses of correspondents who write to me and say they are lonely. That would never do. You might receive letters from people living near you, and when you got to know them you might be very sorry that you ever made their acquaintance. Like other lonely people, you must wait for your opportunity, and no doubt you will get plenty of friends in time. Friends cannot be made to order, you know, and the most sincere sort of people are the people who do not contract friendships quickly. Write again whenever you like. I shall always be pleased to hear how you are getting on. I may mention that my other lonely correspondent doesn't live anywhere near you. He is a Londoner.

Absent-Minded Beggar is a stalwart soldier who still often purchases his **CAPTAIN** and revels in the school tales. He tells me that private soldiers, as a rule, indulge in the various love-stories published weekly in the form of novelettes for the weaker sex. "Absent-Minded Beggar" is wrong when he supposes that he is the only **CAPTAIN** reader in the ranks of the Service. I have lots of readers at Aldershot and elsewhere. My correspondent adds: "I would not advise any of your readers to dream of enlisting (and I don't suppose many would) as a common soldier, unless prepared to face a barrack-room existence which—at least, in the chrysalis stage—is totally foreign to all ideas of refinement and culture, to put it mildly. I can say from experience it makes one feel sick for the first year or so." This is rather a harsh criticism of the Army, but I know for a fact that the life of a barrack-room is very rough indeed. I think, however, that a fellow with a will of his own ought to be able to hold his ground and lead a decent, respectable life. An occasional crack on the jaw will stop bullies who wish to force him to drink or indulge in other vices. In all British communities a good, straight left has a fine moral as well as physical effect, and a fellow ought not to join the Army unless he is quite prepared to stick up for himself, and to show that he will not be bullied.

"**The Spalding Guardian**," in reviewing our November number, referred to Mr. Guy N. Pocock's entertaining story, "Poor, *Dead* Harry!" Another provincial journal remarked, "Letters to John," by C. Burgess, give some very interesting tips on football." I may point out to the respective editors of these papers that Mr. Pocock's tale is called "Poor, *Dear* Harry!" and that "C. Burgess" is the whimsical signature adopted by Mr. Charles Burgess Fry in writing letters to an imaginary nephew whilst posing as a public school-boy's uncle and athletic mentor.

O. A. R. L. is a boy of eighteen who has not

been able to walk for more than three years, and is obliged to lie down always. Nevertheless, he writes me a very bright, well-expressed letter, and I am greatly pleased to know that THE CAPTAIN has afforded him so much comfort and pleasure during his long illness. "O. A. R. L." suggests that when people don't want a hockey stick they should be allowed to choose an alternative prize. I am quite willing that they should do so. For instance, if we are offering a hockey stick by a certain maker—say, John Piggott—and the winner of the prize doesn't want a hockey stick, he may select something else of a similar value from Mr. Piggott's catalogue.

A Recruit.—My correspondent, "A Constant Reader," has never sent me his full name, although his letter has elicited several sympathetic communications like yours. There is really no reason at all at your age—19—why you should not have plenty of friends. Join the Polytechnic in Regent-street, or the Y.M.C.A., at Exeter Hall. You will get to know plenty of decent fellows at these places, and the subscriptions are very moderate. Write, or call and ask to see the secretary. You will be received very kindly, and in a short time you will have found plenty of fellows who will spend their evenings and Saturday afternoons with you, and help to make your life brighter in every way.

Eric Lawson (New Zealand).—*Vide* reply to "Colonial Reader." It is impossible, you see, for you to enjoy the same advantages as regards competitions as home readers. I'm very sorry, and I try to make amends for your disability in this respect by sending you out as good a magazine as self and Art Editor can produce.

R. A. P.—It won't make any difference to your membership, all those fellows borrowing THE CAPTAIN from you. But tell them, with the Old Fag's compliments, that he considers it jolly unfair of them not to spend a modest tanner a month on a magazine they like so much. P.S.—I can't think how your letter has been overlooked so long. The O. B., who sorts the letters, will get it very hot for this.

"A Christian."—Quantity surveyors' posts are usually given to competent men, from 23 to 30 years of age, who have spent about five years in the office of an architect, builder, or surveyor. I expect some friend can give you an introduction to a surveyor, from whom you can procure full information on the subject. Posts of this kind are procured through a Borough Council or the Local Government Board.

"The Lytham Lifeboat."—E. J. Wilkinson sends a correction for which I am much obliged. He says: "In your article in the October number of THE CAPTAIN on a 'Lifeboat Hero,' you state that the Lytham and St. Anne's lifeboat crews were drowned with the exception of two men. I beg to state that this is incorrect. It was the St. Anne's and Southport crews which were drowned. The Lytham lifeboat-men saved the crew of the *Mexico* without any loss on their own side."

A. G. Cheverton.—If your second attempt is good enough I shall accept it, you may be sure. Don't be disappointed if you fail, as success does not come to many people at all hastily. Many thanks for your worthy efforts in our behalf.

F. A. Bailey.—It is indeed interesting to hear that you went to see "where I lived" in the Temple in my young days. Oh, those young days! I used to make my own tea and cook chops and steaks on my gas-stove, helped by other budding barristers.

But *they* blossomed forth into wig and gown, while I forsook Law for—Fagging!

L. W. Pratt hath a sharp eye. Mr. Wodehouse, in Chapter III. of "The Gold Bat," refers to "the working out of Examples 300 to 306 in Hall and Knight's Algebra," whereas (explains Master Pratt gladly) there *are* only 250 Examples!

S. Smith.—See note *re* binding-cases at foot of "Contents." That railway company is blessing you, I expect! Although I admire your zeal, I don't think CAPTAIN stamps should be stuck up in railway carriages. What should you say, now, if you were the owner of the carriages thus adorned? We intend the stamps to be put in albums, on the *front* of letters (not the address side—the postal officials have complained to us about that), in books, etc. Don't think, however, that I am ungrateful to you for your enterprise. I only wish to point out that even advertising THE CAPTAIN must be kept within proper bounds.

S. Langlois.—While highly appreciating your efforts in our behalf, I cannot insert a notice of that kind in THE CAPTAIN. It is against my rules.

C. Little (Wellington, N.Z.).—We did have competitions for Colonial and foreign readers, but they were so badly supported that we dropped them.

J. Webb Stanley.—The monument to the Prince Edward Island Volunteers is one of the handsomest I have ever seen. I daresay you'll be six feet before you've done, or near it.

John Lyon.—"A Harrow Boy's Day" appeared in Volume I. of THE CAPTAIN (August, 1899).

J. L. (Oxford).—Sorry your second set of verses doesn't quite appeal to me.

H. G. G. (Cape Colony).—Clubbed. Am inquiring about your correction *re* picture post-cards.

Old Fogey.—Sorry cannot find space for verses. Many thanks for suggestion *re* post-cards, which I hope to adopt.

An Ardent Reader.—There, there, don't be cross! I daresay poor "Amant" really was feeling the need of a little congenial female society when he wrote to me. I hope he has found it.

The Abbess.—I cannot say much for your writing; it will improve with time. I do not know anything about the book you mention. As for superstitions, don't take any notice of them.

C. H. Webster.—Never fear, C. H. W., I shall be very firm with "Veg." She will not turn me into a vegetarian, anyhow, although she has managed to turn you into one.

Preserved Walnut.—Yes, you can always send a post-card if you can get your competition on to it, and thus save a penny stamp on a letter. Another new reader? Excellent!

Well-Wisher.—For your age your writing is excellent, and I have an idea you know it is. The highest building in the world is in Broadway, New York. I don't know its name. Will some Brother Jonathan reader oblige?

Guernsey Girl.—Of course you may join THE CAPTAIN Club, my dear. As to your question—well, it is quite natural for girls to like boys' papers, quite natural.

M. A. (Kenley).—I thank you for your suggestion, and will consider it. Lack of space is the difficulty.

S. P. wants to know what the "5th finger" in music means. Our musical expert is pleased to enlighten him. The German fingering is 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, which represent the thumb, 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th

fingers respectively. Nearly all foreign music is fingered in this way; so that in future, when "S. P." sees the figure 5 on his score, he will understand that the note is to be played with the little finger, likewise 1 with the thumb.

W. H. Campbell.—Your question about a profession is one to be answered by post. Send a stamped envelope with full list of your qualifications. Why did you omit your address in the first instance?

H. K. L.—Clubbed. We have already had several competitions of the kind you suggest and shall have others in due course. Send your essay to the CAPTAIN Club Corner by all means. If accompanied by photos or drawings, so much the better.

G. Aird Whyte.—(1) Take it to a rag-shop. (2) I have heard that an 1864 penny is of some value, but I don't know why.

Disfigured.—I should think you *are* sorry. Ask a doctor how you can remove the tattoo marks.

Dubious.—No, it is not necessary to have a licence for an air-gun. I believe a licence is necessary for a shotgun even if you keep on your own land, but I am not up in the law on the subject.

"Corncrake."—CAPTAIN competitions are open to all readers, whether members of the Club or not.

U. U. D.—Your best plan would be to send to the Electrical Engineer Institute of Correspondence Instruction, 427 Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, E.C., for their book entitled "Can I Become an Electrical or Mechanical Engineer?" This should prove of great assistance to you in coming to a decision.

A Youthful Emigrant.—Drop a line to the Emigrants' Information Office, 31 Broadway, Westminster, London, S.W.

Anonymous.—For particulars concerning the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, apply to the Recruiting Officer, R. N. V. R., Fishmongers' Hall, London, E.C.

H. Whitford-Hawkey.—Clubbed. Yes, write to our various Editors separately.

C. B.—I have noted the mistake in your address. Mr. Fry has mentioned several books on swimming in his recent "Answers." The volume in the Badminton Library series is a very good one, and there is also "Swimming," by Montague A. Holbein, price one shilling, published by C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd. **J. Menzies.**—What little bird told you that, young feller? **Jack Ap Sam.**—Clubbed, sir. Writing clear, but nothing to boast about. **Harold South.**—You are, indeed, an enthusiastic reader!

G. Hearn.—Yes, Somers will probably be Jim's best man—unless, as is likely, he gets married before him to the little Scotch nurse! **Bertha Hervey.**—All I can say is that you are a remarkably shrewd, clever, secret-solving, perspicacious young lady. **Rifle.**—Send a short article—say 400 words long—to C.C. pages, and remind me that I asked you to do so. **A. B. C. D. E. F.**—Yes, it is. Now are you happy? **Old Citizen.**—Sorry photos are hardly sufficiently representative of the scene. Clubbed.—**K. Scott** (Frankfurt).—Clubbed. Accounts of holiday tours generally read very much alike. Why not send a short article (400 words) to C.C. pages on your school life at Frankfurt? Competitors must develop their own photographs. That is a rule which must be strictly observed; otherwise, there

would be no object in having photo. comps. **J. H. Beaven.**—Clubbed. Yes, send that photo of the cottage in which the "Three Old Maids of Lee" lived. **Phono.**—The high speed mentioned was attained by Mr. H. Toothill, of the Leeds School of Shorthand, some years ago.

George Mailer.—(1) See reply to A. G. Holman. (2) Yes, get *Tit-Bits* copy-book No. 10. **Inquirer** (Clapham).—Cannot say yet. **S. E. A.**—Detectives are selected entirely from suitable police officers. **Stephen H. Critten.**—(1) Clubbed. (2) Yes, the quantity exceeds the quality. (3) Bristol board, which you can obtain at any artists' depot. **J. H. Coghill.**—Your back numbers should be worth so much to you that you ought not to wish to part with them.

X. Y. Z.—(1) Oliver Goldsmith. (2) Clubbed. **Wild Irishman.**—You must take your revolver to a gunsmith and ask him to apply a coating of "browning" to the rusty barrel. **A. G. Holman** and **Many Others.**—All you have to do to become a Member of the CAPTAIN Club is to purchase the magazine regularly and send an application for membership. There is no entrance fee, subscription, or age-limit. (1) Writing good. (2) Mr. Fry will reply *re* Australian badge.

Donald Robertson (Harlesden).—Pleased to know you are top of the "Centrals" batting averages. A Sandow Developer, price 12s. 6d., regularly used, would in a measure make up for the loss of gymnastics. See Mr. Fry's article on "The Use and Abuse of Strength Developers" in THE CAPTAIN for October, 1902 (Vol. VIII.).

W. W.—Clubbed. Send a stamped, addressed envelope for replies to your questions.

Clubbed.—Edith Haskins, William Moore, D. R. (Mintlaw), P. Rodick, Dorothy M. Vacher, W. S. Bruce, L. E. Greening, S. Edith M. Badham, James H. Jolly, Georgius, A. B. (Tisbury), J. D. Wright, Dormouse, G. R. Sayer (Highgate).

Official Representatives Ap- pointed: R. G. Read (Calcutta), W. J. C. Nettleton (Marylebone), Frank E. Russell (Greenwich), R. A. Ash (Cheadle), Phyllis Dacre (Ilkley), H. W. F. Long (Radstock).

Letters have also been received from: G. W. Berry, G. F. L., A. M. Crieve, W. Hall, Robert Riddell (Valparaiso), J. H. Jefferys, Old Boy, P. S. Kennedy (Mr. Fry will reply to your question), An Old Admirer, H. Dumbrell, H. J. Nicholls, Jowee the Sticker, Captainite, C. Rowson, R. L. Crysler, Ernest R. N., A. T. Belfrage, M. F. F. (Sydenham), D. P., C. S. Hanson, Harry Cross, P. W. Pennett, δ σπίλος, A. Scriven, Clubbite, A Youthful Editor, Irene Large.

Replies to "Foreign Languages," "W. B. Volunteer," "Chemist," "Hannibal," G. T. Lucas, and others, are held over, but will be sent by post on application.

Naturalists' Corner.—Again we have to hold this feature over through lack of space. Mr. Step has prepared answers to "Tree Frog," Dorothy G., "Shooter," W. A. Adams, P. J., C. J. Fearfield, "Lover of Books," J. B. I. Mackay, J. Digby, and Miss Veitch, which will appear next month, or can be had direct if the correspondents will send me a stamped, addressed envelope.

Library Corner.—A list of "Books Received" will be found on one of the advertisement pages.

Results of November Competitions.

No. I.—"The Fools and Flowers."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF "GRADIDGE" FOOTBALL: Afsa Horner, The Lindens, Aberdeen-place, N.W.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Alfred H. Close, Northiam, E. Sussex; Percy Wm. Bennett, 94 Ormeley-road, Balham, S.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Bernard C. Curling, G. H. Gregory, Edward A. Luff, Olive Marcus, Lewis R. Ferrier, H. C. Burton-Smith, B. Belham, Bertha Methvin, Grace Elliston, Ethel M. Parsons, Gilbert T. Lucas, Elinor M. Bomford.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF "GRADIDGE" FOOTBALL: J. O. Page, 53 White Cross-road, Hereford. WINNER OF HOCKEY STICK: Edith Adames, Somerville, Putney, S.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Frank R. Stears, J. E. Gruchy, Willie B. Meff, W. S. Russell, S. J. Jameson, V. H. Seymour, Christine Alexander, L. Gilkes, T. E. ap. Jago, H. L. Norman, G. R. C. Snow, Percy Hartill.

No. II.—"Comic Sentence."

WINNERS OF POST-CARD ALBUMS: H. E. Maunder, 86 Tyrwhitt-road, Brockley; G. Price, Milton Dale, Mere Green, Sutton Coldfield; W. Hartill, Manor House, Willenhall. STAFFS: O. Pearn, 59 Brigstock-road, Thornton Heath; George W. Bailey, 396 Attercliffe-road, Sheffield; John W. Kennedy, 31 Viewmount-road, Gilslochill, Glasgow.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Osmund P. Avey, Frida Phillips, W. F. Curtis, Lena Gilkes, R. H. Faulk, H. Francis-Ponter, Arthur C. Bryce, Marian Hewitt, E. V. McQuilkin.

No. III.—"Photographic."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: J. E. Patterson, 311 Scotswood-road, Newcastle.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: W. Boynton, 11 Montpelier-crescent, Brighton.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. J. R. H. Oldham, W. Paterson, Aubrey G. Raymond, F. H. J. Newton, Fred. Davey (Canada), Frederick Lewis Knight, R. B. Wilkins, Arthur Ernest Higgins, W. L. Taylor, A. E. Radford.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: T. Hughes, Newick House, Bath-road, Cheltenham.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Percy W. Owen, Oakvale, Dacres-road, Forest Hill, S.E.; John H. Young, Balgowan, Dorking.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. Fitzpatrick, Robert Swanston, Y. E. Goodman, Cecil E. Tavener, H. V. Pascoe, C. D. Grover, A. E. Birmingham, Reginald C. Kershaw, George M. Tyrrell, Eric G. King, Louis Morris, W. J. Jones, P. S. Brown.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fourteen.)

WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: W. W. Sweet-Escott, Wynyard House, Watford.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: R. W. Reade, Fairlight Glen, Parkstone, Dorset.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Harold Mansfield, Charlie S. Smith, C. Gotele, Harold Heath, Reginald G. Fracklyn, H. Taylor.

No. IV.—"How to Make."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF TWO GUINEA WALTHAM WATCH: Frances Whittingham, Kimberley, Kinnaird-avenue, Bromley, Kent.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Jacobina Daniel, 28 Deyne-avenue, Rusholme, Manchester; Alex. Scott, Jun., Burnside House, Tillicoultry, N.B.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. W. Tarper, William Oldham, W. Pass, J. H. Seddon, Harry Payne, Lemuel Lewis, Joseph O. Young, F. W. Goddard, W. B. Faulk.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF SANDOW DEVELOPER: E. V. McQuilkin, 24 Brook-street, Warwick.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: W. B. Hootly, Rochus Strasse 22, Dusseldorf, Germany; William Lewis, Castle Inn, Talgarth, Breconshire.

HONOURABLE MENTION: E. R. Lovett, Ben. Daniel, F. R. Simon, G. G. Branscombe, R. V. Southwell, Cedric Stokes, Walter R. Skeeles, Albert Albrow, W. R. Mackintosh, Victor A. Westcott, Douglas Elphinstone, W. D. Goudie.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fourteen.)

WINNER OF SANDOW DEVELOPER: Maurice Malvin, 3 Wilberforce Road, Finsbury Park, N.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Reginald K. Hallett, Stonyhurst, Horley, Surrey.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Gilbert S. Beer, H. Hughes, T. F. Rowley, Napoleon Porter, E. R. Bickersteth, W. S. Wilson, A. Scott-Hogg.

No. V.—"Anecdotes."

WINNERS OF HOCKEY STICKS: A. N. Leach, 9 Melville road, Edgbaston, Birmingham; V. Clayton, 9 Quernmore-road, Stroud Green, N.; J. Brimelow, 9 St. Peter's-road, St. Albans; Constance H. Graves, 15 Powis square, Brighton; Albert Albrow, 105, Elliscombe-road, Charlton, S.E.; Walter D. Goudie, Wilson-street, Derby.

HONOURABLE MENTION: B. Lawther, Victor R. Westcott, H. G. Holmes, W. S. L. Holt, P. W. Davidson, W. Pass, W. A. Oldfield, Gilian Westmacott, G. R. Sayer.

No. VI.—"Handwriting."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF HOCKEY STICK: Ethel M. Parsons, Victoria-road, Oswestry, Shropshire.

SETS OF HARBUTT'S "PLASTICINE DESIGNER" HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Alan V. Denning, St. Dunstan's, Maney Hill road, Sutton Coldfield; Reginald J. Hewlett, 15 Plummer street, Stapleton-road, Bristol.

HONOURABLE MENTION: E. K. Sargood, Dorothy Robson, A. L. Drew, Noël E. Lean, G. L. Austin, Thomas Maria, C. Rawlings, H. Michie, J. H. Parnum, Harry Aspinall, C. F. Oliver, J. F. A. Tucker.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF "GRADIDGE" FOOTBALL: A. H. G. S. Douglas, 15 Acton-lane, Harlesden, N.W.

SETS OF HARBUTT'S "PLASTICINE DESIGNER" HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: F. J. Davis, 78 Elgin-avenue, Maida Hill, W. Walter J. Carter, Brighton House, 3 Bath-road, Welhampton.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Gavin M. Brown, Phyllis Cook, Albert Evans, L. A. Ross, E. H. Vinson, C. H. Parker, S. G. Martin, W. E. Phillips, J. H. Tombling, W. E. Jackson, R. L. Nall, E. B. Davies.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF "GRADIDGE" FOOTBALL: Alastair Urquhart, 13 Danube-street, Edinburgh.

SETS OF HARBUTT'S "PLASTICINE DESIGNER" HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: C. Dinsdale, 87 Stratford-street, Dewsbury-road, Leeds; Oayth Harding, 3 Prince's-road, Lewisham Hill S.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. C. Burleigh, C. L. Hodges, James Gallie, Lawrence E. Greening, L. Mabbitt, H. Radcliffe, C. D. Lovering, M. W. Hewlett, C. E. Burton, J. Porritt, T. Wayper, Thomas Lupton.

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 Greyhouse," "Acton's Feud," "The Heart of the Prairie."

COMMENTS ON THE NOVEMBER COMPETITIONS.

I.—Most of the best-known quotations on flowers were sent in by a large number of competitors, so that the prizes were necessarily assigned to the senders of equally beautiful, but less hackneyed, quotations.

II.—A good number of very amusing sentences were compiled, in which "Electric Noses" largely figured.

III.—The photographs showed an all-round improvement in each class this month, and the selection of subjects was more varied than usual.

IV.—A most interesting competition, leading me to the conclusion that the ingenuity and resourcefulness of CAPTAIN readers reaches a very high standard. Many competitors failed to remember that simplicity of construction was an important condition. A large number of the articles

were of much too elaborate construction for the ordinary person to attempt, and so lost any chance of gaining a prize. Cameras, sailing-boats, inlaid tables, book-cases, barometers, and various toys were among the articles described, and one competitor sent minute directions for the construction of a motor car! The neatness of the designs deserves special mention.

V.—I was kept in a continual state of laughter by the many amusing anecdotes sent in, the selection of the best being no easy task.

VI.—The writing in Classes I. and II. reached a very high standard of excellence. In Class III. the most noticeable feature was the calligraphy of a small competitor of only nine years of age.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR

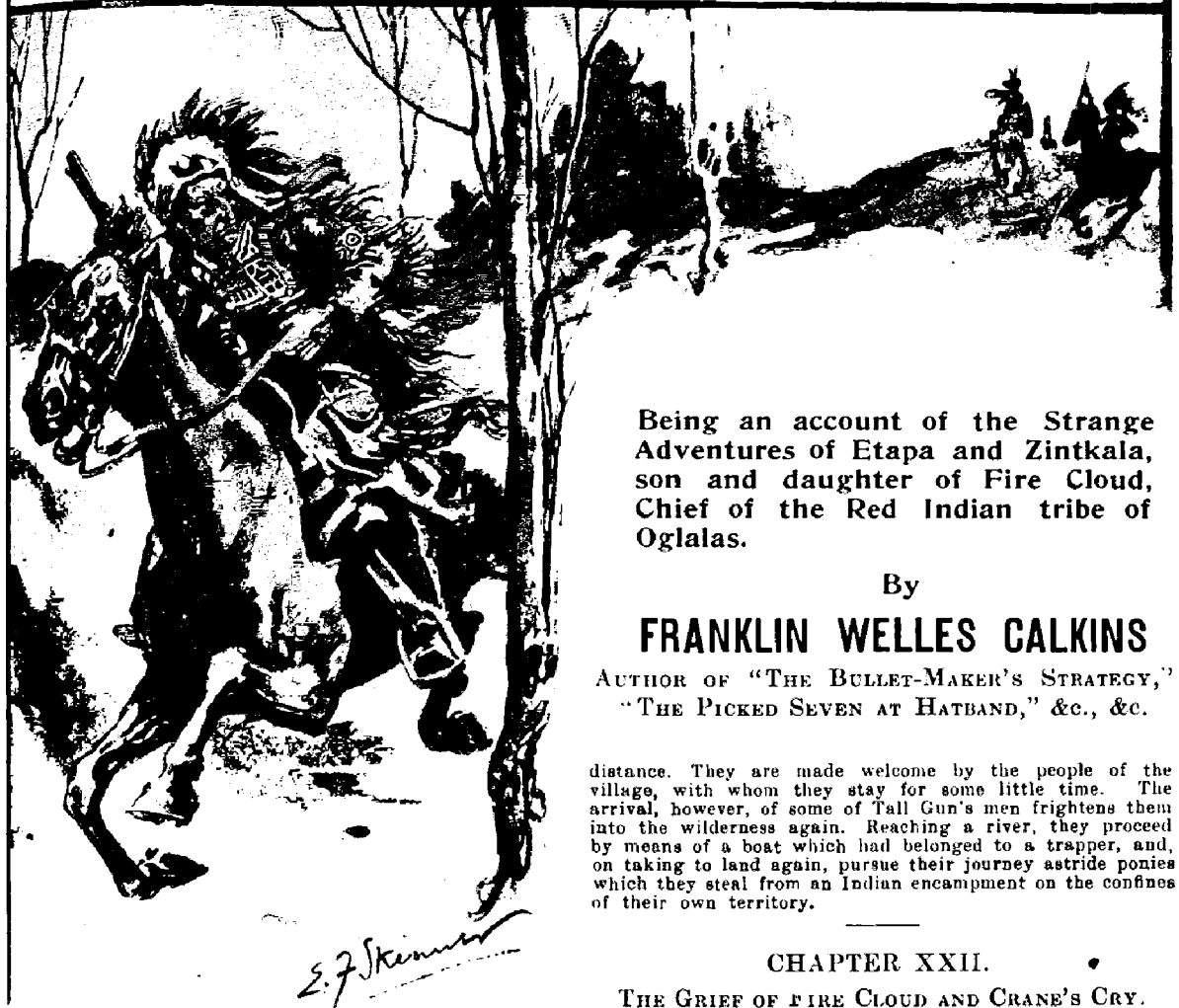




THE DAKOTO AND THE CREE SOUGHT EACH TO TAKE AN ADVANTAGE.

Drawn by E. F. Skinner.

ACROSS THE WILDERNESS.



Being an account of the Strange Adventures of Etapa and Zintkala, son and daughter of Fire Cloud, Chief of the Red Indian tribe of Oglalas.

By

FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS

AUTHOR OF "THE BULLET-MAKER'S STRATEGY,"
"THE PICKED SEVEN AT HATBAND," &c., &c.

distance. They are made welcome by the people of the village, with whom they stay for some little time. The arrival, however, of some of Tall Gun's men frightens them into the wilderness again. Reaching a river, they proceed by means of a boat which had belonged to a trapper, and, on taking to land again, pursue their journey astride ponies which they steal from an Indian encampment on the confines of their own territory.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE GRIEF OF FIRE CLOUD AND CRANE'S CRY.

THE same grass-growing moon, which saw the little voyagers launched upon the prairie country, brought the first news of their capture to Fire Cloud's village of Oglalas.

As the warm days had come on and the grass was making good feed, Fire Cloud had said to his wife, Pehan-ho-win or Crane's Cry, "After a little time now we shall pack the travois and go to your relatives at the Missouri River. There we shall visit until the buffalo-killing. I shall send for our children, and they shall remain with us during two moons."

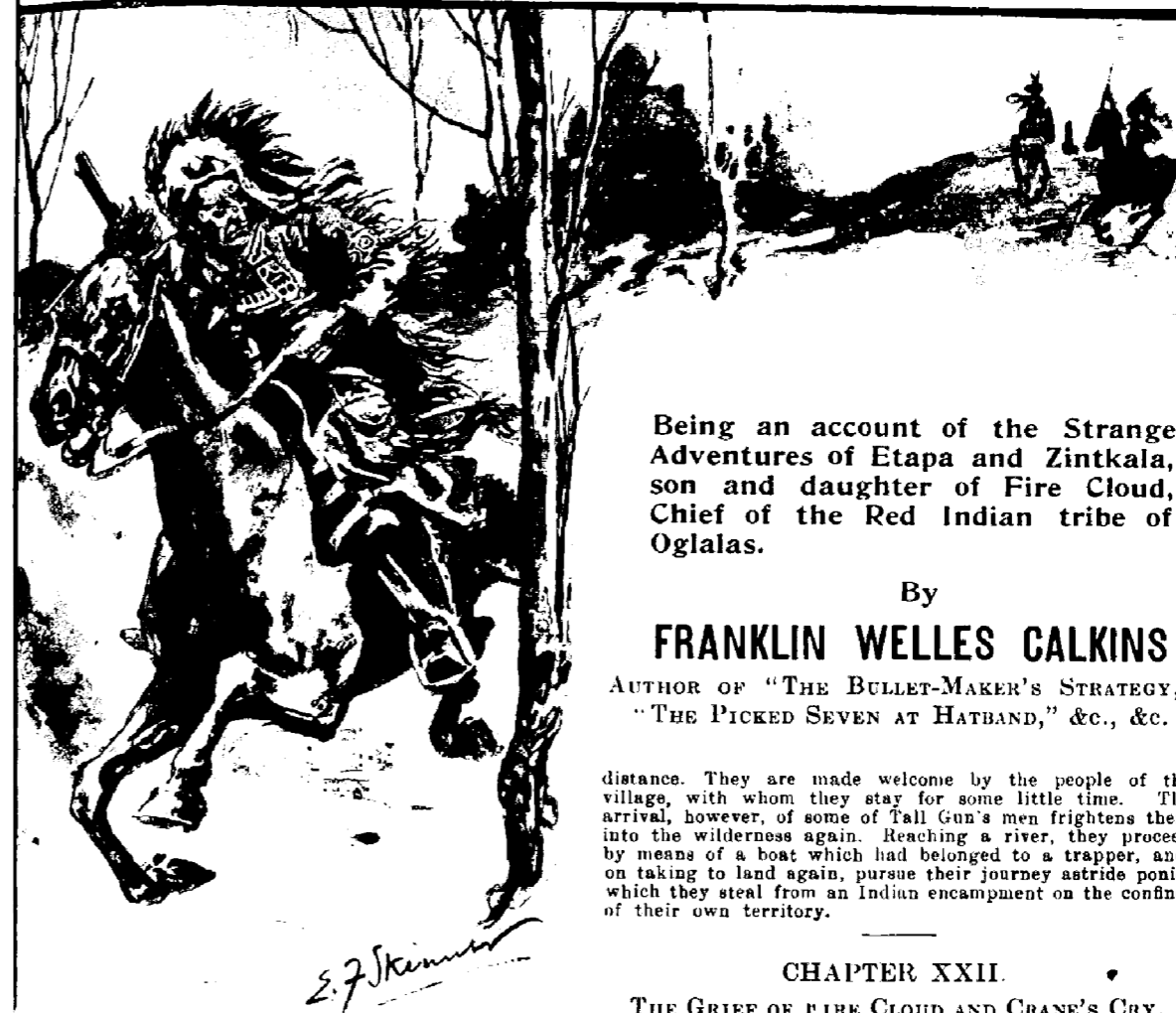
Then Crane's Cry was glad. The heart of the mother sang within her. Two little sloe-eyed girls also were delighted. Although it seemed to them a great age since older sister and brother had been taken from home, the little ones ran off to some sand hills to chatter their joy and to play at "drag-the-travois" on a trail to the muddy river.



THE DAKOTA AND THE CREE SOUGHT EACH TO TAKE AN ADVANTAGE.

Drawn by E. F. Skinner.

ACROSS THE WILDERNESS.



Being an account of the Strange Adventures of Etapa and Zintkala, son and daughter of Fire Cloud, Chief of the Red Indian tribe of Oglalas.

By

FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS

AUTHOR OF "THE BULLET-MAKER'S STRATEGY,"
"THE PICKED SEVEN AT HATBAND," &c., &c.

distance. They are made welcome by the people of the village, with whom they stay for some little time. The arrival, however, of some of Tall Gun's men frightens them into the wilderness again. Reaching a river, they proceed by means of a boat which had belonged to a trapper, and, on taking to land again, pursue their journey astride ponies which they steal from an Indian encampment on the confines of their own territory.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE GRIEF OF FIRE CLOUD AND CRANE'S CRY.

THE same grass-growing moon, which saw the little voyagers launched upon the prairie country, brought the first news of their capture to Fire Cloud's village of Oglalas.

As the warm days had come on and the grass was making good feed, Fire Cloud had said to his wife, Pehan-ho-win or Crane's Cry, "After a little time now we shall pack the travois and go to your relatives at the Missouri River. There we shall visit until the buffalo-killing. I shall send for our children, and they shall remain with us during two moons."

Then Crane's Cry was glad. The heart of the mother sang within her. Two little sloe-eyed girls also were delighted. Although it seemed to them a great age since older sister and brother had been taken from home, the little ones ran off to some sand hills to chatter their joy and to play at "drag-the-travois" on a trail to the muddy river.

Etapa and Zintkala, son and daughter of Fire Cloud, an Oglala chief, are held in captivity by Tall Gun, an Ojibwa village headman. Taking advantage of a favourable opportunity, one spring day, the boy and girl make a desperate dash for liberty, and set off across the wilderness in the direction of their home, eight hundred miles distant. For a time they elude the pursuing Ojibwa, but at length they walk into a trap and find to their consternation that they are hemmed in by Tall Gun's trailers. By practising the most cunning Indian tactics, however, they are still uncaught at nightfall, when they wade out into a marsh. After a long period of terror and suffering they reach a pine wood on the opposite side of the marsh, and hurry on their way. So quick is their progress that they soon forget all about their enemies and little dream that the smoke from their camp fire has been sighted by an Ojibwa from his far-away perch in a lofty pine. On awakening from sleep, wilderness instinct truer than anything they can see or hear tells them that their pursuers are close upon them. Dashing away at a great speed, Etapa and his sister cover a distance of forty miles before they drop to the ground exhausted. Soon afterwards Etapa falls sick with fever, and Zintkala tends him with wonderful cleverness and most loving care. No human being comes near them during this period, so it is evident that the Ojibwa have relinquished the chase. As soon as Etapa is well enough to travel, brother and sister proceed to a village whose smoke Zintkala has descried in the

Copyright in the United States of America by FLEMING H. REVELL Co.

And the happy Sioux mother immediately set to work to prepare for meeting her children. She had many things to do. She had wished to make clothing for her absent ones and not that the missionaries should clothe them. Now that she was to have them with her for a time, she would make them many garments. During the summer, too, she would make them beautifully beaded moccasins. Her dear little daughter should have a valuable dress of the finest fawn-skin, with shield and sleeves done in stained porcupine quills, and with many bright coloured fringes upon the skirt. And Etapa, her mimic, the story-teller, her stout-hearted little hunter, whose sturdy voice every day rang in her ears—how her heart laughed at thought of him! Well, he should have a war-bonnet, not a mimic head dress, but a real bonnet with feathers trailing to his heels.

With deep interest and dancing heart the mother undid her bundles and parflèches of fine skins and ornamental work. And she joyfully called in a young married sister, who was deft at making designs and patterns, to assist her in planning the various garments. The sister was only too happy to be of use in her favourite pastime, and Crane's Cry's tepée was speedily converted into a workshop, which might be said to combine tailoring, dress-making and millinery with fancy work.

As the days went by her two little brown girls watched with delight the growth of gorgeous garments. And there was no envy in the hearts of these well-dressed mites, who dearly loved their tanké and sunkaku. Whatever the Sioux father may have thought of these things, he said nothing. He was apparently content that his wife should find happiness in working for her children.

Matters were thus in Fire Cloud's tepée when the day drew near that he began to think of taking the trail to eastward. He sat upon the ground at midday, and smoked and meditated. Quiet had settled upon his village. Men were lying about asleep or reclined upon the grass lazily playing at simple games of chance. Women gossiped in low tones within their open tepées. Many children were wading or swimming in the shallow river, which ran over a gravel bed near at hand. Across the stream, upon a flat bottom and upon the hill slopes beyond, large herds of ponies dotted the surface. Some were grazing, a large number lay at full-fed ease. Upon a high point above these a man stood erect, a pigmy figure etched upon the deep blue of a June sky.

The eyes of this watcher were keen and far-seeing, and the scope of his vision the limit of their range upon the levels. Presently this man

picked up a blanket at his feet and whirled it three times about his head with a peculiar circular motion. Then waved it up and down, once, and once from east to west. Immediately a man in the village cried that the scout was signalling the approach of a single runner coming from the east and that the courier was on horseback with two led ponies.

This news put the people on the *qui vive*. Some of their own young men had gone among the pine coulées to hunt the deer that morning, but none of them had taken more than a single horse, so they knew that a stranger was coming. A stranger with two pack animals must have come from a long distance, and thus might be the bearer of important tidings.

Presently the strange rider arrived. He was a man of middle age, with a keen sharp face, scarred cheek and thin figure, and several furtive pairs of eyes recognised him for a soldier of the Wapetonwan—Out-Face, who had fought a duel with two Ojibwas, and who bore in consequence a number of knife scars.

In a very brief time this man discovered the tepée of Fire Cloud, and walked straight to where its chief was sitting upon a grass plat. He had news for which there could be no ceremonial delays. "How, my cousin," he greeted. "I have been glad to find you here. I am come to bring you bad news. Your children were taken by the Hohé. They went away from those white people, and were coming homeward, and thus the Hohé took them."

"My children are dead!" said the chief with conviction. He had not stirred as the messenger spoke, but his face had undergone a subtle change. It had suddenly become shrunken and thin, and his eyes were turned inward. Inside his tepée a little smothered exclamation, a sharp catching of breath, told that Crane's Cry had heard her husband speak.

Then the father bowed his head upon his breast, and the mother fell face downward in her tepée, and so lay as one dead, while the runner sat upon the ground and told his story.

The children of Fire Cloud had fled from the mission, he said, during the dry-grass moon. Men had been sent to trail them, and had come back after five suns, saying that the Assiniboin's had carried the children northward. These men had been too few to follow and attack so large a party. The Indians at Traverse des Sioux were not agreed as to what should be done, but the missionaries had hired a young man to go to Fire Cloud's village with the news.

This runner had come as far as the Missouri, and there learning that the Pawnees were hunting to westward, had tarried at a Brulé town, not daring to go on. This young man had acted

very badly. He had stayed all winter among the Brulés, who told him that they did not see that anything could be done to recover captives taken to such a far country among enemies so powerful. This unfaithful runner had not come in at Traverse des Sioux until the grass had started, when he, Cut Face, who had been away from home in autumn, had packed his own ponies and travelled very fast to inform his cousin of the evil thing which had befallen.

"I am a broken man," said Fire Cloud at the close of this recital. "I have done wrong, and Waniyan Tanka has punished me. Etapa is no more. My daughter is dead—henceforth there is nothing."

"I have yet something to say," said the messenger. "The Dakotas of the agency will make war soon. They will destroy those who have taken our lands. Petit Corbeau of the Wapeku-ton-wan has sent to ask if the Oglalás will assist in this war. I will not talk further to-day." And the messenger arose abruptly and left the father to his grief.

Fire Cloud passed into his tepée. His wife yet lay as one dead with her face to the earth. She had heard all, and hope was gone out of her. His little ones were away at play. The man stood motionless inside his lodge for a time. Then, wishing to be alone, he blackened his face, drew his blanket around him, and passed out and walked far away from his village.

Quickly the news spread throughout the encampment. People did not speak to the chief as he went out from them. They did not go to his tepée, for they respected the grief of Fire Cloud and Crane's Cry. They said, "Lo, our friends are deeply affected. After a time we shall go mourn with them."

The sister of Crane's Cry took her brother-in-law's little girls into her own tepée. Gently she told them of their loss and that they must abide with her for a time. The broken-hearted wails of these little ones were the first sounds of grieving for the lost Zintkala and Etapa. The children's open grieving, however, was hushed, long ere that of the stunned mother began.

During three suns Fire Cloud stayed out alone upon the prairie. He sat under his blanket fasting and praying. At night he stood upon a high hill that the spirits of the upper world might see him, and thus consider as to whether his prayers should be answered. He desired to go against the enemy, and that, in fighting them, he should meet an honourable death.

When his period of fasting and prayer had expired by exhaustion, Fire Cloud returned to his tepée and ate meat.

On the following day he attended a council of the Oglalás, who were met to consider the mes-

sage of Little Crow, chief of the Minnesota Sioux. Many Oglala soldiers spoke at this meeting which debated the matter for several days. Some talked in favour of going with their brethren in the war, others opposed the plan altogether. Fire Cloud, though nominally outranking any present, was one of the last to speak. His speech is preserved to this day in the traditional lore of his people. It ran as follows:

"Listen, my friends, my partisans, and ye old people. The white soldiers are as the gnats which sting at sunset. As fast as we shall kill some, others will come, bringing a greater company, to suck the blood from our veins. Already they have taken the best portion of our possessions. Now we shall lift our tomahawks, and by our folly ask them to come and finish despoiling us!

"Heretofore I have said it is foolish to fight the white people. I will not now go to seek them, but if they shall come after me whither I am going I shall fight them. I desire greatly to give my body to the enemy that when my arm is tired of striking he shall count coup upon it. But I will strike at the Hohé, who have despoiled me of my children. These fighters of their kind and eaters of their own offspring I wish to cut off from harassing my people. I will not take part in Little Crow's war. I will go to the Bad Lands and make a stronghold, and there I will fight any who come against me. I desire that my partisans and my soldiers and their people shall follow me. I have spoken my thoughts."

This speech was effective in causing the Oglalás to reject Little Crow's overtures. In the end a number of villages of the western Sioux packed the travois and followed Fire Cloud.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A STRANGE BUFFALO.

FOR nearly three days, and riding much at night, the little voyagers had travelled over a prairie country to the southwest. When they had secured ponies they had no further thought of going up the Red River to the agencies, where people might be fighting, and themselves again be taken by the enemy.

One by one, from sheer exhaustion, the ponies had dropped out of their captured band, until there only remained the two strongest and swiftest which they had finally selected to ride. There had probably been no pursuit, because there could be none, and the travellers had seen no person, white or red, to cause them alarm.

While they were unable to point out exactly the direction in which lay their own country,



And the happy Sioux mother immediately set to work to prepare for meeting her children. She had many things to do. She had wished to make clothing for her absent ones and not that the missionaries should clothe them. Now that she was to have them with her for a time, she would make them many garments. During the summer, too, she would make them beautifully beaded moccasins. Her dear little daughter should have a valuable dress of the finest fawn-skin, with shield and sleeves done in stained porcupine quills, and with many bright coloured fringes upon the skirt. And Étape, her mimic, the story-teller, her stout-hearted little hunter, whose sturdy voice every day rang in her ears—how her heart laughed at thought of him! Well, he should have a war-bonnet, not a mimic head dress, but a real bonnet with feathers trailing to his heels.

With deep interest and dancing heart the mother undid her bundles and *parfêches* of fine skins and ornamental work. And she joyfully called in a young married sister, who was deft at making designs and patterns, to assist her in planning the various garments. The sister was only too happy to be of use in her favourite pastime, and Crane's Cry's *tepée* was speedily converted into a workshop, which might be said to combine tailoring, dress-making and millinery with fancy work.

As the days went by her two little brown girls watched with delight the growth of gorgeous garments. And there was no envy in the hearts of these well-dressed mites, who dearly loved their *tanké* and *sunkaku*. Whatever the Sioux father may have thought of these things, he said nothing. He was apparently content that his wife should find happiness in working for her children.

Matters were thus in Fire Cloud's *tepée* when the day drew near that he began to think of taking the trail to eastward. He sat upon the ground at midday, and smoked and meditated. Quiet had settled upon his village. Men were lying about asleep or reclined upon the grass lazily playing at simple games of chance. Women gossiped in low tones within their open *tepées*. Many children were wading or swimming in the shallow river, which ran over a gravel bed near at hand. Across the stream, upon a flat bottom and upon the hill slopes beyond, large herds of ponies dotted the surface. Some were grazing, a large number lay at full-fed ease. Upon a high point above these a man stood erect, a pigmy figure etched upon the deep blue of a June sky.

The eyes of this watcher were keen and far-seeing, and the scope of his vision the limit of their range upon the levels. Presently this man

picked up a blanket at his feet and whirled it three times about his head with a peculiar circular motion. Then waved it up and down, once, and once from east to west. Immediately a man in the village cried that the scout was signalling the approach of a single runner coming from the east and that the courier was on horseback with two led ponies.

This news put the people on the *qui vive*. Some of their own young men had gone among the pine *coulées* to hunt the deer that morning, but none of them had taken more than a single horse, so they knew that a stranger was coming. A stranger with two pack animals must have come from a long distance, and thus might be the bearer of important tidings.

Presently the strange rider arrived. He was a man of middle age, with a keen sharp face, scarred cheek and thin figure, and several furtive pairs of eyes recognised him for a soldier of the Wapetonwan—Out-Face, who had fought a duel with two Ojibwas, and who bore in consequence a number of knife scars.

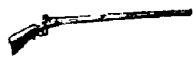
In a very brief time this man discovered the *tepée* of Fire Cloud, and walked straight to where its chief was sitting upon a grass plat. He had news for which there could be no ceremonial delays. "How, my cousin," he greeted. "I have been glad to find you here. I am come to bring you bad news. Your children were taken by the Hohé. They went away from those white people, and were coming homeward, and thus the Hohé took them."

"My children are dead!" said the chief with conviction. He had not stirred as the messenger spoke, but his face had undergone a subtle change. It had suddenly become shrunken and thin, and his eyes were turned inward. Inside his *tepée* a little smothered exclamation, a sharp catching of breath, told that Crane's Cry had heard her husband speak.

Then the father bowed his head upon his breast, and the mother fell face downward in her *tepée*, and so lay as one dead, while the runner sat upon the ground and told his story.

The children of Fire Cloud had fled from the mission, he said, during the dry-grass moon. Men had been sent to trail them, and had come back after five suns, saying that the Assiniboin had carried the children northward. These men had been too few to follow and attack so large a party. The Indians at Traverse des Sioux were not agreed as to what should be done, but the missionaries had hired a young man to go to Fire Cloud's village with the news.

This runner had come as far as the Missouri, and there learning that the Pawnees were hunting to westward, had tarried at a *Brulé* town, not daring to go on. This young man had acted



very badly. He had stayed all winter among the Brulés, who told him that they did not see that anything could be done to recover captives taken to such a far country among enemies so powerful. This unfaithful runner had not come in at Traverse des Sioux until the grass had started, when he, Cut Face, who had been away from home in autumn, had packed his own ponies and travelled very fast to inform his cousin of the evil thing which had befallen.

"I am a broken man," said Fire Cloud at the close of this recital. "I have done wrong, and Waniyan Tanka has punished me. Etapa is no more. My daughter is dead—henceforth there is nothing."

"I have yet something to say," said the messenger. "The Dakotas of the agency will make war soon. They will destroy those who have taken our lands. Petit Corbeau of the Wapeku-ton-wan has sent to ask if the Oglalás will assist in this war. I will not talk further today." And the messenger arose abruptly and left the father to his grief.

Fire Cloud passed into his tepée. His wife yet lay as one dead with her face to the earth. She had heard all, and hope was gone out of her. His little ones were away at play. The man stood motionless inside his lodge for a time. Then, wishing to be alone, he blackened his face, drew his blanket around him, and passed out and walked far away from his village.

Quickly the news spread throughout the encampment. People did not speak to the chief as he went out from them. They did not go to his tepée, for they respected the grief of Fire Cloud and Crane's Cry. They said, "Lo, our friends are deeply affected. After a time we shall go mourn with them."

The sister of Crane's Cry took her brother-in-law's little girls into her own tepée. Gently she told them of their loss and that they must abide with her for a time. The broken-hearted wails of these little ones were the first sounds of grieving for the lost Zintkala and Etapa. The children's open grieving, however, was hushed, long ere that of the stunned mother began.

During three suns Fire Cloud stayed out alone upon the prairie. He sat under his blanket fasting and praying. At night he stood upon a high hill that the spirits of the upper world might see him, and thus consider as to whether his prayers should be answered. He desired to go against the enemy, and that, in fighting them, he should meet an honourable death.

When his period of fasting and prayer had expired by exhaustion, Fire Cloud returned to his tepée and ate meat.

On the following day he attended a council of the Oglalás, who were met to consider the mes-

sage of Little Crow, chief of the Minnesota Sioux. Many Oglala soldiers spoke at this meeting which debated the matter for several days. Some talked in favour of going with their brethren in the war, others opposed the plan altogether. Fire Cloud, though nominally out-ranking any present, was one of the last to speak. His speech is preserved to this day in the traditional lore of his people. It ran as follows:

"Listen, my friends, my partisans, and ye old people. The white soldiers are as the gnats which sting at sunset. As fast as we shall kill some, others will come, bringing a greater company, to suck the blood from our veins. Already they have taken the best portion of our possessions. Now we shall lift our tomahawks, and by our folly ask them to come and finish despoiling us!

"Heretofore I have said it is foolish to fight the white people. I will not now go to seek them, but if they shall come after me whither I am going I shall fight them. I desire greatly to give my body to the enemy that when my arm is tired of striking he shall count coup upon it. But I will strike at the Hohé, who have despoiled me of my children. These fighters of their kind and eaters of their own offspring I wish to cut off from harassing my people. I will not take part in Little Crow's war. I will go to the Bad Lands and make a stronghold, and there I will fight any who come against me. I desire that my partisans and my soldiers and their people shall follow me. I have spoken my thoughts."

This speech was effective in causing the Oglalás to reject Little Crow's overtures. In the end a number of villages of the western Sioux packed the travois and followed Fire Cloud.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A STRANGE BUFFALO.

FOR nearly three days, and riding much at night, the little voyagers had travelled over a prairie country to the southwest. When they had secured ponies they had no further thought of going up the Red River to the agencies, where people might be fighting, and themselves again be taken by the enemy.

One by one, from sheer exhaustion, the ponies had dropped out of their captured band, until there only remained the two strongest and swiftest which they had finally selected to ride. There had probably been no pursuit, because there could be none, and the travellers had seen no person, white or red, to cause them alarm.

While they were unable to point out exactly the direction in which lay their own country,

they knew that they must travel south and west, and finally further west than south, and that, keeping to that general course, they must come to the Missouri River.

On the fourth day of riding, at probably more than two hundred miles from the starting point, ponies and riders were sadly in need of rest.

Their food had given out and the children had now to collect a fresh supply.

They stopped before midday among some coteaus, where there was a long marshy lake, and a breeding ground for geese, ducks, sand-hill cranes, curlews and other birds. Many young of the land birds were just feathering out, and could not fly.

When they had watered and picketed their horses and slept for a time, the brother and sister set out to chase these young birds. It was not easy to get them, for they began running at the instant of alarm, and it was well nigh impossible to hit them with bow and arrow. Catching them was simply a matter of the swifter pair of legs or the greater endurance. Now that the children had gained rest and sleep they enjoyed the sport. A couple of ungainly young cranes gave them a hot chase across a wide stretch of corn-stalk grass. The legs of the pursuers were frequently tangled, and they fell over unseen bogs whooping with laughter and shouting encouragement to each other. The cranes had nearly escaped by running out upon a miry piece of ground, and coming to a stand, when Etapa swam a bayou to a stony bank, and caused them to run into the grass again by throwing pebbles at them. In the end the children obtained a plentiful supply of game.

In chase of the cranes the voyagers found themselves at midday at a considerable distance from their camp. They were returning laden, when, in crossing a low ridge, at one end of the marsh lake, they saw what they supposed to be a buffalo approaching.

Etapa was first to see the humped creature shuffling along with head down, apparently much exhausted.

"Hoye, Tanké," he cried. "Look, yonder is a bull coming. I think he has come from a country where there is no water, for he is very poor and weak."

Zintkala looked at the ambling creature with interest. Her eyes were as keen and sometimes more observing than the boy's.

"Younger brother," she said, "I do not think that is a buffalo. This one coming does not appear to have horns."

"Whi, Tanké, how foolish!" exclaimed the lad. "Look what a long distance he is coming."

"It appears, however, that I can see the legs," persisted the sister, and this answer won the

point of inserting doubt into the brother's mind.

"Let us sit upon this high ground and wait," said Etapa. "At any rate I am tired." They deposited their long-legged birds, and squatted comfortably with crossed legs. As it appeared evident that the creature approaching was a four-foot, coming to the lake for water, they had no fear in sitting to let it pass near at hand.

Before they could decide as to whether it were a buffalo or a tall and hornless elk the object of their curiosity dropped out of sight upon lower ground. But it must pass—to reach water—over the ridge upon which they sat, and so they waited, talking and watching. When the plodding creature came within sight again it was mounting the ridge near at hand. A single glance showed a brown pony with a man upon its back and lying forward with an arm grasping its neck.

A moment of wild alarm followed this discovery, but native instinct saved the voyagers from taking to their heels. If a cunning manœuvre had been planned its success was already certain.

They arose with palpitating hearts and stood awaiting the man's approach. They were quickly relieved of any feeling of fear. As horse and rider drew near it was evident that the man was either sick or wounded, that his lying upon his pony's back was not a ruse but of necessity.

He raised his head feebly, showing an emaciated face, and waved a hand in token of amity. "How, how, cola," he managed to ejaculate, as his animal halted, fronting the little voyagers. They looked at the stranger, pityingly, quickly forgetting their fears. He was evidently a Dakota and in great distress.

Painfully the man raised himself upon his small flat saddle. He was half naked, having on only a pair of leggings and worn moccasins for clothing. His hollow cheeks, sunken eyes and prominent ribs spoke of great suffering from wounds or illness.

"My children," said this man, "you see me about to die. I desire to be led to the tepées of your people."

The voyagers were appalled at the soldier's need, and they stood hesitating and abashed for a moment. They knew now that he had seen them from a distance, and that he had turned to them for help, supposing they could lead him to a camp of their people where there were doctors or medicine men. It is very embarrassing for an Indian, young or old, to lay bare his poverty of resources when appealed to for aid.

Etapa essayed to speak, but stammered painfully. Zintkala answered the stricken man at length, speaking simply and earnestly.

"It is very bad that we have no tepée. We are trying to go back to our country whence we were taken. We are taking meat to the place where we are stopping. I will cook some for you," she said.

"Lead ye thither," said the stranger. "I may yet go a little distance."

That they might not go before him, but follow, Zintkala pointed out the high knoll which stood

CHAPTER XXIV.

A WARRIOR'S DEATH.

WALKING behind the stricken rider, who again leaned forward upon his pony's neck, the little voyagers saw that this man was a warrior returning from the enemy's country. The man had three scalp-locks



THE DAKOTA RAISED HIS HEAD FEEBLY, SHOWING AN EMACIATED FACE.

above their camp. "It is there we have made our camp," she said. "The hill is very near.

"Good," said the stranger. "I wish to die at that place, and that ye shall cover my body with stones."

securely tied to his belt. Slung to his saddle were a short rifle, a large powder horn and bullet pouch, and his blanket roll, and he carried a long knife, with a deer's horn handle and iron guards, in a sheath. It appeared also that he

was wounded badly in one thigh, which seemed to be much swollen.

When they had arrived at their camp by the willows the sick man asked for water, and Zintkala immediately ran to the lake and filled her basin. The man drank eagerly all she brought, and again she filled the dish for him. When he had quenched his burning thirst the stranger seemed a little revived. He still remained sitting on his pony, steadying himself by clinging to his saddle. His eyes wandered restlessly about. He seemed unwilling to dismount at that spot and the children stood waiting, much distressed in mind that their camp did not seem to please the sick warrior. He had appealed to them and thus established a claim upon them for all the aid they were able to render. He could have two blankets to lie upon, meat and soup to eat; they had, in their poverty, nothing else.

The man's eyes rested at last upon the stony knoll above their camp, and his face began to show animation.

"Ho, my children," he said, "assist ye me hitherward. It is good that I should die upon that hill."

Glad to render aid, even in such melancholy state, Etapa and Zintkala did as they were directed in helping to mount the butte. At the crest where there was a flat rim, like a cap to the hill, it was necessary for one to pull and one to push in order to enable the weakened pony to climb.

Upon the top of the hill were many boulders and broken stones; at one place and at the highest point there was a heap of loose stones, which appeared to have been anciently collected for a purpose, perhaps to serve as a sign in the Indian signal service. The warrior's hollow face lightened and his eyes shone as he looked upon this so fitting place to die.

"How, my children, this is indeed very good. Build ye a heap of stones that I may sit looking upon my country."

Perfectly understanding his wishes, the children hastened to obey. They rolled a large boulder out upon the scattered pile and faced its square side to the east. Upon this they laid some flat stones and piled others behind for support. They then arranged a ridge of stones on either side the heap, parallel with the boulder's flat surface, and thus made a resting place and laid a foundation for the warrior's tomb. Inside this niche they spread his two blankets, one folded over the boulder, that he might rest his back and head.

"Wasté!" exclaimed the sick one, evidently well content with their labours. They now assisted him to dismount, and saw that he could not use one leg or stand without help. It must,

indeed, have been a long time since he had been off his horse. It was with great difficulty that he was put into position upon his blankets, and for some time he sat gasping for breath and sternly repressing any other expression of pain.

Children as they were, Zintkala and Etapa saw that this man's time was drawing near. Presently he again asked for water, and Zintkala ran to fetch it. She knew now that the man was too near to death to require food, and so did not offer to prepare any for him.

After he had drunk again and was somewhat revived, the warrior began to talk. He wished to tell the story of his exploits. It was for this he had ridden, with no hope of life and in desperate straits, many days' journeys. Death would have been very bitter to him had it come at a time when all record of his recent deeds must have perished with him. Now, with respite enough to tell his story, he welcomed its approach. Here were those who would carry his trophies, and eagerly repeat his narrative, to their people. His name and fame were thus secured among Dakotas.

"How, my children," he began, "sit ye here by me and look upon the face of a warrior. Behold, we went forth from the Leaf People six strong soldiers. We went against the Crees to do them injury, and lo, I only have returned thus far. You see me Maza Akicita, Iron Soldier of the Sisséton-wan. I am about to die, and I speak the truth. Left Hand, Smoke Maker. Husan, Bear Robe, Sees the Day, these were soldiers of the Sisséton-wan, and they are dead. There is none left, only me, to speak to our people of these men.

"Listen, my children. Last year the Crees attacked us at the buffalo killing. They came against us a large company and overcame our soldiers. They slew some of the Sisséton-wan: shooting at them with very long-shot guns. They had also many strong, swift horses; therefore, they killed our men.

"These people live in a country where there is much snow (in the far north), and thus we wished to strike at them when their horses were weak. Therefore, when the grass came with us the chief of the Sisséton-wan spoke to his men. Cloud Man spoke to his partisan Left Hand. He said, 'How, my chief soldier, choose ye five men, tried in war, and strike the Crees at Souris River. Do so if you will and take their horses from them. Be very cunning, and very secret, and when their horses are poor inflict an injury upon them.'

"Thus we went against the Crees, these men, as I have said. As the grass grew we travelled northward. We rode slowly, hunting as we went. After a time we passed a number of lakes and creeks. One day we arrived at the

great bend of the Souris River. We approached the river to look for signs of the enemy. It appeared that there were no people at that place. Thus we went northward, keeping among the hills. Every day some scout went to the top of a high hill to look for the enemy.

"We moved slowly, and as we were going there were some mountains which met the rising sun. Here we saw many elk. We stopped to kill some. We were chasing these elk and so came to the Souris River, in a valley where there was much good grass.

"It seems that we were very careless this one time. We stayed at this place two suns, cooking meat and making a feast. We danced the knife dance and ate much good meat. Suddenly some Crees came upon us. They were riding war ponies, and they were more than the fingers of two hands. We ran to get our ponies, which were picketed. When we were putting on our saddles the Crees rode about us in a circle, shooting. One rode nearer than the others, singing. This one inquired if a Dakota could be found who would come out to fight him. He made this apparent by signs to us.

"'Ho, my soldiers!' thus said Left Hand. 'Stand ye here and I will go out to fight this man. Do not shoot anyone so long as this one man comes against me.'

"Left Hand mounted his horse and rode forward to fight the Cree soldier. They hastened to meet each other. They came shooting at each other. It appeared that they escaped, and thus they rushed to attack, swinging the war-club. They came very near together, and because they made strokes at each other their horses became frightened. So they pitched about, dodging continually. The Crees did not come on to attack. They ceased shooting at us. They sat upon their horses looking at these men fight.

"The men continued to fight. They sought each to take an advantage. Left Hand fought very cunningly. He continued to ride in a circle, seeking to strike the Cree as he passed. The Cree repeatedly rode straight forward, wishing to force his pony upon the other. He was very brave, but he was not wise. He rushed his pony, using the quirt, and so came very close. Left Hand struck the Cree's pony upon the head, crushing the skull, and thus the man and his horse fell together. Left Hand leaped from the saddle and counted a coup upon the living body. Then he killed the Cree with his war-club.

"He was taking the man's scalp, and those Crees which were nearer began shooting at him. Left Hand held the scalp aloft and the Crees shot him.

"I said to our soldiers, 'Let us go against these

dogs and slay some of them. Come, I will lead you!' Four Crees were together in one place. They were separated. We rode very swiftly toward these men. Seeing us making ready to shoot they rode away, each one man by himself. Thus they sought to bring us immediately into fighting the Crees, who were pursuing. Our horses were very swift. We came upon two Crees very quickly. Husan shot one of them. I shot one with my gun touching his body. One of the Crees shot Bear Robe's horse, and the pursuers came up and killed this soldier. We were presently surrounded, and were loading and firing very rapidly. All the Dakotas which were left had buffalo guns, which made a great noise, and the Crees were afraid to come close. They rode around us and continued to shoot at us.

"When I saw that the Crees feared to come close to us, I said, 'Ho, my soldiers, when ye shall see the enemy ride somewhat apart, going around us, mount very quickly and attack some that are on one side.' We wished to make the Crees think that we were afraid. Thus we began withdrawing toward a hill. Some of the enemy ran their horses very fast to intercept us. When they were near to the hill I said to my warriors, 'Now let us mount and attack them in that place very quickly.' We leaped upon our horses and rode swiftly to overtake the enemy. These endeavoured to escape our attack. We killed three of them. Sees the Day was killed at this time.

"We were now three, and seven Crees were pursuing us. We wished to kill more of them. Thus we stopped in a coulée to fight. We wished the Crees to surround us that we might attack some apart. This they did not do, but continued going to a high point, where they sat upon their horses. They supposed we wished to escape, and waited to pursue us when we should come out. We saw that they did not wish to fight in that place, and we rode forward upon the prairie. We dismounted and waited for the Crees to attack.

"The Crees came slowly toward us, singing. One of them rode in advance.

"This one shook his war-bonnet, riding his horse to and fro before us. He was shouting. We understood that he wished to fight one of us. We refused to fight in this manner. Taking good aim at the boastful one, I shot him. He fell off his horse and was dead.

"I raised the war-club. 'Come,' I cried, 'let us count coup upon this man's body.' We rushed very quickly upon this man and took his scalp. When we counted coup, I struck first. Husan was second to strike. But the Crees had shot Smoke Maker. He was holding to his saddle. He was very badly hit. Husan now shot one of

the Crees, who had approached near to fire at us. They shot Husan's horse. He was now on foot. We stood together to fight them. They came very close shooting at us and shouting scornful words. They shot Smoke Maker's horse, which fell upon him. Smoke Maker was dead.

"Husan spoke to me. He said: 'Hoye, chief warrior, you have a swift horse: ride very fast and escape, so that one shall live to tell the Sisséton-wan of this battle. Behold, I am wounded and cannot escape.' He had fallen. Seeing yet four Crees I aimed very carefully at one and killed the man. Having a good horse I fled toward the river. The Crees pursued me, shooting for a time. I rode to the river and crossed. Having gone faster, I was further from the Crees, and these stopped at the river's bank. They fired some shots and I shot at them. Then the Crees returned to their dead.

"I rode a distance, crossing the river, and, seeing some high hills, I rode among them. I picketed my pony and ascended the topmost of these hills, going carefully. I lay upon this high ground and watched the Crees. These men put circles of stones around the dead bodies of their warriors. They wished to keep off the wolves, and thus doing they rode homeward to fetch a company to bury them.

"It was now nearly night, and seeing the Crees go down to the river, I followed them. As soon as it was dark I rode after them. I could not see the Crees, but I went along the stream looking for their village. It seems that these people lived a long way off, for I came suddenly upon the camp of the three Crees. These men had become tired and hungry. They had taken meat of the horses they had killed, and so they were cooking and eating. They had a very bright fire, which I saw a long way off.

"I wished to kill these men, so I approached, having picketed



"I ATTACKED THE OTHER TWO
WITH MY WAR CLUB."

my horse. I walked very softly in the grass. I came near the river and approached, keeping behind some willows. When I had come near to their camp the Crees were eating meat.

"As they were sitting there I rushed suddenly upon them. One I shot immediately. I attacked the other two with my war-club. One contended with me strongly. While I was fighting this one, the other Cree placed his gun against my thigh and shot me, wounding my flesh. I struck the man with my war-club, and so killed him. The other one, who had shot me, ran away. He mounted his horse and escaped. Doubtless this man was a coward.

"I took the scalp trophies. I was very tired, contending so long. Therefore I ate some meat and slept for a time. When I awoke it was day and I made haste to go homeward. My wound was troublesome in walking so I was glad when I came to my horse. I would have stopped to scalp those Crees we had slain yesterday, but I saw horsemen approaching upon some hills; therefore, I made haste to come homeward. I have ridden for six suns and have eaten no meat for three suns. Now, my children, my wound is very bad, and I must die. Go ye, therefore, among the Dakotas and tell them where my bones lie and speak to them about the death of those soldiers who went with me."

The warrior's last sentences were spoken with a great effort, and his gestures, which his summoned strength had rendered animated at first, had become feebly inexpressive. Thus, however, was finished and told to retentive ears the story of one of the most stubbornly contested fights of which the Sioux annals give account. Heroic six, they were indeed "tried soldiers"! and according to their lights were true patriots, serving reprisal upon the enemies of their country.

Eagerly the Sioux children had listened to this story of brave deeds, and Etapa, the mimic story-teller, trained to remember and repeat, to him this story meant a great opportunity. The dying soldier had, indeed, met with good fortune in being able to tell his story to this lad. Yet there was a reasonable doubt whether the boy might live to reach a Dakota village.

When the warrior had been again revived with water and the voyagers had told their story in turn, the man became eager to direct their course.

"Listen, my children," he said, speaking feebly, but earnestly; "since there is to be war against the white people it is best you should go to a Yanktonais village. The lower villages of your people will be involved in this war more quickly, for they are nearer to the big towns of the whites. Go, therefore, straight in this direc-

tion," indicating the west, "until you come to the Big Yellow River. Go down the river before crossing, and you shall find the Yanktonais villages. If these villages are removed, because of the war, you can easily follow and overtake them in the country where they are gone. These people will not take their women and children through an enemy's country, therefore you can safely follow them. Ho, my children, do thus as I have told you."

These were not the last words of Iron Soldier, but he speedily grew weaker, and his breath now and then came in gasps. He spoke occasionally to give some further directions, and to ask for water. Until sunset he sat with a rapt expression, looking out over a vast expanse of prairie to eastward. When the world of night fell he aroused and chanted his death song. The children brought up wood and made a fire that the man's spirit might not go out in darkness. In the night the soldier ceased to breathe, and they saw that he was dead. In the place of relatives who should mourn for him Zintkala blackened her face with earth, and drew her blanket close about her head. She went out upon the hillside and cried, wailing piteously for the death of a great warrior.

CHAPTER XXV.


THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

WHEN morning came, Etapa and Zintkala raised a heap of stones over the body of Iron Soldier. Thus they gave him the monument which his warrior's heart had craved. His war-club, his knife and his pipe they placed at his hands. His short "buffalo gun," the trophies he had taken in evidence of his prowess, his powder horn and bullet pouch, were made fast to his saddle, which Etapa put upon his own horse, in order that this property of the soldier's might be sent to his relatives.

The children would gladly have taken the warrior's pony, but the animal was too poor and weak for continued and fast travel.

They now changed their camp to the far end of the marsh lake, where they stayed for another two suns, gathering and curing meat. Upon the rich grasses of the upland their ponies recovered heart and strength, and they departed





for the Missouri River, well provided for a long journey.

Two days of uneventful travel across flat prairies and the river hills brought them to the bluffs of the Missouri. There was no mistaking the deep valley, with its broad winding ribbon of yellow water and grey sands. The children chattered delightedly at sight of this river which ran through their own country, that broad belt which still belonged to their nation. They camped upon its banks, feeling that, at last, they were near to the towns of their own people, and secure from the attack of foes.

They then went down the stream, following its eastern bank, for on that side lived the Yanktonais. They travelled in the valley, except where bluffs came to the river's brink. Much of the way they followed ancient beaten trails, which had been used from time immemorial by Indians, travelling up and down the river. Here and there they passed the sites of villages long since abandoned. The beaten earth, the buffalo skulls, decayed antlers of deer and elk, and old, charred tepée stakes were additional and welcome evidences of a Sioux country. Even tumbledown scaffoldings, from which the remains of the dead had been removed, were cheerful sights to these returning voyagers.

So they rode joyously and carelessly. On the second day after crossing the mouth of a stream they came upon the site of a newly vacated village, where there was every evidence that a large number of people had lived for a long time, and that their removal had been undertaken and accomplished in haste. Very few of the tepée stakes had been pulled. These stood just as the covers had been stripped from them. Lying about were old pieces of skins, rope, articles of household furniture, odds and ends, which ordinarily Indian families would not have left behind.

Evidently these people had moved their village in a hurry, and were intending to go a long distance, and to travel fast. They had crossed the river right there, too, swimming their horses to a dry sand-bar, upon which a trail could be distinguished from a high bank near the abandoned town. This was doubtless one of those Yanktonais towns of which Iron Soldier had spoken.

This evidence of a hasty leaving gave the children some uneasiness. Yet it was getting on toward the buffalo killing season, and if people heard that there were plenty of buffaloes a long way off they would, of course, make haste to go to that country, for sometimes the people had to travel many suns before they could find the buffalo, and they must start early.

This was Zintkala's reasoning. But, after careful examination of the ground, Etapa came to another conclusion.

"I think, older sister," he said, "that these Yanktonais folk have heard about the war people are talking of and that they were afraid the white soldiers would come to attack their women and children. Therefore, they are moving rapidly to take them a long way off."

"Then let us go across the river, too, younger brother," urged the sister. "I fear to stay on this side lest the enemy come."

"No, let us not do so yet," replied the boy. "We can at any time swim across the river with our horses. I do not see that any one has been here since these people went away. They have been gone five suns, I think."

They passed on from this point another day's journey upon the east side of the river. They saw nothing to alarm them, but on the second day came upon another abandoned village, bearing the same evidence that people had moved across the river and gone off in haste. Without doubt runners had come to these villages recently, bearing news of great importance.

The children had again only the choice of two conclusions. Either the soldiers of the Great Father were coming to destroy these towns or there were a great many buffaloes a long journey to the westward, and the herds perhaps moving farther away.

They were filled with alarm and uneasiness. As the country directly west was unknown to them they felt that they had need to travel on to the Yankton village where their mother's people lived, in order to find their way homeward. They now feared that they would find that town also abandoned—and their anxiety was very great.

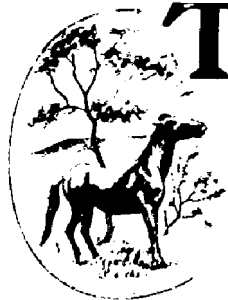
On the third day, at near noon, they found themselves upon a high bluff looking down upon a country which they suddenly recognised as familiar. This was the country of the Yanktons, and, in a strip of timber, not far down the river, the tepées of their mother's people should be found if these had not, like the Yanktonais, suddenly removed.

Instinctively the little voyagers scanned the flats and hill slopes, on both sides the river, for the pony herds or at least some scattered animals which should be grazing. There were none to be seen. Nor was there any smoke curling above the trees, nor any person or living object on all the stretch of river bars and open valley.

"They are gone," said Etapa. "They are gone," echoed Zintkala, and they turned their faces away from each other.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE BOAT WHICH WAS NOT STRAIGHT TONGUE'S.



THE little voyagers had told each other that perhaps they should find the Yanktons and Santees gone from their village. Nevertheless, each felt an overwhelming sense of disappointment when the fact of removal was made apparent. They rode down the

bluffs, along the valley, and into the timber without speaking. Doubtless the lump of homesickness and desolation which each of these children was trying to swallow was quite as big and ached quite as hard as though they had been German, French, or English.

When they reached the deserted village grounds they sat for a time upon their ponies, looking at the skeleton tepées, the empty pony corrals, the familiar trees, the well trodden grass plats and shady places, where they had played with their young relatives. They neither spoke to nor looked at each other. They rode slowly and silently down the river to an old swimming ford, where their trail showed that the Yanktons had crossed some days since.

Here the voyagers stripped to the breech-clout, tied all their clothing and effects securely on top of their blanket saddles, and drove their ponies into the current. They swam behind, holding to the animals' tails, and thus guided their course. After they had swum and floated with the current for half a mile or so, they reached shallow water and waded out upon a bar of dry sand which extended in a pointed neck into the current.

Upon this bar, near the point, Etapa and Zintkala stopped to dry and rub their clothes, which, as their saddles were low, had been wetted more or less. Their ponies, with dragging picket ropes, stood in the sand and lazily switched at occasional flies. It takes a long time to dry buckskins properly. They need to be rubbed rigorously to keep the skins from shrinking and becoming rough and uncomfortable to wear. The children had been engaged in this work for some time when they heard a noise which suddenly filled them with excitement. Chuff! Chuff! Chuff! It was the hoarse, grumbling cough of a river steamer! These sounds came from up the river, and Zintkala and Etapa leaped to their feet and clapped their hands joyfully.

"Straight Tongue's boat! Straight Tongue's boat!" shouted the delighted little Sioux. They made haste to put on their clothes. The only steamer they had ever seen had stopped the spring before to leave at the Yankton village a man whom all the Dakotas, who knew him, loved. The bands whom he had visited had given him the name of Straight Tongue,* because they had found that his words were true, and that he kept his promises. This man was indeed the true friend of Indians, and a missionary who did everything within his power to assist these poor people in their struggles to obtain justice. Something he was able to do—though but little—here and there to stay the tide of ruthless and lawless invasion which overwhelmed them.

Zintkala and Etapa knew this man, and, better still, he knew them as the children of Fire Cloud of the Oglalas. Once, when they had been visiting the Yanktons, Straight Tongue had stayed among these Indians a number of suns. His boat had brought him up the river, and had come down to take him away. He had talked much with the people, and they had been very sorry to see the good man go. They would gladly have kept him with them.

While the brother and sister were at the mission school, also, Straight Tongue had visited that place. He had spoken kindly to them, Zintkala and Etapa. He had remembered their names and had taken each by the hand.

As these children had seen but the one steamer-boat—which was very mysterious and wonderful—they had supposed there was but one such, and that that was Straight Tongue's.

They stood out upon the bar near to the water's edge, that they might easily be seen when the boat should pass. They hoped that it would come near enough so that Straight Tongue would see them, and that he would wish to inquire whither the Dakotas of the village were gone. Or, they thought, it might be that Straight Tongue knew this, even that he had sent these people away, and could tell where they were. This good man spoke their language, and they wished very much that he would land his boat there. He could, no doubt, tell them whether the Great Father's soldiers were coming. Thus they reasoned with hope and joy.

"Brother, I think Straight Tongue will surely see us," said Zintkala. "Do you think he will be in the boat tepée? He will surely remember the Yanktons and come out to see them?"

"Straight Tongue's boat is coming very fast—I do not see him—see what a great smoke he is making," answered Etapa, with excitement.

* This man was Bishop H. P. Whipple.

Absorbed in the wonder of this coughing, churning, smoking vessel the little voyagers stood, all eyes and ears, until suddenly the ranks of wood upon its fore-deck swarmed with men, having guns in their hands, as they could see by the glint of the sun upon the barrels. These men immediately began to shoot and yell.

Not until they saw the water spattering in their front and heard the whining yeun!—yeun!—yeun! of bullets passing overhead did the astonished children realise that the men upon that boat—Straight Tongue's boat!—were shooting at them. When convinced, they were terribly frightened, but certain there had been some dreadful mistake. They looked wildly about for some avenue of escape. There was none, for the flat sand-bar was raised scarcely a foot above the water's edge. Seeing their hopeless situa-

tion the voyagers waved their arms in frantic appeal. They shouted their names—the name of their father. They called to Straight Tongue, "Do not shoot at us!"

Their appeals were answered by a storm of shots. Hoping against hope, that when the boat came nearer, their signals and cries would reach friendly or pitying ears, the little Sioux took refuge behind their ponies.

Still thinking Straight Tongue's men were shooting by mistake, they continued to wave their arms above their heads. They shouted piteous appeals. "No shoot! No shoot!" they cried in English. "Ho! cola! cola!" (friends! friends!).

The boat had come now within more accurate range. Etapa's pony was stricken dead and dropped at his feet. He ran behind his sister's horse, and the two redoubled their frantic hand-wavings and shouted appeals for pity.

But more men—a packed crowd—had climbed upon the wood ranks. In wild excitement these were shooting with rifles, revolvers, all sorts of firearms. It was rare sport for them, this opportunity to kill a couple of hated redskins.

Zintkala's pony was struck twice, and, mortally hurt, broke away and plunged erratically about in the sand.

The little voyagers now ran, still holding up their hands in vain appeal. Half way across the bar, Zintkala fell. Etapa reached the shallow water a few rods from where they had stood and flung himself face downward.

Wild and savage whoops and cheers greeted the little girl's fall, and these were repeated when the boy dropped; but, seeing his black head move upon the surface as he attempted to swim or crawl to deeper water, the boat's pitiless crew assailed him with a fresh storm of bullets. Then either the nature of the channel demanded retreat from the bar, or the boat's pilot was not void of heart, for the steamer drew rapidly away toward the opposite bank of the river and passed beyond bullet range.

Etapa, in sudden fear



"NO SHOOT! NO SHOOT!" THEY CRIED IN ENGLISH.

lest the boat should round the bar—and the shooters thus be enabled to attack him from that side—retreated to the sand. He looked fearfully after the steamer until it had passed around a bend and out of sight. He had supposed his sister was dead having seen her fall, but, upon turning to the bar again, he saw her sitting upon the sand with her hands clasping her head. With a joyful cry the boy ran toward her.

"Hoye, Tanké," he shouted. "It appears the wasécunpi have not killed you!" The little girl lifted a blood-streaked face and gazed at him dazedly for a moment. A bullet had grazed her head, cutting the skin upon her temple, and joyfully the boy saw that her hurt was neither mortal nor very dangerous.

He ran to her dead pony, secured her tin basin and fetched it to her filled with water. She had now begun to realise what had happened. She bathed her bloody face and hands and so collected her senses and came fully to herself.

Her eyes turned toward her fallen pony. "Why did Straight Tongue's men kill our horses?" she wailed, beginning to cry.

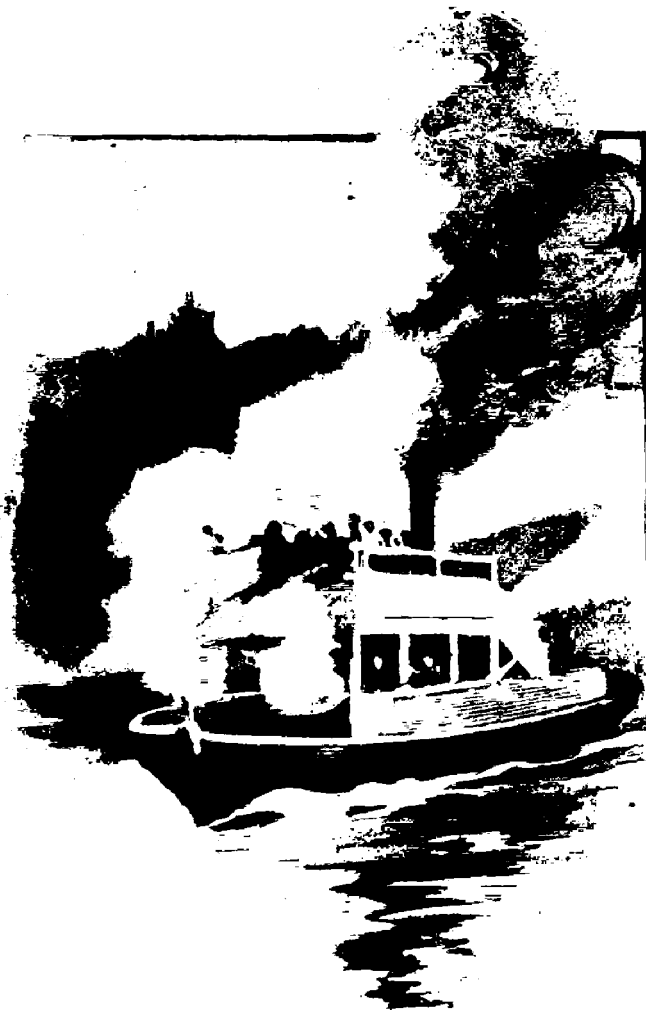
The boy's eyes followed hers to the dead ponies, and he struggled with his desolate feeling of loss. But he answered with that sense of justice and acceptance of the inevitable which characterises individuals of the American race.

"Older sister," he said, "it was not Straight Tongue did thus to us. It was the white soldiers. They have taken his boat from him and are going up and down the river killing our people. So it is that we find them all fled from their villages."

This seemed a very reasonable solution of the calamity which had befallen them. The little girl visibly brightened. At least there was comfort in the thought that Straight Tongue could not have so betrayed and ill-treated his friends.

"How, I think that is true," she said, ceasing to cry. "It was the war soldiers who came. It seems that we were very careless to stand thus near."

After a little time her wound ceased to bleed and the two went to their ponies and unpacked such things as they wished to carry with them. They took what cured meat they had left, their blankets, the gun, powder horn, bullet pouch, and scalp trophies of Iron Soldier, the basin and such pieces of buckskin as they had used for packing purposes. They left behind Etapa's hatchet and all cumbersome articles. Thus lightly equipped they took up their march again on foot.



CHAPTER XXVII. IN SIGHT OF HOME.



THE story of the little voyagers must have ended at the Yankton village had not war made for them, of their own country, a wilderness more bewildering and more dangerous than even the vast woods of the north-land. They might

have followed the Yanktons but for the loss of

their ponies. On foot, however, there could be but little chance of overtaking these people before the rains or the trampling herds of buffalo should obliterate their trail. There was no certainty in the minds of these Sioux children that they would find the Oglalas at their town, but, child-like, they tried each to hide this fear from the other.

They were at least on familiar ground upon the Smoky River trail, and this they followed day after day with plodding but untired feet, and they chattered joyously whenever they could point out the exact spot where their own tepée had been pitched in their eastward journey of the year before. Once even they found the forked stakes, with a willow pole resting in one of the crotches, where their kettle had hung to boil, standing exactly as their mother had left them when she had slipped the bail of her pot from the cross-piece.

Although it was not yet night they stopped to make camp at this place. They had not felt so much at home for a year, and, after they had eaten a meal of roasted ground-squirrels and wild turnips, they were very happy.

The little voyagers did not leave this camp until long after sunrise in the morning. It was with difficulty they could tear themselves away, and, while they were still within range, they turned more than once to look back at the fringe of willows which marked the spot where a mother's kettle had hung.

Day after day they followed the river's course across the prairie country—a prairie of rich grasses and flowers, abounding in small life. There was no lack of food, edible roots, ground-squirrels, young grouse, curlews, and river birds and wild currants in abundance. A native boy with bow and arrow, and a string for snare, must indeed have been a shiftless lad to have gone hungry in this country in the summer time.

As they travelled westward the voyagers gradually left the rich green of the fertile prairies behind them, and climbed the plateau of the arid plains, into the country of sagebush, cactus and buffalo grass; but they were still traversing a land of plenty; the ground-squirrels were yet abundant, and there were sage hens, grouse, and marmots in great numbers. Now and then, too, a fat badger, wandering away from its burrow, was overtaken and pierced with an arrow. These furnished juicy meat, and the oil ran down the brown chins of the voyagers as they stuffed themselves to repletion.

Having outworn their moccasins, and with no buckskins to replace them, the children were now forced to go with bare feet. Though their soles were toughened by long travel, they were

not impervious to the keen spines of the cactus and their way was sometimes difficult and painful.

One morning the little voyagers came suddenly upon the mouth of a creek, which was a favourite resort of the Oglalas in the seasons of small fruits and of plums. The children, on account of extreme heat, had been travelling of nights for two days, and had not realised, having kept within the monotonous river valley, how far they had advanced into the heart of their country. Etapa was first to discover familiar ground.

"Hoye, Tanké!" he shouted explosively. "Here are the plum trees of the Wakpala where we indeed used to gather plums. Ya-la! Ya-la!" and he ran whooping to the crest of a low bluff. Zintkala followed, unbelieving, but in a whirl of excitement.

Once upon the highlands there burst upon them, in the clear atmosphere, familiar sights on every hand.

Joy convulsed the little voyagers. They stretched out their arms to this beloved land and, with streaming eyes, cried to their people that they, Zintkala and Etapa, were indeed coming back to them.

"Ina! Ina! Até! Até! We are coming! We are coming! Etapa—Zintkala—your son—your daughter!" they cried, with the joy of home arrival already in their hearts. It seemed to them that the beloved mother and father whose names they shouted must surely hear their voices, and that these anxious ones would hasten to meet them.

Only one long day's march with the travois lay between them and the tepées of their people. After the first transports of discovery, in which their eyes drank in every detail of the familiar land, the fierce home hunger gripped their hearts, and they were instantly impatient of everything which could impede their progress.

With one accord they ran back to the plum thicket, and there, in a secure place of hiding, deposited their blankets, the carcajou skin, the gun and accoutrements of Iron Soldier, and every article they had carried save the light bow and arrows of the boy. They divided these, Zintkala carrying the five arrows, Etapa the bow, in hand. These light weapons, as they held them, were rather a help than a hindrance in running.

Thus equipped for speed they set out, going at a swift trot across the open plain. They had a perfect guide in a certain bold prominence of the Smoky River breaks. This cloud-touching bluff was but a half-hour's walk from the Oglala village, and its crest was the lookout point of scouts who watched for the appearance of buffa-

loes, of enemies or strangers, or of parties returning from the chase.

Ardently the little voyagers hoped that keen eyes upon that bluff, toward night, would discern their own approach and at a great distance, and that some one with ponies would come out to meet them. In all their long durance they had never so burned with impatience.

On and on they ran. With eight hundred miles of successful journeying behind them, with perfect health and unconquerable wills, their muscles had grown to a hardihood of endurance which was nothing less than astonishing.

Simple children in mind and heart, innocent as the birds and animals of their wilderness, they had, with these, attained the supreme command of those forces of body and brain which make for the "survival of the fittest." Truth compels the admission, however, that they were not, at this time, as enticing in appearance as most of the wild things of their wilderness. They had lost Lizbet's comb in crossing the Missouri, and their hair hung in tangled, unkempt braids. Their buckskins were worn, torn, and dirty, their leggings in tatters. But they had kept their bodies clean, as healthy Indian children always do where there is water to swim in.

The soles of their feet had become toughened by barefoot travel, until only the keener spines of the cactus would penetrate them. Bristling patches of these needle points they avoided with a sub-conscious dexterity, as they ran. They had eyes for the ground, although their gaze was fixed with intent and passionate longing upon a certain sharp projection against the south-western horizon.

Noon came and found them still going at a swinging trot. They had stopped but once to drink sparingly—they knew better than to fill themselves with water—at a small stream. They were again burning with thirst when they came upon a little creek which marked the longer half of their run. Joyously they halted here to drink water—a few swallows at a time—to rest, and finally to eat some hard and tasteless strips of dried meat which they had saved with the providence (I say it advisedly) of their kind for an emergency.

This rest and refreshment revived them. Like a pair of tireless foxes they were up and off again. And now as they came upon the highlands, their goal, in a shimmer of heat radiation, loomed large and spectre-like against the sky line. Two hours more of running and they could plainly see the pine trees upon the breaks opposite the Oglala town.

Home—home—home! Their rapidly pounding hearts beat to this rhythm, and their muscles grew more pliant, their feet lighter, as they sped,

Their eyes sought the crest of the hill of lookout for the figure of a lone watcher. Surely there was no scout posted, else they would have seen him making signals. But they did not pause to consider or to ask each other questions. They were too near home. In their eager, drumming hearts there was no room for doubts or fears.

Not until they had rushed over the crest of a rise which commanded a wide view of the river valley did they realise to what vain purpose they had run so far though so tirelessly.

Upon all the river's reach which lay before them there were to be seen no tepées, no grazing ponies, no signs of life. The Oglalas were gone, and above their deserted village site black vultures soared, casting ominous eyes of inquiry upon the bleaching, shredded bones of their abandoned camp.

Who shall describe the desolation of those young souls! My pen cannot attempt the task. With a wild home hunger in their faces, with black despair in their hearts, they ran forward with arms outstretched in piteous yearning. "Ina! Ina! Até! Até!" They fell upon the sacred ground, once sheltered by a mother's tepée, and buried their faces in the earth.

Thus they lay, with heartbroken cries and bitter wailings, mingling their tears with the dust. And thus night found them, exhausted with weeping, and merciful sleep descended and clothed them with unconsciousness.

Naturally there came reaction to their healthy natures in the morning. Zintkala was first to awake, opening her eyes at the touch of the sun's rays upon their lids. She looked about her in bewilderment. She had been dreaming, and was playing within her mother's tepée with all the cheerful sounds of an Oglala camp in her ears. The rude call to reality, to the drear prospect of the deserted valley, like the stroke of a whip, wrenched a cry of pain from her lips. Etapa leaped to his feet in alarm, and stared about him for an instant in bewilderment. Then he, too, realised where he was. But his stomach was empty and hunger instantly asserted a claim paramount to that of grief.

"Hoye, Tanké," he cried, "let us at once go back to the village of the pispiza, that we may have good meat to eat. Also we must get our blankets and the gun of Iron Soldier. I think that we should stay at this place until the Oglalas return from the buffalo killing."

They only stopped to examine the trail of the departed villagers, and, when they had learned that their people had surely gone to the north-west, they were certain—seeing that women and children had been taken—that all had gone in

pursuit of the buffaloes which they had discovered were a long way off at this season.

So they turned their faces toward the creek of the plums again. Upon the highland this trail soon brought them to the "village of the pispiza," a prairie dog town, of wide extent and numerous population. The cunning hunter approached the outskirts of this community with great caution, creeping for a long distance behind sage bushes. A brace of fat marmots were his reward, and these, roasted over a fire of buffalo chips, made a savoury breakfast for the famished ones.

They reached the creek of the plums at noon the next day, secured their cached effects, and returned as leisurely to the abandoned camp of their people.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE CHASE THROUGH THE CAÑON.



AMONG the breaks at the mouth of a walled cañon where a small brook trickled through a deeply worn slash in the sand-rock, opposite the site of their deserted village, the little Sioux made their camp. There was shelter from storms under a jutting rock, and their retreat was hidden by a dense fringe of low scrub pine.

There was only one open way of ingress or egress, and from their elevated niche they could, if awake, hear or see the approach of any unwary creatures. At their rear there was a precipitous crevasse which led, in a tortuous and somewhat perilous ascent, to the heights above. Thus, with the judgment of wild things, they chose a lair for their hiding. They did not build fires in this place. When they wished to cook meat they crossed the river valley, and used the stone-covered fire-hole of their mother's tepée.

Every morning they took the precaution of mounting to the crest of the butte upon the tableland, where they could scan leagues of surrounding country for signs of friends or foes. Often they lingered for an hour or two upon this elevation, breathing with delight its buoyant, rarefied atmosphere, and enjoying the keen sense of exhilaration which a great height inspires. The prospect from this outlook was indeed magnificent. To the north there lay, at a depression of more than one thousand feet, sixty miles

of undulating plains, stretching to black elevations of pine-clad hills. Looking down upon this country, the eye could trace, for many leagues, the winding courses of timber-fringed creeks. In that marvellous atmosphere single trees stood clearly defined, at the limit of a day's journey. To south and west of the butte, closely touching its elevations at points, a high tableland extended to the valley of the Running Water. It would have been a shrewd enemy indeed who could have crossed this country unobserved, when they were on the butte.

From this point of vantage the little voyagers watched, with vivid interest, the now gathering herds of antelope, the bands of elk, and the movements of black-tail deer going in and out of the coulé below. All these creatures seemed to realise fully that the country was cleared of its hunters. Their movements were leisurely, natural and restful. Their plentiful numbers and their unsuspecting attitudes fired Etapa with a desire to kill one of those big elks, or at least a fine black-tail buck.

One morning, just as they had mounted to the crest of the highlands, the children came face to face with an antlered bull about to descend into the cañon. As this big fat elk, at a few paces distant, wheeled to trot away, Etapa drew his bow. The excited lad would surely have launched an arrow into the animal's flank, and so have lost it, but for the wise action of the sister. Zintkala leaped forward, caught the shooter's arm, and so deflected the shaft from its aim. She ran quickly after the arrow that Etapa might not scold her.

Seeing that, after all, he was not displeased, she spoke her mind freely on returning the weapon.

"That was very bad indeed, brother, to shoot at hehaka, when you could only wound him," she chided. "It is not thus that a hunter should do, needlessly making pain and losing his arrows."

"Ho!" cried the boy, in pretended surprise. "do you not think my arrow would have gone through hehaka's two skins?"

"That is foolish talk," replied the sister flatly.

"But see, look, look!" He fitted an arrow and swiftly drew his bow-string until the head of the shaft touched his fingers. He aimed straight overhead, and let fly the arrow. It passed nearly out of sight, but was deflected by a stiff breeze, fell into the cañon behind, and was splintered upon a rock.

"Now that was indeed careless," grieved the boy, when he had recovered the useless shaft: and, seeing him thus repentant, Zintkala said nothing. "I will save the tooth," said Etapa. "See, sister, only the wood is broken. I have

only four of the Cree arrows left," he added, sorrowfully. "I must now be very careful lest they be lost."

"Why do you not use the gun of Iron Soldier, seeing that you wish to kill some large animal?" Zintkala asked. "I do not see that there are any people in this country who will hear you shoot."

"Whi! Tanké! That is what I will do," cried the boy. "It was very silly that I did not bring that gun this morning. Only think, I could have sent a bullet—z-z-z-z-zan! straight through that bull."

"Then," admitted the sister, "we could have some buckskin for moccasins."

"Always after this I will carry the gun," Etopa declared, never doubting that he would meet another bull at that same place.

Upon returning to their camp, Etopa examined the buffalo gun for the hundredth time—very carefully. There was no ramrod attached, as these guns were usually loaded in the saddle while the hunter's horse was in motion, and a rammer could not be used.

The horseman carried his powder in a graduated horn or flask, the mouth of which would fit the muzzle of his weapon. When the powder was in he took a wet bullet from his mouth, slipped it into the smooth-bore opening, and chucked his gun-stock heavily upon his saddle pommel. Then he put a percussion cap upon its tube as best he could and was ready for action.

Etopa, however, whittled a short ramrod from a piece of iron-wood. Then, as Iron Soldier's powder horn had no charger attached, he guessed at a proper amount of powder, pouring it out in the hollow of his hand. He knew the gun was not loaded, for he had tested it, as he had seen Indian hunters do, by raising the hammer and blowing through barrel and tube. There was a box of caps in Iron Soldier's bullet pouch, and so—for an Indian boy has not the self-assurance of his paleface brothers—Etopa found the loading of a "sacred-iron" not so formidable a task as he had supposed. He was, in fact, very proud of the feat, and made no little parade of his exploit.

"Sister, I have put a great charge in the gun of Iron Soldier," he bragged. "Now let us see if mato osansan (grizzly bear) will dare to show himself at these pines. Huh! I think he does not care to have a hole made in his head, therefore he does not appear."

The sister, who was mending a fresh rent in her skirts, smiled as the lad paraded his gun with the swaggering airs of a young hunter.

The next morning he carried the weapon on their trip to the butte, but they met no bull elk at the head of the cañon trail. On their way

down, however, and near the foot of the cañon, a half grown bear cub suddenly reared itself, with a grunt of surprise, among some low bushes close beside their path.

In frantic haste the plucky young hunter cocked and levelled his weapon. The gun exploded with a roar which echoed like a clap of thunder through all the gulches. The boy turned a back somersault and the gun flew far over his head. The bear rushed away, grunting in great affright, and Zintkala screamed in terror, supposing for the instant that Etopa had been killed. With a hand upon his face the lad lay dazed for the moment. Then he arose with a bruised and bleeding cheek.

"Alas, older sister," he said ruefully, "I have put too much strong fire-dust into the barrel and now the gun of Iron Soldier has gone upward and escaped. I do not know where the sacred-iron has gone."

But Zintkala had seen the gun fall among the bushes a few yards distant, and now, having recovered from her fright, she ran and picked it up. Etopa forgot his hurt in his delight at finding the weapon uninjured. He had merely discovered one of the peculiarities of the stout and doubly effective buffalo gun.

"Waste! Waste!" he cried joyfully, when he had examined lock, stock and barrel. "Now I will load this gun more carefully." This he did upon returning to camp, not charging with more than half the powder he had used before.

For several days he carried the gun to and from the butte, but saw no more big game on the trail. During this time the children subsisted upon marmots and grouse, killed with bow and arrow, and upon such berries and edible roots as they could find. They longed for some fat venison, but Etopa yet lacked confidence in his ability to handle the buffalo gun. He went several times after elk or antelope which strayed into the river valley, but somehow, while he was getting ready to shoot, each time the animal saw him and ran away.

Zintkala said nothing about these failures; but the young hunter, in losing confidence, lost something also of self-respect, and so began to be cross and disagreeable. He fretted because the Oglalas were so long gone on a buffalo hunt. He wished to change their camp. He did not like the place. The mosquitoes were very bad—they had scarcely felt a bite among their pines—and he thought there were some very poisonous snakes in a hole which ran under the ledge.

"Younger brother, it appears that you are very tiresome," Zintkala said one morning. "I know where there are some very fine red raspberries. They are a long way off, but I think we should go to-day and camp in that place, where we can

gather a very large quantity. I can dry some also on the stones. There are many small deer there, very tame, and perhaps we can take skins to make us *parflêches*."

Immediately the boy became all animation. He was filled with delight at the prospect of change and the taste of red raspberries was already in his mouth.

"Ho, I will kill some of those deer, surely," he boasted. "I will shoot them with the gun of Iron Soldier."

So they decamped, carrying their effects twenty miles or more up the Smoky River valley to a deep slash in the mountain tableland, which has since become known, to freighters and ranchmen, as "Salt Pork Cañon." This deep cañon furnishes the only pass for many miles by which the breaks can be surmounted except by an expert climber.

Several miles in length, many hundreds of feet deep at its mouth, the steep slopes of this wedge-like gap are thickly clothed with pine and are cut with intricate mazes of deep ditches, cañons and ravines.

There is no water in this cañon save in a wet season, but the river runs under the rock ledges at its mouth, and its own dry run, having a sand bed at the bottom, furnishes an easy trail for nearly the whole length of the gap.

Upon a little bench, sheltered by a cluster of bullberry bushes, the children made their camp, and in the morning went afield in search of berries. Zintkala had timed the appearance of ripe fruit very well indeed. They were just in season to find raspberries in the first sugary stages of perfection, and they returned from the heights, where the best bushes grew, with faces and hands stained a carmine pink, painted in fact in such delicate hues as no art of their own could have equalled.

They were very happy at this place. They made baskets of willow splints to use in gathering the berries, and Zintkala cured a large quantity of them, which the dry heat of mid-summer enabled her to do perfectly. When Etapa actually killed a fine young doe with the buffalo gun their cup of happiness was well filled. They now had juicy venison in plenty, and the tanned skin—a feat of leather-making which they accomplished in a few days—made an excellent *parflêche* in which to store and carry the dried fruit.

Doubtless they would have stayed in this cañon contentedly as long as the berries lasted, but, when the ripening of these was at its height, some other people, who knew of the Oglalas' absence, came also to gather fruit.

The brother and sister had one morning mounted nearly to the head of the big cañon,

and were picking berries under a rock-ledge within view of the trail above, when a number of people, on horseback, suddenly rounded a point and came jogging down toward them. There were men, women and children among the riders, and at first view the brother and sister shouted with delight, believing that the Oglalas were returning. They even started toward the newcomers, when an Indian, wearing a strange head-dress, appeared upon the trail directly below. This man's approach, because of the sand in which his pony had travelled, they had not heard. He was sitting his horse, gun in hand, looking directly up at them, a scowl of suspicious inquiry upon his painted face.

"Seili! Seili!" This cry of terror was wrung from Zintkala, and instantly the little Sioux turned and fled along the steep slope.

A shot followed by a shrill war-whoop stirred the deep cañon's echoes, but the shooter's bullet aimed at a pair of flying squirrels would have been about as certain of hitting its mark. With every nerve thrilling with a just horror of those Pawnee enemies, the little voyagers sped, scudding like hunted rabbits among the rocks and trees. Zintkala had dropped her basket of berries, but Etapa clung to his gun and so fell behind at the start.

As they ran they heard the rider below yelling fierce instructions to those in his rear, and then, casting a scared backward glance, Etapa saw him disappear in a flurry of sand dust as he dashed down the cañon. Instantly the Sioux boy understood. While his followers divided their forces, scaling the level heights to watch the race and give signals to those below, and others followed directly upon the heels of the pursued, this painted one would ride into the mouth of the first deep cross-cañon to intercept or shoot the runners as they passed. It seemed that only a miracle could prevent the Pawnees from surrounding and capturing himself and sister. The boy's mind acted with that quick instinct or intuition which is the gift of the child of nature and which was his in large measure.

Yet the ruse he adopted was simple—too simple to have been conceived by a yelling horde, even of Indians, in hot pursuit. The boy exerted himself to the utmost in a sudden burst of speed, and in spite of his impediments overtook and passed the swift Zintkala.

"Tanké!" he gasped, "do not run ahead!" The sister heard and heeded, and so followed close at his heels. At a turn they descended the steep slope of a gulch, leaping from rock to rock, among a sheltering growth of scrub pine. Half-way down the scarp the boy turned sharply to his right and ran directly toward the cañon

trail below. With reckless leaps, which Zintkala followed with the temerity of a mountain goat, Etapa led their flight, quartering the precipitous steep until they had nearly reached the bottom of the ravine. Here, in the shelter of a cluster of pines, he halted, and the two dropped to earth like hunted foxes.

They suppressed their hard breathings and listened. Upon the sand bed of the cañon, they heard the muffled thumping of hoofs; upon the slopes above, the sounds of footmen in pursuit. Only for a minute dared they wait. As they heard the lunging ponies go by below they slid to the bottom of the ravine, shot across the cañon trail and into the opening of an opposing gulch.

Thus for the moment they had dodged the whole pack of pursuers before any even had time to reach the tableland heights, and thus to mark their progress. All would be thrown from the scent until some keen searcher for their trail should discover their tracks across the sand bed. This the fleeing ones feared must soon happen, for their only hope of escape lay in keeping out of sight, in covering their trail and securing a hiding place until night should fall upon the mazes of the big cañon. They could not pass out at its mouth, nor over the heights above, without instant discovery and certain capture.

Worse than death, they dreaded capture. Among all their enemies they knew of none so wicked and terrible in torture as the Pawnee Scili! The very name, quickly spoken, had always tingled their nerves to the finger tips. It had been their tepée bug-a-boo, and so great was their horror of the Pawnee, these children would have welcomed death in any form, would have met it in a leap from some precipitous height, sooner than be taken alive.

Thus with wild and frantic energy they fled, keeping to the rough bottoms of ravines, scrambling over boulders, through dense thickets of green bush, under sheltering rock-ledges, and over pine-clad scarps. They knew that their trail could and would be followed, that their only hope was to make it long and difficult, and to dodge their enemies until the coming on of darkness. Upon the middle heights of the cañon the pines grew thickly wherever there was footing of soil. To reach these, without being seen by their enemies upon the opposite slopes, was the cunning problem they had to solve before they could even hope for surety of escape. With the eyes of running partridges they kept to that cover which would hide them from the hunter's line of vision. In this winding course they passed into a cross-ravine and so mounted and descended into another.

This feat they performed three times with no yells from the opposing bluffs to announce discovery of their manœuvre. They had just reached the bottom of the third gulch, which, like the main cañon, had a dry channel of sand at the bottom, and they were hesitating to make tracks across this when a yell greeted their astonished ears, and from above a horseman spurred at them in a furious rush and flourishing a war-club.

Zintkala turned to run, but Etapa, seeing the uselessness of flight, raised his buffalo gun as the enemy was almost upon him, and fired. Horse and man pitched forward and rolled in the sand. The pony, which had a bullet in its head, landed upon its side and on top of the rider. The Sioux boy uttered a whoop of triumph, and, as the Indian struggled to get out from under his horse, sprang forward and dealt the Pawnee a crushing blow with his gunstock. Again and again he struck until the man ceased struggling and lay as the dead. Then the shrill clear note of the victor rang through all the cañon and was repeated by the rocks.

"I have struck a Scili! I, even I, have struck a Scili! E-e-e-yih! Yi-hiii-yuh!" For the moment he was wild with excitement, and his barbaric little soul was lifted to the clouds in triumph. Then his sister descended upon him, seized him by the arm, and fairly dragged him away from the fallen Pawnee.

"Let us fly quickly!" she urged in frantic undertone. "All the Pawnees will come and we are lost!"

Thus brought to his senses, but with bursting pride in his breast, the lad followed Zintkala. "I am a soldier—I am a soldier," his heart sang, and his brain whirled, while his ears were humming as to the rhythm of a hundred war drums. His throat became dry and hot from choking his desire to shout his own name and proclaim his deeds to the enemy. All that prevented him whooping thus rashly was the swiftly speeding figure in his front, a reminder of the peril behind and of the horror of capture.

Zintkala led the way, dodging the sand bed, upward to the first cross-cañon, which had a rock bottom. Into this she darted, Etapa following. Though her ears were open to all sounds she heard no yells on the other slope of the wide gap, and hope took possession of her.

Intuitively her mind grasped the situation. The man whom Etapa had killed—if indeed he had killed him—was a hunter who had travelled much ahead of his fellows, and so knew nothing of the chase they were making. Etapa's war-shout had sounded so strangely that the Pawnees might well have thought some one of their number was hallooing, nor might they know

from what direction such strangely repeated cries had come.

So with increased confidence she sped on, following the tactics they had already used in taking their line of flight. The lay of the cañons and cross-ravines now favoured them, and they were able to make their way into the pine belt without further danger of exposure. They now breathed more freely. They would be shrewd trailers indeed who could catch them within these wide copses of evergreen. Here was the hard silent ground, and they threaded the pine-clad ravines, walking swiftly, but with great caution, until, at last, in joyful surprise, they found themselves looking down upon the ledge which sheltered their little camp.

"Waste! Waste!" they breathed to each other. "Stay, Tanké," said Etapa, speaking in a low, dry voice, "I myself will go secretly to get our blankets, and the bow and arrows, and some meat. I will truly leave no trail."

The sister nodded her assent, then she whispered, "There is good water in the basin and I am so thirsty."

"I will not drink it all, surely," the lad assured her. "I will fetch you some."

Etapa then slipped down the slope, keeping among the pines, dropping in light leaps from

rock to rock. He was obliged to go in a round-about way, but at the end of an hour or so he returned, bringing all their camp effects and perhaps a half-pint of water in the basin.

"Waste, younger brother, you have indeed done well," murmured Zintkala, and she swallowed the water like a famished creature.

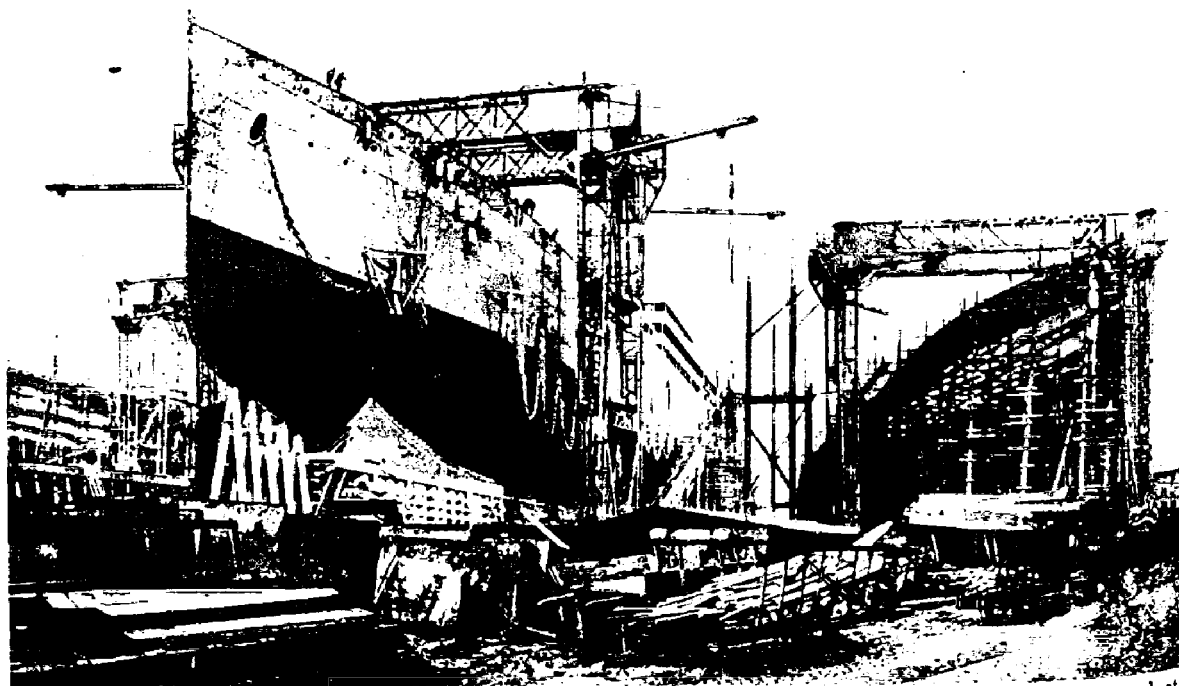
In all this time they had heard nothing of the enemy. Doubtless the Pawnees were still in pursuit, but the young Sioux felt security in their hiding place. No creature could approach them without being seen or heard, and they would soon be refreshed by rest and ready for instant and silent flight among the dense pine copses. With excellent reason they trusted much to the speed of their well tried legs.

So they reclined upon the pine needles with ears and eyes keenly alert. They dared not talk, but the boy leaned against a rock and fondled his buffalo gun. He felt sure that he would now be allowed to retain the weapon. His cheeks were aglow and his eyes snapping with the recollection of his deed, which he lived over again and again in imagination.

Overhead, the pines, rustling in a stiff cañon breeze, sang to him, and the burden of their sougning was, "Akicita—soldier—soldier of the Oglalas."

(To be concluded.)

THE BIGGEST SHIP AFLOAT.



The *Baltic*, which was recently launched from Messrs. Harland and Wolff's shipbuilding yard, at Belfast, is the biggest ship afloat. She has been built for the White Star Line, and is 725ft. 9in. in length, and 49ft. in breadth. Her gross tonnage when completed will be 23,000, thus exceeding her immediate predecessor, the *Celtic*, by some 3,000 tons. The *Baltic* will probably make her first voyage across the Atlantic this spring.

BLUNDELL'S SCHOOL



Photo by Fry, London.

SIXTEEN miles from Exeter, and almost in the north-east corner of the fair county of Devon, at the junction of two rivers, the Exe and the Lowman, stands Tiverton. Now, from that pleasant country town, about the middle of the sixteenth century, a lad named Peter Blundell set out to push his fortunes in London. He traded in woollen goods—kerseys—and, like Dick Whittington a century earlier, became a merchant prince. Later on, being minded to benefit his native town, he left directions in his will, dated 1599, two years before his death, for the building and endowment of "a free grammar school." The first "Schollers" were soon



Photo by W. Mudford.

nominated to the Universities, Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, and Balliol College, Oxford; the picturesque buildings, known as "Old Blundell's," were finished in 1604, and thus it comes about that the school will this year celebrate the tercentenary of its foundation.

All readers of *Lorna Doone* will remember the opening chapter in which Jan Ridd describes his school life at Tiverton; and this is no fancy picture, for the author, R. D. Blackmore, was himself at Blundell's seventy years ago, and the

scenes he described so faithfully were drawn from memory.

Many an old custom, worthy and otherwise, at Old Blundell's has passed away, but two, "winkeys" and "P. B.," are worth recording, if only to illustrate the difference between the undisciplined past and the orderly school life of today.

"This is the manner of a 'winkey,' a mischievous but cheerful device in which we took



A. L. FRANCIS, ESQ.
Head Master of Blundell's School.
Photo by C. Vandyk.



BLUNDELL'S GYMNASIUM EIGHT, 1903.

great pleasure." A hole was scooped in a desk and filled with saltpetre, and as the boy sat in the early grey of the morning, reading his lesson by the light of a tallow candle, or "rat's tail," the flame, in due course, reached the saltpetre.

"Then should the pupil seize his pen, and, regardless of the nib, stir bravely, and he will see a glow as of burning mountains, and a rich smoke and sparks going merrily, nor will it cease, if he stirs wisely, and there be good store of petre, until the wood is devoured through, like the sinking of a well shaft."

At the very front of the old school gates, just without the archway, there was a great P. B. of white pebbles done in the ground. In flood time the Lowman rises rapidly, and it was the custom and law the instant the rising waters reached but a single pebble of the founder's letters, for any boy to rush into the great school and scream at the top of his voice, "P. B."

"Then, with a yell, the boys leap up, or break away from their standing. They toss their caps to the black-beamed roof, and haply the very books after them; and the great boys vex no more the small ones, and the small boys stick up to the great ones. Then the masters look at one another, having no class to look to, then, in a manner, they put their mouths up. With a spirited bang, they close their books, and make invitation the one to the other for pipes and foreign cordials, recommending the chance of the time, and the comfort away from cold waters."

The old "P. B." pebbles are now at the gate of

the present school, far beyond reach of the highest flood, unless, indeed, a waterspout burst, as happened on Whit Sunday, 1890, when two adventurous masters launched their baths and floated in them down the main road.

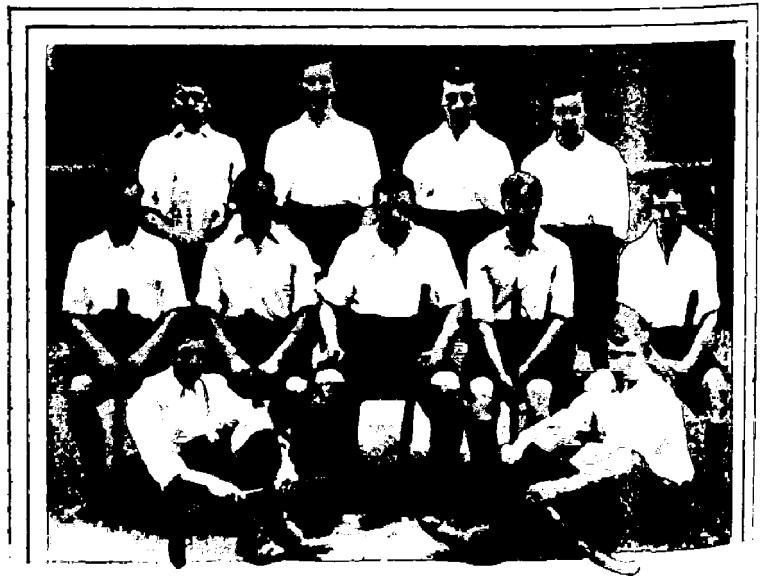
Life at Old Blundell's was rough and hard; fights were the order of the day, the recognised lists being a triangular patch of grass in front of the school, known as the "ironing-box." When the late Archbishop of Canterbury visited his old school three years ago, he gave to a personally conducted crowd of boys spirited details of his first encounter on that classic spot. But

if the life was hard it made for manliness and independence of spirit, qualities which are alive in the school to-day, a priceless heritage from the past.

In 1875, Mr. A. L. Francis was appointed headmaster—the youngest in England, it was said—and largely through his energy and enthusiasm, the present school was built and opened in 1882.

The wisdom of this great change was quickly justified in the increase of numbers; boarding-houses were built and a new era of prosperity began. But the old spirit and traditions were transferred, not lost, and Mr. Francis was just the man to foster all that was worthiest in them.

A very few words will serve to describe Blundell's. The photograph taken from the lodge



BLUNDELL'S HOCKEY XI., 1903.

represents but poorly the beauty of the situation on a high table-land, with valleys rolling away to the south and north, backed by woody heights. The school stands a mile out of the town, which is itself three miles away from the main G.W.R. line to the West; and this fact, though by no means a gain to Tiverton, has probably helped to preserve Blundell's from outside influences and to further development on lines of its own.

The country then is lovely and peaceful, but inside the school gates the impression of repose soon disappears. The day's work begins in summer with early "prep" for the boarders. Chapel is at 8.48 a.m., and after the boys have filed out it is worth while to linger in admiration of the graceful lines of the roof, the stained glass windows—the latest is to the memory of the thirteen O.B.'s who fell in South Africa—and the oak panelling which softens the whole interior effect. From the class-room comes a hum, the same all the world over, and at 10.50 an electric bell signals an interval of ten minutes. This is a busy time for the tuck shop, a valuable institution run on business lines by an enthusiastic master with a genius for finance. All the profits, about £100 a year, go to the Games Club; some day, perhaps, the school will eat itself, so to say, into a racquet court, just as the nation is going to drink itself out of the national debt. Work is resumed from eleven until noon, and special classes until 12.45. In the first and third terms of the year, the voice of the drill sergeant is usually to be heard after twelve and four o'clock, but in the summer, unless you are playing at a cricket net, you hurry off to the baths, there to stay, probably, till the bath-sergeant hails you out. Dinner is at 1.15 in summer, and afternoon school from two to four, rather an ordeal after a hearty meal or on a hot day—and it may be added, *experto crede*, that the old starvation days at Blundell's, as elsewhere, are gone for ever.

But four o'clock has struck, and till 6.15 the cricket field is all life and movement. Games, alternating with net practice, fill up the four whole school days, and there is no fear of the burden of too much cricket; indeed, what with house matches, school matches, and wet days, the problem is rather to give the juniors as much as they want. The matches for the Senior Cup are played in May on the knock-out system; those for the Junior Cup on the league system in July.

Tea is at 6.30, preparation 7 to 8.30, then follow prayers, supper, and bed at 10 for all, unless special leave be given to work in studies.

But this simple outline of a day at Blundell's, from "réveille to lights-out," needs a good deal of filling in. Each term, indeed, seems to bring with it some fresh demands on a boy's time, and in order to "loaf" he has to be very expert in the gentle art of "cutting" work or play. Now, whether "loafing" be a vice or a virtue depends altogether on the way you look at it; perhaps, in view of the many devices to keep fellows "on the move" the philosopher would regard it only as a wise adaptation of means to ends.

First of all, there is a Cadet Corps, attached to the 3rd Devon V.R.; it was revived three years ago, and is now about 100 strong. In



BLUNDELL'S 1ST XV., 1902-3.

Photo by H. S. Cotterill.

1902 the shooting "eight" won the shield open to Devon schools, and that same summer had their first experience of Bisley. Not long ago a new range was opened, and a regular "fixture card" of simultaneous matches arranged with schools as far distant as Scotland. At present there is plenty of keenness, and drilling goes on at all sorts of odd moments, but it will require a good deal of sustained effort to keep the corps up to its present strength.

Some years ago a generous O.B. presented the building, work and tuckshop combined under one roof, which, flanked by the chapel and fives courts, forms, with the main buildings, an irregular quadrangle. The workshop is a great boon, especially on wet days, while the engineering department will turn you out anything from a nail to a motor car. Once somebody made a



OLD BOYS' DAY, 1903.
Photo by H. S. Cotterill.

hold of Rugby Union, and Blundell's has furnished not a few members of the county XV. For some unaccountable reason, football is more popular than cricket, and the team can generally hold its own with the best that can be brought against it. The game is compulsory on two afternoons each week: you may play in the "Field," the "Green," the "Block," the "Nursery," or, if you are very small, the "Cradle," though perhaps the scratch inter-house games are the most enjoyable. House feeling then gives a point to the play and there is none of the responsibility attaching to a real cup-tie.

bunch of skeleton keys, but as burglary is not included in the school "curriculum," his efforts in that direction were not accepted in a very sympathetic spirit.

The summer term is, mercifully, almost a close season for the gymnasium, but during the rest of the year it is, literally, in full swing.

Gym or, as a dull alternative, drill is compulsory for all except the VI. form, while the extra classes are called "voluntary gym," which, as a wag neatly expressed it, is voluntary—but you have to attend. A "display" is given in December, and a house cup competed for just before the choosing of the pair for Aldershot, at which, by the way, Blundell's has for the last two years been placed third, H. Mainprice, the Cambridge half-back, winning the silver medal. The football team is encouraged to improve physique by joining the "gym," indeed, the attendance for all is sharply enforced. Probably, this does not add to the popularity of "gym," and it is a pity that some means cannot be devised—especially in view of the claims of the cadet corps—for making it a really voluntary exercise.

Speaking of football, Devon is, of course, a great strong-

Hockey made its way slowly and in the face

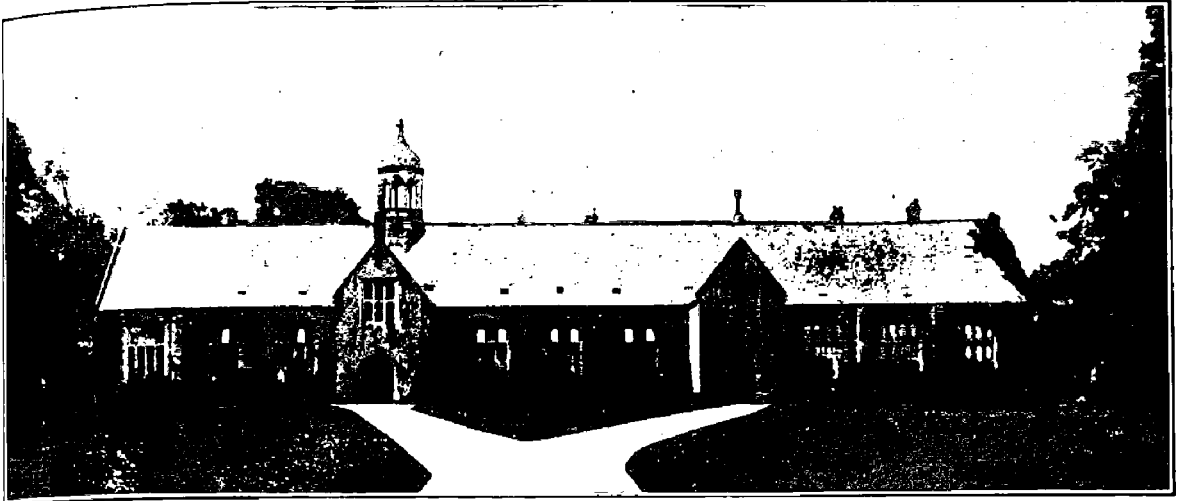
of a good deal of opposition, being, indeed, an institution only three years old. But it caught on at once and the games committee was called upon to legislate and secure for it a definite place among the school sports. Fortunate from the outset in possessing skilled players, the success of the eleven has been almost unbroken; it is due, moreover, in no small degree to the energy and tact of the late captain, H. Archer. The game has been put within the reach of the smallest, and the enthusiasm of the Junior



H. C. BROOKS,
Captain of Blundell's School.
Photo by Walter Mudford.



INTERIOR OF THE TUCK-SHOP, BLUNDELL'S SCHOOL.



"OLD BLUNDELL'S," TIVERTON.

House is only equalled by its frank disregard of rules. Hockey, in the West of England, is going ahead by leaps and bounds, and whereas a few years ago it was a scrambling and unscientific display—the writer himself played left-handed, a sort of Ishmaelito, with every man's hand against him—it is now a game that calls for the utmost science, precision, and combination. A few more years may see it played instead of football in the spring term.

There are not many "runs," partly because that form of sport is not very popular among the neighbouring farmers; but the "Russell" steeplechase for a cup presented in 1877, and so named in honour of that famous sportsman, "Parson Jack," is a highly coveted trophy. Russell, it may be remarked, incidentally, was at Old Blundell's about a hundred years ago, and it is not forgotten how he was very nearly expelled for the crime of keeping a scratch pack of harriers, and hunting with it on half-holidays.

At the first stroke of three o'clock the race starts, across the Lowman, over some six miles of rough country and ploughed fields, heavy with the rains of late winter, and finishes at the school gates, with a straight run in. All the runners have been previously "passed" by the school medical officer, and almost the only untoward incident on record

was caused by a misguided dog springing at the leader as he passed a farmhouse. Now, pain is said to be a healthy stimulus to exertion: at any rate, not until he had reached the school gates, a winner, in the excellent time of 35 min. 12 sec., was it discovered that the dog had helped himself to a large piece of this particular runner's raiment and of his flesh as well.

Music is by no means a neglected art, and though the ever increasing claims of gym and cadet corps have crowded out the school orchestra, yet the Glee Cup competition in October is always keenly interesting. Each of the six houses is allowed a coach—a master, it may be, or a professional, or both: twelve is the limit number of a choir, and on the fateful night the unaccompanied four part glee is sung before an audience quick to mark the various points. For the last two years, School House, self-trained, except for a brilliant "polishing" at the hands of the headmaster, himself a fine musician, have carried off the cup, only to lose it last term to North Close.

The school magazine, *The Blundellian*, published twice a term, is not merely a record of "shop," but finds room for literary effort. "The Editor's Box," "Voces Blundellianæ," and "Blundell's Worthies," have lately been regular features, and



BLUNDELL'S TOWER, FRONT OF SCHOOL.

have given to the *Blundellian* plenty of local colour while the "Review of School Reviews" criticises in a lighter vein other school journals.

Scant space is left for any mention of the Natural History Society, the handsome and widely used library, the Camera Club, or even the VI. Form Debating Society, the last session of which was very successful and very stormy—if the terms be compatible. The opposition was strong and mischievous, the government—no master ever holds an office—to put it mildly, not conciliatory. Luckily, just at the moment when the prospects of the D.S. dinner, over which the dispute was raging, looked darkest, graceful concessions were made, and the session ended happily.

The Fire Brigade, formed several years ago in the face of ridicule which it has now lived down, has borne testimony to smartness and efficiency, not only in alarms, but in cases of real emergency. Last winter, for instance, a rick fire, a mile away, was got under long before the arrival of the town engine, and handsome salvage was paid over to the school brigade. Nothing, it is needless to add, could have made it more popular. The school supports a mission in a poor district in Exeter, and keeps in touch with it by sending and welcoming football and cricket teams.

To sum up these scrappy and fragmentary impressions, it has always appeared to the writer that "the strenuous life" is very visibly in existence at Blundell's. The boarders are just under 200, and the day boys seldom more than

50; and yet, as any one who has read this article can see, there is a many-sided and tireless activity that shows no signs of flagging. One reason for this is, perhaps, that all pull together. The discipline is strict in school, but, once out of it, there is much good fellowship between masters and boys. There has been handed on from Old Blundell's something of that old Devon fearlessness and independence of character which, translated into terms of modern school life, means the existence of a healthy spirit. If a fellow gets into any row that involves the honour of the school, he has to own up, forced thereto, it may be, by the pressure of public opinion.

House rivalry is keen without being unduly bitter; at any rate, it is years since there was a suspicion of favouritism in the choice of teams, or a situation resembling that in a certain great school, when three of the four three-quarter backs were not on speaking, still less on "passing," terms.

Selection committees are unknown; it rests with the captain to act "on his own," and even if he seek counsel from a master there is no obligation on his part to follow it.

There is, at the present day, a tendency in public schools towards excess of machinery and organisation, alike in work and play. The Blundellian spirit is all against this, and so long as the school holds true to herself, there will assuredly, never be found wanting a succession of sons worthy to carry forward her great traditions.



BLUNDELL'S CADETS LEAVING FOR CAMP, AUGUST, 1903.

Photo by Walter Mudford, Tiverton.

"VENGEANCE AND PERROTT."

Illustrated by
GORDON BROWNE, R.I.

By STUART WISHING.



DICKIE and I—Dickie Vaughan's my chum, you know—had rather a quaint experience the other day. If you'd like to hear about it, I don't mind telling you, as the holidays have begun, and

things are a bit slack generally. The pater's a queer old bird, by the way—believes in boys doing an hour or two's work a day in the vac., after the first week, and tells you that you enjoy the holidays so much more if you're occupied part of the day. Personally, I don't hold with that sort of rot, and I've told him so more than once, but it doesn't make much difference. As a matter of fact, it wouldn't be so bad if one knew exactly how long the holiday work would last. But the pater's "hour or so" a day is a jolly elastic sort of term, I can tell you; and he always insists on my finishing up to the last dregs whatever work I've got in hand—which I call mean. The consequence is—that I have to toil hard for "an hour or so" and really *work*; and I'm beginning to agree with the fellows who write that bilge in the newspapers during the summer, headed "Is Life Worth Living?" or "Is our Nation Degenerate?"

But this is a digression, or *hiatus*, as old Virgil calls it. *Hiatus* means "a gap," you know. But I must get to the point at issue—which is rather a hot-stuff phrase in my opinion—as soon as I can.

The trouble began when Perrott came to our school. Perrott is a hulking great chap of fifteen, and as thick as they make them. Not that I mind a fellow who's a bit slow at books—as the pater terms it—for I'm not particularly brilliant at verses or prose myself. Besides, I don't see much use in swotting hard. However, Perrott is a fearful thick-head, and he's a lout as well. If he was good at footer or cricket, I shouldn't complain; but I do hate to see a chap who's simply no use at anything.

Wait a minute, though: he *is* good at one thing, which I forgot for the moment. He *is*—or rather was, to use the imperfect of frequentative action (a rule I had to write out lately for an impot.)—a first-class bully.

Give him his due, he's a most original chap in that line; and if I'd thought out half the tortures he knows and used to invent, I should consider myself rather clever. Really, he has some awfully good dodges to make chaps confess things they don't want to, and, to do him justice, he made good use of his knowledge. For myself, I don't see much point in bullying, especially if you happen to be the sufferer. I don't mind booting a kid who's impertinent, or giving the Hair Torment (I invented this) to a skunk. But when it comes to regular bullying, lamming fellows half your size, and that sort of thing—well, I draw the line.

Perrott started bullying his first term, as soon as he got well settled. He used to find out kids much smaller than himself, and when they were alone he would pepper them pretty severely.

The poor asses couldn't hit him back, and they didn't dare combine to crush the tyrant; so, taking things all round, they had a pretty thin time. Perrott was a cunning beast, and though lots of fellows (monitors and masters included) had a pretty good idea of his doings, they couldn't bring home the charge, as they had no evidence. You must have evidence, I'm told, if you want a conviction; and this seems a silly system to me. If you think a chap's a brute, why not lam into him at once?

Matters came to a head one day: the head in question was Dickie's. This is how it fell out. Dickie and I were going round to the fives-court—for it was the Christmas term, and too much snow for footer—when we suddenly came on a group of two. The two were Perrott and a kid called Sharp. Perrott was bullying the kid rather badly, and was using some of his own particular tortures. Now, Sharp was no pal of mine, but I hate seeing big chaps lam little ones without reason. Besides, Perrott had no right to fag any one, and I knew that he was bullying for the sheer love of the thing. Some chaps are made that way—thank goodness *I'm* not.

Dickie and I stopped. "What are you doing?" I asked.

Perrott cursed us a bit—he's an awful bargee at times—and finally said it was none of our business.

"It's not your business to bully, anyhow," said Dickie; "you're not a monitor to fag."

That made Perrott sick, I can tell you. A good home-truth (which sounds cosy, but is usually uncomfortable) always tickles those chaps up. I thought I'd better chip in again, and let him know the house was unanimous.

"You're a beastly blackguard, Perrott," I said. "Why can't you leave the kid alone?"

You see, I didn't mind telling him my opinions (and backing them with my fists if necessary), but I wasn't particularly keen on fighting in cold blood a chap twice as big as me—or nearly. I didn't mean to force a battle on a Lower kid's account, if the busi-

like a fair battle. Some fellows are of that kidney. If I knew the Classical Dictionary by heart, I daresay I could give you an example. The Head said once, "Quotations and examples are the oases of many a dull book." I don't quite know what he meant, but I always stick as many in now as I can think of.

Perrott had to agree to fight at last, though he would have got out of it if he could. We adjourned to a neighbouring field, and the encounter took place. Now, I know in books the hero always wins and makes mince-meat of the villain. This seems to me a very



IT WAS JOLLY COLD WATCHING A FIGHT IN THE SNOW.

ness could be worked with honour. This I fancy is called strategy, or something military.

Perrott's reply was a drive at the nearest head. It happened to be Dickie's, and I could see by my chum's face that he was in a rage, as soon as the blow was struck.

"Let's rush at him together," I said, "and lam him well."

"No, thanks, old chap," Dickie answered quickly, "I want a go at him by myself."

When Dickie said that, I knew it was hopeless to argue. He's very obstinate, though not a bad chap on the whole. "I suppose you'll fight?" Dickie asked, as a matter of form.

Perrott blustered a bit, for he didn't much

sound arrangement, but, as far as I know, it often works out the other way. It was so in this case. Dickie was distinctly the hero, and Perrott the villain; but in spite of that, Perrott won. He hadn't an easy victory by any means. I kept the time—it was jolly cold watching a fight in the snow—and the battle lasted for nine rounds. It reminded me of some rather funny poetry by a chap called Calverley, which Stretton (our form master) read to us the other day. One verse stuck in my mind.

"We met: we planted blows on blows;
We fought as long as we were able;
My rival had a bottle-nose,
And both my speaking-eyes were sable."

I don't know what a speaking eye may be. I've never heard an eye speak myself. Anyhow, the verse applies to the case in point; Dickie was beaten, and was in rather a mess; but he'd left his mark on Perrott. Two teeth were gone, and the blood on the snow was as much Perrott's as Dickie's. It wasn't a cheap win for the villain, for he hadn't strength enough to really enjoy his victory, but went off moaning like a dog in the moonlight.

I helped Dickie home, and bathed his wounds a bit for him. He'd made a jolly good fight, and we both knew that Perrott would think twice before he touched either of us again. I wanted to follow him, and have a turn-up then and there, but Dickie forbade it; and as he was in such a mess I thought it best to see him back again to our study. I couldn't understand at the time why my chum wouldn't let me have it out with Perrott, but afterwards it was quite clear, as we scored in the end.

Dickie sat cleaning his wounds for some time, while I made tea. We were both pretty flush just then, so we had an excellent feed of muffins and anchovy paste. The grub-shop supplies rather good food, if you happen to have any tin—and if you haven't, they'll give you tick, which I think is rather an excellent wheeze, though the pater is always jawing about getting into debt, and saying the practice is demoralising. But if no one ever got into debt, what would be the use of having County Courts and things like that? They would be a needless burden on the rates—as I heard a stump-orator say once.

Well, Dickie was pretty cheerful, considering he'd been beaten; and when I brought the muffins in, you'd have said he'd been starved for a week at least, instead of being on the sick-list. He was so beastly greedy that he dropped some blood into the teapot in his haste, and, of course, I had to make some fresh. Dickie wanted to drink it as it was, and said there'd be some flavour in the tea; but as I'm neither a tiger nor a vampire (beasts that suck your blood, you know), I put my foot down, and we drank tea *au naturel*. (You see that on *Menus*—it means “just plain.”) If it had been my blood in the tea it wouldn't have mattered so much.

Dickie is a quick thinker when it's a question of scoring off a fellow, and, by the time we'd finished our spread, he'd got a plan all thought out and ready for taking the change out of Perrott. It wasn't with the

idea of making him afraid of us—for he'd been hammered pretty well already—but Dickie wanted to show him up in his true colours as an arrant funk before the kids.

Most chaps when they write a tale keep the mystery to the end, I believe. Personally, I think that's an awful bore; for just when you're beginning to enjoy the fun, and the detective is nosing the scent, so to speak, the story shuts up abruptly. Now if the people who invent all those yarns could start with the mystery and let you into the know, you'd enjoy it ever so much more. At least, that's my idea. So I won't keep you waiting and wondering what the dickens we were going to do, but just tell you plainly. Our plan was this:—to play the ghost on Perrott, and put him in an abject funk; then to call out hordes of kids, and they could hoot at the wretch grovelling on the floor. Even now I don't think it was a bad idea at all, though Stretton said some time afterwards that it was mean to play on a fellow's nerves. Why, we weren't *playing* at all; we were in dead earnest: and as for Perrott, nothing was farther from his thoughts than play, I can assure you. However, I anticipate.

The plot was this: I was to play the ghost, and Dickie was to be on the alert to summon the hordes I've told you about to come and jeer. Dickie was awfully keen to do the ghost, but as he'd had the fun of the fight, I thought it was quite time the deal came round to me. Dickie agreed after a hot discussion, in which I bagged the last muffin.

Luckily, Dickie knew a kid who is on the Stinks side of the Third Form. As Dickie had this Stinkite pal, he could get into the school Lab. This, of course, meant that he could borrow a little phosphorus, without which no ghost can be complete. For the rest, we thought that a white sheet draped around me would be enough to scare a lout like Perrott; so our expenses in the way of “properties” were *nil*. Dick undertook to get the sheet, but when I pointed out that we should have to do the ghost at night and could use our own sheets in the dormitory, he gave in—with the amendment that I should use my sheet and not his. Of course I agreed; but when the time came, it struck me that Carter *Minor* looked too snug in bed, so I hustled him a bit, and then he lent me the necessary article quite eagerly.

I now skip a day, and go right on to the eventful evening. Picture to yourselves—

this is rather a fine descriptive touch, I fancy: I cribbed it out of another book—picture to yourselves a long dormitory with a dozen beds in it. The moon is shining fitfully, and the snow driving in great flakes under the pressure of Boreas—the North Wind. Most of our dormitory are asleep, you know, as it's somewhere near eleven; but Dickie and I are each broad awake—intent on Vengeance and Perrott. ("Vengeance and Perrott" sounds rather like a table-sauce, but I can't help the sound of words.) I had nearly fallen asleep several times, but Dickie always came to the rescue with a cold sponge; and when you remember that it was Christmas term and snow was falling outside, you can imagine that I'd have been glad to swop backbones with anybody—even Perrott.

Eleven o'clock struck, and Dickie and I got cautiously out of bed. Eleven was the time we'd fixed on. We didn't talk—we weren't a bit gossipy just then—but Dickie helped me to arrange Carter's sheet, and gave me the phosphorus. I waved it about, and I must have looked quite ghostly, for young Carter hid under all the bedding I'd left him, and fairly cowered.

Well, that was all right for a dress rehearsal, and we stepped noiselessly into the corridor. At least we would have stepped noiselessly if Dickie hadn't trodden on my bare toes, and I hadn't landed on a splinter at the same time. I nearly yelled, but instead gave a sort of smothered groan. It must have sounded awfully weird, for I was all white and spooky; and Dickie turned pale. He said afterwards that I looked like a walking corpse, doing penance for my sins on earth. How he thought all that sentence out while I groaned, I don't know—I merely tell you what he said.

We walked a little way down the corridor, and then I hid in a dark recess, while Dickie went on to Perrott's dormitory to draw the badger. You'll wonder how he did this—but really it was quite simple. This was his dodge. He went along to the dormitory—it's some distance from ours—and just told Perrott that the members of Dormitory C would like him to come along and share in a midnight feed. Of course, that was a lie, and we were blamed afterwards. I call it a "ruse of war" (that's the trans-



HE STOPPED DEAD, THEN TURNED AND SCOOTED WITHOUT A SOUND.

lation) justified by the necessities of the case. Hang it all! Generals don't stick at a whopper or two to lure their enemy, and it was precisely the same with us. Anyhow, the thing's done now, and it's no use crying over spilt milk.

As we expected, Perrott simply jumped at the bait. He didn't stop to think that Dickie was the last person in the world who'd be ready to feed with him—he is too greedy for that. Instead, he popped on his dressing gown and slippers and went off without waiting for Dickie. The latter (*hic*, you know,

as Kennedy says) stopped behind to rouse up Perrott's dormitory and lead them on to the scene of action.

The corridor is a long one, and I could hear the steps coming down some time before my prey appeared. I tell you it was a bit scary even for me, waiting there in the cold, watching the snow beat up against the windows, and remembering all the ghost-stories I heard as a kid and didn't want to lay hands on just then. If it was this way with me, you can imagine what Perrott must have felt like when I leapt out and confronted him.

I simply leapt out and raised my arms. He stopped dead, gazed wildly in my direction (more beyond me than *at* me, seemingly), then turned and scooted without a sound—scooted like the wind.

Then I gave an appalling screech just to hurry him up a bit. "And now," I thought, "the other chaps will see him bolting, and they'll know what a funk he is."

But I couldn't hear a sound. All was silence. Thinking Perrott had possibly got behind some pillar or something, and was there trying to regain his breath and nerve before returning to his dorm., I thought I would touch him up a bit more, and so I

gave another uncanny yell, and performed a sort of mild war-dance.

"If he's anywhere about," I thought, "that'll fetch him."

At that moment I felt a heavy hand on my shoulder. I jumped as if I'd been shot—you know how beastly it is if a fellow drops on you unexpectedly. For a moment I thought a ghost had turned up to see if I was conducting a really first-class show, but I was soon undeceived. I turned round—and there was the house master! *He had been standing behind me*, and, of course, it was *him* Perrott had seen, not me, which explained why Perrott scooted without a word. The worst of it was, Perrott warned Dickie and the other chaps that the house master was on the trail, and so nobody was caught but me. It was a bit of a come-down, when you think of it.

I got a whacking next day, too, that stung up no end, and now I beguile my waking hours (that's a good phrase!) scheming out a fresh plan of vengeance on Perrott. I'm reading "Ninety-Three," by Victor Hugo, and there are any amount of good old blood-thirsty episodes in it (about three to the page), one of which may suggest something suitably Perrottian. I'll let you know my plan when I fix on it.



REALISTIC.



STRUCK!!!

"WELL, I THINK THIS IS ABOUT THE BEST PIECE OF ICE I'VE EVER—"

By A. T. Smith



THE CONDOR.
By Percy W. Owen, Forest Hill, S.E.

"THE CAPTAIN" Photographic Gallery.

Being a selection of Photographs entered for our Competitions.



"MOLLY'S FRINGE."
A. H. Close, Northiam.



A BOULOGNE FISHERMAID.
By Reginald C. Kershaw, Southport.



OWEN'S AMWELL FOOTBALL CLUB.
By H. Mansfield, Highgate Hill, N.



DOBBIN AND "THE BARON."
By T. Hughes, Cheltenham.



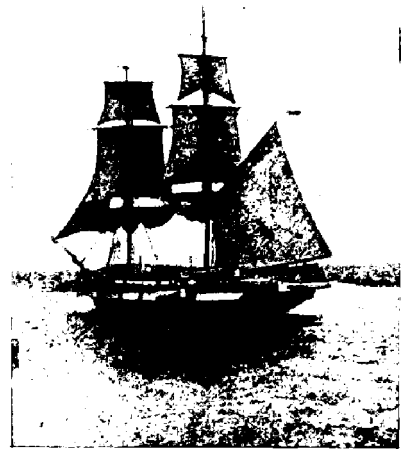
THIS CURIOUS TOWER OF ELSTOW CHURCH IS BUILT SEVERAL YARDS AWAY FROM THE MAIN BODY OF THE CHURCH. JOHN BUNYAN LIVED IN THE VILLAGE OF ELSTOW.
By H. Taylor, Bedford.



A STUDY IN BARE LEGS.



A UNIQUE VIEW OF BLACKPOOL, TAKEN FROM THE TOP OF BLACKPOOL TOWER, AT A HEIGHT OF 528 FEET.
By Frank W. Wright, Sheffield.



"BARQUE, AHOO!"
By Alan Thorman, Leamington Spa.



"FOR BAIT OF A LADY."
By R. Hindle Kay, Oswestry.



A POPULAR PASTIME AT VICTORIA COLLEGE, JERSEY.
By W. F. Radcliffe.



"STANDING FOR THEIR PICTURE."
By C. C. Harland, Winchester.



"MAMMA AND CO."
By E. B. Holmes, Bolton.



WORKERS OF THE BOYS' BRIGADE.
By G. W. Bailey, Sheffield.

A RED, RED ROSE

A HUNTING STORY.



BY M. HARVEY.

Sketches by Rex Osborne.

ONLY one more day of the Christmas holidays! Tony sighed as he thought of it. Only one more day, and then work, work, and the daily routine of school life. The holidays had flown faster than he had ever known them to do before; but then he was having such a glorious time, for was he not staying at the Hall with his uncle, Sir Everard, acknowledged to be the best host in the county? Of course, they had had the house full the whole time, and what can be jollier than a Christmas house-party? There had been big shoots, in which Tony had participated, for although only fourteen, he was a capital shot. There had been dances, theatricals, and skating parties; now this delightful time was almost over, and Tony sighed again.

However, to-morrow there would be a meet on the lawn, and he meant to finish his holidays with one last gallop on Dame Fortune, his uncle's polo pony, which had been reserved for his particular use. The elders were all going to the hunt ball to-morrow evening, and he would be the only one left behind, for Tony was the youngest member of the party, and, indeed, he was in a fair way of being spoilt by the ladies of the household, he was always so ready to run

their errands, or pump up their cycle tyres, and, in fact, make himself generally useful. But, of all the ladies staying at the Hall, Miss Beresford was Tony's particular favourite. She did not pet him or tease him like the rest, but treated him as a manly boy likes to be treated, namely, as a companion and a comrade. In his opinion she was quite the prettiest and nicest girl of them all. Most of the men thought so too, therefore Tony took a special delight in walking her off by himself from under their very noses, knowing all the time that any of them would give their ears to be in his place.

Of the men staying at the Hall, there was only one he could not get on with, and that was Sir George Darfield; the rest were, as he phrased it, "jolly decent chaps"; but Sir George he could not stand at any price. Darfield was rich, very rich, and being distinctly good-looking, considered himself very much a lady-killer, and Tony knew well, for he was a sharp young thing, that Sir George was trying to establish himself in Miss Beresford's good graces. "But I'm quite sure," he thought to himself, "that she likes that jolly Captain Carr heaps better, even though he hasn't nearly so much money, and isn't so tall, or so good-looking."

But this was not his only reason for disliking Darfield; the real reason was that Darfield had made great fun of him for calling Dame Fortune "my hunter"; and, by way of adding insult to injury, had brought up the subject at a big dinner-party and twitted poor Tony most unmercifully about it.

"Never mind, Tony," his aunt had said, noticing his hurt feelings, "Sir George doesn't know what the Dame is capable of; perhaps he will change his mind one of these days."

Yes, Tony meant to show him to-morrow, if he got the chance, that his mount was not

the lumbering fat carriage pony Sir George had made out that she was.

At breakfast next morning the men turned up in their gay pink coats, and spotless white cords, whilst the ladies came down in their plain and sombre habits. Miss Beresford was late, and so was Sir Everard; when they came in all the rest were seated. Sir Everard was in pink like the other men, but Miss Beresford was wearing a white serge frock, and one dark red rose.

There came a chorus from the table: "Where did you get that rose, Miss Beresford?"

"Ah," said she, looking at her host, "this was the reward of early rising. I was down long before any of you, and have been round the houses with Sir Everard."

"You are not coming out this morning, I see," remarked Carr, considerably disappointed.

"No," she answered, "I am reserving all my energies for to-night; but I hope you will have a good day, and one of you must bring me the brush."

"And what is to be the reward of the knight who succeeds in this quest?" asked little Castleton, a subaltern in Carr's regiment.

"Mercenary boy," laughed Miss Beresford.

"Tell you what," said Darfield, in his drawling voice, "your rose shall be the prize, Miss Beresford."

"Yes, yes," cried the rest, and Miss Beresford was compelled to agree.

"If I get the brush, you will give it to me, won't you?" asked Tony.

At this there was a general laugh. But Miss Beresford answered kindly: "Of course I will, Tony, for I think you stand as good a chance as any one."

The conversation then turned on the ball. They arranged who should drive in with whom; dances were asked for and given. Said little Castleton to Miss Beresford:

"You have not decided yet who is to have the supper-dance."

"How can I decide," she answered, "when you all ask for it at once. I think I shall have to make up my mind to go without supper altogether."

"Oh, come, that would never do," said her host. "Why not let the champion who wins the rose have the supper dance, too? That would suit all parties, eh?"

So the matter was finally settled, and as it was by that time nearly eleven o'clock, break-

fast at the Hall being a moveable feast, they all left to complete their attire for the day's sport. Tony alone remained at the breakfast table to finish his repast.

"That Darfield is a beast," he muttered, to himself; "I know he is 'specing' on getting that rose, because he is riding his five-hundred-guinea hunter to-day, and he thinks it's a sure thing."

The meet being a very popular one, friends and neighbours had turned out in force; moreover, the day was perfect—no wind, dull and cloudy; there had been a heavy fall of rain in the night, and every one expected good sport.

Tony's mount was brought round to the door with the rest. She was a beautiful little mare, standing thirteen three, dark brown in colour, with fine straight legs, grand shoulders, and powerful quarters. He patted her sleek neck, and asked of the young groom who held her:

"Is she pretty fit to-day, Jim?"

"Fust class, sir, never was better," answered the groom, who loved this pony as if she were his own. "Ride her gently at fust, sir; if there is to be a run, 'twill be in the afternoon, an' I reckon she'll be equal to any o' their 'unters, if you lets her take it easy at fust."

"Thanks, Jim, I will remember," said Tony, as he swung himself into the saddle.

No sooner was he up than the hounds moved off to draw the home coverts. Tony rode beside Castleton at first, but soon left him, for Castleton had arrived at that age when he thought it *infra dig* to talk to a



young schoolboy, so Tony sought out Carr instead. Carr and he were good friends, and they often had long chats together, though the funny part of it was, whatever they talked about, the conversation was certain to turn before long to Miss Beresford; then Carr would listen whilst Tony discoursed on her merits, and what she had told him of this, or what she thought about that. They had plenty of time to talk, for the first covert was drawn blank; but in the next a fox was found and hallooed away, after ten minutes' chase through the undergrowth. Then away they went, helter skelter, across the park, through the village, and eventually they lost him in Wilton's Wood.

About two o'clock they set out to find their second fox. Wychberry Wood was drawn blank, so hounds were called out and they set off for Bramble Wood. Scarcely were they put in when the music in covert proclaimed a fox was at home. Tony gathered up his reins, and waited anxiously for the huntsman's halloo. They had not many minutes to wait before a ringing "tally-ho" announced that Reynard was in full flight.

Away sprang the horses, Tony well to the fore, down the ride and out the other side. Dame Fortune was as hard as nails, and fit as a racehorse, and Tony felt her quiver under him with the excitement of the chase.

"We're in for a buster this time," shouted Carr, as he passed. And there was no doubt about this, for the fox was a game old dog-fox, who had given them more than one gallop that season, and so far had managed to save his skin every time. The country here was open, and the fences small, so Tony was able to keep well ahead of the ruck. The rest of his party were ahead of him, their steeds out-striding Dame Fortune with every step. He caught a glimpse of Darfield right in the front.

"He means to get that rose," thought Tony, and he set his teeth, and, taking a firm grip with his knees, put the Dame at a stiffish fence, which she cleared with ease. On and on flew the fox; the field was thinning out now, but Tony was still in it; so also were Darfield and Castleton. Carr was out of it; his horse had come down over a nasty stake-and-bound, and Tony felt a pang of pity as he saw his friend disconsolately leading his lamed horse homewards, and knew that he at least was out of the contest.

Suddenly the fox, which had been heading for the coverts of Stapleton, turned abruptly and set his mask for the Randan Woods, and Tony found himself again in the first flight.

Dame Fortune had never gone better in her life; she was taking each fence in her stride, and, as the hunt people knew, there was no better jumper in the field.

"If only her pace matched her jumping," thought Tony, "I should get the brush."

On they went. Castleton and he were now riding side by side, taking their fences almost together. All at once there was a commotion among the horsemen in front; they were seen dispersing on each side, and frantically rushing up and down a bull-finch.

"What's up?" yelled Castleton.

"Locked gate!" came the answer.

"Now, then, youngster," cried Castleton, "hop down and lift it off its hinges. You shall have a fiver if you're sharp."

Tony laughed scornfully. He would show Castleton a thing or two. Putting the Dame at the gate, he cleared it without so much as touching it. Then he looked round at the enraged subaltern and called: "Follow my lead, old man."

Castleton tried, and tried again, his horse persistently refusing each time; and that was the last thing Tony saw of him during the run.

And still the Dame was going as well as ever; her flanks were cool, for Tony was a light weight; besides, she had been working hard for months, and this gallop was nothing to some of the tough work she had had to do. So she flew on, out-distancing many a larger steed that was exhausted with the stiff going.

"Looks as if I have a chance for the brush, after all," said Tony to himself, as he settled himself for a final burst.

The hounds were gradually overhauling their fox; there was only the length of a field between them now. The wind was whistling past Tony's ears: never had he ridden so hard in his life before. Once more he was in luck, for the fox, finding his chance of getting safely to the Randans growing less and less, turned again for the willow garth, and Tony was now leading, alone in his glory, the first of the field, and the fox nearly dead-beat.

His heart thumped with excitement. He looked round, just once, and saw, to his intense disgust, Darfield coming on behind him like lightning, his big thoroughbred simply bounding over the turf. Tony looked ahead—and for the moment his heart stood still! for, like a thread of silver, right in front of him, ran a little river. "Beecher's Brook" the hunt people had nick-named it, for here many a good man and hard rider

had come a nasty cropper. Yet the fox was making straight for it, and follow he must, though he knew very well the Dame was better at fences than broad-jumping; besides, she must be getting spent by now, and would she have strength enough left to clear it? Nearer and nearer they flew. The fox was

heard and understood. Gathering herself together, she raced to the edge of the stream and sprang far into the air. Tony could see the gleaming water beneath; it seemed to him that they were in the air for ages. He could see the bank in front, and knew that her spring would never carry her so far. He



"FOLLOW MY LEAD, OLD MAN," TONY CALLED.

on the other side, and the hounds were but a hundred yards behind him. Tony could hear the thunder of Darfield's horse growing louder and louder.

"Oh! 'Fortune,' my beauty," he cried, "don't fail me now."
The pretty mare cocked her ears. She

felt all was up and was wondering how long it would be before the crash came, when suddenly he felt the mare give a spring under him. They shot forward and landed straight and true on the opposite bank. At the same instant, a yell from the hounds announced that they had bowled over their fox.

Tony turned to see where Darfield was. He was still behind; *his horse had refused*. A minute later Tony had flung himself to the ground and was whipping off the noisy pack, whilst Dame Fortune stood beside him with heaving flanks.

"Well done, young 'un," cried the Master, who was the next to arrive. "You shall have the brush, and 'pon my word you deserve it, for you rode like a man, and an Englishman at that."

"Capital run! capital run!" cried old Squire Thornton, arriving on the scene, accompanied by the huntsman.

"Forty-nine minutes without a check, sir," proclaimed the latter; "best run we've had this season."

Tony could hardly breathe for his excitement when the whip presented him with the brush. With trembling hands he fastened it in his saddle, then flung his arms round Dame Fortune's neck and kissed her soundly. Very gently he walked her home, for the gallant little mare was somewhat exhausted; luckily they had not many miles to go. He saw her safely stalled before he rushed into the drawing-room where the ladies were having tea, and gave Miss Beresford a full account of his adventures.

That evening Tony had the pleasure of taking Miss Beresford in to dinner, and in his buttonhole he proudly sported "a red, red rose." Even Darfield had acknowledged "the little beggar rode very gamely," and Tony's cup of joy was full. This was not all. Most of the men had offered him fabulous prices for that rose; but it was Carr's comparatively modest offer of a golden sovereign that he had accepted.

"You see," Carr had told him, "she has promised the supper-dance to the wearer of the rose; now, as you are not going, I'm

afraid she will have to do without supper, for she won't go back on her word."

This had fetched Tony, and he promised that Carr should wear it at the ball, on condition he had it back in the morning. Carr readily agreed to this. By the morning he would have no need of the rose, for either Miss Beresford would be his altogether, or else——. But he did not like to think of the alternative.

And now the holidays had come to an end. Tony's luggage had already gone, and he was saying "good-bye" in the hall.

"Good-bye, Tony, dear," said Miss Beresford; "you must come and stay with us some day."

"Then it's all right?" asked Tony of Carr, in a stage whisper.

"Very much all right, old man," answered Carr, wringing Tony's hand hard as he spoke.

So Tony departed with a feeling of great self-satisfaction, for, he thought, was it not due to him that two people in the world were extremely happy? He leaned back in the carriage and reviewed his recent doings. The brush had been sent to a taxidermist, for Miss Beresford had insisted he should keep it, to adorn his study wall. He wondered what Banks minor would say when he proudly displayed it to him, and what all the other fellows would say!

Such were his thoughts. True, he returned a little gloomy when he reflected that the usual round would begin again on the morrow, but brightened up as his memory reverted to that glorious gallop on the gallant little Dame, the winning of the brush, and also, above all, of the red, red rose!



MODELS & MODEL-MAKING.

By ARCHIBALD WILLIAMS.

Author of "The Romance of Modern Invention," &c., &c.

Illustrated with diagrams by the Author.

(Continued from the January Number.)

II.



IN this article, as proposed at the conclusion of my last, I shall deal with a model horizontal engine, of which sketches are appended to illustrate the text.

The model may be briefly described as of the slide-valve, single high-pressure cylinder variety; the cylinder having a stroke of $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches, and a $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch bore. The whole is carried on a bedplate $6\frac{1}{2}$ by 16 inches.

Before commenting on the various parts of the structure, let us examine the sketches (pp. 428, 429), and trace the effect of the steam after it leaves the boiler. Passing through the steam pipe *sr* into the steam chest, or slide box, *B*, it is admitted by the slide-valve (operated by the eccentric *x* and rod *w*), into the west and east ends of the cylinder alternately. The piston, operating the rod *r*, thrusts and pulls the crosshead *j* backwards and forwards along the guide bars *kk*, and the main connecting rod, *H*, transforms the longitudinal into rotary movement at the crank pin *L*, which turns the shaft *m* and the flywheel attached thereto. This information will, of course, be old news to many of my readers; but I arranged to begin at the beginning. And I shall therefore point out that, simple as the general idea of this engine is, the planning of it has required as much calculation on it and forethought as the making of it needs care and accuracy.

To the novice, the sketches may suggest something outside his capacity. I was once advised by an old carpenter to "measure twice and cut once," i.e., to be quite sure of what I wanted to do before I started to do it. I think that if my readers apply his advice to all the many measurements that will be needful before the engine is ready for steam, they will have no difficulty in arriving at the blissful moment when the flywheel first revolves under the pressure of the piston. But the compasses and graduated rule must not be spared, nor con-

tempt shown for the fiddling little operations which apparently consume much time with little result. It is great carefulness in seemingly trifling details which makes all the difference between a smoothly-running and efficient model, and a weak, steam-wasting assemblage of metal scraps. High-pressure steam is a very unwilling prisoner, and friction is ready to take every mean advantage of you if you give it half a chance. Careful measurement and unhurried work are the best weapons to fight them with.

Now, supposing I were seized with the destructive impulse to put my model on the fire, what would become of it? In a very few minutes solder would run out of its joints, and its limbs fall to pieces. This is because, in the interests of those of my readers who do not possess a lathe, I have built up the engine with the aid of the soldering iron to compound all parts that cannot be made out of the solid in the absence of the "king of machines."

I will therefore say a few introductory words about soldering. The requisites are few: a couple of good-sized copper bits (the larger the better, so long as they do not tire the wrists), half a pint of commercial hydrochloric acid. "killed" by dissolving in it as much zinc scrap as it will take till all gassing is over, a coarse file for cleaning up the bits, and a quarter of a pound of strip solder. Usage alone will tell you the maximum heat to which a bit should be brought; but don't let it get even dully red. If it does, let it cool down to black before using. The tip should be filed bright and dipped into a jam pot containing some of the "flux," as the killed acid is called. Applying it to a solder strip, it speedily becomes coated, or "tinned," and is then ready for work. All metal surfaces to be soldered must be scrupulously cleaned and moistened with flux from a separate utensil. It is sheer waste of time trying to solder dirty surfaces, or endeavouring to coax solder about with a half-cold bit. If things are properly in order the solder will follow the bit most obediently, diving into every crack and cranny it

encounters. If not, it shrinks into exasperating little balls, refuses to have anything to say to the bit, or covers the surfaces with a formation suggesting a small ploughed field of metal. I find it pay sometimes to make a rough joint first, putting on solder pretty thickly, and then to reheat and remove all superfluous metal. A correct joint is enormously tenacious, and may be relied upon to withstand any steam pressure that you are likely to give it. On occasions you will have to solder surfaces that cannot be reached with the bit directly, but the difficulty is easily got over by putting a fragment of solder in the desired place, and applying the bit to the opposite side of the metal, when the solder will soon liquefy, and can be run about by tilting the article. Use plenty of flux. When the bit has once been properly tinned it will retain the solder veneer if not overheated. An old rag should be handy to wipe off any soot or dust that accumulates on the tinning while the bit is being heated. I now generally use a painter's benzoline paint-burning lamp for my bits, as they don't deposit dirt, and their flame can be regulated to keep the bits at a constant heat. N.B.—Hydrochloric acid plays the very mischief among iron and steel; keep your tools well out of its way. If possible, have a separate table for soldering operations.

To return to our engine. Its most important lines are, (a), that passing longitudinally through the centres of the cylinder, piston rod, and connecting rod; and (b), that running at right angles to (a) through the crank disc, crank



Flywheel.

Plate I.—Plan of Horizontal Engine.

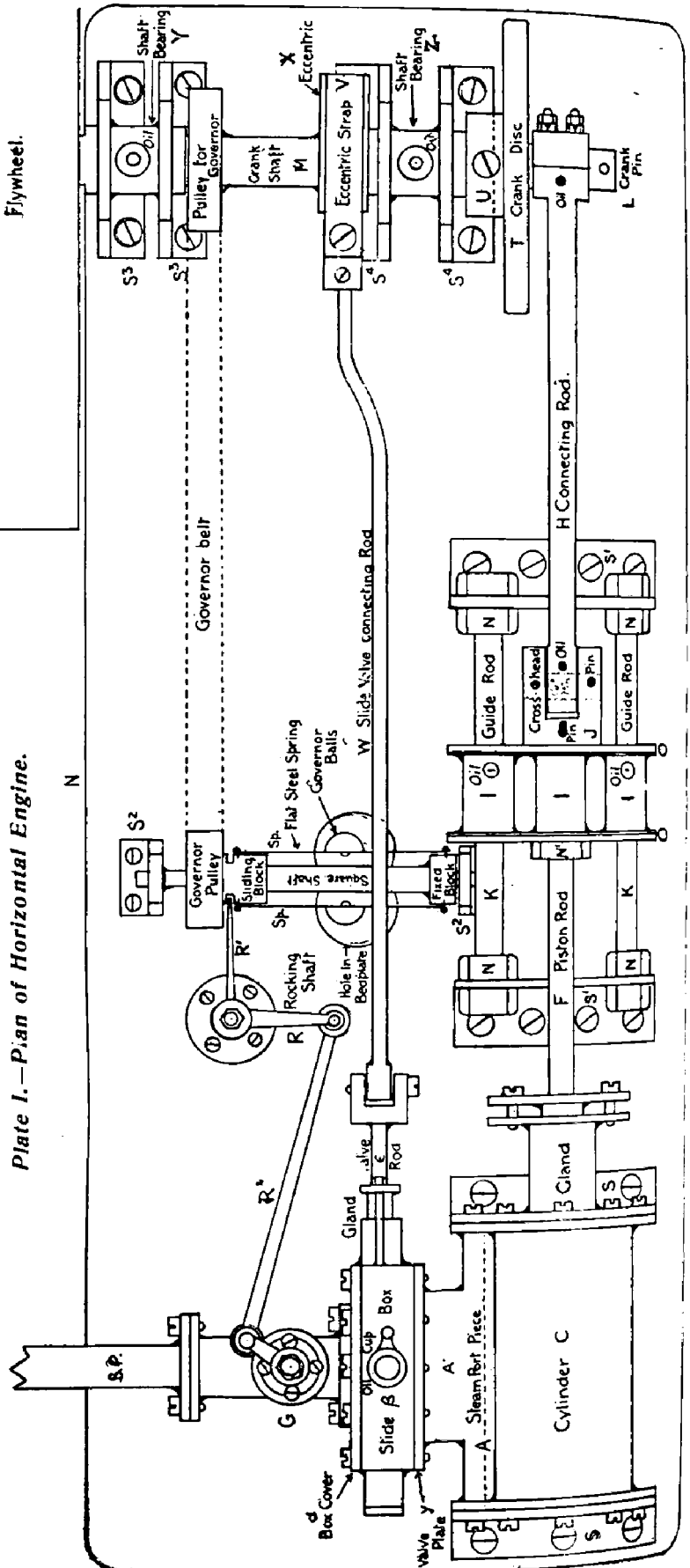
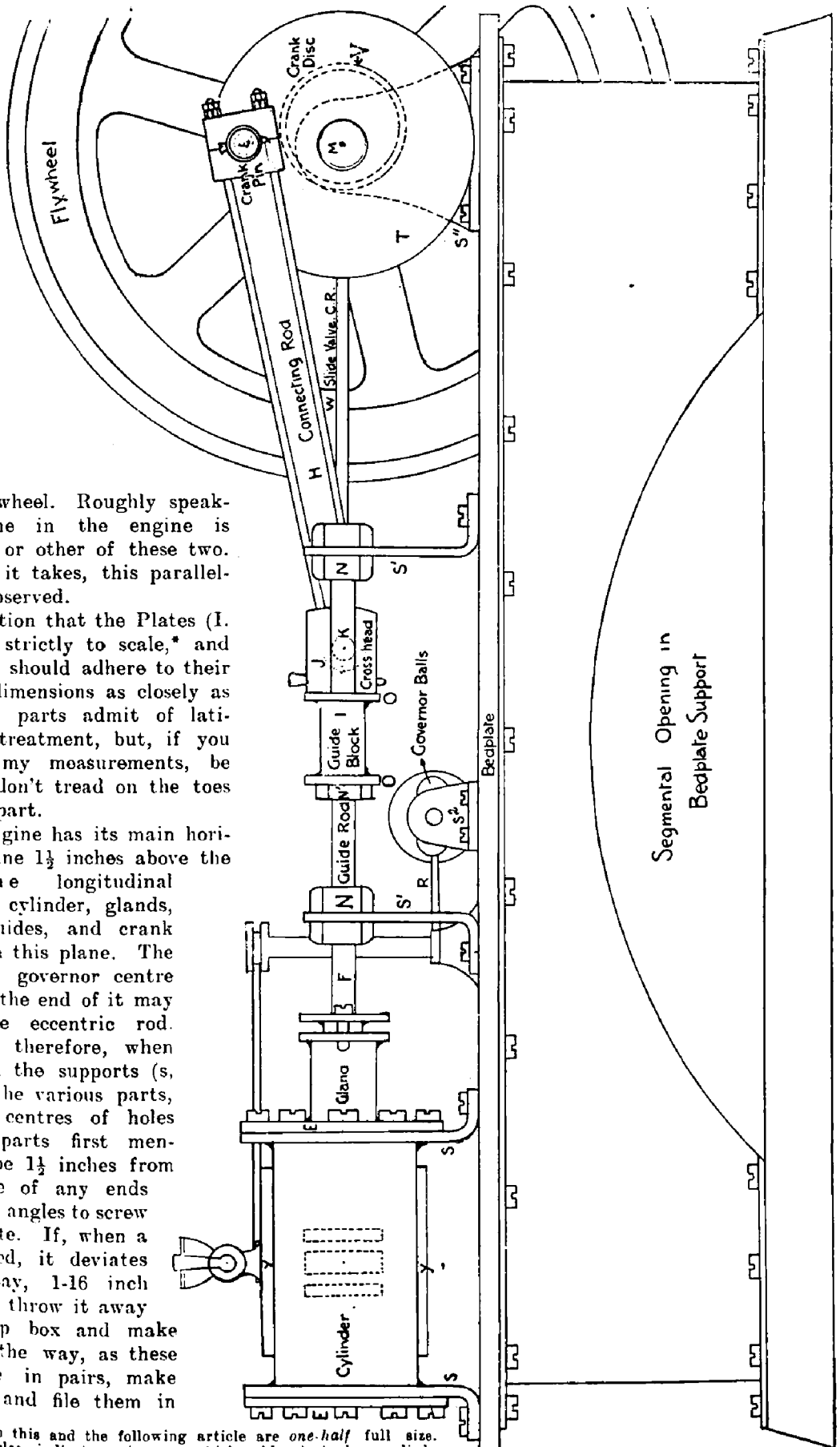


Plate II.—Elevation of Horizontal Engine.



shaft, and fly-wheel. Roughly speaking, every line in the engine is parallel to one or other of these two. Whatever time it takes, this parallelism must be observed.

I should mention that the Plates (I. and II.) are strictly to scale,* and that the reader should adhere to their proportionate dimensions as closely as possible. Some parts admit of latitude in their treatment, but, if you deviate from my measurements, be sure that you don't tread on the toes of some other part.

The whole engine has its main horizontal centre line $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches above the bedplate. The longitudinal centres of the cylinder, glands, piston rod, guides, and crank shaft are all in this plane. The height of the governor centre is less, so that the end of it may get under the eccentric rod. Keep in mind, therefore, when cutting out all the supports (s, s', s'', s'''), of the various parts, that all the centres of holes carrying the parts first mentioned, must be $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches from the lower face of any ends turned at right angles to screw on the bedplate. If, when a part is finished, it deviates more than, say, $1-16$ inch from accuracy, throw it away into the scrap box and make another. By the way, as these supports come in pairs, make them in pairs and file them in

* All diagrams in this and the following article are one-half full size. The darkened angles indicate points at which solder is to be applied.

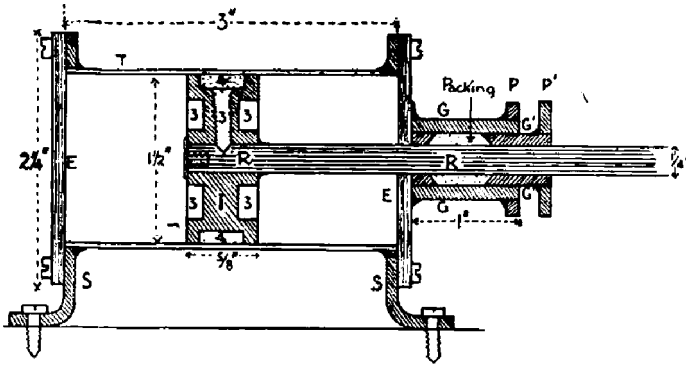


FIG. 1.—LONGITUDINAL SECTION OF CYLINDER.

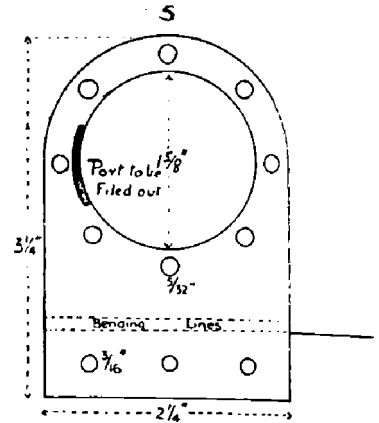


FIG. 2.—ELEVATION OF CYLINDER SUPPORTS.

pairs, so that all errors may be symmetrical, taking care to turn the surfaces that will have to face one another towards the inside. So, supposing you are going to cut out the plates s, s, for the cylinder: take your brass plate, with a centre punch make two fairly deep dents at a sufficient distance apart and from the edge. Carefully adjust your compasses to a radius of 13-16 inch, and describe a circle from each centre, and so go on duplicating every measurement. It will save lots of time. Take your fret-saw, and cut out the parts from the plate, allowing a slight margin. Then file very carefully to the lines, clamp the two pieces together in the vice, and so finish them off. As soon as the edges are as they should be, adjust the pieces in the vice with the bending lines exactly parallel to the top edges of the jaws, and split them apart at the top, and beat on them till a right-angle bend is formed. In this way any "cant," or tilt, will be the same in both, and not so serious as if the parts had been made separately.

Materials.—The materials needed for our engine are mainly:—

1. A Plate of Brass or Zinc, 16 x 6 1/2, for Bed Plate.
2. " " 3/8 inch thick, 6 x 12 inches.
3. " " 1/8 " " 6 x 6 "
4. " " 3/8 " " 6 x 6 "
5. " " Iron 3/8 " " 12 x 24 "
6. Steel Rod, 1/2 inch diameter, 2 feet long.
7. " " 1/8 " " 2 " "
8. " " 1/2 " " 1 foot "
9. Iron Wire 1/2 " " 3 feet "
10. Brass Rod, 5/8 x 1/4 " " 7 inches "
11. Brass Disc 3 " " 1/4 inch thick.
12. " " 1 1/4 " " 3 " "
13. 1 foot Steel or Brass Tubing to fit outside 1/2 inch Steel Rod.
14. 1 foot Brass Tubing (A) fit outside 1/2 in. Steel Rod.
15. " " (B) " " Tube A.
16. 1/2, 3/8, 1/8 inch Screws and Nuts.
17. A few 1/2 inch Nuts.
18. Some Brass Plate 1/8 inch thick.

For my bedplate I chose a 1/4 inch zinc plate, rather larger than the ultimate dimensions, so as to allow of room for squaring properly. After

measuring carefully, and being sure of my right angles, I cut off superfluous margins to within 1-32 inch of the lines, and brought everything up true with the file. I found it useful to clamp a flat file in the vice and to rub the plate edges on it. Having rounded off the corners slightly, I polished up the surface with very fine emery

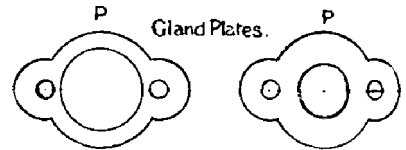


FIG. 3.

powder, rubbed on with a flat piece of wood. As the metal was so thick I had already had the plate planished, or flattened, in the shop whence it came.

The bedplate supports are cut out of 3-64 inch iron plate. For bending over 5-8 inch should be allowed top and bottom, and at each end of the side plates. The end plates have a segmental opening of the same height as the sides, but described with a circle of much smaller radius.

Cut out the curves with a cold chisel, sharpening it as soon as it shows signs of bluntness. A very little practice will enable you to cut very close to the line.

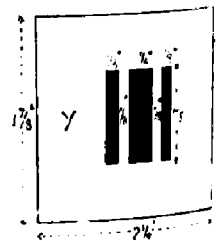


FIG. 4.—PLAN OF VALVE PLATE.

When the plates are cut out and filed carefully down, scratch bending marks top and bottom, and space out the screw holes about 1/4 inch from outside edges of turnovers. Drill these 5-32 inch in diameter. Then procure two bits of flat and straight iron bar, 1/2 by 2 inches (they may often be found in a blacksmith's

scrap-heap) and about 18 inches long. Between them place the side plates, inside faces inwards, and see that they are level at their ends, and a trifle below the bending-line. If possible, clamp the ends of the bars too with screw spanners, to reinforce the vice. Then split the turnovers apart with some triangular section body, such as an old skate blade, and beat them over till they appear at right angles, and are fairly flush with a straight-edge laid along them. Take them out of the vice and stand them back to back on a level surface to see that they are truly square. If not, mark defects, and return to the vice. The long turnovers should be done first, then the short ones at the foot of the supports; lastly those at the ends of the side plates to lap over the end plates. When all turnovers are finished, the plates should be 3 inches high, and respectively $14\frac{1}{2}$ and 5 inches long, in pairs. The end plates have, of course, no lap at their ends, as the side plates come round and cover part of their outside faces. Turn the bedplate upside down, and fix the two side plates in their proper positions, with a screw at each extremity; then drop in end plates, and attach them to lap of the sides by screws and nuts, but not before all rust has been removed, so that soldered joints may be made. I should not recommend soldering bedplate to supports, as the former is thick enough to take screws of good holding power. When ends have been soldered to sides, finish putting in the bedplate screws.

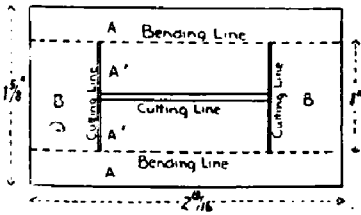


FIG. 6.—PLAN OF 1-32 IN. BRASS PLATE TO BE CUT FOR STEAM WAYS.

We now turn our attention to the cylinder, which is the heart of our metal organism, and must be most carefully made. Its construction will take a considerable time, but at the end the engine will be well on its way to completion. By the aid of several diagrams, I have tried to make matters easy for my readers. Fig. 1 shows the cylinder in section. τ is a piece of 1 5-8 inches outside, and $1\frac{1}{4}$ inside, brass tube, perfectly cylindrical. ss are supports (see Fig. 2) of 3-32 brass plate. ρ is the piston, secured to n , the piston rod, which works through

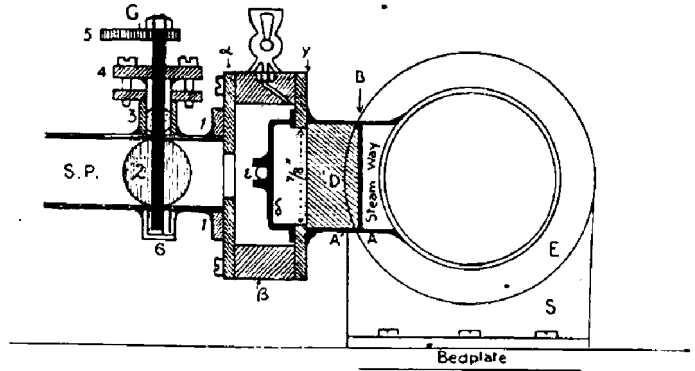


FIG. 5.—TRANSVERSE SECTION OF CYLINDER, VALVE BOX, AND GOVERNOR VALVE.

c , a "gland," rendered steam-tight by fibrous packing. EE are the removable end-plates, attached by eight screws to ss . Fig. 5 is a cross-section of the cylinder. AA BD are the walls of the steam-ways, through ports in γ (see Fig. 4), to ports at ends of the cylinder. The steam-chest is made up of the three parts, a , the cover, β , the walls and γ , the valve plate, which are kept together by 14 screws, passing through the first two, and bedding in the last. Into the top side of β a small oil cock is let with a slanting conduit to lead oil on to the valve faces. The slide valve, δ , is traversed over the ports by the rod, ϵ , moving parallel to the direction of the piston rod. The governor disc (2) is attached to a shaft rocked by the lever (5), passing through a stuffing box (4 and 3), and a cover (6). Fig. 4 is a plan of the valve plate, with three parallel apertures 7-8 in. long, and 1-8, $\frac{1}{4}$, and 1-8 wide, separated by two "bridges" 1-8 in. wide.

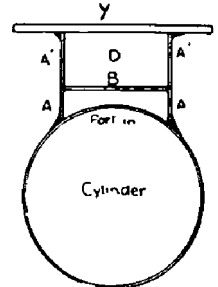


FIG. 7.—CROSS SECTION OF STEAM WAY PLATE AFTER BENDING AND FIXING.

The first thing to be done in making the cylinder is to cut a piece of tubing to the exact length of 3 in., with its ends perfectly parallel. One end of the tube from which it is taken should be constantly applied to a carpenter's square, the "high" side of several diameters being filed down until the arm of the square rests on both sides. This operation will not take long, and when it is finished you can easily get the other end marked true by straddling your compasses to three inches, and turning the tube, keeping one leg just over the extremity and the other on the tube. Then cut off with a file or hacksaw, allowing a small margin for filing up. The ends of the cylinder barrel are

then polished by rubbing on emery paper stretched over an anvil or piece of plate glass.

Next cut two ports 1-8 in. into the ends of the barrel, for 7-8 inch of the circumference, taking care that their centres are on the same longitudinal line. Then gently round off the inner edges of the barrel so that there may be no difficulty in getting the piston packing past them.

Now take your 3-32 in. brass plate and mark

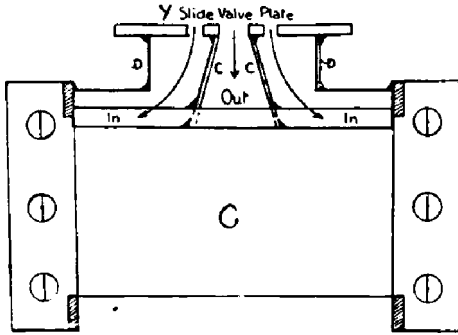


FIG. 8.—LONGITUDINAL SECTION OF STEAM WAYS AND PORTS.

out the two supports *ss* (Fig. 2), and treat them as already described. Then cut out the cylinder covers *EE*, mark the screw holes very carefully, and bore 5-32 holes. Lay them on their supports, centring as well as you can, and with the drill very gently mark the centres of two opposite holes in *ss*. Bore these 1-8 in. and tap to 5-32; screw on covers and finish the remaining screw holes. Then file up covers and supports, polish their edges on emery paper, and detach covers again, and in *ss* file two slots in the parts where they cover the cylinder ports.

The supports and barrel may now be cleaned up to brightness, and prepared for soldering. While your copper bit is heating, lay the one support on an anvil or other flat surface, with the flange over one edge, and press one end of the barrel into it with port opposite slot in support. Then tack the two parts together in a few places and inspect to see that everything is flush. If so, get your bit nicely hot, and draw the tacking solder right round slowly, so that it may sweat into the crack. If it shows right through all round you may be sure a perfect joint has been made. Now fit on the second support, and work it round till both flanges are in the same plane, and show no disposition to "rock." Then gently tack again and solder up. By the bye, if solder gets into the screw holes it may cause trouble later on, so I advise you, before soldering, to hold each hole over a candle till a deposit of soot is formed in it. Then clean the flat surface carefully. Or you may plug the

holes up with a little asbestos string or fire clay.

The steam chest should now be taken in hand. The wall piece, β , I cut out of a solid plate 9-16 thick, with a fretsaw. It was tedious work clearing the central space, but it proved a good job. The walls are 5-16 inch thick.

Now cut out the cover and valve plates, a little larger than their finished size. Clean them well, and tin the faces that touch the wall all round, treating the latter in the same way. Place them on one another and grip them tightly with a screw spanner or pincers, and hold in a spirit flame till the solder melts. Let the whole cool before losing hold.

The file now plays an important part. Take your square and mark two lines across the sides of each end as near the margin as possible. Then draw two each on the cover and valve plate to join the pairs already drawn. Place the piece in the vice, and work down the two sides to the lines, using your square constantly. When a good square surface is made, put the file in the vice and rub the piece on it, to remove any excrescences, and finish up on emery cloth. The ends are then treated in like manner; after which the valve plate is loosened by heat, the cover to be kept on.

With your compasses mark a line all round

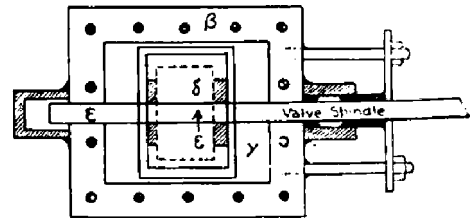


FIG. 9.—PLAN OF STEAM CHEST, SIDE VALVE, AND ROD.

the cover, 5-32 in. from the edge. Drill a 1-8 in. hole at each corner, three intermediate holes on the sides, and two at the ends. Great care is needed to keep the drill from cutting through the sides of the wall piece. It will help you to clamp the metal to the edge of a table while this operation is performed, and to have a second person to watch the drill while you turn it.

Now detach the cover, and on the valve plate mark out the ports as accurately as you possibly can. Then drill rows of 3-32 in. holes down the centres of the 1-8 in. ports, and two rows in the 1/4 in. port. Clear out the ports with a jeweller's flat file exactly up to the boundary lines. Flatten out the two plates on your anvil, and rub them and the wall-piece on emery cloth till they touch at all points when assembled. You can then clamp them in the vice, and pass a drill

through all the holes in turn, to slightly mark the valve plate, which is bored with 3-32 in. holes, and tapped to take the 1-8 in. screws.

The nicest operation of all is now needed, viz., to bore a 3-16 hole through both ends of the wall-piece on its centre line $\frac{1}{4}$ inch from cover edge. Though an error can be rectified by an extra long stuffing-box, it will be most satisfactory to have the holes as parallel to the valve plate as possible. I was lucky enough to make a very good shot, the drill point coming out at the exact spot on the further end.

The steam ways are made mainly out of the piece of 1-32 inch brass shown in Fig. 6 and Fig. 7; the first indicating how to cut the plate, the second how it looks when bent to shape. The putting together of the steam ways is the most complicated bit of soldering in the model; but if you keep to the following directions there will be little difficulty.

1. After bending the plate, solder it to the cylinder barrel and supports, so that it covers the ports.

2. Cut out two plates cc, the bottom edge of the same curvature as the cylinder barrel.

3. Solder cc athwart the steam ways, to sides and cylinder.

4. File tops of cc A'A' perfectly level, and solder on the valve-plate γ along sides.

5. Solder cc to bridges between central and outside ports. This is easily done by laying a bit of solder in each angle and applying the bit to the upper face of the valve plate. Use plenty of flux.

6. Cut out plates dd and solder them in.

We now should have three divisions, quite separated from one another; the central for outgoing or exhaust steam, and the outer for the "live" or ingoing.

The slide valve is a box made of two parts, the rubbing face and the cover. The former is a piece of 1-16 plate, $1\frac{1}{4}$ inch long and 7-8 wide, in which a hole $7-8 \times \frac{1}{2}$ inch has been cut. The hole is just sufficient in width to span the central port and the two bridges when the valve is in its central position. The long edges cover the two outside ports, and also extend 1-16 inch on to the plate beyond, so that the valve must be moved that distance to right or left before

either outside port begins to show. This margin is called the "lap" of the valve. Its use will be explained later.

The cover of the valve is merely a cross with very short arms, 3-16 inch long. When these are bent over and soldered they form a shallow box which is soldered on to the rubbing face. Attach to the top a pair of small lugs, of which the valve spindle ϵ (Fig. 5), takes hold. (See also Fig. 9).

In my next article I shall describe the remaining parts of the engine, and the assembling of the whole.

(To be continued.)

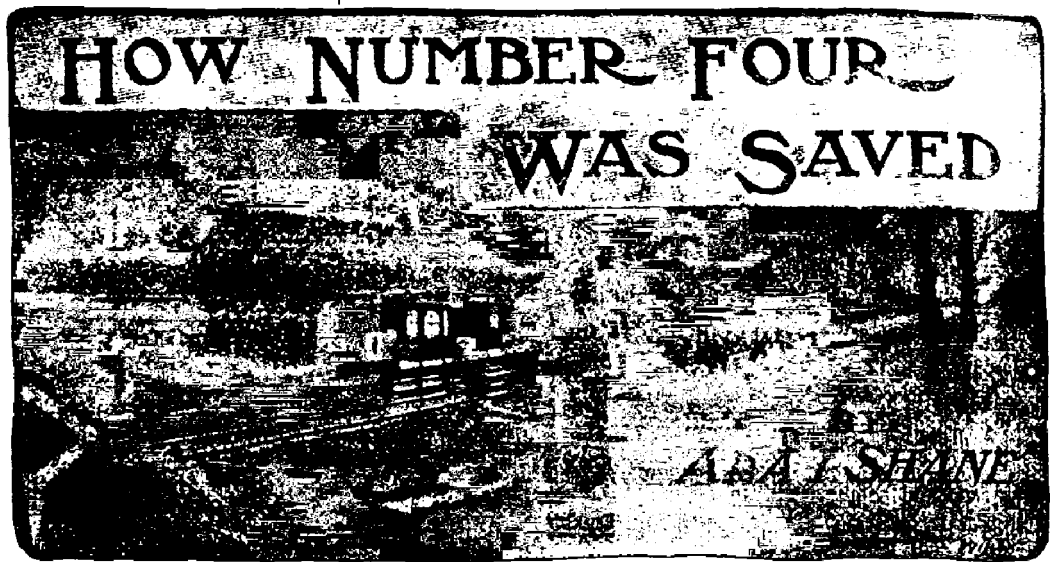


THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMAN.

GRANDPA: "Ah! Nora, Nora! You're a funny little article."

NORA: "No, gran'pa. I'm not an article—I'm a pronoun."

Drawn by Gordon Browne. R.I.



Describing the exciting experience of a lady-telegraphist at a roadside goods depôt and telegraph office on an American railway.

ILLUSTRATED BY MARVIN WILCOX.

I.

THIRD-TRICK Despatcher Morrissey was not in love with me. He had made this fact sufficiently manifest during the three weeks which had elapsed since my instalment as night-operator at Oakton. He had done what he could to make me regret my rashness in inducing the chief despatcher to transfer me to the Norwood district. He had been so far successful that I had already committed the indecorum of shaking my fist at the sounder some fifty or sixty times in lieu of his face—he being some thirty miles distant; while the mere thought of the despatchers on the Currie district, who had been uniformly kind to me, almost dissolved me in tears. But my resolution to remain on the Norwood district was unaltered. Even my first sight of the depôt at Oakton, situated half a mile from the town, near the bank of a sullen stream—a location sufficiently appalling to the heart of any night-operator, especially one of the feminine persuasion—had not shaken my determination, though my heart sank a little.

Second-trick Despatcher Watts was an old fellow who was good-humoured while things were going well, and trains running in good shape, and the reverse when they were otherwise. In the main, however, he appeared amiable in contrast with Despatcher Morrissey. I knew him well, having met him at Currie, from which point he had been subsequently transferred to Norwood.

I was not personally acquainted with Mr.

Morrissey, nor did I desire that honour; my wire-acquaintance with him was quite sufficient—or I thought so in those days. Some of the trainmen volunteered the information that he was a nice fellow—an opinion which I ironically endorsed.

But, although I disliked him, I had not been many nights at Oakton before I knew that he was the most efficient train-handler on that division. The train-sheet was to him a mere chessboard; he moved his mighty men with confidence, and played out his nightly game with unerring skill and a swiftness I have never seen equalled. He could raise heavy blockades in the shortest time on record, and when trains were congested round the yard at Woodford Junction, and Despatcher Watts frantic in his efforts to get them out without delays, I learned to watch for the first stroke of midnight, and listen for the cool "OK. R.D.M.," which announced that Third-trick Despatcher R. D. Morrissey had begun his watch, with a feeling of relief that the mental strain of my old friend Watts was over for the night.

Despite the heaviness of the work, Morrissey found time to bully every operator along the line, upon occasion. As Oakton was situated on a two-mile stretch of level track, and was consequently a favourable point for the stoppage of freights, it was a heavy train-order station, and I came in for my full share of the bullying along with the rest. In fact, it soon dawned upon me that I received rather more than was justly my due. Whether things went wrong or

otherwise, the result was the same. When Second Eighty-one pulled out of the west track, her crew forgetting to close the switch, which was later unnoticed by Fourth Fifty-two, so that she ditched her caboosé and tore up the switch-frog. Morissey insisted that I share the blame.

"We need wideawake operators," he said, severely, "who can use judgment—not dead-heads! Why didn't you notice the target was set at red, and go out and close that switch?"

He threatened to "write me up" to the chief for not answering my call on the telegraph-sounder, though I held the record for promptness on the Currie district. Upon several nights he made me go to the north end of the mile passing-track after trains which had been cleared, which I did in fear and trembling. In a word, I discovered that Despatcher Morissey was opposed to the employment of ladies in the service, and was trying to drive me back to the Currie district.

One evening, nearly a month after I had taken charge of the night-work at Oakton, I repaired to the depôt feeling somewhat depressed. For several nights preceding, business had suddenly slackened, and regular trains had moved pretty well on their schedules, rendering my work unusually light. Time dragged heavily when there was little to do, and I stopped at a book-store, purchased a novel and tucked it in my lunch-basket for reference when the small hours came on. It was not cold, but there had been rain, and the air was chilly. A prophetic bank of clouds darkened the west. I shivered as I stepped on to the platform and glanced round at the gloomy prospect. The station was fully half a mile from the town. No buildings were near, and it looked isolated. Some hundred yards south of it, spanned by a long trestle, Current River dragged its shining length. It was a narrow stream, and was reported very deep. A strange loneliness that was almost fear shook me again as I turned away and entered the office.

I was met at the door by Mr. Clapp, the agent. Mr. Clapp was a stout, good-humoured old fellow. We got on together excellently, and I had grown to like him very much. He greeted me with a smile.

"Bad night for owls, Miss Kitty," said he. "We've had a squally day, and the wires are all mixed up. Eighty-nine's in the ditch at Beauregard."

"Any one hurt?" I inquired, setting my basket on the desk, and divesting myself of my hat and mackintosh. Beauregard was the first station south of Oakton.

"Oh, no! Eighty-nine side-tracked there for

the Eighty-tuos, and got some cars off. The main line is all right, but the passing-track is tied up for the night. Shouldn't wonder if you had something to do when R. D. M. comes on and begins to raise that blockade at Woodford."

"Well, I dread it," I replied, glancing over the train-register sheet. "Not the work, but Mr. Morissey. He's bad enough when everything's going well!"

"Oh, R. D. M.'s all right when you get to know him!" Mr. Clapp answered. "We used to work together on the L. & N. He's crusty, and I don't think he likes ladies on the force. But he don't have any pets."

"If he has, I'm not one of 'em—that's certain!" I responded.

"But once a friend, he'd stand by you," pursued Mr. Clapp. "He lost his job on the L. & N. through trying to shield one of his operators."

"He's trying to make up for it over here," I retorted, unsoftened. "He's not likely to lose his job shielding any of us! He's shaken my faith in despatchers. I used to think them pretty nice!"

Mr. Clapp laughed as he pulled out a drawer of the desk, exposing a shining revolver.

"In case," said he, meaningly. I tapped the pocket of my mackintosh.

"I've a gun here," said I.

"Good for you!" exclaimed my friend, heartily, turning to go. He paused on the threshold and looked back.

"I lit the red and white lanterns, and if you chance to need 'em they're just within the freight-room. And say, Miss Kitty, keep a sharp lookout after the switch-lights, and if any of 'em go out, be sure to light 'em—especially those at the end of the mile-track."

"Yes, I will!" I replied, ironically. Laughing, Mr. Clapp walked swiftly down the platform and passed out of sight.

I bolted the door, then seated myself at the operator's desk in the large bay-window and turned my attention to the wires.

Mr. Clapp was right; they were "mixed." But there were intervals when the wires "went down" altogether, and absolute silence reigned. During those intervals I felt lonely and nervous to an unwonted degree. I cared little for other company when the sounders were clicking. I placed some train-order pads handy in case of need, and, with my revolver on the train-register sheet before me, settled myself to read.

At ten-thirty, Lineman Edwards, who had been out on the road for hours, found part of the trouble between Cleves and Woodford Junction, and straightened Number Seven wire, though he failed to clear the other wires.

Directly the despatcher called me to report whether train Number Third Eighty-four had passed.

They were coming.

I leaned my face against the window-pane and watched them rumble by. The conductor was standing on the rear end of the caboose of Third Eighty-four. He shook his lantern at me. By its light, I saw something white flutter from his hand—his station-report. I reached for my revolver—I never stirred outside without it in my hand. A broad band of light fell from the window across the platform, and I did not think it necessary to take a lantern. I unbolted the door and stepped out to get the report, which was lying near the edge of the platform.

But I was not successful. I stepped back quickly, slammed the door and turned the key, for I had found myself face to face with a man, who was standing just without the pale of light.

Though not really frightened, I felt startled—it was so unexpected. The isolation of night-work had taught me watchfulness, but I had heard no footstep on the platform. A minute later I smiled at myself for allowing such a trivial incident to shake me. Still, I knew the value of caution in that lonely situation. I examined my revolver and saw that each chamber was loaded, before resuming my place at the desk. When I did so, I glanced outside. It was dark without, but the light falling over the platform rendered visible objects not directly illuminated.

The man was gone.

This fact did not render me more comfortable, but I took up my book and began reading. I was soon absorbed and, more than an hour later, when, after a long silence, the sounder on Number Seven suddenly lifted up its voice in my office-call, I positively started.

"ON— ON— WO—" Morissey was calling impatiently.

"I— I— ON," I answered. The storm had been gathering some time. I knew it would break.

"I want to know why I can't get a word out of you to-night!" Thus Morissey, deliberately laying aside abbreviation—something he never

did in conversation save when extremely irritated—addressed me.

"I—," I began, but he cut me short.

"Yes u! Wy dnt u ans (Why don't you answer)?"

"But the—" It was no use. He broke me again.

"I've bn atr (been after) u 40 mins!" snapped



"HE HANDLED HIS MIGHTY MEN WITH CONFIDENCE."

he. "Ts is no way to do biz, & I'm tired of it! Nw rpt (report) u're trains, & c if u can't ans up betr, or u'll get a letter wi a man in it!"

I obeyed with angry hand. He was raising the blockade at Woodford, for Fourth and Fifth Eighty-one had rolled by, and the sixth section was in sight.

It was long past my usual lunch-time, and

when the sixth Eighty-one had passed, I brought my basket to the desk, feeling unusually hungry. As I sat down a scratching noise at the window caused me to look up. A man's face was flattened against the pane—the face of the man at the door. The basket fell from my hand. I made a motion toward my revolver, and leaned forward.

"What do you want?" I called, sharply.

"When is Number Four due here?" The interrogation came swiftly and somewhat gruffly.

"At two-thirty," I replied.

"Two-thirty? Nearly an hour yet." He turned away, and a voice in the darkness muttered an indistinct reply. He was not alone!

I returned to my lunch, but my appetite was gone. I tried to keep a sharp lookout, but the wind had risen, and the panes were blurred by a dashing spray of rain. The two men retreated to a sheltered spot on the platform. They evidently had no intention of leaving. I could not see them, but I stole into the freight-room and located them by their voices.

I tried to resume reading, but could not fix my attention. The unknown men on the platform, the lonely situation, the unusual silence of the wires, all conspired to render me nervous. I sat still, straining to catch the slightest sound, yet inwardly rebuking myself. A rustling under the desk caused me to start and seize my revolver. I investigated, and discovered a rat. I laughed outright as I replaced the weapon and turned to the train-wire, resolved to shake off the creeping fears which beset me.

Eighteen and Seventy-one wires had no circuit, but the sounder on Number Seven was clicking busily. Woodford Junction was repeating an order from a conductor. I took up a pen, drew a pad toward me, and copied it idly.

"RD—RD—WO—9—" Morissey called.

"RD—RD—RD—9—RD—RD—9999999—WO—," he continued, furiously.

But RD (Beauregard) did not answer. Number Four was already over-due there. Clearly their engine was delaying them—they were not making time. It was unusual to make a meeting-point between a freight and a fast mail, but Mr. Morissey was a bold despatcher. He took chances frequently, and rarely miscalculated. His motive was manifest. He could get First Fifty-one no farther than Oakton without the possibility of delaying Number Four. He could calculate with no certainty on Number Four's time, as she had lost steadily since leaving Bowes, and, as the shortest method, he had made a meeting-point between them at Oakton, intending to annul the order to Number Four at Beauregard, provided she did not reach that point before I reported First Fifty-one in the

clear at Oakton—which she was not in the least likely to be, unless Fifty-one was accidentally delayed.

Failing to raise Beauregard, Morissey put out the order at Woodford Junction to avoid delaying Fifty-one, depending on getting it to Beauregard later. But he had reckoned without his operator. The night-man at Beauregard was new to the service—the night was rainy, and he had forgotten the importance of keeping the wires adjusted. Morissey continued calling for thirty minutes or more, interspersing his calls with characteristic epithets.

After a short interval, Beauregard broke in with:—

"I—RD—No. 4. by 3:10—RD."

"Wr u bn?" demanded the irate Morissey.

"Here, but wire had gone dwn (down)," replied RD. "Yes & u're gng dwn next! To ON—have u're red lamp redy & flag 4 sure if 51 dnt get in b4 4 in site. Smtgs matr wi tt darn 51! Ain't ty in site?"

I replied in the negative. I had had no occasion to use either of the signal lanterns, and found them setting where Mr. Clapp left them, in the freight-room by the coal-bin. They burned clearly—their combined light struggling ineffectually to dispel the gloom in the long draughty room, and causing the crated buggies, boxes of crackers, empty egg-cases, and other heterogeneous articles of freight with which it was crowded, to cast long black shadows on the rough floor. I shivered when my eyes fell upon some nested coffins piled in a corner, and, catching up the lanterns, I turned quite hastily.

Then, just as I did so, I heard the sound of footsteps outside. I paused. I had forgotten the men on the platform. I heard them seat themselves on the floor, against the large freight-door, jarring it slightly. Their voices reached me plainly. Something one of them was saying held me as I was in the act of returning to the office.

"And there's nothing north ahead of Number Four. Fifty-one will be the first thing south, and it's tied up somewhere for Number Four. Number Four's engine is leaking—that's what's delaying her. I heard that much before we went to work."

So one of them was an operator, and had been listening by the window! With what object? Before they went to work—at what? A chill ran down my spine. I put the lanterns down softly, and crept closer to the freight-door.

"Are you sure old Spencer's along?" inquired a lower voice.

"Haven't I told you I heard a message that his car would be on Number Four's train?" returned the first, impatiently. "Didn't both

of us hear him tell the road-master he'd start for Currie to-night?"

"He'll never get there. That bridge wouldn't hold up a rat. Hang him, he'll never get another chance to kick a man out like a dog!"

"We've done the job this time, and it was dead easy with that girl here," was the reply. "I hate to ditch the train to get one man, but we'd never catch him any other way. That trestle was unsafe anyhow. It might have happened any time!"

"That's no lie! Why, the wood was actually rotten in spots," returned the other. "I don't see how it holds together now, with them timbers sawed through."

"It's likely to go in the river any minute. I never—"

But I heard no more. They were speaking of the trestle over Current River, I knew. I had listened thus far, paralysed with a horror which beaded my face and hands with cold perspiration. Then one thought leaped from the black chaos and disclosed itself with the suddenness of lightning. I alone stood between Number Four and destruction!

II.

I shook off the numbing spell, and stole swiftly back into the office, securing the lanterns on my way. I went to the window—a glance assured me that Fifty-one was not in sight. I dared not wait for them. I turned to the clock. It was three-fifteen—scarcely more than four minutes had passed since I left the room. Beauregard had reported Number Four by at three-ten. Number Four's schedule between Beauregard and Oakton covered twenty minutes. There was no time to think. I had sixteen minutes in which to act. I set my teeth as I extinguished the red lantern with a downward jerk of the wrist.

Morissey was calling "ON" frantically, signing the usually all-compelling "9," but I paid no heed. I took a small rubber match-case from my mackintosh-pocket and put it in my bosom. Then, the extinguished lantern on my arm, and Mr. Clapp's revolver in my hand, leaving my own gun lying on the register as a blind, I tiptoed to the back window, raised it softly, climbed through, drew down the shade, lowered it gently from without, and in a moment I was on the ground.

The wind was still blowing, but the rain had ceased. I scurried away toward the river, making a short circuit for fear of detection. The clouds had lifted, and, after the first minute, I could distinguish objects plainly. I ran my best. I was pitting my speed against that of the mighty engine Eleven Hundred and Six attached to Number Four, and I knew that in



"A MAN'S FACE WAS FLATTENED AGAINST THE PANE."

her failure to make time lay my only hope. Upon the issue of that unequal race hung the life of every human creature on the train. But, of the many upon Number Four that night, one life only was in my mind during that race against time.

As I neared the river, I suddenly checked my headlong flight, braked up by an unconsidered

difficulty which the mistlike length, broadened by the recent rains, brought before me. How was I to get across? One of the wreckers had said the trestle would not hold up a rat, and, even if it were safe, I should not have dared attempt to cross it. They were doubtless on the watch, and might see me. I knew there were no boats nearer than the little landing, a quarter of a mile up the river. But I paused scarcely a second, and, in less than a minute, was scrambling down the bank, my feet sinking ankle-deep in mud with every step.

Once upon the very brink of the turbid water, I hesitated again and listened. I could hear nothing of Fifty-one, and my mind was made up. Many months' night-duty at lonely way-stations had inured me to facing situations before which women ordinarily shrink. I let the lantern fall from my arm to my hand, and a new difficulty struck me. Would a bath in the river render it unfit for signalling? There was no remedy; it must be risked. I tore a flounce from my underskirt, tied the lantern securely around my neck, and plunged into the river.

Fortunately, I was a good swimmer, yet I was taking a desperate risk—not for myself, for I had flung all personal fear to the winds, but I thought of the issue of the almost hopeless venture as it concerned that other life rushing toward destruction.

The water seemed liquid ice—the current was strong. The waves had risen with the strong wind, and billowed about me in little foamy hillocks. My dress clung in tight folds, and impeded the free use of my limbs. But, although I struggled desperately against these difficulties, despair hung heavy on my heart: and I realised that if I succeeded in reaching the opposite shore alive, in all probability it would be too late.

The very agony of haste under which I was labouring nearly defeated my object. I was floundering almost hopelessly in mid-stream, the water in my eyes and ears, when a long, hoarse, plaintive note sounded—engine Number Eleven Hundred and Six whistling for Devall's Gap, a "blind" siding between Oakton and Beauregard. It struck upon my ears like an unconscious cry for help, and sent the blood tingling to hands and feet numbed by the chill water. If I failed, within ten minutes Number Four would be at the bottom of the river. . . .

My strokes grew less furious and more steady. My breath grew laboured. I was forced to part my lips. The reaction after the wild run had begun to set in. But I buffeted doggedly on. I would save him or my own life should go out in the same muddy waves. For what would life be worth if I failed?

But I was not destined to meet death in Current River. Within a few moments—hours in the passing—my feet struck the river-bed, and almost directly I was splashing through water barely waist-deep. Soon, teeth chattering, streaming water, I stood on the shore.

There was not a second to waste. Despite my utmost efforts, the current had carried me some little distance down the stream. I climbed the soft embankment, dashed through a long wilderness of bushes and briars, and finally reached the barbed-wire fence which guarded the railroad "right-of-way." I parted the strands of wire as best I could and scrambled through, the short, sharp spikes with which it was studded tearing my skirt. Catching in my wet hair, they tore it loose from its fastenings; it fell in a dripping, tumbled mass over my neck and shoulders as I made my way up the steep incline, and stood at last upon the gravelled road-bed.

I had barely done so when there came a loud, cracking, grinding, thundering noise, followed by a jar which made the ground quake. All the water in the river seemed to leave its bed and rise in a tall spectral column, and then rush home with a sullen plunge. The large trestle had collapsed.

I turned and fled down the track. The wind was gaining strength, the clouds closing down. The semi-darkness grew suddenly intense. There was a flash of lightning—the trees skirting the "right-of-way" sprang into startling relief, and were immediately swallowed up in gloom. Once I fancied I heard heavy footsteps crunching the road-bed behind me, and my heart beat furiously. But it was only the plash of scattering raindrops upon the gravel.

I had not covered many yards when a bright round disc flashed suddenly into view far down the track. It was the head-light of Number Four's engine, more than a mile away. I redoubled my efforts, tearing the lantern from its fastenings as I ran. A minute later, the Eleven Hundred and Six lifted its deep voice in melancholy cadence at Scott's Crossing. The head-light grew momentarily larger; the rails stretched away and came together in a long glistening point, of which the light formed the shining apex. I shook the lantern violently, to clear it of water, and struggled with the bottom. The spring was stiff and resisted my fingers stoutly for a moment; then it gave way. I stopped abruptly in my flight. Fortunately, the match-case was waterproof; the matches were unharmed. One, two, three flared, mere blue sparks in the protecting hollow of my hand, sputtered and died out, refusing to ignite the wet, greasy wick. The fourth leaped to the wick, and in a trice the blaze was ensconced in the

globe, the bottom fitted on, and the lurid danger-signal swinging across the track as I ran toward the rushing train.

III.

The Eleven Hundred and Six was vainly trying to save her reputation by making up some of her lost time. The flashing disc broadened rapidly; the steady, pulsing roar deepened in volume. I stopped short in the middle of the track and swung the lantern to and fro. Engineer Dodds had not seen the signal—that

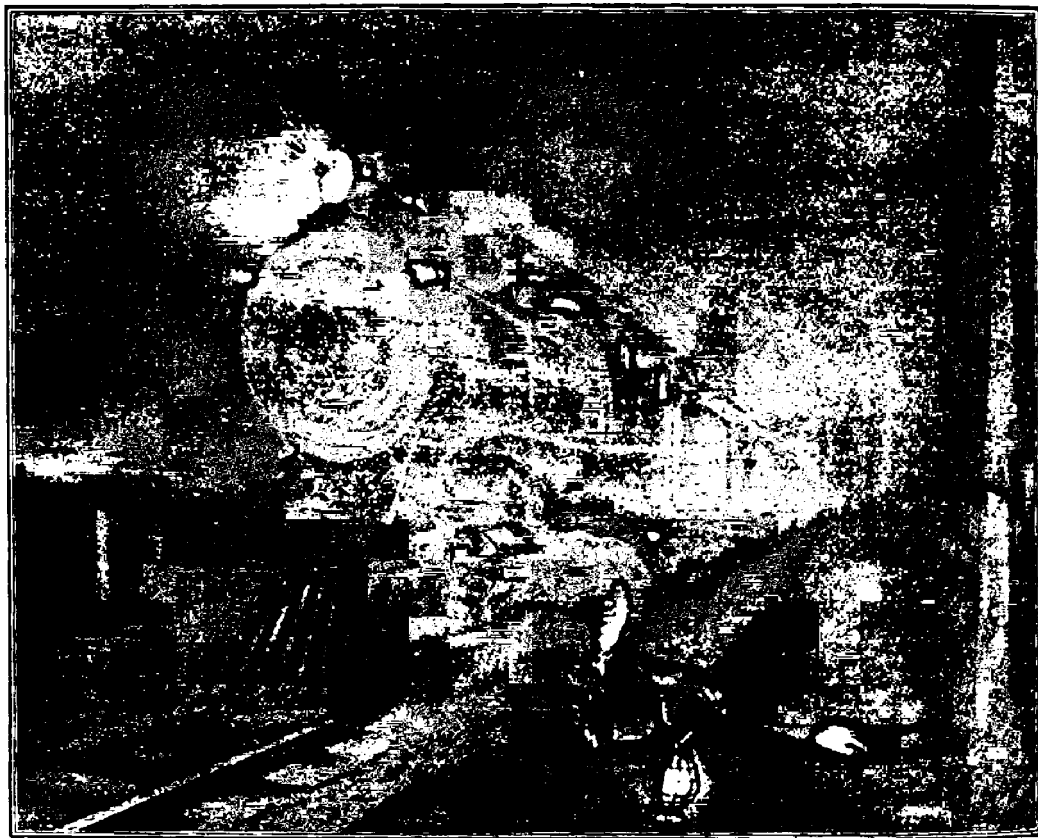
long into the muddy ditch skirting the road-embankment.

My lantern was extinguished by the fall.

I sat up in the mud, dazed. Then I climbed up to the track, and stared after Number Four's lessening markers. Merciful God! Would they go into the river after all?

Suddenly the markers became stationary. There was a pause, then a loud, angry snort from the Eleven Hundred and Six, followed by a quick succession of shorter, less violent blasts of the whistle.

The train was rapidly backing up. I



"I FLUNG MYSELF FROM THE TRACK NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON."

was clear. I raised it on high to attract his attention if possible. As I did so, a pistol cracked in the distance. The wreckers had seen the red warning. Number Four was barely more than a hundred yards distant. Would they never see it? I raised the lantern again, and shook it frantically to and fro. Then, as the train was almost upon me, there came two short notes from the Eleven Hundred and Six, and I flung myself from the track not a second too soon. With a hoarse scream for brakes, the train shot by. I had a reeling vision of the dimly-lighted sleepers as I tumbled almost head

struggled to my feet—I had been half-sitting, half-lying across the end of a cross-tie, my arms upon the rail. The rear car came to a standstill at a short distance. As I dragged myself toward it, a lantern shone out suddenly from the rear steps of a middle coach, and seemed to turn a somersault as its owner leaped down and hurried toward the engine. Presently another lantern flashed from that direction; Engineer Dodds was hurrying to the rear. A voice rang out, loud and clear,

"What's the matter down there. Dodds?" I recognised the voice.

"The trestle's down!" shouted Dodds, in reply.

"What?"

"Trestle's down! The pilot wasn't six feet from the bank when I got her stopped. If we hadn't been flagged we'd all be at the bottom of the river now!"

There was not a braver runner on the whole road than "Al" Dodds, but his voice was unsteady with excitement. Lights suddenly twinkled along the whole length of the train. Several windows were raised and frowny heads thrust out.

The light from the baggage-coach fell full upon the grimy face and greasy blue overalls of Engineer Dodds, and the trim, uniformed figure of the conductor—a figure that I knew well. The baggageman squatted in the door and eagerly listened to the excited dialogue.

"I tell you, boys, we'll never be any nearer passing in our checks than we've been to-night, until we really do the act!" Dodds was saying. "Who could have been up here at this time of night?"

"Must have been the night-operator," said Conductor Frazier.

"No, it wasn't." Thus the baggageman. "For I heard old Watts say yesterday that the night-operator here's a lady."

"Well, whoever it was, we must 'a' struck him," said Dodds. "I didn't see the light until we were almost on it, and it went over in the ditch as we passed."

"Then we'd better go back and look for him instead of standing here!" exclaimed Conductor Frazier, turning. "The fellow may be killed!"

"No, he's not! It's not a fellow—it's I, Frank!" I called out.

I was only a few feet distant now. "And I'm not—" "hurt," I was going to add, but I stopped abruptly, literally appalled by the look on Frank Frazier's face.

The lantern fell unheeded from his hand.

"Heavens!" exclaimed Engineer Dodds, his jaw dropping.

"What's the matter here?" demanded an authoritative voice, and a stocky, red-faced man brushed past me and stepped within the shaft of light. I recognised Division Superintendent Spencer, whom I had seen once or twice. "What does this—"

He broke off suddenly, as his eyes fell upon me, and stared as if petrified.

"The trestle is down. Two men sawed the timbers—I heard them talking about it on the platform just in time to save the train."

I delivered this explanation as well as my chattering teeth would permit, and shrank back into the darkness. For in the consternation,

not unmixed with horror, vividly painted on the men's faces, I had a sudden revelation of my personal appearance. My dress was torn, from contact with the barbed wire and briars, and clung about me in wet folds, plastered closely with clay and sand. My hair fell in dripping strings about my grimy face. I felt my cheeks tingle, though I was shivering violently with cold.

But shrinking back availed me little.

Mr. Spencer caught up Frazier's lantern and held it up so that I was fully revealed.

"What—who is this?" he demanded, with an expression of amazement that was almost ludicrous.

"Why, if it isn't Miss Kelley!" cried Mr. Dodds, coming to my relief.

"Madam, did you flag this train?" inquired the superintendent.

I replied in the affirmative.

"But how did you cross the river? In a boat?"

"Kitty, you—surely you didn't swim that river?" cut in Frazier, sharply, before I could reply.

"Yes, I did! And I must get back to the office, somehow, directly, or that despatcher—" The eager, excited faces of the men suddenly danced before me. I dropped the extinguished lantern, to which I had unconsciously clung, and pressed both hands to my head.

"She mustn't stand here any longer—she's dripping wet, and it's raining!" cried Mr. Spencer, making a motion as if to strip off his coat. Mr. Frazier had his about me in a trice.

"I'll take her into one of the coaches, but I'm afraid none of them are really warm!" he exclaimed.

"My stove's red-hot—just lift her up here!" called out the baggageman, and a moment later I was shivering in his chair beside the glowing stove.

It was some time before I could give a connected account to the eager superintendent, for my head was still whirling. He made no attempt to hide his astonishment.

"Miss Kelley, you are a heroine!" he exclaimed, emphatically, when I had finished. The rest were silent, but my hand was hanging limply over the chair-arm, and Mr. Frazier, who was close beside me, managed to press it unseen.

"You're mistaken, Mr. Spencer," I said quickly. "I was badly frightened, but I would not have been human if I had stayed quietly in the office without making any effort." Frank pressed my hand again.

A thought struck me, and I started up.

"That despatcher!" I explained, in consternation. "He was calling when I left the office!"

I must get back there and explain—he'll write me up if I don't!"

"I have sent two men up the river to look for a boat," said the superintendent, in a tone which calmed me for the moment. "I don't think you need fear Morissey, Miss Kelley. I'll explain matters to him myself! Your conduct to-night shall not be forgotten."

A few minutes later Brakeman M'Guire and the train-porter arrived in a skiff which they had found at the landing. Dodds and his fireman, together with two or three armed passengers, were left in charge of the train. The remainder of the crew, with the exception of Flagnan Murphy, who had been sent to the rear, entered the skiff. I insisted on accompanying them, despite some remonstrance from the superintendent and Mr. Frazier—they feared trouble with the wreckers. But my nerves were wrought up to such an unreasonable pitch, that, ridiculous as it may seem, I feared Despatcher Morissey more than any number of wreckers. They finally gave in, and I was bundled into the boat by the impatient superintendent. I noticed that they muffled the lantern to guard against bullets. None of the crew were practised rowers, and some minutes elapsed before we gained the opposite shore. The light in the depôt-window glimmered faintly through the mist of rain, and I recommenced shivering, despite the warm rugs and heavy overcoats in which Mr. Frazier had swathed me.

We reached the station without molestation. There was no trace of the wreckers—they had evidently decamped directly they found their fiendish scheme was balked. The door was bolted as I had left it—the revolver lying on the register. Mr. Frazier went round to the window I had left unfastened, climbed in and opened the door. The first sound which met my ear upon the threshold was:—

"99—ON—ON—WO—9—" I ran to the key and responded.

"Wts t matr wi u (what's the matter with you)!" snapped Morissey, wrathfully.

"Ntg (Nothing). I've——" I began, but he seized the circuit.

"Yes, u've delayed 1st. 52 35 mins at RD, tts wt u've done! I dnt like to rpt (report) ay I (any one), but I'll have to explain tt delay, & I'm gng to turn it in as it is. Wy hvnt u givn No. 4's sig to tt (that) Nine?"

Before I could reply, my hand was pushed from the key by that of the superintendent, and he took hold.

"I'll settle with him," he said. "Frazier, take Miss Kelley home, and rouse the authorities.

Wake up Clapp; he can work the rest of the night."

I thanked Mr. Spencer briefly—I felt sick and dizzy. Mr. Frazier and myself left the depôt together. As we did so, we saw First Fifty-one heading into the mile passing-track. I learned later that they were delayed by pulling out a couple of draw-heads on the grade between Woodford Junction and Cleves.

We walked the whole way in silence, but at the gate Conductor Frazier paused a moment.

"It was all my fault—our quarrel, Kitty," he said, in a queer, choked voice. "I'm not fit to speak to you! Will you forgive me?"

"Don't think of it any more, Frank. It was your danger that made me brave to-night," I replied.

Two days later I received a large box of snow-white roses, with the card of the third-trick despatcher enclosed.

There was also a note, as follows:—

"DEAR MISS KELLEY,—

"I am grieved that your heroism has cost you an illness. Get well and come back to us. I have missed you, and will endeavour to render it more pleasant for you when you return. Sincerely,

"R. D. M."

Two weeks elapsed before I was able to report for duty; and long before I did so I learned that the wreckers, two Bowes yardmen, who had been discharged for intemperance by the superintendent, were captured at Norwood, and had confessed.

The day before I resumed work, I was surprised by a call from Mr. Morissey. Thereafter we became excellent friends; and I found the third-trick despatcher could be as pleasant over the wire as he had been the reverse.

But I did not work many more nights at Oakton. Mr. Spencer was as good as his word. Within a month the chief offered me the day-work at Woodford Junction—the best position on that district—with an intimation that it was a permanency. But I declined the generous offer, and, a few days later, resigned from the service.

The last night I worked at Oakton, Despatcher Morissey said: "Ty tell me u're gng to change u're sig., & leave us for a betr job."

"Do they?" I queried.

"Yes;" and then: "Wl, if u hdl (handle) the housekpn keys well as u do these, u'll be art (all right). It won't seem like t same old smile wn u're gone, but it's all in t play avwy!" said he. and it seemed to me that the sounder had taken on a lonesome tone.



INSIDE A TEST MATCH.

A TEST match has something in common with the idea of Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade." It is a great cricket battle, and it is one that, as far as concerns your newspaper or printed cricket reputation, either kills or cures you. You do really ride your bat to death or victory. Yet you are, all the same, a good, sound player, win or lose. Presumably so, or you would not have been picked.

Supposing you fail, you are on every right-minded cricketer's bookshelf with all the reasons down: "An utter failure—nerves forsook him," &c., &c. So, too, with "a missed catch." It takes so little to upset your show!

Think of the Test Match at Manchester in 1902—think of the prayers that floated and hovered all over that cricket pitch (turned for the moment into a great open-air prayer meeting), prayers that two men through the storm might withstand the onslaughts of two other men; prayers that the bat might conquer the ball. But the Australian ball just won!

It seemed so reasonable, too, to expect England's success. But the weather shifted it all over. That sky which had been so blue for Australia suddenly dressed itself lead colour for England. At the Queen's Hotel, Manchester, there are glass skylights, which, perhaps, admit light and air to the kitchen (through those same skylights I have eaten by proxy many a fried sole). Well, about 2 a.m., on England's morning, began that drip-drip which a keen, earnest, right-thinking cricketer dreads so humanly. A melancholy sound, that drip.

You do not read of it in the cricket reports; but that drip-drip alters your real gem

of a bat into a very cheap piece of wood. Indeed, the very bat which before the drip-drip you knew was a certainty for four off the right sort, this self-same bat loses its head and its self-respect . . . and the ball goes in the air. Ah, that Manchester drip-drip, it seldom ceases, but usually increases until it becomes a river, and sparrows bathe at Old Trafford in the bowler's footsteps. Then, probably a bit of bright sun comes out, and it is your turn to go in first. "Serve him right; now we'll see what he's made of," say the critics. Then the ball sits, stands, jerks, shoots, and speaks, and takes your leg-stump in tow with a twist which came in from the off. For convenience we will call it, "The drip-drip ball." It is a most inconvenient ball as bowled by Hugh Trumble in a test match, and it causes a hollow echo for miles round the countryside—an echo re-echoing in voices 15,000 miles away across the sea. To cut it short, that drip-drip meant that England should not win the rubber.

Old Trafford ground, in the light of a vast secular circular prayer meeting, was very curiously interesting. The benches were swamped. A few newspapers, reporting fine weather to come, tried to keep the wicked rain off. People stood huddled and careworn; but heedless of all save expectancy of nervous cricket—curious, the abandonment of self which occurs at crucial moments! Fine ladies prayed cricket prayers in the rain, with little water-spouts pouring on their straw hats and pretty flowers, and on their English gowns and feelings. There they sat ticking off the runs so—1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 and waiting for just those last three which never came. Sling, flick, whiz! Tate clean bowled by Saunders. And the Australians ran in, jumping with pleasure. Even solemn.

long, sad Hugh Trumble jumped, like a camel, as well he might. It was a terrible match. Australia won by three runs and the rain.

But Manchester was a gentle brown mouse compared with the London lion—at the Oval in the fifth and final Test of 1902. A great story, that final match, could one but tell it well. It would fairly take half-a-year's breath away were the tale told as Rudyard Kipling might tell it. But just for the fun of it, allow a mere looker-on to review the teams and their deeds.

About the Australians—they say it is the sun over there that quickens an Australian's legs from pavilion to wicket; he seems to have such well-regulated cheek and self-assurance. Trumper—when he goes to the wicket, goes out with a long, keen, muscular neck, and strong, well-filled legs inside skeleton pads. If he gets out it is a marvel, and you have missed a treat with his batting, and feel sorry for it.—Duff—he goes in as sturdy and ready to be aggressive as possible. And what a beautiful field! He tries to, and does, stop balls that would make many an Englishman's heart ache at the very thought of. We home-grown would be likely to get stitches in our sides from the effort even of thinking what it would feel like starting for such balls. Australia produces balance, a great feature in cricket. Duff is a beautifully balanced fielder. He gets to the ball with his weight in the right place. It is a great pleasure, even, if you fail to stop a ball to get to it in the right form; it gives the sort of feel which makes you cover a lot of ground and try very hard. The ordinary spectator would not understand this feeling, but it is a good one, and one that leads you to overcome difficulties.

Then, when Australia goes out to field, it does so with such self-possessed life. They are the only team, with the possible exception of Yorkshire, that goes out to field—well, I can liken it to nothing better than a real good, well-trained football team, all bounce and vigour. Australia seems to step forth to enjoy bowling, wicket-keeping, or fielding equally well, each in itself an art derived from the science of cricket.

Now, England goes out to bat more like this:—Arguing with itself over last year's fogs, and the chance of the day, knowing it is strong in batting yet certain of ill luck. You can tell, as it steps out, it has confounded its luck before it starts, over its pads or the bat that would not stand. England has some

lovely bats with all cricket strokes, but she wants the sun (and less damp) to shine on her England bats, and she wants less rot written in the newspapers about their nerves. Their nerves are all right—as we shall see later on. Then, as a fielding side, Englishmen, with exceptions, go out, not as a springing ball all bound and bounce, but as something more after the style of a cricket ball with the cover slightly loose and the string just starting. They want tautening up somehow. And the fire of battle must pervade; the cricket pitch for the time being is a battle-field; and the side not ours must be beaten; it is what they are there for, to be defeated. If I were choosing a team, I should class them and weigh them up, and some of the qualifications besides being a thoroughly sound cricketer would be, a Strong Will, and an aptitude for not being "squashed" by newspapers or opposing side; an eye which loses sight of rain drops, but keeps a sight of the ball; a sunny nature that sees the sunshine beyond the rain clouds—a nature that will help his side from the very fact of his cheery "ever-trying" personality. Give me the team for a hard fight whose hackles are up, whose heads and hearts are trained and cool, and who, if ever so slightly behind in skill, will try—will never stop trying all the way at everything. That is the side to win matches, a co-operative team who save boundaries and use energy in throwing in. Such a side is worth a shilling a day to any one who likes to see cricket. Less would be heard of the dullness of cricket if the teams were all real triers.

One day in August, just an ordinary 1902 day, with the sun and all the rest of the things in the sky doing just the usual summer things, raining, snowing, freezing, easterly-galing, but not a bad sort of day in between—well, on this sort of day started the last 1902 Test Match—Australia playing just her ordinary county-beating team, England taking back Jessop and Hirst, who had been forgotten at Manchester. It was pretty generally understood by all around that Jessop was dead (in a cricket sense), killed by the Australian bowling, and that Hirst, beyond the size of his ripping heart, had lost his bowling and his batting. Still there were plenty of bats on the side. England started just ordinarily. They lost the toss, and Australia had what "best" weather there was, though even at that some one suggested setting a match to yon great container of suppressed light, the Oval gasometer. Hirst

bowled well; Lilley caught magnificent catches; Maclaren, also, one beauty. Then England went in and only did fairly, and there was much lee-way for England to make up on the second tack. Australia had a moderately comfortable second innings, with just such incidents as Trumper run-out, through miscalculating Jessop's fielding. Trumble made sixty and eighty not out, and Noble chimed in. Saunders also made a run or two, and was out to a beautiful Tyldesley catch, a well-balanced, accurately started effort, which made the English heart rejoice. At the end of the Australian second innings it looked just fairly comfortable if we could altogether escape another drip-drip. But no! it came all right overnight, and it made the ball say and do extravagant things from the start. F. S. Jackson played a sound, comprehensive, "dare-to-be-a-Daniel" game, a great game for his side, much greater than the runs scored. Jackson goes out briskly with determined resolves, holding himself well in hand, to play every ball as near as possible as he wishes. However, despite Jackson, everything went wrong for England. The turf seemed growing green for the grave of England's cricket fame. Cremation had all but set in. All around you heard of the easiness of the wicket, and you heard floating talk about preparatory school boys for the next test team, children in arms, &c. And what was the good of Jessop? Jessop, an utter failure in Australia. And after him, we had only Lilley, Rhodes, Hirst, Lockwood, and those sort of oddments. England was beaten; it really was not worth waiting to see; people were sick of seeing England beaten. Colenzo all over again! Talk of reform, prepared wickets, &c., &c., why wasn't it all done? And why should Trumble be allowed to bowl? It wasn't fair.

Then like a bolt from the grey came G. L. Jessop, his head in the air, and a sturdy up-tilted look about him, as much as to say—"Wait . . . I've my square eye on me to-day for the ball you pull; I shall cut; I shall hit; I'm going to hit—I sha'n't miss the ball. I'll go out to Trumble; I'll hit him over the pavilion out of the ground; and I'll smash Saunders until he will cry to Darling to let him off. Give me the chance, I want it; I want to hit the Australian bowling; England shall not be beaten."

And so it happened. The runs began to come gallantly, and the air was one great Jessop, nothing but a magnificent full-throated musical sounding Jessop. It was a

sight for an Englishman, that 100 made at that time. Clergymen preached their Sunday sermons, women lost their gloves and gave their opera glasses away, as their tears did not admit of sight. People used each other's handkerchiefs with joy and sorrow, and wiped each other's faces. They stood on each other's toes to see better; they even ate each other's lunches. And Jessop still kept on. Jackson got out after a fine staying innings. At last Jessop, the man who had dared, was out to a short-leg Noble catch. Then came Hirst, round and sturdy, and hit his hardest. But with about fifteen runs to get there was only Rhodes left the other end—only Rhodes, with a cool, pink nerve, who can stop a ball and hit one hard. But with grand Hirst at his own end all ended well. And that is how the last 1902 Test Match was won; and that is why cricket is such a grand game. Such things, from the inside, are memories.

II.—INSIDE "W. G."

No, W. G. Grace does not smoke.

In the winter, "W. G." runs hard and keenly with beagles.

He has a marvellous eye to country; the same clear, knowing, watchful eye he has for a cricket ball; the same eye that has watched thousands and thousands of balls bowled by hundreds and hundreds of bowlers. He watches the hare with this eye, and also with his mind's eye. In consequence, he turns up where the hare is, by short cuts; and if the hare is not there, still, the spot is the spot to which any well-regulated hare would have run.

"W. G." does not care a jot how far he has to walk home when the day is over. He only thinks of distance when it's covered. He ducks his Jovine, familiar head, and starts off as cheery as if the day were just beginning. And it is this spirit that has spelt success for "W. G." It might be imitated wholesale with advantage.

There is method in "W. G." He watches young cricketers. Be the young 'un bowler or bat, "W. G." has spotted his points, and has made out how to develop them. Who taught L. C. Braund to bowl first-rate leg breaks instead of ordinary second-rate fast stuff? Why, "W. G." How much did Braund improve in his batting during the two years he played regularly for London County? Why, a very great deal. Who told C. B. Fry years ago he would some day be a decent bat in spite of his then stiff style? Why,

"W. G." Thank you, "W. G.," for your encouragement.

"W. G." plays bowls. He has an excellent set of greens at the Palace.

In the winter the London County ground is being relaid in places, the pavilion is being painted, and other things are going on. This all means method, and forethought, and energy, and they spell success.

The spirit that will walk home gladly after a long day with beagles at fifty-three years of age is the spirit of a very good sportsman. That is why, at fifty-three, "W. G." is no back number. Keep him in mind!

III.—INSIDE A PRIZE.

What would I give as a prize?

You say you want one of Messrs. Graves' fine pictures of Sceptre? You like that long racing neck, and keen, lean head?

Well, that is an unorthodox prize for you to want. Are you sure you are not misrepresenting yourself? I wonder what your "head" would say. Still, he is a sportsman as well as a parson, and a fine judge of an animal, and no one read the story of the Eclipse Stakes more keenly and appreciatively than he, I'll warrant. I dare say he values Sceptre's gallant heart and glorious stamina a great deal more than you do, my lad. And if he thought you would love Sceptre's gameness and Sceptre's pluck—well, what better prize would he give you?

But there is so much that hems even gallant Sceptre in, so much that is bad. All the idle betting and racecourse garbage. All this might make your headmaster hesitate. For it is no use to you.

The racehorse in itself is splendid. Splendid in its game, wholesome, regular life. But the racecourse and betting is no earthly use to a boy.

But Sceptre, she is a mass of perfection after her kind. No wonder you like her. *She* likes racing as much as—nay, more than you like football. She runs to win, with all her high-bred heart. My lad, if that is the part of Sceptre that you like, why, well you may. And no better prize could you have than her picture. The "all-out" spirit—for the love of the game, if you copy that from Sceptre you'll not be far behind when England wants you for something better.

Failing Sceptre, you would like a good hunting picture?

Well, if you believe in keenness, in energy, in thorough enjoyment of hard going, you might do worse.

The first-class hunter so believes when the

"gone away" sounds from that withy bed in the marsh. See his ears prick. Feel that grand swinging stride—know that no matter how high the fence, how wide the brook, his heart is on the other side—know he loves his work, bar nothing.

No whip, no spur, is taking that horse to within just the proper half-field distance from the hounds, running like a dappled tablecloth. No, he has the music in his blood, and he makes it in his gallop as they in their tongue.

It is the way to work or play. A fine picture for the eye that sees. A good prize, then. Hounds in full cry over a green-grass country.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. G. Holman.—You might get a representation of the Australian badge from Wisden, Cranbourne Street, London; or possibly from Alfred Shaw, Queen's Square, Nottingham. The crest is a kangaroo and an emu (rampant, or couchant, or something), and the motto, "Advance Australia." You can see the badge, I think, on any Shaw and Shrewsbury cricket ball or bat.

Don Orsino (Cape Town).—Very pleased to get your letter. I still retain many happy memories of Cape Colony. Your preference for football is intelligible. One is much more sure of a long innings. But how you manage to play football on those brick-dust grounds, and to like it, passes my comprehension. I know you do, though.

F. M. Cundy.—Yours is an old question. The bowler can bowl with both feet behind the crease at the time of delivery if he likes. The rule means he must have at least one foot behind, not that he must have only one.

M. W. G.—Many thanks for the photo. It is quite good. Brownie or no Brownie. The thing about fixed-focus cameras is to avoid having the object inside the nearest limit of focus.

Enquirer.—Keep a cricket bat in a dry, cool place, where the temperature does not vary much, and oil it once a fortnight with a piece of waste dipped in one part of linseed and one part of olive oil, and squeezed nearly dry.

G. H. R. Laird.—If the striker drove the ball back full pitch into the non-striker's wicket off the bowler's hand, and the ball cannoned off the wicket into mid-off's hand, the non-striker would be run out. The ball would then be dead and the catch would not count.

Fred Fielder and H. M. M'G.—Play slow leg-breaks thus:—Give the ball plenty of time in the air. If you can reach it full pitch by running out or stretching out, do so and give the ball a thump with as straight a bat as possible. Never play forward at 'em. If they pitch a good length, watch the ball off the pitch and play back to it. The secret is, don't play forward or hit at the pitch of the ball. My "Book on Cricket" is out of print, but I see it advertised sometimes in the *Athletic News*. You seem a good sort.

C. H. A.

ADDINGTON'S FATHER.

A SCHOOL STORY.

BY SCOTT GRAHAM.



MUST say we were as jolly a lot of chaps at old Harrison's—"Sutherland House College for the sons of gentlemen" he called it in the prospectus—as you'd find anywhere. It was meant

for the sort of boys who'd have gone to a public school if only their people could have run to it, and the Head wouldn't take just anybody, though his terms weren't high. He wasn't a bad old sort, though he was always gassing about our duty to our parents; and we fellows were all very chummy, and got up ripping games out of hours, which made up for all the grinding in school.

But when Ernie Addington came—he was fifteen, and had light hair, and a sort of "don't know you" expression on his face—he did nothing but run everything down, and somehow the school soon seemed a different place. He was beastly rich, too, and we were none of us too well off, sons of officers and parsons, and so on. We knew we should have to work for a living, and we wore ready-made suits, and boots with patches, as often as not—at least, on week-days. But after Addington came, somehow it didn't seem the thing never to sport our best togs except on Sunday, and old Mrs. Merritt, the matron, was always grumbling at the times she was asked to let us get our best jackets from the linen-room, where they were kept. But do what we would, we couldn't keep pace with Addington in dress, or anything else. The toffee and chocolate he contrived to smuggle into the school would have set up a confectioner's shop, and old Ellis, the doctor, was always sniffing round and wondering why there was such a sudden demand for Gregory. Then, Addington sported a gold watch and chain, which quite put all our Waterbury's into the shade, and his bat, and his tennis racket, and his fishing rods were all the best that could be bought for money—as he took care to tell us, pretty soon.

"Do you know, I don't think Addington can be quite a gentleman," my especial

chum, Jim Turner, said one day, after Ernie had been bragging even more than usual about the dozens of horses and grooms his father kept, which was a very favourite subject of his. "He boasts too much about his father's oof, it seems to me. What is his father, anyway?"

"Oh, I suppose he just does nothing but keep a lot of horses and carriages, and ride and drive about. Very jolly, too, if you can afford it!"

"Humph!" grunted Jim. But he was just as civil as ever to Addington afterwards, I noticed, when Ernie came into the fives-court with his pockets simply bulging with nougat. It was awfully good, that nougat!—really, I think I liked it almost as well as the peppermints and bulls' eyes we used to buy, before Addington voted them "low." Everything cheap was "low," according to him; but if it cost a lot, then it must be all right.

His birthday came soon after that. Instead of the hamper with a home-made cake, and some jam, and a bottle of ginger-wine, or something of that sort, which we used to get from home and share with our chums on our birthdays, Addington's father got permission from the Doctor to send in a supper for all of us from Benson's, the swell tuck-shop of the place. It would be easier to say what wasn't there than what was. Salmon, cold duck, lobster-salad, pigeon-pies, chickens, jelly, all sorts of cake, ice-cream, and goodness only knows what besides!

And the worst of it was that it made all the others, whose birthdays came afterwards, seem mean and shabby when they only had a ham, and a few sausage-rolls, and a pot of jam, or something of that sort from home. Now, my dear old dad is a parson with six children, and, until that year, I'd always been quite satisfied with some of our own strawberry-jam, and a couple of mater's Al "soda cakes." But it all seemed so poor and beggarly after Addington's grand spread that I sneaked round to the tuck-shop, though I owed more than I liked to think about there already, and

ordered two pounds of boiled ham, and some oyster-patties, pretending they'd come in the hamper, too. And, after all, I couldn't enjoy the things a bit, thinking of that dreadful ham at two shillings a pound; and would you believe it, Addington said he didn't care for ham, and it was a pity mater hadn't sent a raised pie, or some prawns in aspic jelly! We'd none of us even heard of aspic jelly before, and Jim, who was getting to follow Ernie's lead in everything, ordered two lots of it at Benson's for *his* birthday, which came round that term, too. And I'm blessed if they didn't rook him of six shillings for two tiny little moulds of it that you could hardly see; and he used to lie awake at night, groaning, because he didn't know how on earth he was going to pay for it!

Yes, we were a pack of asses that term, all of us, and that's the long and short of it! I hate myself now when I think how I got into debt for expensive messes at the tuck-shop just to please that purseproud Addington! And all the time I knew there was my dear old dad at home, slaving away in the garden, and grooming the pony himself, and wearing his clothes until they nearly dropped to pieces, so that he might keep me at Sutherland House.

We only had a fortnight at Easter, and those of us who lived a long way off didn't go home. I was one, for I live in Westmoreland; but Addington went, first-class, if you please, with his silver cigarette-case handy to be taken out the instant old Harrison, who came to the station to see the chaps off, was out of sight. "I suppose you'll be riding and driving about all day, old man," I said, as I bade him good-bye, trying not to feel too envious of his luck! And he said he would. How beastly dull and shabby the school looked that day when we few fellows went back to it!—though it was holidays, and we had treacle and buns for tea. Treacle and buns, indeed! Apricot-jam and Buszard's cakes were more in our line now, and we wondered what sort of magnificent tuck Addington was having at his father's house. "Something better than stale old halfpenny-buns, you bet!" growled Jim to me. He came from British Guiana, and some of us thought it would only have been decent of Addington to invite him home for the holidays. But he didn't. He never asked anybody to go home with him.

When Addington came back, we were all gaping at one of the new boys, Dick Mortimer, who'd just come. It wasn't that

he was at all a bad-looking chap, but his clothes were so awful, and his boots were so patched that we wondered how the doctor could admit such a scarecrow to Sutherland House. I don't mean, of course, he was in rags—he was quite clean and tidy, but his old suit was too small for him, and we found all his other possessions were to match. You can just imagine how Addington, who had come back with two portmanteaus full of swell new togs, turned up his nose at Dick, especially when he found that his mother, who was a widow, had just come to live in a little cottage in the town, and was too poor even to keep a servant, but had a charwoman to scrub, and all that. Dick introduced me to her one half-holiday, and she wore shabby things, too, though I thought she had a nice bright face, and was a lady, if ever I met one. But when I said as much to Addington, he said he was sorry for me, for it was quite clear I didn't know a lady when I saw one!

We never could get Dick to say much about his people. He said he couldn't remember his father. He went home every week from Saturday to Monday, and he never, by any chance, had a penny to spend at the tuck-shop. His mother couldn't afford him much pocket-money, as he honestly told us the first time we asked him to subscribe to something, and he got out of the way as far as he could, when there was any tuck going, for he didn't like to take it from other fellows without giving them any himself. I'm afraid we weren't very pressing with our offers after a while, for Addington chose to take a dislike to Dick at first, and was always sneering at his shabby clothes, or his poor little home. You see, it riled him because Dick never caved in to him on account of his riches, or seemed one bit impressed by his gold pencil-case and swagger watch-chain. When Addington was boasting about his father's carriages and horses, Dick would actually laugh in his face, though his toes were almost coming out of his boots. Well, I'm sorry to have to own it, but we were so much under Addington's thumb by this time, that because he said Mortimer was no gentleman, and ought to be sent to Coventry, we got into a way of leaving him out of our games, and not asking him to come for walks. It was beastly mean of us; but, you see, we nearly all of us owed Addington money, to begin with, and then he had it in his power to give us such jolly treats. Besides, we didn't like him

to think that we cared to associate with boys he didn't think good enough for him.

I'm afraid Dick hadn't a very good time of it that term, and, as he couldn't very well play games by himself, he just swotted, until he was the very apple of old Harrison's eye. Because of that, Addington disliked him more than ever. He hated grinding himself, and used to bribe fellows who were dabs at it to write his exercises for him. Of course, he'd never have to work for a living, and so it didn't matter a bit if he couldn't spell.

Well, we all went home for the summer holidays. My people were all going to the sea, and I was looking forward to a jolly time. Addington kept rather dark about his plans, but said perhaps he might go for a driving-tour. Of course, none of the rest of us could come up to that; and, for my part, I thought I'd be lucky to get a donkey-ride on the sands! Dick was the only one who wasn't going anywhere, but would just have to stay at home with his mother. He asked me in a shy kind of way if I'd drop him a line sometimes, and I'd have said "Yes," only Addington was looking on and grinning; so I said I was afraid I shouldn't have time.

Then, when I saw how disappointed Dick looked, I'd have taken it back if Addington hadn't been there. I didn't want to offend him, because I hoped he'd ask me to go and see him some holidays, and perhaps take me for a driving tour, too. By-the-bye, we none of us knew exactly where his home was, beyond the fact that it was "up Manchester way." His father appeared to spend the whole year travelling about.

Well, we all went to Cliffby. It was a jolly place, three hundred miles from the

school, with great high cliffs and a splendid shore, full of pools with all sorts of funny live things in them. You bet, we had a ripping time!

One day, all the place was stuck about with bills saying that Walker's World-Renowned Circus was coming, for two days. Then, of course, we all tried to get round dad to let us go, and he said we might. The show made a grand procession round the town



ADDINGTON TURNED UP HIS NOSE AT DICK.

first, in the morning, all the elephants and camels, and things, walking, and the band playing like mad, and the clown driving a gilt coach with twenty donkeys, and a young lady standing up on a high car, rigged out like Britannia. At least, I thought she was a young lady, but mater said she was forty-five, and painted an inch thick. Then, last of all, came Mr. Walker himself, a little fat man, driving a carriage with a beautiful

pair of piebald ponies. He always did that at every town they came to, and some of the crowd recognised him, and cheered. My eldest brother said they were some of the circus-people disguised like labourers, so that he should have a good reception. I must say, I couldn't help envying him, thinking how ripping it must be to have a circus all of one's own, and be friendly with the clown, and the fellows who did the trapeze and walked up ladders leaning against nothing, and played the mandoline standing on their heads on the tight-rope. Then, how jolly it must be to have a whole menagerie of ostriches, and porcupines, and tigers, and things to play with all day, instead of rotten pets like silkworms and white mice!

The show was to begin at three. As we went back to our digs after the procession, I'm blessed if we didn't run upon Addington, of all people! Such a howler, too, in a new blue suit, and yachting shoes, and a Panama hat! I felt beastly sorry I'd only got my oldest togs on, which mater said were quite good enough for the beach. I must say, whether it was my shabby get-up or not, he looked pretty sick at seeing me, and didn't seem to like it when I asked if he'd come to stay at Cliffby with his father. He and his governor were only staying a night or two, he said; but he didn't say where they were staying, or ask me to look him up. I said we were all going to the circus, and asked him to come, too, if he didn't mind the shilling seats. He coloured up quite red, and said he hated circuses, which he considered vulgar. I said we'd seen Mr. Walker in the procession, and he looked a common old chap, certainly, but that was no reason why his show shouldn't be good, and it was a pity Addington wasn't coming, for there'd be a good band, anyhow, and a learned horse which could tell you anything you asked him. But before I'd half finished, Addington scooted down a side street, saying he'd just remembered something his father wanted him to do.

Well, we all went to the circus, and it was prime. I made up my mind that, if my people would let me, I'd be a clown; and Jack broke the towel-rail in our bedroom pretending it was a trapeze, and got into an awful row with the landlady next morning!

As I was running down to the beach to bathe that day, there, just before me, was Addington, in his swell blue-serge, with a little fat man I felt sure, somehow, I'd seen before. I ran after him, and clapped him

on the back, and then the man he was with turned round, too, and it was nobody else but Mr. Walker of the circus! Addington looked completely dumbfounded when he saw me, but Mr. Walker seemed quite pleased. "One of your schoolfellows, Ernie, my boy?" he said, and held out his hand. But Ernie just looked very sick and said nothing.

I couldn't make things out at all. I was so bothered by the two names, and everything. "Are you Ernie's father?" I couldn't help asking. We had all heard so much at school about this wonderful governor of Addington's, with his endless carriages and horses, and grandeur, that I naturally wanted to find out all I could.

"Yes! I'm Ernie's father," said the little fat man.

"But aren't you Mr. Walker, of the circus, too?" I said. It seemed rather cheeky, perhaps, but then, it was all so queer, and so unlike what I'd have expected of Addington that I hardly knew whether I was on my head or my heels.

"Yes! I'm the proprietor of the circus, and Walker's my real name. But Ernie doesn't want people to know——"

"Is it likely?" burst out Addington, looking green and blue and yellow all at once. I expect he felt he'd like to pitch me over the cliff before I could ask any more questions.

"Well, it's true I'm a self-made man. I began life as a clown at Hengler's—but where's the harm of that? However, as Ernie doesn't like people to know about it, he called himself Addington when I sent him to school. It's his second name, after a gentleman who was very good to me when I was a poor ragged boy——"

"Father! If you say any more——"

"All right, my boy, all right." I could see Addington had got his father pretty well under his thumb; and yet, if you ask me, though he wasn't a bit of a gentleman in one way, in another old Walker seemed to me far less of a bounder than his son. He was a very good-natured old chap, anybody could see that. I thought how Addington had taken us all in at school by his airs, and made us waste our money, and sneered at Dick Mortimer; and I felt so mad, I should have liked to give him a jolly good licking then and there!

Well, Addington, or Walker, or whatever you choose to call him, fairly hauled his governor off, after that; and I don't doubt he gave the poor old chap beans when he got

him all to himself. I felt awfully mad to think what an ass I'd been, and yet it was so funny I couldn't help laughing. I don't know why, but something made me think of Dick. I felt I'd been pretty mean to him, for he'd have liked to be my chum if I'd have let him. So, what did I do, the very

wouldn't forget him. As for Addington, he said, he'd always known he wasn't a gentleman. No fellow could be, who put on such airs; and how he happened to know was that the gentleman who'd befriended old Walker was an old pal of his mother's, and had let out that his godson, old Walker's



"YES! I'M ERNIE'S FATHER," SAID THE LITTLE FAT MAN.

first wet day, but write him a long yarn, telling all about Addington and his father. I got such a jolly answer back, you can't think, saying he was awfully glad I'd written to him, and though, perhaps, he mightn't be at school when the fellows all came back, he'd always remember me, and he hoped I

boy, was at Dr. Harrison's. I couldn't help thinking how decent it was of Dick never to blab, when Addington was sneering at his clothes, and saying all sorts of spiteful things about his mother. He could have turned the tables on him so splendidly—and yet, he never did! Pretty decent of him, eh?



ALSACE AND LORRAINE.

SOME of the most interesting stamps of the world are those that mark the great struggles that have taken place between nations and peoples, and amongst these the quaint stamps of Alsace and Lorraine, issued by the German Army of Occupation during the great Franco-German War of 1870, are by no means the least interesting.

These little souvenirs of a great struggle for life between two of the greatest European Powers are sometimes classed as stamps issued for the use of the German Army, just as our recently issued Indian stamps, overprinted "C.E.F.," were intended for the use of our army in China, sent to relieve the Legations. But that is a mistake. They were designed for an altogether different purpose. As the Germans invaded France, they took sole possession of the administration of the post and telegraph services, and for the convenience of their administration they designed and issued the so-called Alsace and Lorraine postage stamps. As will be seen from our illustration, those stamps in no way indicated the march of a triumphant army. They bore no sign of their German origin. The only words printed on them were in French. And besides those two words, "Postes" and "Centimes," there was only the numeral of value. Nothing could be more simple. They quietly and effectually took the place of the previously current French stamps. They were issued solely to take the place of those stamps, and were not used for the military correspondence, which was all forwarded by the military authorities. They were, of course, first used in Alsace and Lorraine, which were the first portions of French territory to come under the administration of the invading German army, but Mr. Westoby tells us that they were subsequently employed as far as Le Mans, on the west, and Amiens on the north. Still, they will always be known as the stamps of Alsace and Lorraine, for they originated in those provinces,

and were mostly used there, though to be strictly correct they should be termed the stamps of the German Army of Occupation. Many years ago they were given a separate heading in our catalogues; now they are always included under the general heading of Germany.

Mr. Westoby tells us that they were manufactured at Berlin, and as there was urgent need of them "it was necessary to resort to some simple design, which, at the same time, should not be capable of being imitated. The stamps of the North German Confederation, then in use in Prussia, were underprinted with a network of fine, lined curves, which, being printed with a preparation of lead, was not visible except when exposed to fumes which produced oxidation. It was resolved to print the same network in colour upon the sheets for the new stamps, and to overprint a design in type in similar colour." The design, as will be seen, was confined to the numerals of values, and the word "Postes" above and "Centimes" below. The network in the ordinary issue points upwards, but it is found printed with the points downwards, owing to the sheets having been put through the machine the wrong way up. Hence, there are what is termed two sets, one with the normal printing, and the other with the network inverted. As will be seen from the appended list, the inverted network is much the scarcer of the two.

The stamps were issued in September 1870, and continued in use till March 1871. There were seven values in all, as follows:—

With points of network upwards.

	Unused.		Used.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.
1c. olive green	1	3	7	6
2c. brown	6	0	8	0
4c. grey	3	0	0	9
5c. green	1	3	0	9
10c. bistre	1	0	0	9

20c. blue	1 6	1 0
25c. brown	2 6	3 0

With points of network downwards.

	Unused.		Used.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.
1c. olive green	50	0	50	0
2c. brown	8	0	40	0
4c. grey	10	0	7	6
5c. green	—	—	35	0
10c. brown	10	0	1	6
20c. blue	50	0	15	0
25c. brown	60	0	22	6

It will be noted from this list of values that cancelled copies are very highly prized by collectors. Some make a feature of getting all the obtainable dated cancellations showing the various towns and districts in France in which the stamps were used, and naturally those with the postmarks of places outside Alsace and Lorraine are particularly sought after. As most of the cancellation was done with dated postmarks, a collection of neatly cancelled specimens of these historical stamps is much prized by specialists. Though issued so long ago as 1870, the prices of some of the values are still within the scope of the small collector. But they are every year getting scarcer.

The Cistafile.

The Cistafile, a novel and ingenious invention, is intended to do away with all sorts and conditions of albums. It is designed to be a permanent and easily adaptable arrangement which will enable the collector to go as he pleases, to begin and end where he pleases, and to collect just what takes his fancy. It is, in fact, an adaptation of the popular card-filing system of America to the arrangement and preservation of stamps.

In neat little drawers of excellent workmanship are a number of cards. These cards are kept in their place by a simple rod, all the cards being threaded on to this rod by means of a central hole at the bottom of each card. A card is allotted to each stamp, with a neatly-arranged table at the back, on which to record the pedigree of the stamp affixed to the front, its year of issue, its catalogue price, its watermark, perforation, when purchased, of whom, &c. All this is very systematic, but the real adaptation of the ingenious plan to the daily practice of stamp collecting will modify the extravagance of much of this plan. The average stamp collector will make each card hold its full number of four stamps, and, so modified, the plan will be found to have many excellent advantages to recommend it. A drawer of 500 cards can thus be made to hold a collection of no less than 2,000 stamps. The tray costs 1s. 9d., and 500 cards 7s. In other words, any young collector may set himself up with a compact permanent album to hold a collection of 2,000 varieties for

8s. 9d. The cards may be arranged or rearranged at the collector's pleasure. The rod which holds them together works on a screw, and can be withdrawn, and so releases any or all of the cards for separate inspection or rearrangement. The stamps, when held fast in their drawer, are as easily examined as in an album.

A further development of the Cistafile to the needs of the larger collector and specialist is in course of preparation. Of this more important adaptation I shall have more to say when I have given it a practical trial. Meanwhile, I am bound to admit, as one who knows something of the great advantages of the card filing system and its great adaptability to all manner of purposes, that I am inclined to believe the Cistafile has come to stay in stamp collecting. The makers are Messrs. Lawn and Barlow, 99 Regent-street, London.

Notable New Issues.



VERY interesting departure is promised in Russian stamps. We are to have early in this year a new series with a portrait of the Czar instead of the arms design which Russia has used since her first issue in 1858. Of all the countries of Europe, Russia is one of the most interesting from a stamp collecting point of view; and the greater number of its pretty stamps are, at least in the used form, well within the reach of most enthusiastic young collectors. I hope to make it the subject of a special article in a future number of *THE CAPTAIN*. Panama having broken away from its federation in the Colombian States and having formed itself into an independent republic, we may expect a new series very shortly. Meanwhile, I hear that the map stamps have been overprinted "Republica de Panama," to indicate the change of Government. From Chili we are to have another provisional. This time it is to be a 10 centavos, the stock of that value having been exhausted. The 30c. orange is to be surcharged 10 centavos to tide over the waiting time for a supply of the exhausted value. According to *Ewen's Weekly Stamp News*, the actual surcharge will be "Diez Centavos." Our West Indian friends seem to be determined to get all the revenue they can out of stamp collectors. The latest venture in this direction is announced from Trinidad, which proposes to issue a commemorative series of three values, 3d., 6d., and 1s., showing respectively the Asphalt, or "Pitch Lake," "the Governor's House," and a "Dock Scene."

British Somaliland.—In September last I

chronicled the Queen's head series of Indian stamps, overprinted "British Somaliland." As that series is being used up, the current Indian series of King's heads is being similarly overprinted. So far, I have only received the ½a. and 1a. of the King's heads.

Wmk. Star. Perf. 14.

Indian Stamps: King's Heads.

- ½a. pea green.
- 1a. carmine.

Cape of Good Hope.—We have now received the 3d. King's head, a very effective design, printed in magenta. This makes the series complete all but for the 2d. and 2½d. values.



King's Heads.

Wmk. Cabled Anchor.
Perf. 14.

- ¾d. green.
- 1d. rose.
- 3d. magenta.
- 6d. mauve.
- 1s. ochre.
- 5s. orange brown.

Ceylon.—Another of the series of King's heads which are being issued one by one in this colony has made its appearance. This time it is the 6 cents, carmine, which we illustrate. So far the series issued is as follows, completing the set up to 30c.



King's Heads.

Wmk. CA. Perf. 14.

- 2c. orange brown.
- 3c. green.
- 4c. orange and ultramarine.
- 5c. lilac.
- 6c. carmine.
- 12c. sage-green and rosine.
- 15c. blue.
- 25c. light brown.
- 30c. violet and green.

China.—The colour of the current 5 cents has been changed from salmon to yellow, but this change is said to be an error of colour.

Costa Rica.—Here are three gorgeous new issues of the portrait class for this little Central American Republic. Costa Rica has always been partial to portrait issues, and as they are



the work of Messrs. Waterlow, the finest steel plate engravers in the world, they are of more

than ordinary interest, for the portraits are certainly works of art, and of late the name of each individual has been printed under his portrait.

Perf. 14.

- 4c. mauve, portrait black, *Jose M. Canas.*
- 6c. olive green, portrait black, *Julian Yollo.*
- 25c. pale blue, portrait sepia, *Eusabio Figueroa.*

East Africa and Uganda.—These two protectorates have been combined for postal purposes, and consequently we have a new series of the King's head design inscribed "East Africa and Uganda Protectorates." As yet we have seen only the 2d. value, but presume it will run on all fours with British Central Africa, with the higher values in larger size. It will be seen that the design is the same as that for B.C.A.



Wmk. CA. Perf. 14.

- 2a. magenta, head in purple.

Egypt. Sudan.—To supply a shortage of 5 milliemes, 60,000 of the 5 piastres value have been surcharged "5 milliemes" in black. According to *Ewen's Weekly Stamp News* the issue commenced in September, and ended about the third or fourth week in October last.

Wmk. Maltese Cross. Perf. 14.

- "5 milliemes" in black on 5 piastres, brown and green.

Paraguay.—This South American Republic has started a new series dated 1903, which we illustrate. As yet I have seen only the 1 centavo, and 5 centavos, but no doubt this same design, as before, will be reproduced in the full series of values.



Perf. 11½.

- 1 centavo, green.
- 5 centavos, blue.

Sierra Leone.—The full set of King's heads for this colony has been received up to the 1s. value, as per following list. All are of the one design illustrated.



King's Head.

Wmk. CA. Perf. 14.

- ¼d. purple, name and value green.
- 1d. purple, name and value carmine.

- 1½d. purple, name and value black.
- 2d. purple, name and value orange.
- 2½d. purple, name and value blue.
- 3d. purple, name and value green.
- 4d. purple, name and value carmine.
- 5d. purple, name and value black.
- 6d. purple, name and value purple.
- 1s. green, name and value black.

Sweden.—An 8 öre value has been added to the current series.

Wmk. Crown. Perf. 13.
8 öre, purple.

Trinidad.—*Neckel's Weekly Stamp News* (American) states that of the 4d. lilac and orange of 1896, some 75,000 were issued, of which number 25,000 (remaining on hand when the new 4d. was issued a few weeks ago) were burned. The old 4d. stamp was used principally for fiscal purposes, and

it is reported that of the 50,000 used, 10,000 will be a conservative estimate of those that performed postal duty."

United States.—The much talked-of new design of the 2c. value has just been received, and I think it will be admitted that it is an improvement upon the former design of the 2c., which has been literally howled out of use by



public opinion in America. Here are the old and the new for comparison.

New Design.
2 cents, carmine.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. G. (Edinburgh).—The catalogue value of the Madeira 1868 70, 240 reis, unused, is 40s. I don't know of this value with inverted surcharge. It is not catalogued, and, if genuine, should be valuable.

A. V. (Westminster).—Your Hong Kong has probably been overprinted "D.P." by a private firm to prevent dishonest use of their stamps. It is a very general practice in Eastern countries. Well, I can't say that I am one of the big collectors who keep a bottom drawer for young collectors, though I have done a little in that direction, for busy writers have little time for such pleasures.

G. L. P. (Lewisham).—English officials are now catalogued only in their used condition. The Army official, Queen's head set, used, is only worth a few pence.

F. P. N. (Bradford).—We should more literally have spoken of Christopher Columbus as a Genoese. but the great work he did was as a Spaniard. There is no question as to his nationality. He was born in Genoa, probably in 1446.

C. S. McD. (Belfast).—See reply to H. A. J.

H. A. J. (London).—The 4½d. English, Queen's head, is catalogued at 1s., but no dealer is likely to give you more than face, as there are plenty about. Your Persian is a current surcharge, and, therefore, of only current issue value. It has not yet got into the catalogue. I don't know any one, dealer or collector, who will value collections, for it has been found that the expense of valuing is generally out of all proportion to the average

value of collections submitted. If you get a good catalogue you can do it yourself.

A. H. D. (Newbury).—I cannot say anything about two or three thousand old English until I know what they are. If they are common sorts they are of little use in any quantity.

R. C. K. (Southport).—Each stamp in the sheet had different corner letters, and you can so collect them if you choose, but it is not usual to do so unless you are specialising. There are two sets of Transvaal stamps, one showing the wagon with shafts instead of disselboom. This was subsequently corrected to a wagon with one shaft. The series are as follows:—

WAGON WITH SHAFTS.

	Unused.		Used.
	s.	d.	
¼d. grey	0	4	0 2
1d. carmine	0	9	0 1
2d. bistre.	1	6	0 2
6d. blue	1	6	2 0
1s. green	12	6	12 6

WAGON WITH POLE.

	Unused.		Used.
	s.	d.	
¼d. grey	0	3	0 1
1d. rose-red	0	6	0 1
2d. bistre	0	6	0 1
3d. mauve	5	0	1 0
4d. olive black	2	0	2 0
6d. blue	2	6	0 6
1s. green	12	6	3 0
5s. slate	45	0	10 0
10s. pale brown	40	0	5 0

C. J. N. (Erith).—Your Natal is a fiscal, not a postage stamp, of the value of which I cannot speak. *Stanley Gibbons' Monthly Journal* undoubtedly.

J. H. Y. (Dorking).—I cannot say when the ugly profile on our English stamps may be improved. Even rumour is silent just now on the matter. I am afraid I cannot answer such a general question as "What stamps of new Colonial issues do you recommend me to buy?" As a collector you must consult your own preferences. Any English Colony is worth collecting.

O. W. P. (Cardiff).—Unused stamps without gum are certainly not worth as much as with gum. The nearer a stamp is to the actual condition of a perfect stamp when issued the more valuable it is. The best plan with your small general collection will be for you to continue the collection of those countries for which you have a preference, and sell or exchange the others as chance offers.

H. C. (Stoke Newington).—The "Old Fag" would probably order me to be hung, drawn, and quartered if I were to insert your suggested paragraph about an exchange club. If he had known you for some sixty years or more, I might broach the matter. Better seek members amongst your friends. It is risky placing strangers on exchange clubs.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

We are indebted to the following firms for early copies of new issues:—

R. Pittilo, jun. (Burntisland).—British Somaliland, ¼d.

W. H. Peckitt (London).—Costa Rica, 4c., 6c., and 25c.; East Africa and Uganda, 2a.

Whitfield, King, and Co. (Ipswich).—British Somaliland, 1a.; Cape of Good Hope, 3d.; Ceylon, 6c.; China, 5c.; Costa Rica, 4c., 6c., and 25c.; Sudan, 5m. on 5p.; Paraguay, 1c. and 5c.; Sierra Leone, set, ¼d. to 1s.; United States, new 2c.

THE GOLD BAT

A
PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY
BY
P. C. WODEHOUSE

AUTHOR OF "THE POT HUNTERS"
"THE MANŒUVRES OF CHARTERS"
ETC.

The "gold bat" from which this story takes its title is a small ornament worn by Trevor, captain of the Wrykyn School XV., on his watch-chain. This bat Trevor has lent to O'Hara, an unruly Irishman, who, whilst employed on a midnight expedition whereof the object is tarring and feathering the Mayor of Wrykyn's statue, loses the little bat, and thereby fills Trevor with consternation, for, should the bat be found near the scene of the outrage, Trevor sees that he will be placed in an exceedingly awkward position. About this time Trevor is experiencing some difficulty in filling the fifteenth place in his team. Rand-Brown, a big three-quarter in the Second XV., would seem to be the most likely selection, but he is observed to funk badly in a trial match, and so Trevor overlooks him in favour of Barry, a smaller but far more reliable three-quarter, who has hitherto played for the Third XV. Soon after this, the school learns that a mysterious League has been formed by a number of fellows unknown who intend to enforce their views and wishes by acts of violence. The League first wrecks the study of Mill, a prefect, and then proceeds to warn Trevor in an anonymous letter that its members do not desire Barry to continue to play for the First XV. Trevor disregards the letter and the League retaliates by mutilating his books, smashing his pictures, and turning his study upside down. Suspicion falls on Rand-Brown, but it is pointed out that he could not have wrecked the captain's room, at least, since he was in the field at the time the latter outrage was perpetrated. Late one night a boy named Leather-Twigg (otherwise "Shoeblossom") is passing the study of Milton, a prefect, when he is startled to see a white figure glide out of the room in question, and disappear into a certain dormitory. On the following morning Trevor receives another letter informing him that the gold bat is in the hands of the League. In spite of the sinister warning conveyed in the letter, he continues to play Barry for the First XV. By spraining his ankle in a house-match, Barry loses his chance of taking part in the great Ripton match—after which it is the custom to present colours to those members of the First who have not got them. Rand-Brown takes Barry's place against Ripton, but plays so badly that Trevor ignores his claim to distinction, and confers colours on Barry.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE WATCHERS IN THE VAULT.

FOR the next three seconds you could have heard a cannon-ball drop. And that was equivalent, in the senior day-room at Seymour's, to a dead silence. Barry stood in the middle of the room leaning on the stick on which he supported life, now that his ankle had been injured, and turned red and white in regular rotation, as the magnificence of the news came home to him.

Then the small voice of Linton was heard.

"That'll be six d. I'll trouble you fer, young Sammy," said Linton. For he had betted an even sixpence with Master Samuel Menzies that Barry would get his first fifteen cap this term, and Barry had got it.

A great shout went up from every corner of



the room. Barry was one of the most popular members of the house, and every one had been sorry for him when his sprained ankle had apparently put him out of the running for the last cap.

"Good old Barry," said Drummond, delightfully. Barry thanked him in a dazed way.

Every one crowded in to shake his hand. Barry thanked them all in a dazed way.

And then the senior day-room, in spite of the fact that Milton had returned, gave itself up to celebrating the occasion with one of the most deafening uproars that had ever been heard even in that factory of noise. A babel of voices discussed the match of the afternoon, each trying to shout the other. In one corner Linton was beating wildly on a biscuit-tin with part of a broken chair. Shoeblossom was busy in the opposite corner executing an intricate step-dance on somebody else's box. McTodd had got hold of the red-hot poker, and was burning his initials in huge letters on the seat of a chair. Every one, in short, was enjoying himself, and it was not until an advanced hour that comparative quiet was restored. It was a great evening for Barry, the best he had ever experienced.

Clowes did not learn the news till he saw it on the notice-board, on the following Monday. When he saw it he whistled softly.



"I see you've given Barry his first," he said to Trevor, when they met. "Rather sensational."

"Milton and Allardyce both thought he deserved it. If he'd been playing instead of Rand-Brown, they wouldn't have scored at all probably, and we should have got one more try."

"That's all right," said Clowes. "He deserves it right enough, and I'm jolly glad you've given it him. But things will begin to move now, don't you think? The League ought to have a word to say about the business. It'll be a facer for them."

"Do you remember," asked Trevor, "saying that you thought it must be Rand-Brown who wrote those letters?"

"Yes. Well?"

"Well, Milton had an idea that it was Rand-Brown who ragged his study."

"What made him think that?"

Trevor related the Shoeblossom incident.

Clowes became quite excited.

"Then Rand-Brown must be the man," he said.

"Why don't you go and tackle him? Probably he's got the bat in his study."

"It's not in his study," said Trevor, "because I looked everywhere for it, and got him to turn out his pockets, too. And yet I'll swear he knows something about it. One thing struck me as a bit suspicious. I went straight into his study and showed him that last letter—about the bat, you know, and accused him of writing it. Now, if he hadn't been in the business somehow, he wouldn't have understood what was meant by their saying 'the bat you lost.' It might have been an ordinary cricket-bat for all he knew. But he offered to let me search the study. It didn't strike me as rum till afterwards. Then it seemed fishy. What do you think?"

Clowes thought so too, but admitted that he did not see of what use the suspicion was going to be. Whether Rand-Brown knew anything about the affair or not, it was quite certain that the bat was not with him.

O'Hara, meanwhile, had decided that the time had come for him to resume his detective duties. Moriarty agreed with him, and they resolved that that night they would patronise the vault instead of the gymnasium, and take a holiday as far as their boxing was concerned. There was plenty of time before the Aldershot competition.

Lock-up was still at six, so at a quarter to that hour they slipped down into the vault, and took up their position.

A quarter of an hour passed. The lock-up bell sounded faintly. Moriarty began to grow tired.

"Is it worth it?" he said, "an' wouldn't they have come before, if they meant to come?"

"We'll give them another quarter of an hour," said O'Hara. "After that——"

"Sh!" whispered Moriarty.

The door had opened. They could see a figure dimly outlined in the semi-darkness. Footsteps passed down into the vault, and there came a sound as if the unknown had cannoned into a chair, followed by a sharp intake of breath, expressive of pain. A scraping sound, and a flash of light, and part of the vault was lit by a candle. O'Hara caught a glimpse of the unknown's face as he rose from lighting the candle, but it was not enough to enable him to recognise him. The candle was standing on a chair, and the light it gave was too feeble to reach the face of any one not on a level with it.

The unknown began to drag chairs out into the neighbourhood of the light. O'Hara counted six.

The sixth chair had scarcely been placed in position when the door opened again. Six other figures appeared in the opening one after the other, and bolted into the vault like rabbits into a burrow. The last of them closed the door after them.

O'Hara nudged Moriarty, and Moriarty nudged O'Hara; but neither made a sound. They were not likely to be seen—the blackness of the vault was too Egyptian for that—but they were so near to the chairs that the least whisper must have been heard. Not a word had proceeded from the occupants of the chairs so far. If O'Hara's suspicion was correct, and this was really the League holding a meeting, their methods were more secret than those of any other secret society in existence. Even the Nihilists probably exchanged a few remarks from time to time, when they met together to plot. But these men of mystery never opened their lips. It puzzled O'Hara.

The light of the candle was obscured for a moment, and a sound of puffing came from the darkness.

O'Hara nudged Moriarty again.

"Smoking!" said the nudge.

Moriarty nudged O'Hara.

"Smoking it is!" was the meaning of the movement.

A strong smell of tobacco showed that the diagnosis had been a true one. Each of the figures in turn lit his pipe at the candle, and sat back, still in silence. It could not have been very pleasant, smoking in almost pitch darkness, but it was breaking rules, which was probably the main consideration that swayed the smokers. They puffed away steadily, till the two Irishmen were wrapped about in invisible clouds.

Then a strange thing happened. I know that I am infringing copyright in making that statement, but it so exactly suits the occurrence that

perhaps Mr. Rider Haggard will not object. It was a strange thing that happened.

A rasping voice shattered the silence.

"You boys down there," said the voice, "come here immediately. Come here, I say."

It was the well-known voice of Mr. Robert Dexter, O'Hara and Moriarty's beloved housemaster.

The two Irishmen simultaneously clutched one another, each afraid that the other would think—from force of long habit—that the housemaster was speaking to him. Both stood where they were. It was the men of mystery and tobacco that Dexter was after, they thought.

But they were wrong. What had brought Dexter to the vault was the fact that he had seen two boys, who looked uncommonly like O'Hara and Moriarty, go down the steps of the vault at a quarter to six. He had been doing his usual after-lock-up prow on the junior gravel, to intercept stragglers, and he had been a witness—from a distance of fifty yards, in a very bad light—of the descent into the vault. He had remained on the gravel ever since, in the hope of catching them as they came up; but as they had not come up, he had determined to make the first move himself. He had not seen the six unknowns go down, for, the evening being chilly, he had paced up and down, and they had by a lucky accident chosen a moment when his back was turned.

"Come up immediately," he repeated.

Here a blast of tobacco-smoke rushed at him from the darkness. The candle had been extinguished at the first alarm, and he had not realised—though he had suspected it—that smoking had been going on.

A hurried whispering was in progress among the unknowns. Apparently they saw that the game was up, for they picked their way towards the door.

As each came up the steps and passed him, Mr. Dexter observed "Ha!" and appeared to make a note of his name. The last of the six was just leaving him after this process had been completed, when Mr. Dexter called him back.

"That is not all," he said, suspiciously.

"Yes, sir," said the last of the unknowns.

Neither of the Irishmen recognised the voice. Its owner was a stranger to them.

"I tell you it is not," snapped Mr. Dexter. "You are concealing the truth from me. O'Hara and Moriarty are down there—two boys in my own house. I saw them go down there."

"They had nothing to do with us, sir. We saw nothing of them."

"I have no doubt," said the housemaster, "that

you imagine that you are doing a very chivalrous thing by trying to hide them, but you will gain nothing by it. You may go."

He came to the top of the steps, and it seemed as if he intended to plunge into the darkness in search of the suspects. But, probably realising the futility of such a course, he changed his mind, and delivered an ultimatum from the top step.

"O'Hara and Moriarty."

No reply.

"O'Hara and Moriarty, I know perfectly well that you are down there. Come up immediately."

Dignified silence from the vault.

"Well, I shall wait here till you do choose to come up. You would be well advised to do so immediately. I warn you you will not tire me out."

He turned, and the door slammed behind him.

"What'll we do?" whispered Moriarty. It was at last safe to whisper.

"Wait," said O'Hara, "I'm thinking."

O'Hara thought. For many minutes he thought in vain. At last there came flooding back into his mind a memory of the days of his faghood. It was after that that he had been groping all the time. He remembered now. Once in those days there had been an unexpected function in the middle of term. There were needed for that function certain chairs. He could recall even now his furious disgust when he and a select body of fellow fags had been pounced upon by their form-master, and coerced into forming a line from the junior block to the cloisters, for the purpose of handing chairs. True, his form-master had stood ginger-beer after the event, with princely liberality, but the labour was of the sort that gallons of ginger-beer will not make pleasant. But he ceased to regret the episode now. He had been at the extreme end of the chair-handling chain. He had stood in a passage in the junior block, just by the door that led to the masters' garden, and which—he remembered—was never locked till late at night. And while he stood there, a pair of hands—apparently without a body—had heaved up chair after chair through a black opening in the floor. In other words, a trapdoor connected with the vault in which he now was.

He imparted these reminiscences of childhood to Moriarty. They set off to search for the missing door, and, after wanderings and barkings of shins too painful to relate, they found it. Moriarty lit a match. The light fell on the trapdoor, and their last doubts were at an end. The thing opened inwards. The bolt was on their side, not in the passage above them. To shoot the bolt took them one second, to climb into the



passage one minute. They stood at the side of the opening, and dusted their clothes.

"Bedad!" said Moriarty, suddenly.

"What?"

"Why, how are we to shut it?"

This was a problem that wanted some solving. Eventually they managed it, O'Hara leaning over and fishing for it, while Moriarty held his legs.

As luck would have it—and luck had stood by them well all through—there was a bolt on top of the trapdoor, as well as beneath it.

"Supposing that had been shot!" said O'Hara, as they fastened the door in its place.

Moriarty did not care to suppose anything so unpleasant.

Mr. Dexter was still prowling about on the junior gravel, when the two Irishmen ran round and across the senior gravel to the gymnasium. Here they put in a few minutes' gentle sparring, and then marched

"O'Hara and Moriarty? Really, I can't remember. I know they left at about a quarter to seven."

That profound thinker, Mr. Tony Weller, was never so correct as in his views respecting the value of an *alibi*. There are few better things in an emergency.



O'HARA FISHED FOR THE BOLT, WHILE MORIARTY HELD HIS LEGS.

CHAPTER XVIII.

O'HARA EXCELS HIMSELF.

T was Renford's turn next morning to get up and feed the ferrets. Harvey had done it the day before.

Renford was not a youth who enjoyed early rising, but in the cause of the ferrets he would have endured anything, so at six punctually he slid out of bed, dressed quietly, so as not to disturb the rest of the dormitory, and ran over to the vault. To his utter amazement he found it locked. Such a thing had never been done before in the whole course of his experience. He tugged at the handle, but not an

boldly up to Mr. Day (who happened to have looked in five minutes after their arrival), and got their paper.

"What time did O'Hara and Moriarty arrive at the gymnasium?" asked Mr. Dexter of Mr. Day next morning.

inch or a fraction of an inch would the door yield. The policy of the Open Door had ceased to find favour in the eyes of the authorities.

A feeling of blank despair seized upon him. He thought of the dismay of the ferrets when they woke up and realised that there was no chance of breakfast for them. And then they would gradually waste away, and some day somebody would go down to the vault to fetch chairs, and would come upon two mouldering skeletons, and wonder what they had once been. He almost wept at the vision so conjured up.

There was nobody about. Perhaps he might break in somehow. But then there was nothing to get to work with. He could not kick the door down. No, he must give it up, and the ferrets' breakfast-hour must be postponed. Possibly Harvey might be able to think of something.

"Fed 'em?" inquired Harvey, when they met at breakfast.

"No, I couldn't."

"Why on earth not? You didn't oversleep yourself?"

Renford poured his tale into his friend's shocked ears.

"My hat!" said Harvey, when he had finished, "what on earth are we to do? They'll starve."

Renford nodded mournfully.

"Whatever made them go and lock the door?" he said.

He seemed to think the authorities should have given him due notice of such an action.

"You're sure they have locked it? It isn't only stuck or something?"

"I lugged at the handle for hours. But you can go and see for yourself if you like."

Harvey went, and, waiting till the coast was clear, attached himself to the handle with a prehensile grasp, and put his back into one strenuous tug. It was even as Renford had said. The door was locked beyond possibility of doubt.

Renford and he went over to school that morning with long faces and a general air of acute depression. It was perhaps fortunate for their purpose that they did, for had their appearance been normal it might not have attracted O'Hara's attention. As it was, the Irishman, meeting them on the junior gravel, stopped and asked them what was wrong. Since the adventure in the vault he had felt an interest in Renford and Harvey.

The two told their story in alternate sentences like the Strophe and Antistrophe of a Greek chorus. ("Steichomuthics," your Greek scholar calls it, I fancy. Ha, yes! Just so.)

"So ye can't get in because they've locked the door, an' ye don't know what to do about it?" said O'Hara, at the conclusion of the narrative.

Renford and Harvey informed him in chorus that that was the state of the game up to present date.

"An' ye want me to get them out for you?"

Neither had dared to hope that he would go so far as this. What they had looked for had been at the most a few thoughtful words of advice. That such a master-strategist as O'Hara should take up their cause was an unexampled piece of good luck.

"If you only would," said Harvey.

"We should be most awfully obliged," said Renford.

"Very well," said O'Hara.

They thanked him profusely.

O'Hara replied that it would be a privilege. He should be sorry, he said, to have anything happen to the ferrets.

Renford and Harvey went on into school feeling more cheerful. If the ferrets could be extracted from their present tight corner, O'Hara was the man to do it.

O'Hara had not made his offer of assistance in any spirit of doubt. He was certain that he could do what he had promised. For it had not escaped his memory that this was a Tuesday—in other words, a mathematics morning up to the quarter to eleven interval. That meant, as has been explained previously, that, while the rest of the school were in the form-rooms, he would be out in the passage, if he cared to be. There would be no witnesses to what he was going to do.

But, by that curious perversity of fate which is so often noticeable, Mr. Banks was in a peculiarly lamb-like and long-suffering mood this morning. Actions for which O'Hara would on other days have been expelled from the room without hope of return, to-day were greeted with a mild "Don't do that, please, O'Hara," or even the ridiculously inadequate "O'Hara!" It was perfectly disheartening. O'Hara began to ask himself bitterly what was the use of ragging at all if this was how it was received. And the moments were flying, and his promise to Renford and Harvey still remained unfulfilled.

He prepared for fresh efforts.

So desperate was he that he even resorted to crude methods like the throwing of paper balls and the dropping of books. And when your really scientific ragger sinks to this he is nearing the end of his tether. O'Hara hated to be rude, but there seemed no help for it.

The striking of a quarter past ten improved his chances. It had been privily agreed upon beforehand amongst the members of the class that at a quarter past ten every one was to sneeze simultaneously. The noise startled Mr.

Banks considerably. The angelic mood began to wear off. A man may be long suffering, but he likes to draw the line somewhere.

"Another exhibition like that," he said, sharply, "and the class stays in after school. O'Hara!"

"Sir?"

"Silence."

"I said nothing, sir, really."

"Boy, you made a cat-like noise with your mouth."

"What sort of noise, sir?"

The form waited breathlessly. This peculiarly insidious question had been invented for mathematical use by one Sandys, who had left at the end of the previous summer. It was but rarely that the master increased the gaiety of nations by answering the question in the manner desired.

Mr. Banks, off his guard, fell into the trap.

"A noise like this," he said curtly, and to the delighted audience came the melodious sound of a "Mi-aou," which put O'Hara's effort completely in the shade, and would have challenged comparison with the war-cry of the stoutest mouser that ever trod a tile.

A storm of imitations arose from all parts of the room. Mr. Banks turned pink, and, going straight to the root of the disturbance, forthwith evicted O'Hara.

O'Hara left with the satisfying feeling that his duty had been done.

Mr. Banks' room was at the top of the middle block. He ran softly down the stairs at his best pace. It was not likely that the master would come out into the passage to see if he was still there, but it might happen, and it would be best to run as few risks as possible.

He sprinted over to the junior block, raised the trap-door, and jumped down. He knew where the ferrets had been placed, and had no difficulty in finding them. In another minute he was in the passage again, with the trap-door bolted behind him.

He now asked himself—what should he do with them? He must find a safe place, or his labours would have been in vain.

Behind the fives-court, he thought, would be the spot. Nobody ever went there. It meant a run of three hundred yards there and the same distance back, and there was more than a chance that he might be seen by one of the Powers. In

which case he might find it rather hard to explain what he was doing in the middle of the grounds with a couple of ferrets in his possession when the hands of the clock pointed to twenty minutes to eleven?

But the odds were against his being seen. He risked it.



IN ANOTHER MINUTE HE
WAS IN THE PASSAGE
AGAIN.

When the bell rang for the quarter to eleven interval the ferrets were in their new home, happily discussing a piece of meat—Renford's contribution, held over from the morning's meal, —and O'Hara, looking as if he had never left the passage for an instant, was making his way through the departing mathematical class to apologise handsomely to Mr. Banks—as was his invariable custom—for his disgraceful behaviour during the morning's lesson.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE MAYOR'S VISIT.

SCHOOL prefects at Wrykyn did weekly essays for the headmaster. Those who had got their scholarships at the 'Varsity or who were going up in the following year used to take their essays to him



showing his visitor out. The door of Trevor's room was ajar, and he could hear distinctly what was being said. He had no particular desire to play the eavesdropper, but the part was forced upon him.

Sir Eustace seemed excited.

"It is far from being my habit," he was saying, "to make unnecessary complaints respecting the conduct of the lads under your care." (Sir Eustace Briggs had a distaste for the shorter and more colloquial forms of speech. He would have perished sooner than have substituted "complain of your boys" for the majestic formula he had used. He spoke as if he enjoyed choosing his words. He seemed to pause and think before each word. Unkind people—who were jealous of his distinguished career—used to say that he did this because he was afraid of dropping an aitch if he relaxed his vigilance.)

"But," continued he, "I am reluctantly forced to the unpleasant conclusion that the dastardly outrage to which both I and the Press of the town have called your attention is to be attributed to one of the lads to whom I 'ave—*have* (this 'with a jerk) referred."

"I will make a thorough inquiry, Sir Eustace," said the bass voice of the head-master.

"I thank you," said the mayor. "It would, under the circumstances, be nothing more, I think, than what is distinctly advisable. The man Samuel Wapshott, of whose narrative I have recently afforded you a brief synopsis, stated in no uncertain terms that he found at the foot of the statue on which the dastardly outrage was perpetrated a diminutive ornament, in shape like the bats that are used in the game of cricket. This ornament, he avers (with what truth I know not), was handed by him to a youth of an age coëval with that of the lads in the upper division of this school. The youth claimed it as his property, I was given to understand."

"A thorough inquiry shall be made, Sir Eustace."

"I thank you."

And then the door shut, and the conversation ceased.

CHAPTER XX.

THE FINDING OF THE BAT.

TREVOR waited till the head-master had gone back to his library, gave him five minutes to settle down, and then went in.

The head-master looked up inquiringly.

"My essay, sir," said Trevor.

"Ah, yes. I had forgotten."

Trevor opened the note-book and began to read what he had written. He finished the paragraph which owed its insertion to Clowes, and raced hurriedly on to the next. To his surprise the flippancy passed unnoticed, at any rate, verbally. As a rule the head-master preferred that quotations from back numbers of *Punch* should be kept out of the prefects' English Essays. And he generally said as much. But to-day he seemed strangely preoccupied. A split infinitive in paragraph five, which at other times would have made him sit up in his chair stiff with horror, elicited no remark. The same immunity was accorded to the insertion (inspired by Clowes, as usual) of a popular catch phrase in the last few lines. Trevor finished with the feeling that luck had favoured him nobly.

"Yes," said the head-master, seemingly roused by the silence following on the conclusion of the essay. "Yes." Then, after a long pause, "Yes," again.

Trevor said nothing, but waited for further comment.

"Yes," said the head-master once more, "I think that is a very fair essay. Very fair. It wants a little more—er—not quite so much—um—yes."

Trevor made a note in his mind to effect these improvements in future essays, and was getting up, when the head-master stopped him.

"Don't go, Trevor. I wish to speak to you."

Trevor's first thought was, perhaps naturally, that the bat was going to be brought into discussion. He was wondering helplessly how he was going to keep O'Hara and his midnight exploit out of the conversation, when the head-master resumed. "An unpleasant thing has happened, Trevor——"

"Now we're coming to it," thought Trevor.

"It appears, Trevor, that a considerable quantity of smoking has been going on in the school."

Trevor breathed freely once more. It was only going to be a mere conventional smoking row after all. He listened with more enjoyment as the head-master, having stopped to turn down the wick of the reading-lamp which stood on the table at his side and which had begun, appropriately enough, to smoke, resumed his discourse.

"Mr. Dexter——"

Of course, thought Trevor. If there ever was a row in the school, Dexter was bound to be at the bottom of it.

"Mr. Dexter has just been in to see me. He reported six boys. He discovered them in the vault beneath the junior block. Two of them were boys in your house."



Trevor murmured something wordless, to show that the story interested him.

"You knew nothing of this, of course——"

"No, sir."

saying how widespread the practice has become or may become. What I want you to do is to go straight back to your house and begin a complete search of the studies."



RUTHVEN SPRANG FORWARD, BUT CLOWES DASHED THE POKER AGAINST THE LOCK.

"No. Of course not. It is difficult for the head of a house to know all that goes on in that house."

Was this his beastly sarcasm? Trevor asked himself. But he came to the conclusion that it was not. After all, the head of a house is only human. He cannot be expected to keep an eye on the private life of every member of his house.

"This must be stopped, Trevor. There is no

"To-night, sir?" It seemed too late for such amusement.

"To-night. But before you go to your house, call at Mr. Seymour's, and tell Milton I should like to see him. And, Trevor."

"Yes, sir?"

"You will understand that I am leaving this matter to you to be dealt with by you. I shall not require you to make any report to me.



But if you should find tobacco in any boy's room, you must punish him well, Trevor. Punish him well."

This meant that the culprit must be "touched up" before the house assembled in the dining-room. Such an event did not often occur. The last occasion had been in Paget's first term as head of Donaldson's, when two of the senior day-room had been discovered attempting to revive the ancient and dishonourable custom of bullying. This time, Trevor foresaw, would set up a record in all probability. There might be any number of devotees of the weed, and he meant to carry out his instructions to the full, and make the criminals more unhappy than they had been since the day of their first cigar. Trevor hated the habit of smoking at school. He was so intensely keen on the success of the house and the school at games that anything which tended to damage the wind and eye filled him with loathing. That anybody should dare to smoke in a house which was going to play in the final for the House Football Cup made him rage internally, and he proposed to make things bad and unrestful for such.

To smoke at school is to insult the divine weed. When you are obliged to smoke in odd corners, fearing every moment that you will be discovered, the whole meaning, poetry, romance of a pipe vanishes, and you become like those lost beings who smoke when they are running to catch trains. The boy who smokes at school is bound to come to a bad end. He will degenerate gradually into a person that plays dominoes in the smoking rooms of tea shops with friends who wear bowler hats with frock coats.

Much of this philosophy Trevor expounded to Clowes in energetic language when he returned to Donaldson's after calling at Seymour's to deliver the message for Milton.

Clowes became quite animated at the prospect of a real row.

"We shall be able to see the skeletons in their cupboards," he observed. "Every man has a skeleton in his cupboard, which follows him about wherever he goes. Which study shall we go to first?"

"We?" said Trevor.

"We," repeated Clowes firmly. "I am not going to be left out of this jaunt. I need bracing up—I'm not strong, you know—and this is just the thing to do it. Besides, you'll want a bodyguard of some sort, in case the infuriated occupant turns and rends you."

"I don't see what there is to enjoy in the business," said Trevor, gloomily. "Personally, I bar this kind of thing. By the time we've

finished, there won't be a chap in the house [I'm on speaking terms with."

"Except me, dearest," said Clowes. "I will never desert you. It's of no use asking me, for I will never do it. Mr. Micawber has his faults, but I will *never* desert Mr. Micawber."

"You can come if you like," said Trevor; "we'll take the studies in order. I suppose we needn't look up the prefects?"

"A prefect is above suspicion. Scratch the prefects."

"That brings us to Dixon."

Dixon was a stout youth with spectacles, who was popularly supposed to do twenty-two hours' work a day. It was believed that he put in two hours sleep from eleven to one, and then got up and worked in his study till breakfast.

He was working when Clowes and Trevor came in. He dived head foremost into a huge Liddell and Scott as the door opened. On hearing Trevor's voice he slowly emerged, and a pair of round and spectacled eyes gazed blankly at the visitors. Trevor briefly explained his errand, but the interview lost in solemnity owing to the fact that the bare notion of Dixon storing tobacco in his room made Clowes roar with laughter. Also, Dixon stolidly refused to understand what Trevor was talking about, and at the end of ten minutes, finding it hopeless to try and explain, the two went. Dixon, with a hazy impression that he had been asked to join in some sort of round game, and had refused the offer, returned again to his Liddell and Scott, and continued to wrestle with the somewhat obscure utterances of the chorus in Aeschylus' "Agamemnon." The results of this fiasco on Trevor and Clowes were widely different. Trevor it depressed horribly. It made him feel savage. Clowes, on the other hand, regarded the whole affair in a spirit of rollicking farce, and refused to see that this was a serious matter, in which the honour of the house was involved.

The next study was Ruthven's. This fact somewhat toned down the exuberances of Clowes's demeanour. When one particularly dislikes a person, one has a curious objection to seeming in good spirits in his presence. One feels that he may take it as a sort of compliment to himself, or, at any rate, contribute grins of his own, which would be hateful. Clowes was as grate as Trevor when they entered the study.

Ruthven's study was like himself, overdressed and rather futile. It ran to little china ornaments in a good deal of profusion. It was more like a drawing-room than a school study.

"Sorry to disturb you, Ruthven," said Trevor.

"Oh, come in," said Ruthven, in a tired voice.

"Please shut the door; there is a draught. Do you want anything?"

"We've got to have a look round," said Clowes.

"Can't you see everything there is?"

Ruthven hated Clowes as much as Clowes hated him.

Trevor cut into the conversation again.

"It's like this, Ruthven," he said. "I'm awfully sorry, but the old man's just told me to search the studies in case any of the fellows here got baccy."

Ruthven jumped up, pale with consternation.

"You can't. I won't have you disturbing my study."

"This is rot," said Trevor, shortly, "I've got to. It's no good making it more unpleasant for me than it is."

"But I've no tobacco. I swear I haven't."

"Then why mind us searching?" said Clowes.

"Come on, Ruthven," said Trevor, "chuck us over the keys. You might as well."

"I won't."

"Don't be an ass, man."

"We have here," observed Clowes, in his sad, solemn way, "a stout and serviceable poker." He stooped, as he spoke, to pick it up.

"Leave that poker alone," cried Ruthven.

Clowes straightened himself.

"I'll swop it for your keys," he said.

"Don't be a fool."

"Very well, then. We will now crack our first crib."

Ruthven sprang forward, but Clowes, handing him off in football fashion with his left hand, with his right dashed the poker against the lock of the drawer of the table by which he stood.

The lock broke with a sharp crack. It was not built with an eye to such onslaught.

"Neat for a first shot," said Clowes, complacently. "Now for the Umustaphas and shag."

But as he looked into the drawer he uttered a sudden cry of excitement. He drew something out, and tossed it over to Trevor.

"Catch, Trevor," he said quietly. "Something that'll interest you."

Trevor caught it neatly in one hand, and stood staring at it as if he had never seen anything like it before. And yet he had—often. For what he had caught was a little golden bat, about an inch long by an eighth of an inch wide.

(To be concluded.)

THE CYCLING CORNER.

CYCLING AS A SPORT.

AS regards path-racing, *bonâ-fide* sport is almost non-existent. There is plenty of racing, it is true, but I grieve to say that a very large proportion of its amateur (so-called) exponents of note, at any rate, compete rather for what they can make out of it than for the pure love of the thing. It is sad for one like myself, who has been closely associated with cycling from the time when it first took its place among our national sports, to recall the days when Oxford and Cambridge Universities were two of its chief nurseries, and clubs like the London, Amateur, Pickwick, and others of a similar class, were composed of men against whose amateurism not a breath of suspicion could be raised. But these halcyon days did not last long. Slowly the cycle manufacturers began to realise that racing successes, especially by amateurs, were an extremely valuable advertisement, and the result was such an influx of men who were

subsidised by, or engaged in, the trade, that the racing path soon became swamped by them. To such a pitch did the scandal rise that even a fourth-rate amateur could not only command the loan of a cycle and a certain sum for each success, but also a weekly salary from some maker or other. Even the local agents and "assemblers" (those who put together the parts supplied by firms like the Birmingham Small Arms Co.), thought it an aid to business if they could secure a win or two on a machine they had constructed. The larger makers, however, went about their business still more openly, and filled their depôts and offices with young men, whose only qualification was that they had a turn of speed. As may be expected,

THE TRUE AMATEURS BECAME FEWER AND FEWER,

every year, until cycle-racing at the 'Varsities was not "considered the thing," and, save

in the case of a few enthusiasts, who are always to be found in every sport, Oxford and Cambridge cyclists confine their path-racing to closed events. The National Cyclists' Union was quite as helpless to stop the wave of sham amateurism which swept over our racing tracks, as was Canute to check the incoming tide. A few of the most glaring offenders were certainly made an example of, but the difficulty of legally proving that a man had infringed the amateur law was great, although there was no moral doubt about the matter. Had, however, the leading clubs followed the example of the London Athletic Club, and refused the entries of all against whom the finger of suspicion pointed, the amateur character of the sport might have been preserved. But no! there was the "gate" to be considered, and the officials shielded themselves behind the Union licenses. Even now that trade assistance, except in very special cases, is not forthcoming, there are very few men of good social standing on the racing path. We see riders whose position in life is little above that of a working man, or a junior clerk, racing all over the country, and marvel how they are able to afford it. There are

THREE SOURCES FROM WHICH MONEY CAN BE PROCURED

for this purpose; from the trade, the sports promoters (in the shape of appearance money), and, worst of all, from the betting men. It seems a pity that the last-named are allowed to ply their trade at amateur sports, but in the present state of the law, I fail to see how they can be stopped. The in and out racing of more than one rider in the neighbourhood of London, this year, suggests that "Mr. Arrangement" has been present. There are a few men racing now whose amateurism cannot be questioned, but at the same time, I should be very sorry to see a son of mine adopt cycle racing on the path as his hobby. A good class youngster would start well, but he would have to be very strong-minded if he could resist the temptations to which he would certainly be subjected if he raced regularly. "Evil communications corrupt good manners"—at least, we were taught so when I was at school, and I don't think things, in this respect, have changed since those far-off days. But if any of my young friends would enjoy

an honest sport I would recommend them to go in for racing on the road, and join one of the chief road clubs. The road racer is, *malgré lui,*

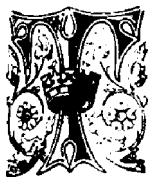
COMPELLED TO BE AN AMATEUR,

because he has no opportunity of making anything out of his riding. The trade in the old days did throw its fell influence over road racing, and scotched it for a time, but it has risen, Phœnix-like, from its ashes, and now provides the only real sport connected with cycling. Excepting in some very rare cases, the prizes are only of nominal value, while the races, which are rarely shorter than fifty miles, are decided over lonely routes where they do not interfere with the other users of the road, and are run on the time test. That is, there is an interval of five minutes between each competitor, and pacing will subject a man to disqualification, while even "hanging on" to another competitor is strictly forbidden. Again, every precaution is taken to prevent the name of the maker of the winning machine becoming public property; indeed, save the actual result of the race, no details appear in either the cycling or public press. Now, what is the result? A road-racing man must necessarily be one who races for the love of the thing. His expenses, too, are far heavier than is the case with the path-racer, especially should a record be attempted, when, though against the dictum of the National Cyclists' Union, to whom he owes no allegiance, he considers it a point of honour to pay the out-of-pocket expenses of his fellow club-mates who turn out to render him such assistance as following up with a spare machine, seeing to his feeding arrangements, &c. There is also a strong social side to all our road clubs, hence considerable care is exercised in the election of members. I fear I may be considered unduly prejudiced in favour of what is undoubtedly, in the strict letter of the law, an illegal practice, but for the last three or four years there has not been a single complaint in the respective districts where the recognised road clubs held their competitions, although where the use of the same roads was abused the police were our most deadly enemies. To sum up, I think I have fully shown that while genuine cycling sport flourishes on the road, on the track, though not quite non-existent, it is almost swamped by "business" considerations.

NATURALISTS' CORNER



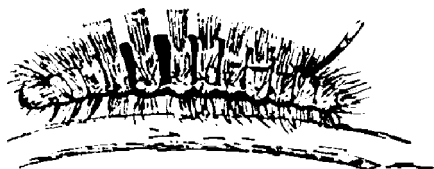
CONDUCTED BY
EDWARD STEP. F.L.S.



REE FROG, &c.—In answer to "Tree Frog" (Malvern), (1) I should think the tree frog would do very well in a larva breeding cage, provided you supply it with a growing plant in a pot, and a pan of clean water, so that he

can climb the one and moisten his skin in the other. (2) I am sorry my acquaintance with the mollusca of the French coasts is not sufficient to enable me to determine the species of your *Tellina* from a brief description.

Name of Caterpillar.—Dorothy G. sends me a beautiful caterpillar for identification. It is an inch and a half long, of a pale green colour, covered with curved yellow hairs, whilst on its back stand up four brushes of stiff yellow hairs. These brushes are separated by slashes of rich black, and minute black dots and a few short black lines are scattered over its sides. Just in front of the tail



HOP-DOG—NATURAL SIZE.

is a curved plume of dull red. This caterpillar, Dorothy, is generally known as the Hop Dog. It is the larva of the Pale Tussock Moth (*Dasychira pudibunda*). It feeds on various trees, such as oak, hazel, lime, and sweet chestnut. The specimen you sent was just beginning to spin a little silken tent in which to change to a hairy chrysalis, in which condition it will remain until next May, when I shall expect to see a brown-banded, grey-winged moth emerge. I am sorry to tell you that it is not the rarity you supposed, the caterpillar being quite common, though the moth is seen less frequently.

Book on Birds, &c.—In reply to "Shooter" (Lancaster), who asks (1) for name of a "first-class natural history, specially referring to birds," I would recommend *British Birds*, written by several authorities and giving large figures of all the species by F. W. Frohawk. It is published by F. Warne and Co., in 6 vols., at £3 12s. This is the book for your purpose, but if you merely desire a small volume, get Saunders' *Handbook of British*

Birds (Gurney and Jackson). (2) You do not say whether your tortoise is the land or freshwater species. The food and habits of each are quite different. There have been several replies in recent CAPTAINS dealing with both. Kindly look these up. (3) Lists of my books sent by post as desired.

Weedy Paths.—The garden walks of W. A. Adams (Edinburgh) are "gye bad" with weeds, and he wishes to know of a good killer. The weeding-knife and hand-picking is the best remedy, but salt strewn on the affected parts in dry weather (if we ever again get dry weather) has good results. It should be remembered, however, that salt is also a fertiliser, and strong rooted weeds that are able to survive a strong application may be invigorated by the same salt when rain has weakened it. The gardening papers contain advertisements of several special preparations for the purpose. Among these are "Weedicide" (Thames Chemical Co., 50 Fenchurch Street, London), "Climax" weed killer (Boundary Chemical Co., Liverpool), "Thanatos" (Silicate Co., Hemel Hempstead), Harrison's "Reliable" (118 Broad Street, Reading). These are all of good repute. Care must be taken in applying any of them to keep clear of turf edgings, as they are destructive to grass as well as to weeds.

Ferret.—"P. J." (Aberdeen) gives me dimensions of the hutch in which he keeps his ferret, and wishes to know if I think he will winter successfully so far north if kept outside. The ferret is a native of Africa, and I fear that it is not likely to stand a northern winter out of doors. Can you not accommodate his hutch in some shed or outhouse? The dimensions of hutch are satisfactory. Great cleanliness and proper feeding are of the highest importance if you wish to keep your ferret healthy. It is a carnivorous beast; and you should make arrangements with your local poulterer to save you the heads from freshly-killed fowls, &c. To this add rats, mice, scraps of raw meat, &c., and plenty of clean water. The sleeping compartment should be thickly carpeted with peat-moss litter, frequently changed, and on this fresh straw and wood-shavings for the bed. I fear your description of the sore places on your ferret's back indicates "scab." Anoint the sores with a mixture of equal parts of Spratt's Mange Lotion and Glycerine. I cannot do better than ad

wise you to study *Ferrets and Ferreting* (L. Upcott Gill, 1s.).

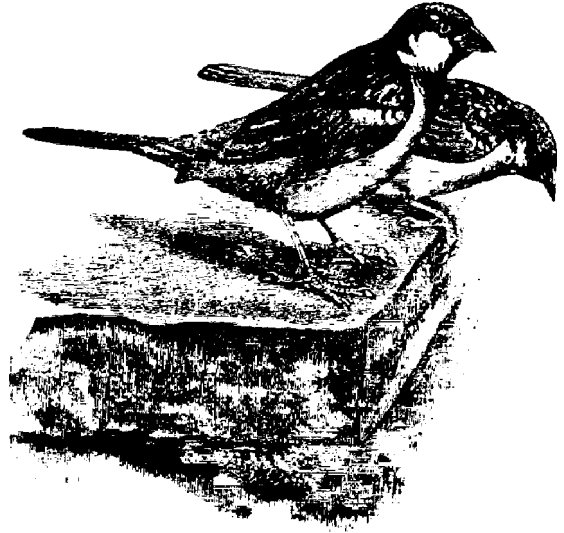
Book on Wild Flowers.—The book required by C. J. Fearfield (Nottingham) is my *Wayside and Woodland Blossoms*, but, unfortunately, it is at present out of print. You could almost certainly borrow it from one of the town libraries.

Maidenhair Fern.—"Lover of Books" (Battersea) wishes to know (1) how to keep maidenhair ferns in a room. That is quite a simple matter, though many make a difficulty of it. The pot should have a good thick layer of bits of broken pot at the bottom to secure efficient drainage, and then be filled with a mixture of fibrous peat, loam, and silver sand. The soil must be kept moist, but no water should be allowed to remain in the saucer. They should not be kept in a room where much gas is burnt, as this causes the foliage to turn brown and shrivel; neither can they endure a draught. Most of the failures to grow these beautiful ferns in rooms are due to the practice of standing them in front of windows with the bottom sash raised. The draught thus caused is bad for most plants—especially so for maidenhair fern. (2) I dare say there is a boy's club or guild in your neighbourhood where your CAPTAIN numbers would be welcomed; if not, they would probably be acceptable at the Free Library.

Jerboas.—J. B. I. Mackay (Cheltenham) has several queries relating to the Egyptian Jerboa. I have never kept Jerboas, but if I did I think I should accommodate them much on the lines adopted for fancy mice, allowing, of course, for their larger size. A cage constructed on the plan of the mouse cage should suit them (they are really members of the mouse family). The question whether the sleeping chamber should be on the level or above the "living room" is a matter of individual taste. I do not think the Jerboas are likely to have a preference. I should not put Jerboas and Squirrels together: I fancy the Jerboas would suffer. In a state of nature they live upon leaves, roots, and seeds; so that with oats, corn, maize, nuts, apple, carrot, and the leaves of garden vegetables, you can easily provide them with a well varied dietary. I am not aware of their breeding in this country; neither do I know of any hand-book on their care and management.

Sparrows.—J. Digby (Catford) asks my opinion on the great Sparrow question: are they useful or destructive in gardens? Fierce battles have been fought over the Sparrow, and there are many people, especially among gardeners, who think that the most intense black is the only colour in which to paint his portrait. Naturally he is a seed-eater, but he has become civilised, and all sorts of fare is acceptable to him. I should imagine that a Sparrow never dies from starvation, and as he has learned to find his meals even in crowded city roadways, he flourishes more than any other bird.

As an amateur gardener I am sure that he does a good deal of damage; but as a naturalist I feel equally certain that he does far more good than harm. Shoot him in autumn or winter, and you will probably find his crop largely occupied by seeds, not entirely valuable seeds. But when there is a young family in the nest—and there nearly always



HOUSE SPARROWS.

is a young family—the crop is mostly distended with insects, for it is upon insects that the young are chiefly reared. There are people who are willing to receive favours, but who grudge to make any return. I fear many gardeners are of this stamp; they are painfully aware of the damage done by many of their wild friends, but resolutely shut their eyes to the valuable services rendered by the same creatures.

Query as to Skylark.—Miss Veitch (Neville's Cross) wishes to know whether skylarks ever sit on railings? I should not like to say dogmatically of any animal that it *never* does such and such a thing; but so far as I have observed the skylark it is not addicted to perching. It is mainly occupied in soaring into the heavens and walking through the grass. I suppose this question has been asked because some one has heard that a skylark was seen sitting on a railing, and some one else has said "Impossible!" So I have been elected as referee. Without going so far as saying "Impossible!" I would suggest an error in identification. The woodlark, that sings whilst perched on the branches of trees, is more likely to be seen sitting on a railing than is the skylark.

All about Dogs.—There is no mistaking the liberal views entertained by readers as to what is covered by the description "naturalist." Here is

A. H. E. Jones (Woodford), who wishes to take up the breeding, rearing, and training of dogs—evidently on business lines—and wishes me to put him in the right way. Well, I think that a business can only be satisfactorily learned from a man actually in it, and that I have never been. A certain part of the work comes within the range of the veterinary surgeon, and on this head I should consult a "vet." in your own neighbourhood. In regard to books, there is a pretty extensive literature devoted to dogs. Here are the titles of a few:—*The Dog*, by "Stonehenge" (F. Warne and Co.); *All About Dogs*, by C. H. Lane (John Lane); *British Dogs Ancient and Modern*, by Hugh Dalziel (L. Upcott Gill); *Breaking and Training Dogs*, by "Pathfinder" (Gill); *Diseases of Dogs*, by H. Dalziel (Gill); *Kennel Management*, by W. D. Drury (Gill), &c. Then a good deal of interest each week will be found in *The Kennel News*, *The Field*, *Land and Water*, and *The Bazaar*. Read also Darwin's *Origin of Species and Variations of Animals and Plants* (J. Murray). All these things will certainly help you to an intelligent knowledge of the subject; but this is as far as I can go. When you have assimilated the literature, seek the aid of a practical breeder.

Mongoose.—In answer to Douglas Johnstone (Dumfries), the Mongoose is a carnivorous beast and "death on rats" and other small mammals; it also feeds on birds, reptiles, and the larger insects. Your butcher or poulterer would, no doubt, keep you supplied with odds and ends for a trifle. It does not object to cooked food, so the waste from the table may be utilised, but whether cooked or raw it will refuse anything tainted, so only fresh food should be offered to it. If you are at all troubled by rats or mice a trap would help you to solve any difficulty about food supply. An occasional egg will be appreciated.

Skeleton Leaves.—"T. G. B." (Liscard) asks for a method of skeletonising leaves, and for a suggestion as to the best subjects. Almost any leaf may be tried, and the greater the variety the better will be the results; but those of trees and shrubs will be found the best, as the fibres forming the skeleton of these are firmer. Some leaves, as those of the oak, elm, and birch, contain chemical elements which greatly retard the decomposition of their soft tissues, and so make the process a long one. Begin on lime, maple, sycamore, plane, poplar, or holly, selecting full-sized, perfect, and mature leaves, and lay them in flower-pot-saucers of rain-water, out of doors where they will be exposed to the sunshine. After about a week examine them daily; those that appear soft should be carefully removed by slipping a piece of stiff note-paper or thin card beneath. Place in a saucer of clean water, and with a soft paste-brush carefully remove all the soft matter. Wash in gently running water, and if it is desired to bleach the skeletons,

give them a further bath of water in which a very small quantity of chloride of lime has been dissolved previously. As soon as sufficiently bleached the skeletons must be removed and washed in running water, then dried between blotting paper and pressed.

Museum Assistant.—A. H. Brett (Loughborough) has biological tastes and would like to get on the staff of a museum. To my knowledge there are large numbers of young naturalists who have similar ambitions, and the Natural History Department of the British Museum is the principal goal aimed at. To enter it is necessary first of all to get a nomination from one of the trustees of the B.M. That secured, the nominee has to submit to an examination, which is, I believe, the usual Civil Service examination modified to suit the special requirements of museum work. But everything turns on your being able to secure a trustee's nomination, for which, of course, family or friendly influence is necessary.

Microscopical.—In answer to R. Williams (Putney), (1) I cannot undertake to answer queries relating to the optics and mechanics of microscopy, but will always do my best to give information on the natural history side of it. (2) You should have little difficulty in obtaining *Coleps hirtus*, as it is tolerably plentiful in well-established ponds among the duck-weed that covers the surface.

Lizards Hibernating.—Yes, E. J. Solomon (W. Kensington), in common with most of the reptiles, lizards in late autumn seek some sheltered crevice, where, among dead leaves, they can sleep away the cold winter months. You do not say in what kind of a house or cage you keep your lizards, but wherever it may be it should be put away into some cool but frost-proof room, where unusual warmth will not disturb the sleeper. Some dry moss covered with pieces of virgin cork should provide a suitable retirement for them.

Tortoise in Winter.—We have already given several answers on this point in recent issues, and must refer M. G. D. (Aberdeen) to them. There is no necessity to take tortoises indoors for the winter, for, if the ground is turned up in a sheltered corner of the garden, they will bury themselves there and sleep comfortably until returning warmth awakens them.

Query as to Snake.—"Bunnie" (Eastbourne) asks for information about a "Spanish Glass Snake," which he has been feeding on snails. I do not recognise the name, which is probably a fancy one coined by the dealer. Anyway, "Bunnie" need not be alarmed because "he hasn't eaten anything for nearly a week." Snakes differ from boys and some other creatures in the fact that they are not always ready for a meal. Try him with a small live frog or mouse, which you will find more in his line than snails, and one such meal in two or three weeks will suffice.

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

Last day for sending in, February 18th.

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:—

Competition No. —, Class —, Name —,
Address —, Age —.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete, 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.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Write only on one side of the paper.

You may send as many "tries" for each competition as you like, but each "try" must be sent in a separate envelope.

Address envelopes and postcards as follows:—
Competition No. —, Class —, THE CAPTAIN,
12 Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by Feb. 18th.

The Results will be published in April.

AGE RULE: A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 25 competition, so long as he has not actually turned 26. The same rule applies to all the other age limits.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

No. 1.—The "C. A. C."—Form an athletic Cabinet to meet once a month and discuss affairs of an athletic nature, settle disputes, &c. The following are the twelve vacancies to be filled in

THE "CAPTAIN" ATHLETIC CABINET.

President
Minister of Cricket
Minister of Football
Minister of Sports
Minister of Hockey
Minister of Net Games
Minister of Swimming
Minister of Cycling
Minister of Gymnastics
Referee-in-Chief
Handicapper-in-Chief
Secretary to Cabinet

No age limit. 1st Prize, a Two Guinea "Crocket" Phonograph; 2nd Prize, a 12s. 6d. Sandow Developer; 3rd Prize, a Gradidge Football. (See THE CAPTAIN Prizes Page.)

No. 2.—"Portrait Competition."—This is a

competition for photographers. Send a portrait (your own work, of course) of a boy or girl, full-length, or head and shoulders. Prizes: Six Photograph Albums "Sunny Memories," handsomely bound, to contain about 150 Prints of all sizes. Two to each class. (See THE CAPTAIN Prizes Page.)

- Class I. Age limit: Twenty-five.
- Class II. Age limit: Twenty.
- Class III. Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 3.—"Change of Name."—If you had to change your name, what name would you prefer to have in its place? I have no doubt that the majority of you are well satisfied with your names, but you must imagine, please, that an Act of Parliament has been passed compelling every one in the country to change his or her name to something else. You are also to imagine that you have got to alter your Christian names. Write your full name and address on a post-card, and then put underneath: If I had to change my name I should prefer it to be

The Competition Editor will award the prize—A New Columbia Graphophone, as illustrated on THE CAPTAIN Prizes Page—to the sender of what he considers the happiest change.

One Age limit Twenty-one.

No. 4.—"Drawing of a Chair."—For the three best sketches of any sort of chair, in pen, pencil, or colours, we will award Six Hockey Sticks, by the City Sale and Exchange; two in each class (See THE CAPTAIN Prizes page.)

- Class I. Age limit: Twenty-three.
- Class II. Age limit: Eighteen.
- Class III. Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 5.—"People who Read My 'Captain.'"—Of course we know (to our sorrow!) that THE CAPTAIN is largely lent; in fact, one copy of THE CAPTAIN often goes all round a small school. With a view to ascertaining how wide a publicity THE CAPTAIN attains in this way, we will award a Half-Guinea Set of Hobbies' Fretwork Outfit, one to each class, and Six All Cane Hockey Sticks (supplied by Cook's Athletic Company) to the next six best competitors who send the longest lists of names and addresses of people by whom their CAPTAIN is read. (See THE CAPTAIN Prizes Page)

- Class I. Age limit: Twenty-five.
- Class II. Age limit: Twenty.
- Class III. Age limit: Fifteen.

No. 6.—"A Competition for Mothers." Particulars of this will be found in the "Editorial" page 479. No Age limit.

"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 "W. Bee," "Ciq," and "Jack L." Each prize-winner is requested to forward his present address, and at the same time to select a book.

Luck.

"SUPERSTITION dies hard," says somebody. We know it does. Why don't people tell us something new, something we haven't heard of before? or else tell us nothing at all! We all know that a horse-shoe in a house is supposed to bring good luck. But do we all believe it? I for one have lost all faith in the wonderful powers such a bent piece of iron is said to possess. We had one in our house once, but father trod on it in the dark with his bare feet, and it brought anything but peace and good-luck to our family circle. I think father must have mistaken it for a boomerang, because he nearly demolished the house by throwing the thing about. And yet there are scores of people who fancy that nothing but good can come by keeping such an article in the house. Perhaps they don't leave it on the floor. I never was a firm believer in the methods usually employed by superstitious persons to bring about good luck. The way I disregard the warnings of well-disposed relatives, by refusing to pick up every horse-shoe or pin I see in the street, has caused me to be looked upon as a downright reckless person, and I am always being lectured in consequence. Walking under a ladder, they say, is sure to bring misfortune in its wake to the unlucky person who happens to commit this foolish act. So, one day, I took to heart the warnings of an aunt of mine, and stepped off the pavement to avoid passing under one. A bicycle happened to be going by at the time, and when some sympathetic bystanders had extracted me from the wreck I made a vow that I would thenceforth walk under every ladder I could find. Some people pretend to think that it is unlucky to

start any enterprise on a Friday, and so they have an excuse for a day's holiday, or rest. Others think that thirteen is an unlucky number, and, if they are shopkeepers, they proceed to label their goods with a ticket announcing the fact that 14s. is the price of them. How they get such ideas into their heads completely baffles me. I can understand the savage, surrounded, as he is, with the weird and mysterious sounds



MILTON'S HOUSE, NEAR HARROW.
Photo by E. King Fordham.

which echo through the jungle, becoming superstitious, but I fail to see why the people of this civilised and enlightened country should connect a black cat with luck (good or otherwise). I have just been reading in the paper about a gentleman who was going on a journey. He wanted to make his will before he went, but his wife wouldn't let him, on the grounds that it would bring him ill luck. The man got killed, and in consequence his wife was left penniless somehow. I suppose the money went to a society for the prevention of cruelty to cricketers or some such philanthropic institution. As I have said before, I have no faith in such fancies of good luck being insured by old horse-shoes and what not. This desirable possession will only be

gained by him who rises early and digs for it, and not by the one who hangs a horse-shoe behind the door and goes to sleep happy in the belief that that old hoss's footgear will ward off all manner of ill-luck evermore! W. BEE.



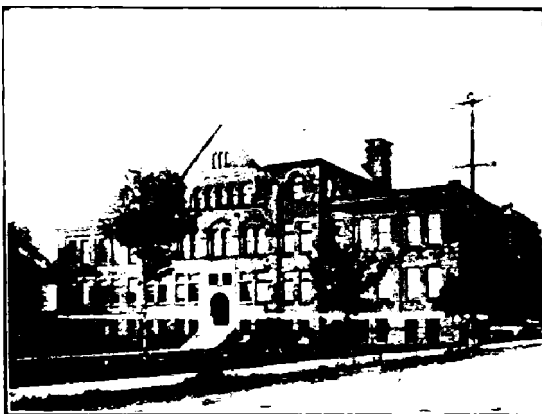
THE CATTLE MARKET, NEWPORT, ISLE OF WIGHT.
By Herbert Grapes.

A Peregrine Falcon's Eyrie.



purple moorland stretches away from our feet in gentle curves, then vanishes abruptly where the sheer granite cliff rises from the breakers far below.

Cautiously our party, consisting of M—, Joe the fisherman, and myself, advance to the brink and peer over. Far below us a pair of ducks rise quacking from the rocks and hurry seawards; suddenly a grey spot darts from the precipice on our right. It is a peregrine falcon, and somewhere on one of those narrow ledges are



WESTMOUNT ACADEMY, WESTMOUNT, MONTREAL,
WHERE SEVERAL OF OUR CANADIAN READERS ARE
AT SCHOOL.

By K. Dowie, Montreal.

her eggs, the object of our search. But we scan the face of the cliff in vain. We retire among the gorse to the left to wait and watch. For

half an hour our patience is unrewarded, then suddenly the falcon shoots from the sky and takes a turn to see if we remain. Then she darts across and settles on a narrow ledge. I keep the glass upon her. For a moment she stands motionless, then, stooping down, she creeps along the ledge, two feet in width, and disappears behind a tuft of brambles. We hurry round to get a better view, and see her crouching upon her eggs, for nest there is none save a hollow in the earth that covers the ledge. A crowbar is driven into the ground, and the first rope is put under M—'s shoulders, while the second is made fast to a boulder at one end and then flung over the edge. At last, with a harsh "kek, kek," the falcon rises and swoops



A TYPICAL STREET IN THE ARABIC QUARTERS OF
ALGIERS. IN THE FOREGROUND IS A NATIVE
WOMAN GOING SHOPPING.

By Walter R. Rose.

over our heads, threatening to attack M— as he slowly makes his way down the precipice. Inequalities in the rock, tufts of grass, and narrow ledges afford him a foothold, and at last he stands safely upon the ledge. The three eggs are safely packed in cotton wool, and the ascent begins. From a point where I can watch M—, I call to Joe, "Haul up," "Haul up." Joe repeats, "Steady," "Steady," as some projecting rock is passed, till at last M—'s face appears over the brink, and he steps into safety.

"COLLECTOR."

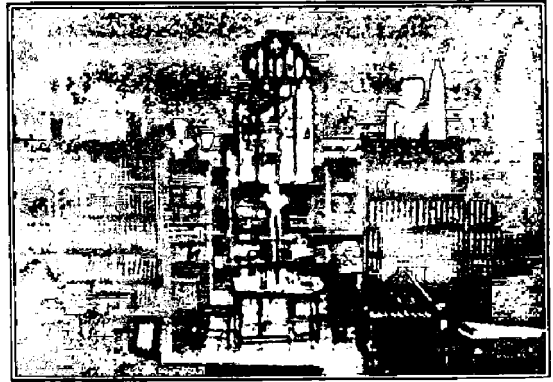
Picture Postcards.

OF all hobbies none is so popular as picture-postcard collecting. From the point of view of one who has collected stamps and postcards, the latter are far more fascinating and instructive. There are three great groups of postcards in colour, black and white, or plain photographic reproduction—views, pictures, and "photo and type" cards. The first-named form the chief element in most collections, and from the educational side are invaluable. A boy learns far more of a city when its streets and buildings are portrayed on favourite P.C.'s, and involuntarily enquires where such and such a little bit of picturesque scenery is situated, thus dispensing with the geography book. Articles of attire and quaint utensils before only names become realities when one sees the likeness of a real "Roumanian Peasant," or "Aged Kaffir Woman." Through one of the many exchange clubs now organised the collector may obtain these and any other kind of foreign postcard, but, to the mind of the writer, "types" are best of all. Posted in far-off lands, and printed by strange brown fingers, representing, as they do, the offspring of some curious race, these cards transport the mind of the beholder from the realms of easy-chair and album to lands of snow and sunshine, veldt and valley. In addition, there are photographs of our English actors and actresses, writers and statesmen, all worthy of a special album. Indeed, postcards show to far better advantage when arranged separately, according to their different subjects—ordinary pictures from designs by Louis Wain to reproductions of Hassall posters, all alone; views divided into their respective countries, side by side, and so on. It is true that cards are at present worth no more than their cost and postage, but, some day, if the craze increases, out-of-the-way specimens are sure to be valuable. The fortunate possessor of the "Portuguese Indian Diamond Jubilee Celebration Card" may revel in the fact some twenty years hence. "The Bavarian Officials" may prove small fortunes to their owners. Ciq.

Photography on Silk.

IN a recent number of THE CAPTAIN there appeared an article on "How to Print a Photo on a Handkerchief." The following may be of interest to readers of THE CAPTAIN who are photographers:—Pour 20oz. of boiling water on 10grns. of chloride of ammonium and 60grns of Iceland moss. When nearly cold, filter, and immerse the silk in it for 15mins. To sensitize, immerse the silk in a 20gn. solution of nitrate of silver for 16mins. Let the nitrate

lath be rather acid. When dry, prepare for printing by attaching the silk to a piece of cardboard a little smaller than itself, by turning the edge over and fastening with small pieces of gum-paper, slightly over print. Wash in two or three changes of water, and tone in a bath made thus :



SHERBORNE SCHOOL LIBRARY.
Taken by a Sherborne "Brownie."

—29oz. of water, 2drms. acetate of soda, 4grns. chloride of gold, and a few grains of whiting. Filter and keep for 24hrs. before using. Let the prints be toned slightly bluer than they are required to be when finished. Rinse them in



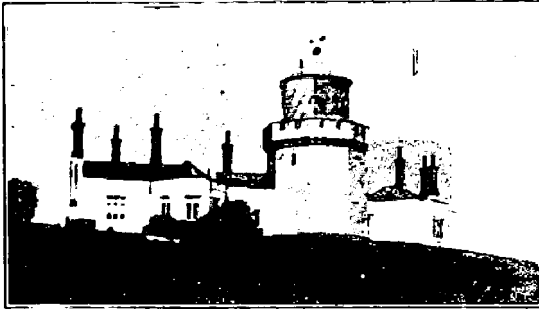
WEST GATE, CANTERBURY.

This famous gateway was built by Archbishop Simon, of Sudbury, in 1380, and when the High Street was being widened it was suggested that the West Gate be pulled down. Then some one thought of the idea of making the road round to the left, and so it is to-day, as will be seen in the photo by J. O'Neill.

water and fix in a solution of hypo., 4oz. to the pint of water. 20mins. is ample time for fixing. Wash well. JAMES STEWART (Glasgow).

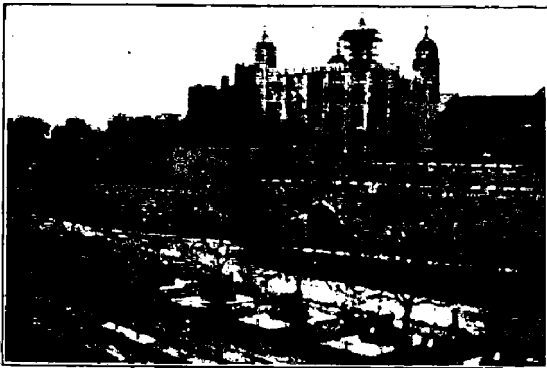
Talyllyn, North Wales.

MANY of Nature's most beautiful spots are destined, by some far-seeing Providence, to occupy Nature's most out-of-the-way corners. So it is with Talyllyn, North Wales. Far away from the "madding crowd," from city and from town, from crush and from crowd, from tram and



THE FAMOUS SOUTH FORELAND LIGHTHOUSE.
By John Garrido.

from train, nestling between the multi-coloured sided mountains, lies Talyllyn Lake, peeping shyly unto the world like an infant from its cot! The beauty of the spot is superb, colossal! We look upon nature, we converse with nature, we stand in the midst of nature—and wonder! Grim, stern Cader Idris frowns down upon us, a formidable, silent sentinel, guarding its precious charge! In summer the sun's rays transform the face of the placid water into a thousand merry, mysterious, dancing colours.



MOUNTED GUNS AT THE TOWER OF LONDON.
By Herman W. Cutbill.

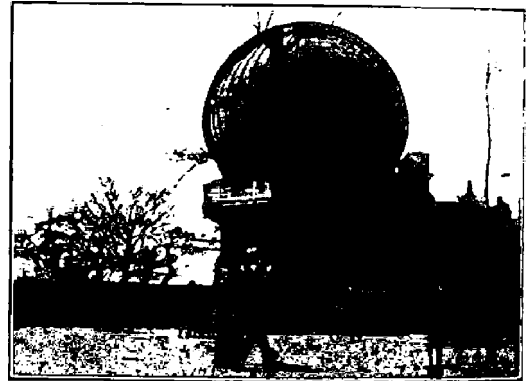
Even surly Cader smiles. We wander round the lake, admiring the wondrous beauty of the magnificent panorama spread before us, then suddenly diverge into a mountain path, 'midst the bramble and the bracken. Our hearts are gladdened, and we shout for sheer joy.

The scene is changed. Winter comes, and sullen Cader looks down upon the ice-bound

water from underneath its snow-capped head. The picture is vast, grand, majestic! We stand in awe, as if before some great and terrible monarch—small, mean, and petty! Blessed nature!
"GENERAL."

A Wireless Telegraphist.

GENERALLY speaking, Signor Marconi is spoken of as the inventor of wireless telegraphy, but the real inventor was a Scotchman—James Bowman Lindsay. He was born at Carnylie, a few miles from Dundee, in the year 1799, his father being a weaver of that village. He attended college at St. Andrews, working as a weaver during the recess. Some time after this he removed to Dundee to a small room near the docks. In the year 1835 he installed in this room the electric light. This was the first use of electricity for lighting purposes. Nineteen years later he patented an invention for telegraphing without



THE DOME AT GREENWICH OBSERVATORY.
Photo by "Know All."

wires, and experimented at Portsmouth and London with his apparatus. In 1859, he telegraphed across the Tay at Glencarse, and afterwards read a paper on this subject before the British Association at Aberdeen. He had to economise in every way to buy wire and material for his experiments. Every battery used had to be made by himself, and he had even to insulate his wires. In one of his experiments he had five miles of wire. This meant years of skimping—denying himself everything save the bare necessities of life. One can only wonder what marvel he would have accomplished had he lived to continue his experiments. He died at the age of 63 in the midst of compiling a dictionary in fifty languages.
JACK L.

[My readers may remember that the honour claimed for Lindsay belongs to Sir Oliver Lodge, according to Prof. Silvanus Thompson.—Ed.]



THE CATAPULT.

A weapon used in the twelfth century for attacking, or, placed on a tower, for defending a fortress. The box uppermost in the illustration is weighted with large stones, which pull the shaft down when the operator releases the thin end, upon which is a bag of leather containing the missile, which is thrown in a similar manner as from a sling.



12 BURLINGHAM STREET,
STRAND, LONDON.

"Howlers" are always mirth-provoking, and those entered for the competition which we recently set on this subject, kept the Competition Editor chuckling all one afternoon. Latin and French "howlers" (I see from the list which has been prepared for me to quote from) were sent in as well as English ones, and in connection with the first-named class there arrived quite the best "howler" I have ever come across, "splendide mendax" being glibly translated as "*lying in state*"! Another earnest student of the Latin tongue was asked for the derivation of "Pontifex." "It is derived," said he, "from *pons*, a bridge, and means the Chief Priest, just as we say *Archbishop*." It was probably a boy in the same class who, with his head full of pontifical matters, informed an astonished form-master a little later on that "a vacuum was the place where the Pope lived." Touching other matters Roman, a boy was desired to explain who Titus was. His face lit up, and there came an intelligent sparkle into his eyes as he made answer: "Titus was a Roman General. He wrote the Epistle to the Hebrews." "Indeed!" said the form-master, "can you tell me anything else about him?" "Yes, sir," returned the boy, promptly and eagerly, "*his other name was Oates*." Whereupon uprose a laugh such as old Stentor might have given.

We all remember certain biblical and historical personages by certain curious deeds or speeches. For example, none of us can forget the sad case of the English king who died from surfeiting himself with lampreys, simply because "lampreys" is an unusual word which sticks in the memory. The name "Rider Haggard" stands out memorably because it is a peculiar one; the same may be

said of *Æsop*, another author. Again, every boy-student of the Old Testament has a vivid recollection of the little transaction between Jacob and Esau, when the latter was filled with a craving for food. Sometimes, however, a confusion of ideas and memories contributes to a sad mixing up of facts. "Who was Esau?" was once a question on an examination paper which elicited this reply: "Esau was a man who wrote fables, and who sold the copyright to a publisher for a bottle of potash." It might not be out of place if I repeated here another strange biographical jumble which I quoted in *THE CAPTAIN* some years ago. In this case the question ran: "Who was Sir Isaac Newton?" and one of the candidates (a girl, this time) took up her pen and wrote: "Sir Isaac Newton was the greatest orator and statesman England ever produced. His greatest oratorio is called 'The Messiah.'"

It is not often that a student of the Gallic tongue picks a phrase to pieces and translates it so literally as did the boy who rendered "So woebegone!" in French as: "Si triste, allez-vous en!" Turning to "howlers" of the General Knowledge paper type, I find that a "mosquito" was once described as "a child of black and white parents," and that a "volcano" was represented by a certain intelligent youth (probably about the time of the Boer War) as "a hole in the ground out of which come smoke and ashes and stuff they call 'laager.'" Presumably it was whilst struggling with a General Knowledge paper that a boy declared "saccharine" to be "a kind of hair-oil which the Israelites used when anointing their kings and rulers." This gentleman, however, was hardly more nebulous in his ideas than the scholar who wrote: "The Sublime Porte is a rich, rare old wine; it comes from Constanti-

people." Evidently he recollected in a vague sort of way that the Turkish government was called the "Porte," but he also knew that there was a wine with a name having exactly the same sound. Hence his ingenious compromise! The word "invincible," uttered in a slovenly manner, was certainly hovering in the brain of a boy who wrote: "Sir Walter Raleigh was just playing golf when the *invincible* Armada came in sight." (Pictures of the historic occasion represent Sir Walter playing with somewhat large *golf*-balls, methinks!) Galileo, we know, was an astronomer, but I never knew (before this competition was set) that he "*washed* the stars by night." A cold job, pore feller! They've twinkled all the better for it ever since, apparently. "The chief parts of an insect," wrote an Indian student, in a natural science exam., "are the head, thorax, and abdomen, and the last contains the vowels a, e, i, o, u, and sometimes w and y." He did not mention when the eccentric insect he referred to decided to wear his two extra "vowels." He left it to the imagination of the examiner.

I am thoroughly convinced that the majority of the "howlers" submitted for this competition were thoroughly genuine, simply because they were too clever to have been manufactured, but I have my suspicions of the authenticity of the last one on my list. The question was: "Say what you know of Henry VIII." And the reply begins: "Henry VIII. was the greatest widower that ever lived." Well, it is possible that some Fourth Form boy once wrote that, and firmly believed it. He was right, too, for Henry VIII.'s claim to the title can only be challenged by Bluebeard, who has no real *status quo*, being only a fairy tale widower. However, let us proceed with the answer: "He was born at Anno Domini in the year 1066. He had 510 wives, besides children. The first was beheaded and executed; the second revoked." It is at this juncture that our suspicion deepens to absolute conviction that Miss Maud Sanderson, who sent this "howler," was having a joke with us on her own account. And so we read on, and at last reach the concluding statement to the effect that "Henry VIII. was succeeded by his grandmother, the beautiful and accomplished Mary Queen of Scots, sometimes known as the Lady of the Lake or the Lay of the Last Minstrel" . . . Oh, fie, Miss Sanderson, fie! Fancy trying to "spoo" the poor, worried Competition Editor with such a howling howler as that!

"A Competition for Mothers."

A Cheltenham lady, after making certain remarks about THE CAPTAIN which bring a blush to my withered cheek, suggests that we should have a competition for Mothers. Very well; I agree readily. I want Mothers to send me a letter on the subject of "What School Does for a Boy." I want them to give me their confidence and to write from their hearts. Their observations on the subject should be very valuable. To the sender of the best letter I shall award A HANDSOME WORK-BASKET (one of those that stand on legs by one's chair), and to the senders of the next six best letters, autographed copies of "J. O. Jones." The letters should be written only *on one side of the paper*, and should not exceed 400 words in length.

"Captain" Prize Competitions:

"Penn," a reader who started with our first number, has been comparing the prizes offered for competition in Volume I. with those in Volume IX. Here is the result of his labours:—

It might interest readers of THE CAPTAIN to know that in the first volume there were 121 successful competitors, while in the volume most recently completed—No. IX.—155 readers received prizes.

In Volume I., 97 prize-winners resided in England, 14 in Scotland, 5 in Ireland, 3 in Wales, and 1 abroad; there was also 1 incomplete address.

In Volume IX., 117 successful competitors lived in England, 18 in Scotland, 2 in Ireland, 6 in Wales, 1 in the Channel Isles, 10 in the Colonies, and 1 abroad. This shows a fairly general increase, though it may be noticed that the number of winners in Ireland has decreased in Volume IX, while those abroad remain as in Volume I.

The following articles were given away as prizes in Volume I.:—£90 9s. divided as several prizes, 1 camera, 6 fountain pens, 1 silver watch, 1 clock, 6 stamp albums, and 1 gold brooch.

In Volume IX. the prizes were more numerous and varied, as will be seen by the list given below.

No fewer than 4 bicycles, of different makes, 1 going to Birmingham, 1 to Glasgow, 1 to Hassocks, and 1 to Talgarth, Wales. £5 5s. 6d. divided up into several prizes, 6 sets of boxing gloves (4 to the set), no fewer than 36 cameras, 3 fountain pens, 5 sets of drawing materials, 26 cricket bats, 1 solid silver watch, 4 photograph outfits, 11 Sandow's developers, 28 printing outfits, 12 post-card albums, and 2 tennis rackets.

There were 31 competitors who received "Consolation Prizes" in Volume I., compared with 115 in Volume IX.; while 765 readers were classed under "Honourable Mention" in the first volume, to 934 in the ninth. Also 17 competitors in the first volume received the honour of being "Very highly commended."

Finally, 17 books by CAPTAIN authors were presented to budding poets, artists, and authors, who

contributed to the C.C. pages in Volume IX. This attractive "Corner" did not exist in the first volume.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Motor.—Certainly the motor-car business is a good one to take up. I do not know of any firm which would receive you as an apprentice, but should advise you to look through "The Car," and other motoring papers, and see whether any firms are advertising for pupils. Posts of this sort are nearly always obtained by private recommendation. Tell all your motoring friends what you wish to do, and no doubt one of them will be able to help you.

An Australian Girl-Reader tells me that there never was such a tale as the "Long 'Un." They used to fight for the CAPTAIN in her house when it arrived in order to read about Jim and Koko. I must tell the author this. If "An A. G. R." had seen him perspiring over some of the monthly instalments she would have felt real sorry for him, poor chap! "Ernest Brown" writes

be a breach of trust if she told her parents. I advise Edie to tell her brother that, much as she desires to keep faith with him, if he persists in his intention of running away, she will be compelled, for his own good, to tell Papa and Mamma what is brewing in his mind. No doubt they will agree to his going to sea when they know how "set" on it he is.

Porangi Potae.—Many of the incidents in "Tales of Greyhouse" are drawn from life—buying tuck at "Mother Cadby's," for instance. I agree that the "Top Room" is unduly lugubrious. In book-form, however, the tale is altered, and ends humorously. Thanks for the illustrated paper and your good wishes.

City Clerk.—I know nothing whatever about the company you speak of. I should very much doubt their ability to get you a post of £5 a week after six months' tuition. If you want a little sound advice, send a letter and stamped envelope to Mr. E. Leman, Advertisement Department, CAPTAIN office.

"The Pages," the old Brackleians' chronicle, reached me again just before Christmas. This is a lithographed magazine brought out by Mr. Frank A. Garratt, to keep old Brackleians in touch with one another. A good idea. Our best wishes to "The Pages."

Enquirer.—(1) To be copyright in America, a story or book must appear in the States simultaneously with or prior to its publication in this country. If it is published in this country only, any American journal can "pirate" it, i.e., publish it without paying the author anything. It would hardly be worth your while to copyright one short story. Send a stamped envelope if you want any further information. (2) A magazine story may fetch anything from £3 3s. to £1,000, according to the popularity of its author. It all depends on the magazine and the length of its purse.

"A Dog with a Bad Name."—I have read your letter with much interest, and quite sympathise with your position. The only thing you can do is to "live down" what appears to be (from your own account) your present unpopularity. Go straight on, work hard and play hard, and thus, in time, you will make the other fellows see that you are really a decent chap. I fancy that you must be very sensitive, and "mind" things too much. You must learn, however, to take hard knocks with fortitude. You are sure to find a good friend sooner or later. Meanwhile, write again as soon as you like, and, if I can help you with a bit of advice, I will certainly do so.

How to Make a Model Sailing-Boat (author of).—Sorry we cannot find room for this. For some time we shall be dealing with steam models, you see.

Shuttleworth Club.—Particulars to hand with regard to this club inform me that its clubhouse is in Fye Foot-lane, Queen Victoria-street, E.C. It is chiefly intended for young men and women engaged in the City. The President is the Rev. C. N. Kelly, M.A., and the Hon. Sec., Mr. W. Perry, who will forward further particulars to any one desirous of the same. Cinderella dances, social evenings, smoking concerts, debates and billiards, whist, bridge, and chess tournaments are held during the winter. The annual subscription is 21s. for

782 WEST STAND

SURREY COUNTY CRICKET CLUB,
KENNINGTON OVAL

England v. Australia,
Monday, August 11th, 1902.

ADMIT BEARER TO COVERED STAND.

Reserved Seat TEN SHILLINGS.

NO MONEY RETURNED
C. W. ALCOCK, Secretary

N.B.—This Ticket does not include admission to the Ground

It was my ticket. And what a Match! C.P.A.

SEE "INSIDE A TEST MATCH."

similarly, and Samuel Brown, brother to above, describes the "Long 'Un" as the finest tale he has ever read, in fact, "a regular snorter." Now, Mr. Bell, sir, got any blushes left? The Brown family will no doubt be pleased to hear, sir, that, Providence permitting, you will contribute a story to our next volume.

W. B. Faull.—Many thanks for your second list of newsagents who do not stock the CAPTAIN. I have no doubt that your list is quite genuine, but I am sorry to say that, in the Competition which we set on this subject, we received a number of names of newsagents who do stock the CAPTAIN. We wrote to all the newsagents mentioned, and received a series of replies, couched in warm language, from certain of these newsagents, stating that they took dozens of copies every month. Under the circumstances, therefore, seeing that we have been misinformed in a considerable number of cases, I will not trouble you or any other reader to send in any more lists.

Edie Mayflower has a brother who wants to run away to sea. He has confided his ambition to Edie, and she wants to know whether it would

men, 15s. for women, and 12s. 6d. for junior members under the age of 23.

G. T. Lucas.—I cannot undertake to criticise essays by post. Send something quite short to the CAPTAIN Club, and take your chance of getting a criticism along with all the others. Any decently-read friend would glance through your essay on George Eliot, and give you a pretty sound opinion, but I may tell you that that sort of work is not saleable, as George Eliot has been discussed and criticised in all sorts of papers and reviews, in hundreds and hundreds of articles.

"Foreign Languages."—The Indian Civil Examination is held every August, and candidates must be between 21 and 23 years of age on the 1st of January preceding it. You can obtain a set of papers set in recent examinations for 1s. from any bookseller. We had an article on the I.C.S. in August, 1900. This number is out of print, but you might be able to gain access to the volume it appeared in—No. III. Sorry I cannot arrange an "exchange" for you into a French home. This sort of thing is quite beyond our range.

How to Become an Engineer.—Referring to my editorial note on this subject, W. A. Coates writes:—"You suggested going into the works as an apprentice, and taking technical classes in the evening. Personally, I should not advise doing the two at once. It would mean a heavy strain on a growing lad. Far better, I think, would it be to go into works and then into a training college, or *rice versé*. There is not much to pick and choose between the two. If only one of the two can be done, the lad should go into works, unless he wishes to become a consulting engineer, when a technical college would be best. This opinion is very common among embryo engineers, I find."

[W. A. C. can obtain full information concerning the London Matric. from the Secretary, London University.]

W.-B. Volunteer.—(1) The Government grant an allowance of £5 for camp only in the case of Imperial Yeomanry, but not Mounted Infantry. For drills you have to supply your own horse at own expense. (2) It all depends on the corps you intend to join. (3) Members of yeomanry or mounted infantry corps must take lessons at their own expense. It is best to go to military riding establishments, as the instructors are qualified, and they are cheaper. (4) Yes. In the yeomanry you are bound to attend the annual training of not less than fourteen days in each year of service. In default a fine is imposed if due notice was given to the C.O. of inability to attend, but if you absent yourself without giving any notification you are liable to be arrested as a deserter and treated accordingly. Service in the Imperial Yeomanry is for three years, but you may re-engage every three years if you wish.

Chemist.—It is advisable, before entering business, to pass a general knowledge examination, a

specimen of which can be obtained from the Secretary, Pharmaceutical Society, Bloomsbury-square, W.C. You should then be apprenticed for a period of not less than three years to a chemist and druggist. Premiums vary from £40 to £100, but in Scotland no premium is necessary, as a rule. During your apprenticeship you should study for the Pharmaceutical Society's "Minor" Exam., which must be passed when you are twenty-one. Full particulars as to subjects and fees may be obtained from the Secretary, as above.

"Hannibal."—One cannot become a pursuer all at once. As in all callings, one has to start at the bottom rung of the ladder, and the post is attained by the display of good business ability. If you have influence, however, and can bring it to bear on one or other of the steamship companies, you might obtain your desideratum, but I must point out to you that the number of men and boys who would like a job of this sort are more than plentiful.

"How to Build a Catamaran."—Several correspondents have written with regard to this query. Straff Lewis says: A catamaran is a kind of float or raft, used by various peoples. It consists usually of several pieces of wood lashed together, the middle piece or pieces being longer than the others and having one end turned up in the form of a bow. It is used on the coasts of Coromandel, and particularly at Madras, for conveying letters, messages, etc. through the surf to the shipping in the Roads. Any craft with twin hulls, the inner faces of which are parallel to each other from stem to stern, which is propelled either by sail or by steam, is called a catamaran. In New Guinea catamarans usually consist of three or more logs lashed together with rattan. I may add that an article on the subject appears in "What a Boy Can Make and Do," published by Geo. Newnes, Ltd., price 6s.

Letters, &c., have also been received from:—"An Abess," R. H. P. Hick (have handed your letter on "Ants" to Mr. Step, who will probably comment on it next month), E. J. Patterson (sorry, but we don't advertise exchanges), H. S. Melsey (will send autograph if you send stamped envelope), "Fretworker" (cannot at present), "Nemo" (very glad to hear from you—best wishes!), "A Reader" ("let bygones be bygones"), "Cadet" (they keep you at it pretty hard—still, there's nothing like work!), "Penn," "A Mere Girl," "Reader of CAPTAIN" (if you look through your back numbers you will see I have referred to Colonial competitions several times), A. G. M. (sorry, no space), "Captainite" (we cannot reprint Volumes I—VI.), W. Willis, jun., L. A. Kent (may find room for verses in a future number), C. S. Hanson, H. B. Gunn, P. W. Bennett, Hugh Morrison, S. G. Cotes, P. F. Foster, F. Delafond.

THE OLD FAG.

Results of December Competitions.

No. 1.—"My Favourite Competition."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)
 WINNER OF "NEW COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE": Tom Bullough, 64 St. Helen's Road, Daubhill, Bolton.
 SETS OF HARBUTT'S "PLASTICINE DESIGNER" have been awarded to: J. M. Luck, 106 Pembury Road, Tonbridge; Owen Ogwen, 21 Hawarden Avenue, Sefton Park, Liverpool.
 HONOURABLE MENTION: Emilie Bray, Frances Whittingham, D. L. Selvey, John Y. Morris, Lewis R. Ferrier, John Brown, J. J. Oldham, Alfred Judd, Edwin H. Rhodes, John

Leigh Turner, Florence Hughes-Hallott, Marian Hewitt.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF "NEW COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE": W. B. Faulk, Mevagissey, Cornwall.

SETS OF HARBUTT'S "PLASTICINE DESIGNER" have been awarded to: Cyril Stackhouse, Vanbrugh House, Harrogate; H. W. F. Long, Kilmersdon, near Bath.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Chas. Haray, H. Inga Bell, H. Harding, Alexander Mackenzie, Leonard C. Cooper, Herbert W. Morton, Walter Hartill, W. B. Huntly, Wilfrid H. L.

Gronow, C. W. Parrington Jones, Henry J. German, Edward H. Wain, George L. Cline, Robert W. Stuart, H. C. Smith.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fifteen.)

WINNER OF "NEW COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE": Percy Hartill, Manor House, Willenhall, Staffs.

SETS OF HARBUTT'S "PLASTICINE DESIGNER" have been awarded to: B. F. Lawrance, Mitford Cottage, Archbold Terrace, Newcastle-on-Tyne; Matthieron Reid, 1 Grange Place, Alloa, N.B.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Henry E. Maunder, Adam Steedman, Richard J. House, Arnold Peach, H. J. Howland, Christian E. Kirkpatrick, W. H. Bathe, S. M. Jinks, Francis R. Hopkins, W. F. Howard, E. W. Jephcott, C. W. Stewart, C. M. Dawson.

No. II.—"Drawing of a Loaf."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNERS OF "GRADIDGE" FOOTBALL: T. Gillott, Uplands House, Eastwood, Notts; H. Atwell, 73 Sefton Park Road, Bristol.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Joseph Johnston, Albert Rhodes, C. Crossley, Mary McCaule, John Brown.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE (JOHN PIGGOTT HOCKEY STICK) has been awarded to: Horace Arthur Rainbow, Flodden House, Kingston Hill, Surrey.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF "GRADIDGE" FOOTBALL: William Ringham, 173 Wells Road, Bristol.

CONSOLATION PRIZES (JOHN PIGGOTT HOCKEY STICKS) have been awarded to: Grace Donne, c/o Colonel Donne, C.B., The Hut, Barracks, Chichester; W. T. O. Zeroni, 86 Slatova Road, Balham, S.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Peggy Hunt, Kitty C. Barker, E. Langford, Alfred W. Butt, R. M. Langdale-Smith, B. H. Leach, Harold Simpson, Nina Murray, Dorothy M. Snow, Margery Baxter, Thomas Bates, Edith Stubington, Clifford S. Maile.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF "GRADIDGE" FOOTBALL: Tom Gibbons, 25 Great Western Street, Moss Side, Manchester.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Cyril Cole, W. Russell, David M'Cartney, Charles E. Wilson, George F. Drummond, S. W. Maxwell.

No. III.—"Comic Sentence."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-two.)

WINNERS OF "BENEFINK'S" HOCKEY STICKS: John L. Turner, 152 Shaw Heath, Stockport; A. G. Franklin, 28 The Parade, Cricklewood, N.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Richard O'Neill, B. C. Lilley, Evelyn Byrde, Lewis R. Ferrier, W. C. Sims, Stella Vaudin, Frank L. Leslie, Tibbie Kirkpatrick, Marion Dodd.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNERS OF "BENEFINK'S" HOCKEY STICKS: Walter Hartill, Manor House, Willenhall, Staffs; E. Soulsby, 104 Joan Street, New Benwell, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. F. Curtis, Robert W. Stuart, Owen E. Howse, W. E. New, Henry Hall, H. Johnson, Victor Towers, W. Gill, Hubert P. Willis, D. G. Urquhart, Alan V. Denning.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fifteen.)

WINNERS OF "BENEFINK'S" HOCKEY STICKS: Eric Davies, 1 The Esplanade, Waterloo, Liverpool; Mabel H. Morley, 16 Gordon Square, Whitley, Northumberland.

HONOURABLE MENTION: G. Berry, R. H. Newsome, G. E. Ouchterlong, C. Hill, J. W. Wright, Arnold Rogers, George Dacre, Basil H. Binks, Kenneth B. Allen, R. Kneese.

No. IV.—"Photographic."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: Owen Ogwen, 21 Hawarden Avenue, Sefton Park, Liverpool.

CONSOLATION PRIZES (JOHN PIGGOTT HOCKEY STICKS) have been awarded to: R. Hollins, Greyfrairs, Preston, Lancs.; R. C. Higginson, 16 Beaconsfield Villas, Brighton.

HONOURABLE MENTION: C. Ledebor, John Winn, J. I. Shorrocks, J. J. R. H. Oldham, W. Paterson, H. J. Brough,

H. Hives, O. Dixon, W. L. Southern, Edith Dixon, Cyril J. Ridout.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: Fred. Carter, 89 High Street, Hartlepool.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE (JOHN PIGGOTT HOCKEY STICK) has been awarded to: W. E. Gundill, 14 Orchard Street, Savile Town, Dewsbury, Yorks.

HONOURABLE MENTION: G. Kay, Frank Millington, E. C. Caldeleugh, Daisy Adamson, John H. Young, F. H. Kelly, B. Rae, William L. Taylor, Harold Chamberlain, Herbert Shaw, Henry Kingscote, Robert Henry Bacon, S. J. Higga, E. Goodman, B. S. Arnold, William Watt, W. Edward White, C. Parnell, W. N. Bagshaw, E. Pearson, W. J. Jones, E. V. McQuilkin, L. Lewis, Maurice Petesson.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fourteen.)

WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: V. H. Seymour, c/o P. H. Kempthorne, Esq., Wellington College, Berks.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Harold Hill, Exmoor, Minstead Road, Gravelly Hill, Birmingham; Dorothy Alice Hilton, Oakland, Sturry, near Canterbury; F. Colin Sutton, 6 Grosvenor Gardens, Willesden Green, N.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: P. Gardner-Smith, S. Newcombe, E. L. Turner, Cyril Clarke, Harold Ormerod, Norman Johns, E. C. Malach, Alfred M. Burns, Alexander W. Mather, F. N. Ryalls, A. Herbert Macilwaine, F. L. Goodman, Lady Marjorie Cochrane.

No. V.—"The Poets and the Sea."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF POST-CARD ALBUM: M. E. Hamer, Trothill, Carnarvon.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: K. M. Light, 71 Talbot Road, Highgate, N.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Arthur Wheeler, Alfred Judd, Myrtle Deering, R. Bruce Beveridge, Evelyn Byrde, A. F. Divine, J. H. Leng, Edith M. Tucker.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF POST-CARD ALBUM: W. F. Curtis, Hatch Cottage, Tisbury, Wilts.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: Austin Pinkerton, "San Remo," Finchley Road, Hampstead, N.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: P. G. Bales, H. W. Malden, H. C. C. Clarke, Ethel L. Brooks, Gertrude Rodwell, Richard J. Howae, Ada P. Foggs, M. E. Leng, May Yates, Annie Edeson.

No. VI.—"Handwriting."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF "BENEFINK" FOOTBALL: F. F. McMullen, 17 Giltspur Street, E.C.

SETS OF HARBUTT'S "PLASTICINE DESIGNER" have been awarded to: M. L. Sunderland, Te Kaianga, Petersfield, Hants; Victor Lord, 103 Rowman's Road, Stepney Green, E.; William Pape, Milbourne Lane, Esher, Surrey; Chas. C. Norbury, 6 Stouhaven Terrace, Stanley Road, Wakefield.

HONOURABLE MENTION: F. J. Davis, Francis R. Hopkins, Alice J. H. Carrie, Harold Shaw, Ernest J. Morris, G. R. Shaw, R. S. Thorburn, C. H. Ford, E. J. Tupholme, Leslie Vey, Thomas B. Standing, Edward Cutts, J. Metherell, F. Adams, Percy Bushby, Bernard Salmon, Wilfrid Groen, Ida Hersey.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF "BENEFINK" FOOTBALL: Boydell Lloyd, 1 St. Minver Road, Bedford.

SETS OF HARBUTT'S "PLASTICINE DESIGNER" have been awarded to: Douglass C. Herring, Clez-nous, Belmont Road, Wallington, Surrey; Edward A. Sims, 10 Campbell Street, St. Paul's, Bristol; Sidney J. Cottle, Taunton School, Taunton; Thomas B. Johnson, 61 Seleden Road, West Norwood, S.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Chas. J. Comins, L. B. Parne, Marshall Hewlett, Bernard Comins, Fred Brown, W. Reynolds, H. M. Wharry, D. C. McCready, C. N. Paris, Bessie Noble, Hubert A. Clayton, Arthur V. Nicolle, Leslie Ball, Clifford Dimsdale, Hector McLeod.

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 December Competitions.

No. I.—The favourite competitions seem to have been the picture competitions of Hidden Books, &c., and after these, essays, photography, and drawing, while a certain number of competitors sent in fairly original suggestions for new ones, which will be carefully considered.

No. II.—Some exceedingly well-observed drawings of a loaf were sent in, the majority of them being very carefully coloured.

No. III.—The following, a prize-winner in Class II., is a very fair specimen sentence: "Macintosh's extra cream toffee destroys all microbes and disease germs, it's clean,

easy to handle, and can be used over and over again. An ideal present for a boy." (1)

No. IV.—The most noticeable feature this month was the artistic manner in which most of the photographs were mounted. Many printing processes were represented, and the choice of subjects was by no means huckneyed.

No. V.—Many very beautiful quotations from Shakespeare, Byron, Tennyson, Longfellow, and Kipling were sent in.

No. VI.—Excellent specimens of handwriting were, as usual, submitted, especially in Class II.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.



YOUNG SOPHED'S FIRST CIGAR (TRUCULENTLY):—
"COME ON. YOU'VE GOT TO FINISH ME!"

Drawn by Felix Leigh.



WHEN THE HORSE WAS ALMOST UPON HIM, ETAPA FIRED.

Drawn by E. F. Skinner.

See page 497.

ACROSS THE WILDERNESS.



Being an account of the Strange Adventures of Etapa and Zintkala, son and daughter of Fire Cloud, Chief of the Red Indian tribe of Oglalas.

By

FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS

AUTHOR OF "THE BULLET-MAKER'S STRATEGY,"
"THE PICKED SEVEN AT HATBAND," &c., &c.

Etapa and Zintkala, son and daughter of Fire Cloud, an Oglala chief, are held in captivity by Tall Gun, an Ojibwa village headman. Taking advantage of a favourable opportunity, one spring day, the boy and girl make a desperate dash for liberty, and set off across the wilderness in the direction of their home, eight hundred miles distant. For a time they elude the pursuing Ojibwa, but at length they walk into a trap and find to their consternation that they are hemmed in by Tall Gun's trailers. By practising the most cunning Indian tactics, however, they are still uncaught at nightfall, when they wade out into a marsh. After a long period of terror and suffering they reach a pine wood on the opposite side of the marsh, and hurry on their way. So quick is their progress that they soon forget all about their enemies and little dream that the smoke from their camp fire has been sighted by an Ojibwa from his far-away perch in a lofty pine. On awakening from sleep, wilderness instinct rather than anything they can see or hear tells them that their pursuers are close upon them. Dashing away at a great speed, Etapa and his sister cover a distance of forty miles before they drop to the ground exhausted. Soon afterwards Etapa falls sick with fever, and Zintkala tends him with wonderful cleverness and most loving care. No human being comes near them during this period, so it is evident that the Ojibwa have relinquished the chase. As soon as Etapa is well enough to travel, brother and sister proceed to a village whose smoke Zintkala has descried in the distance. They are made welcome by the people of the village, with whom they stay for some little time. The arrival, however, of some of Tall Gun's men frightens them into the wilderness again. Reaching a river, they proceed by means of a boat which had belonged to a trapper, and, on taking to land again, astride ponies which they steal from an Indian encampment on the confines of their own territory. Finally, on arriving at the spot where their home used to be they find to their grief and dismay that their father, mother, and all the inhabitants of their native village have disappeared. Thinking they must have gone after buffalo, a long distance away, the children decide to await their return. During this period they narrowly escape being captured and put to the torture by Pawnees. After running great risks they manage to elude their pursuers and conceal themselves.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE BUFFALOES.

WHETHER the Pawnees failed to find the trail of the fleet runners, or whether they became fearful lest an Oglala camp was hidden near at hand, cannot be known. Very likely they discovered the body of the dead hunter and were incredulous that either of the young Sioux they had

seen could have killed him. At any rate, the little voyagers saw no more of them.

They therefore determined to wait no longer for the return of their father and his people, but to follow their tracks, and, if possible, intercept them on their way home.

The trail of the Oglalas led through a land of plenty. Elk, deer, and antelope were seen in large numbers every day. Of marmots, bush rabbits, and sage hens there was never lack in the warm seasons. On this trail the little voyagers were never in want of meat.

Journeying on, the boy and girl next crossed a high rough country and came to a stream which ran beside a low range of mountains. Among the coulées of the foot hills they now found plums ripening in great abundance. Here for a number of days—probably during the last weeks of August—they lingered, feasting continuously. It now appeared that, as the buffalo killing season had approached, the Oglalas would, if indeed they were coming back that way, soon return upon their trail. If they were to return by some other route it would be impossible for people on foot to overtake them.

The voyagers did not reason this out together but it was the unspoken thought in their minds. To tell the truth, each was fearful of further advance into an unknown country upon an ageing trail. So they spoke together quite often about the return of their people, saying that they must look for them to appear during the next moon. A cold rain fell for several days, and drove them to the rock covert of a coulée. In this coulée, after the rains, they discovered a lair of the big yellow cats; and as these great flesh eaters were very mysterious in their actions the wandering ones moved on again, going slowly down the stream. The now dim trail of the Oglalas led directly along this river, but so it had followed two streams before and the distances between camps showed that the tribe had abated nothing of its hurry to go to some far country.

Thus the voyagers loitered aimlessly. Their only cheer was found in the abundance by which they were surrounded. The numerous plum thickets of the river ravines were red with luscious fruit. The young of the sage grouse were so numerous and so tame that one could, at any time, kill a number by knocking them over with sticks. The cow-men have dubbed these unsuspecting and apparently witless birds "fool hens." When quickly dressed, after killing, the meat of the young is excellent.

In spite of disappointments and desperate uncertainty the little voyagers grew plump and vigorous upon their diet of fruit and birds. Yet, as the days wore on, they became surfeited

with eating, and the home hunger again stripped their hearts. They feared to go back to the Smoky River even more than they dreaded to go forward. The dim Oglala trail still lay along the river's course.

"Wan, older sister," said Etapa, one morning, "We must now go quickly on to find the Oglalas. Because of the war it appears that they have gone, and they will stay all winter at that place where they have arrived. They have surely gone far down this river."

Zintkala had been thinking of this also, and she acceded with energy to the proposal to go on with more speed.

"It appears that we have indeed stayed too long at this place," she said.

All that day they travelled with expedition upon the old trail. During the next forenoon they passed beyond the low range of mountains and suddenly found themselves among the buffaloes. The trail had led for some time through a narrow pass of the river valley, and, at a sharp turn, the travellers were startled by a mob of huge brown cattle descending the steep slope of a near bluff.

"The buffaloes! The buffaloes!" they shouted joyously. "Now we shall surely find the Oglalas!"

Some big bulls ran off the hill directly toward them. As these lunged downward they bellowed and kicked up a great dust. They were evidently young bulls having a frolic. But they were leaders, and a whole herd plunged after them, roaring and leaping amid clouds of dirt. They acted so crazily that the voyagers became alarmed. They sped swiftly across the river—drenching themselves thoroughly—and ran out upon the highlands beyond. Fortunately the buffaloes checked their mad stampede and filled the channel of the stream, jumping against and over each other, to get into the water. The animals drank eagerly of a current thick with the mud of their trampling.

A little way out upon the highland stood a sharp knob or butte of red earth. The voyagers ran swiftly and climbed this high hill. Upon its cap they stood and whooped and exclaimed in joyous wonder. They had seen many bison but never such herds as now greeted their eyes. The buffaloes were mostly at that moment to west and north. Over a great stretch of rough plain—as far as the eye could reach—their masses extended. Brown patches upon the hills and hill sides, dark moving lines on the prairies, thin veils of dust hanging upon the far horizon, told of bison, in countless herds, moving into the river country. It appeared indeed that all the tribes of buffaloes must have agreed to meet at this river.

"Wan ho, I think that all the Indians will have to come to this river to hunt the buffaloes," shouted Etapa. "Therefore there will be much fighting unless they made a peace."

"They will not wish to fight," said Zintkala, with conviction. "They will wish to take much meat and many robes for the tepées. I think now, younger brother, that we may travel safely to find the Oglalas. I do not think that any Indian hunters will pay attention."

This seemed so reasonable, when one came to think of it, that Etapa whooped with elation. "Whi, Tanké!" he cried, "they will see nothing but these buffaloes. I also will shoot some of those very large bulls. It is so. If any come up here I will make big holes in their skins. I will make holes thus large!"

And with the ends of thumb and forefinger touching he showed his sister what perforations the great bulls might expect. He flourished his buffalo gun and pranced about excitedly, pointing the weapon at one or another of the nearer herds. For the time they quite forgot that the trampling of such numbers must blot out the trail of the Oglalas. Indeed it would seem that no one could have thought of anything but the vast panorama of animal life.

The armies of Xerxes were doubtless of insignificant numbers as compared to the far-reaching multitudes which spread upon the plains under the eyes of these wandering children. From the top of the red butte they could command a vast scope of rough lands and everywhere soon, except to southward, were to be seen the mighty increasing throngs of the bison.

"All the buffaloes are coming!" shouted Etapa. "All the buffaloes are coming!" repeated Zintkala.

Upon their height the wet and ragged waifs, unheeding the packs upon their shoulders, stood for hours, with eyes and ears for nothing but the march of innumerable herds. Like a vast tidal wave the throngs of brown humps spread until only a narrow strip of unoccupied country lay, in a fading grey belt, to southward. Still the herds came on from north and west in undiminished numbers. They filled the valley of the stream, plunged down its steeps in roaring, bawling mobs and converted the river's current to a flow of mud in which thousands wallowed in huge enjoyment.

The Sioux children were filled with strange and thrilling emotions. Their faces were as the faces of those who stand above armies. They were no longer alone. The world was suddenly peopled with such mighty and crowding hosts as no hunter's tale had enabled them to imagine.

"All the buffaloes are coming," they repeated again and again. A breeze which had been

blowing abated, and a fine dust arose, veiled the sky and hung upon the horizon. Into this haze the sun descended and became a vast ball of blood-red fire.

The voyagers, at last tired of standing, sat upon the butte. The buffaloes did not attempt to climb the steep cap of its knob, but nowhere else in all the world—save upon such high points—did there seem room for two biped travellers. It became apparent as they watched the approaching multitudes, that the two must spend their night upon the butte. Presently the pangs of hunger and thirst began to be felt, and, as the red sun was about to go under the earth, Zintkala spoke.

"Younger brother," she said, "I think you should now go down and fetch some water and some sticks. I have two birds in my *parflèche*. See, there are not now many buffaloes at that place," and she pointed to a turn of the river below.

"Ho, I will do as you have said, for I indeed can shoot with this gun," said the boy. He felt timid about descending the butte, but wished to appear brave, therefore he seized Zintkala's basin and his gun and ran, going, in careful leaps on account of the cactus, down to the river. A band of buffaloes which had stopped to graze ran away as he approached, and, thus encouraged, the boy lingered to dip the clearer water and to gather a good bundle of dry fagots. He returned in buoyant spirits and assured his sister that all the buffaloes were very much afraid of a hunter, and especially of one who carried a buffalo gun.

So upon the red butte, which glowed in a ruby sunset like a huge and dying ember, and in the midst of marching hosts, the voyagers made a tiny blaze of willow sticks and ate much meat. As long as the light lasted, however, their eyes were but little turned from the throngs of buffalo people.

As darkness came on the voyagers, wrapped in their blankets, fell asleep to the roar and murmur of trampling herds.

In the morning there were many buffaloes grazing upon the plains and hill slopes as far up and down the river as the eye could reach, but the vast armies of the day before were scattered, leaving again the calm and peaceful plains.

The voyagers rejoiced greatly, for, they said, "Now indeed, if the Oglalas are not already upon this river, they will come to hunt the buffaloes—so we shall surely find them."

They ate a hurried breakfast, and, at sunrise, again followed the river to northward.



CHAPTER XXX.

A VOYAGE BY BULL BOAT.

THEY did not try to keep to the Oglala trail, for the rains and the armies of buffaloes had nearly everywhere obliterated all trace of it. They kept rather to the winding river's course, looking



at every turn to see the tepées of their people or to meet with Oglala hunters out in chase of the bison. They ran—where they had not to avoid cactus—much of the time, shouting now and then to frighten off big bulls which grazed in their front. Sometimes the old leaders of a band were saucy and would stand, with shaggy fronts reared, pawing up dust and snorting defiance at the small bipeds, and then these would dodge behind the river's bank, wade the stream and follow on upon the other side.

Once they came upon two bulls circling about each other, each roaring a challenge. They stopped to watch and presently these angry ones came together with a mighty bump and their

horns clicked like the rattle of bones at a medicine dance. With swollen muscles and shrunken flanks they heaved and tugged, ripping the sod with their hoofs. Then, in sheer impatience at useless expense of energy, they parted and again sparred for advantage. Again they bounced together and their horns cracked and they weaved to and fro in frantic buckings. One, the

heavier, seemed now to gain an advantage, and pushed his antagonist slowly backward, but, when the latter broke away suddenly, he did not chase him.

Again the combatants circled and the weightier bull roared and threatened quite as though assured of victory. His confidence was vain. As he pawed and bawled he exposed an incautious flank, and, like a stroke of lightning, the lithe antagonist caught him amid ribs. He was

bowled over by the shock, and, in a twinkling, his entrails were ripped from his body and wound upon the victor's horns.

The Sioux children looked upon this bull as a great brave—an expert and valiant fighter—and they would gladly have addressed him, paying their compliments, but prudence forbade and they dropped behind the river's bank and passed on out of sight.

Now and then the voyagers climbed a solitary height to take observations, and everywhere they saw the bunches of brown cattle, but no sign of human presence. Toward noon the herds began to come to the river for water, and the children several times ran narrow races before bands stampeding off the bluffs. The buffaloes seemed possessed of a craze to leap, roaring and bounding, off the river hills.

At something after midday the voyagers stopped to cook some young sage grouse, for they were ravenously hungry after so much running. They made their noon camp upon a high bank, where there were plenty of dry willows. They had nearly finished eating when

they heard the muffled thunder of hoofs which told of another stampede.

They leaped to their feet to see presently a wide front of heaving humps forge, in a cloud of dust, over the hills to westward. Like an avalanche this mass of animals rolled over and down upon the river flats. They were running as such great herds run when the hunters are upon their heels and not as creatures at play.

The voyagers looked wildly about them for some place of refuge. There were some trees down the river, but these were too far away. The buffaloes were almost upon them, and, in sheer affright, they seized their belongings, ran into the river, and took refuge under an overhanging bank, fringed with willows.

Almost instantly the thundering rout rolled over their heads. Buffaloes, plunging after and upon each other, rained into the river's channel throwing water and mud upon the hidiers, who were half-choked by the dust which fell. The edges of the bank above their heads caved and huge chunks of earth fell upon them. They cowered in this ruck and confusion, hiding their faces against the bank.

Doubtless the network of willow roots above their heads alone saved them from destruction, and the blind heaving mass passed over and around, leaving them uninjured.

They were muddy, bedraggled, and sorry-looking waifs who emerged from the débris of the caving bank. But their half-blinded eyes fell upon creatures in yet more piteous plight. A number of buffaloes had been trampled to death in the stream, and still others, mortally injured, struggled to keep their noses above water. One large bull, with a broken shoulder, was trying to leap upon the low bank opposite. He gave it up presently and stood sullenly upon a dry bar with horns pushed into the earth in his front.

It seemed that the hunters must have been after these buffaloes, but the voyagers neither heard nor saw any horsemen, therefore presently they went above where the stampede had passed and washed their clothes and bodies clear of mud. The gun of Iron Soldier had been wetted, but Etapa wiped it dry with the inner folds of his blanket and put a fresh cap upon the tube.

Hitherto they had scarcely spoken, but had taken account of the dead and living buffaloes, and performed their ablutions in a dazed and mechanical fashion. But now the boy awoke to animation.

"Hoye, Tanké," he said, "there is much meat in the river, but we cannot easily get it. I will now shoot that big bull. I do not think any Indians are at this river now."

"Nakaes! younger brother, do so quickly."

cried the girl. "Shoot tatanka so that he bleeds, for then the meat is best. It appears, at any rate," she added, "that we must camp at this place to rub our clothes. I will also cook much good meat."

Approaching the bull carefully the lad gave it a shot behind the shoulders and ran away. The animal fell upon the bar and struggled, bleeding freely.

While the pair stood upon the bank waiting for the bull to die, two magpies alighted upon some willows near at hand and talked very strangely. These birds appeared to be speaking to them, Zintkala and Etapa, and the young Sioux watched and listened intently while these noisy ones flitted from willow to sage bush and from bush to bank, and so passed clear around where they stood.

After the strange birds had done this, both alighted upon the bull, which had ceased to breathe. Sitting upon the dead buffalo they again called to the boy and girl and acted very mysteriously. Then, while the two looked and listened wonderingly, the magpies flew away down the stream.

These birds were known to be friendly toward all Dakotas. They often conveyed mysterious information to hunters and to people on the trail, and, as the pair disappeared, a light broke in upon Zintkala's puzzled brain.

"Wan, younger brother," she cried joyously, "these birds have indeed told us to make a bull boat of this bull's skin, and the willows, and to go thus to find the Oglalas!"


"It is so! It is so!" shouted the lad, dancing with excitement. "Now we shall surely arrive at that place where they are, very quickly. I indeed know how to make these bull boats."

Instantly the two were alive with energy. They attacked the carcass of the bull with their knives, which they had kept sharpened by whetting often upon pieces of sandstone.

Etapa, though less expert than his sister, gave directions, and cautioned frequently, "Do not cut the skin, Tanké; it is to make a bull boat."

Before long, however, the difficulty of moving its huge weight occurred to them. By good luck, however, the bull had fallen at a point where its back rested upon an incline of the bar, and, by a fierce tug at the feet with the legs for leverage, they were able to roll it more than half way over, and so to take the immense pelt whole. As they succeeded finally without making a cut in the body of the skin they were filled with elation.

They now made a fire and ate broiled steak and sweet back fat until their stomachs were well rounded. For more than a year they had not tasted buffalo meat, and it was good—good.



For two days they camped, feasting, dressing the buffalo's skin and making a frame-work of stout willows for their bull boat. On the third morning their tub-like craft was launched.

Recent rains upon the mountains had swollen the stream until its mid current ran waist deep and they were easily able to keep afloat save, here and there, where they were obliged to wade over rapid shallows. A light pole served in place of a paddle, and they were able to make as good, and much less tiresome, progress than by following the river's windings, as they had done, afoot.

For five suns they voyaged without much adventure, making perhaps one hundred miles as the crow flies. The buffaloes were plentiful, but not so numerous as they had been. Now and then these animals, coyotes and other four-foots, appeared upon the river's bank and scurried away at their approach. Once they caught Mato Osansan at his bathing. The grizzly reared its great hulk and floundered in affright, scrambling up the nearest bank, but turned about to look down upon the strange craft whirling by.

Still they had but once seen—at an old river camp—signs of the Oglalas, although they had frequently climbed the river's banks to look. Several times, however, the magpies had talked to them and flown on down the stream. The birds thus evidently beckoned them on to find the Oglalas.


The face of the country had changed, and the voyagers found themselves in a strange land, a country of tall buttes and gaping cañons, of wonderful high rocks of many colours, of colossal formations which appeared to be immense tepées of earth and stone. The stream had increased in volume, but, with a courage not less than sublime, they steered their bull boat over rapids and into the dark forbidding shadows of the cañons.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A PARADE FIGHT.

PIRE CLOUD'S village of Oglalas, together with several bands of Yanktonais and Brulés, had gathered in a semi-military encampment in the Bad Lands. Hither they had come because of the war cloud which had gathered over all the land. Their soldiers had not fled to this country from fear, but to gain a stronghold for their women and children, and where they might fight to advantage should the armies of the blue coat come against them.

Too well they knew that a Sioux was a Sioux to be killed or captured without discrimination when the Great Father sent his angry soldiers into their country, and that to be captured was



to suffer—worse than death—disease and slow starvation. And here was much good fighting ground; here were many cunning hiding places and covered lines of escape.

Being a large company of many hundreds, the Sioux did not seek to hide their village nor to pitch their tepées within natural defences. They depended rather upon their scouts to inform of the approach of enemies, and held themselves in readiness to fortify or to break camp and scatter upon short notice should necessity demand. So they were camped along the river, where there was wood and grass, upon an open flat, surrounded by castellated buttes and the eroded heights and washouts of the Bad Country.

This open plain, which extended for several miles along the stream, became the parade ground and riding school of their young men. Here they raced their ponies and practised the arts of war. Many posts of half-decayed cottonwoods and willows were set in the earth, and every day riders hurled themselves past these lines of dummy men, shooting their arrows and throwing the lance. Some became very expert in "hitting the post," and were commended by their elders, who often looked on, enjoying the sport. The makers of bows and arrows, lances and other material of war, were uncommonly busy at this season.

And so it came to happen that a large village of river Crows, living in the valley of the Yellowstone, discovered this new town of the Sioux. The Crows were much alarmed lest a large war party should come against them. So they sent runners to the up-river Crows, and to their cousins among the Mountain People, saying, "A very big village of Sioux have arrived near to us. Come quickly and help us fight them, lest we be destroyed!"

These people, who lived but a few days' ride distant, immediately sent large war parties. So many Indians gathered at the Crow village that they fetched their women and children, lest these should be surprised and scattered. A camp formed on the Yellowstone even larger than that in the Bad Lands. The wise men of these bands held many councils considering how best to proceed against the invaders, and their young men, too, practised the sham fights and vied with each other in feats of horsemanship.

The allies sent out their most cunning scouts to spy upon the Sioux, and these reported great preparations for war among the enemy. They were about to go against the Sioux when the buffaloes came. After a great killing and many feasts the head men said, "Now we must attack those people and destroy their town."

They again sent scouts to see if the Sioux

remained. Three of these approached the Dakota town from some heights. They were mounted upon fleet horses and wished simply to look down upon the river valley from some secluded elevation. They were riding upon the scarp of a bluff in a gorge, when they heard voices of strangers. Looking to the opposing bluff they saw two riders, who sat upon their ponies, making signals. The men were Sioux, and the Crow scouts were fearful at first lest themselves had fallen into a trap.

But their alarm was quickly disposed of, for one of the strangers shouted at them in a tongue which they understood:—

"Ho, Kangi! you indeed imagine that you are very cunning. You are like your relatives, the real crows, who fly squalling with a loud noise so that everyone sees them. If your soldiers are not all cowards and skunks you will come on to fight us. If you do not come soon we will send some of our old women to beat your men with switches."

This speech, flung at them from across a deep cañon and beyond arrow range, exasperated the Crow scouts greatly. They shouted their war cry and retorted with bitter taunts.

"You Dakotas will see us soon enough!" cried one at length. "You had better send your women and children and your herds home quickly. Even then, after we have given your bodies to the coyotes, we will follow and take your property."

The answer of the Sioux to this harangue was certainly irritating. These scouts simply sat on their ponies cawing "haw! haw! haw!" and doubled themselves with laughter.

The Crows returned to the Yellowstone, and reported the impossibility of taking the Sioux by surprise. They also told faithfully of the challenge of the Sioux scouts, and learning of this, the young men of the allies were eager to go against the Dakotas, and their elders said, "If these Sioux think we are afraid, all the Dakotas will come to take our country, and thus they will give us much trouble. Come, let us adventure our bodies against them!"

The next day many hundreds of men in full war dress set out for the Bad Lands. As this large war party approached their stronghold its movements were noted and reported by the Sioux spies.

At their encampment the tepées were pitched together in compact rows, and this solid village was surrounded, at a safe distance, by a row of willow posts with stout poles laid against them and attached with rawhide ropes. Thus they raised an effective barricade against charging horsemen. They also built large corrals to protect their herds from a night stampede. The

posts and poles for this work they had cut at their leisure during the summer.

When the Crow spies reported this fortified village to their war leaders and partisans, some said, "We cannot take this Sioux town, therefore let us make a stronghold from which we may harass them."

This counsel was agreed upon, and the Crows and Mountain People camped upon an easily defended elevation where there was water and feed for their horses. This war camp was made above the Sioux town overlooking the river flats, and where the party could keep open communication with their people on the Yellowstone.

After a day or two of expectant waiting the Sioux, seeing the enemy hesitate to attack, went out as before and resumed their games and shooting at the post. Only now they donned their war shirts and feathered bonnets.

This open contempt nettled the allies, and they, too, sent their young men down, bedecked and painted, to display themselves in the valley above, and on the other side of the stream. A party of Sioux approached some of these within hailing distance and signalled across the river.

"Koo-ée, Kangi!" they shouted. "Come down on this plain and fight us. Let us fight in the large circles that none may take advantage. We shall see who are the best soldiers!"

This challenge to a fair fight in open field pleased the Crow and Mountain soldiers; in fact, fired them into enthusiasm.

"Good—good!" cried their leader after they had digested the matter. "We will surely venture our bodies in battle. Come forth from your willow pen to-morrow and we will go against you. See that you do not hide in your corrals!"

True to their promises the allies rode down from their heights in the morning and forded the stream to a wide open ground. When they saw these squads of horsemen really coming off the bluffs a great shout ran through the Sioux town. They had scarcely credited the boast of the Crows, whom, on the whole, they had bested in years of predatory fighting. The big village was thrown into an uproar as men ran for their horses or rushed into the tepée to don paints and war dress. In an incredibly brief space of time crowds of pony riders, as gay and fantastic in appearance as masqueraders at Mardi Gras, went clattering out upon the river flat. They were armed mostly with the bow and arrow, but many carried lances decked with streamers of vivid colours.

Though the writer has been eye-witness to such a scenic display of wild riders as followed, no pen is adequate to describe it. These hostile war parties were not gathered from

agency imprisoned creatures of broken and dependent spirit. They had never known the rule of an autocrat who might—or who might not—issue rations to their starving families as one throws bread to a dog.

They rode to battle as athletes meet upon the arena, hardy and daring in spirit and of iron endurance of body and limb. The foremost troops of the opposing bodies approached each other singing in loud minor strains to the beat of drums and clack of medicine rattles.

At a point perhaps two miles from the Sioux town the fighting began. There was no plan of battle to be noted. Groups and squads of horsemen, scattered hither and thither, were apparently riding aimlessly. Still others were coming singly and in strings from each of the hostile camps.

Suddenly, as flocks of birds scatter, a wild chaotic rout of flying riders spread upon the plain. Each frantic yelling horseman scurried at racing speed and each seemed bent upon his own business, quite regardless of the stampede before and behind.

Chaos reigned, but out of it came order in a twinkling. As by some trick of legerdemain the scurrying formless clouds wheeled into wide oblong rings of riders. Viewed from the heights about, the rims of these rings, revolving in opposite directions, might have seemed to run together. At the nearest point of contact they did not, in fact, vary much from fifty yards. For a quarter mile or so the hostile lines, riding in the same direction, ran nearly parallel to each other. No better arena for individual feats of riding, of daring and of marksmanship, could be devised.

In this fair and open field-fighting the Crows and their cousins of the mountain met the Oglalas, Yanktonais and Brulés, and, despite any prejudice to the contrary, without purpose or thought of treachery to their young men's agreement.

Theirs was a parade battle which indulged to the fullest extent the native love for display and excitement. The faces and bare legs of the wild riders were streaked with brilliant paints. Gorgeous and trailing war-bonnets were the marks of men of distinction, while the flying braids of others, their saddle and bridle trappings, and even their horses' tails, were decorated with gay streamers.

Seven-eighths of each wheeling circuit was ridden out in safety, and, to save the wind of their ponies, the fighters rode at an easy gallop, displaying feats of horsemanship and whooping and yelling until their noise filled the ears of all the anxious watchers at the Sioux village.

As each rider approached what may be termed the firing line, unless he wished to make a brave

show by sitting upright, he threw himself upon or alongside his animal's withers, and rode at top speed shooting his arrows over or under the pony's neck. Not many arrows could be discharged in a single dash by even the most expert of shooters, and usually these flew rather wide of the mark. But now and then a ruck of riders massed, and the feathered shafts flew thick and fast. In these *melées* happened most of the casualties. Here and there a pony was bowled over or a rider stricken and carried, living or dead, across the circuit on which he fell.

If a man's horse was killed and himself uninjured he loped away, inside his own lines, to secure a fresh one. As a pony could not run many times the circuit of these wide rings, and keep the pace, strings of horses were continually going to and fro between camp and battlefield. Many riders replenished their quivers by riding inside the fighting line, hanging from the saddle, and plucking the enemies' shafts from the ground. Some did this, with most admirable nerve and dexterity, amid a flight of whizzing missiles.

Thus passed several hours of glorious exercise and good fighting. A number had been killed and wounded on either side, but at midday neither circle of fighters had shown any marked superiority, and suddenly signals ran along the lines, and the rings were broken and the riders fell together, at their centres, as by magic.

The crowds thus grouped flung themselves off their tired ponies and stretched their bodies upon the grass for rest and to smoke and eat and tell of brave exploits. Here food and water was brought by boys and young men, eager to be of service. And so for several hours the hostile armies reposed over against each other.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE VOYAGERS ARRIVE.

THE bull boat had slipped out of a gorge wherein it had whirled over rapids until the voyagers were dizzy, and was floating, between high and caving banks, well out into some bottom lands.

Etapa lay curled like a young fox upon the bottom of the craft, and, within the small remaining space, upon the blanket rolls which supported the sleeper, Zintkala sat upon her knees. She did not try to propel the boat, but used a light pole merely to keep it from grounding.

Wi, the sun, had sloped half way down in the west and the day was warm, quite too warm, within the river's channel, for exertion. Here and there for a little way the big skin tub would

sail along quite rapidly, whirling around and around like a floating turtle shell. Again drifting as an autumn leaf drifts it floated, barely moving against the grey earth banks; and the young girl's head would droop, nodding sleepily, until it rested upon her bosom.

Then the pole would drop from her nerveless fingers, and she would awake with a start to stretch a small brown hand out upon the current.

In one of these quick catches after the pole the bull boat dipped water, drenching Etapa's face: and this so pleased Zintkala that she laughed herself awake. The boy grumbled

human creatures, and they were drifting now almost aimlessly, their thoughts and labours confined to present needs.

Indians, or people of any sort, were farthest from the sister's mind when her bull boat bumped over a shallow rapid, and ran plump upon a washout runway, where a great number of animals had recently forded the stream. At first Zintkala supposed a big herd of buffaloes had crossed the river, but she stopped the boat and her shrewd eyes detected pony tracks—unmistakably Indian ponies; a great number of them had very recently passed that way.



THE INDIAN QUICKLY YANKED HIS HORSE BACKWARD,
AND DODGED BEHIND HIS SHIELD.

sleepily, and turned his wet cheek under an arm.

Zintkala did not land the boat to climb the steep banks, for she had done this many days until she was weary of continued disappointments. She knew that if the Oglalas were camped in this strange country they would be found very near to the river—for most small streams were dry at this season—and so there could be no danger of passing their village unawares. For days they had seen no sign of

“Mi sun!”

The word was spoken in an undertone, but there was in the tone a thrill of startling import which the sleeper's ears responded to, and Etapa arose, nearly upsetting the bull boat. The boy's eyes quickly fell upon the trampled sloping banks of the washout, and he leaped to land with a sharp exclamation of elation.

“Han! han!” he said. “I think perhaps the Oglala hunters have been after the buffaloes—thus we shall very quickly find our people!”

After a moment's keen search he spoke again more guardedly.

"Hoye, Tanké!" he said. "I think indeed these may have been the Oglalas. I do not see the travois trail nor any moccasin tracks, therefore these men were hunters or a war party."

"Let us be very careful, younger brother, lest we be seen suddenly by some strange people," urged the sister, and her breath came quick with excitement and suspense. She hoped these many riders had been Oglalas, but she feared they were enemies.

The boy, despite his mounting hope, exercised an Indian's caution. He did not mount the bank upon the pony trail, but re-entered the bull boat.

"Tanké," he said, "let us go on further, that we may climb out in a secret place and see if any persons are in sight."

So in keen suspense of expectation, the two poled their craft along until they had passed a curve of the river's bank. Then they landed and scrambled up to the cover of a cluster of green willows. From out this covert they peered with caution, but could see nothing of human import save the broad dusty trail which stretched over a little rise, that formed a second bottom to the river lands.

"It appears there are no people near this place," said Etapa, after he had scanned the lower reaches, "therefore let us go forward to look at this trail."

They approached, keeping upon the untrod ground, and examined the trampled surface carefully, and this time they discovered what they had missed before—pony tracks leading back upon the trail.

"Ho! I do not think these men have gone far from their village," said Etapa. "I think their town is among those hills yonder. It appears that a war party has gone out to meet the enemy."

"Do you think these people are the Oglalas?" asked Zintkala, doubt and perplexity clouding her round face.

Before the boy had reflected sufficiently for answer a clatter of rapidly approaching hoofs fell upon their ears. A light breeze blowing from the northwest rustled the willows and the tops of near by cottonwoods, and the startled pair could not tell from which direction the horses were approaching. A moment of indecision, as they held their breath and listened, cost them an opportunity to hide.

Two horsemen suddenly appeared upon the rise in their front. These were strange Indians in paint and war dress, armed with shields and long lances, and one with bow and quiver of arrows at his back.

To run would have been imprudent as well as useless, and the voyagers, with hearts pounding at their ribs, not knowing whether these were friends or enemies, stepped back some paces from the trail. The boy carried his buffalo gun, and, under pretence of shifting the weapon from hand to hand, secretly drew its hammer back in readiness to fire. His quick eye noted that one rider, a young Indian, had neither bow nor firearm, and that the other, a large and fleshy man, had but few arrows in his quiver. He would shoot this last man if shoot he must.

The strange riders showed no surprise. They reined in their ponies at some rods distant and sat looking at the bare-legged, sun-scorched wanderers, who must, at this time, have resembled Fijis rather than Sioux. The horsemen were evidently puzzled as to the tribal identity of the pair. They rode forward upon the trail a little further and suddenly wheeled and faced the voyagers.

"How?" said the big man, inquiringly. "How," answered Etapa, in a far-away voice. The strangers looked at each other. Something in the boy's voice or manner had decided them. The larger man rode forward, indicating by signs that he wished to examine the buffalo gun.

Etapa and Zintkala drew back quickly, and the boy shook his head in decided refusal. The big soldier suddenly poised his lance as though to attack.

Etapa uttered a fierce yell, and levelled his gun. The man quickly yanked his horse backward and dodged behind his shield. The younger spurred his horse further beyond range.

"E-e-yi! Yih!" yelled Etapa.

His shrill defiant war-cry instantly warned the wild riders that they had to deal with no ordinary Indian lad. This boy was a fighter, a tactician. He had not expended his bullet, but was saving it for a close sure shot if they should charge. The warriors looked at each other with appreciative grins. This boy's war-shout had proclaimed him a Sioux. They would, therefore, kill these two and wear notched feathers in their braids. They circled about in a quick dash to cut off retreat to the river's bank.

The man with the bow and arrows then leaped from his saddle and half concealed himself behind his pony. He fitted an arrow and drew his bow as if to shoot. The frightened Zintkala started to run, but Etapa checked her with a sharp note of warning.

"Hoye, Tanké! Do not run!" he cried. "Keep looking at this man. Jump quickly on one side if he shoots!"

The sister faced about palpitating with fear. "These men will surely kill us if you do not give them the gun!" she said imploringly.

But the boy stood his ground, aiming carefully at the bowman. Again the wild riders grinned appreciation of the young warrior's shrewdness. They knew his buffalo gun had no sights. They wished to draw his fire at a distance.

But Etapa began to back away. He was frightened enough, but he was all Indian, and he preferred to fight rather than yield to capture. He did not believe these two men, soldiers though they were, would rush upon the muzzle of his gun. Let the bowman shoot his arrows!

The man, as if in response to his thought, suddenly, and with a fierce yell, launched a shaft at him. The boy's leap to one side was apparently instantaneous. The shaft struck into the higher ground behind him.

"Run quickly, Tanké, and get the arrow!" shouted Etapa. Zintkala plucked courage from her bold defender and obeyed with swift feet.

The strange soldiers spoke to each other and laughed wickedly. They had begun to enjoy the prospect of fighting these quick-witted ones. The bowman sprang upon his horse and rode around the voyagers in a sharp circle, threatening frequently to launch his arrows.

"Do not let him hit you, Tanké!" shouted Etapa. "If I shoot him, get his bow and arrows quickly!"

The sister understood fully, and the blood of the fighting Sioux was roused in her. She ran about in a dizzy kind of maze, leaping like a dancer. Etapa sprang from side to side, and kept his gun pointed toward the wheeling horseman. This fellow spurred his pony suddenly in a straight line, and, passing within a few paces of Etapa, let fly an arrow under his horse's neck. Again he missed, and the young Sioux ran swiftly backward and secured the shaft.

The bowman gave a whoop of chagrin and surprise. Shooting at these spindle-legged dodgers was like throwing pebbles at swallows. Adroitly the young Sioux led their enemies—the young warrior followed to watch for an opening—away from the river bank lest they should discover the bull boat, and so secure Etapa's bow and arrows!

The two well-nigh forgot their fears in an exciting game; their powers were engaged only to outwit that rapidly circling pony rider. Again and again, like a wheeling hawk, the big soldier rode around the dodging voyagers. The man often made feints to shoot. Although the two leaped tirelessly to foil his aim, the suspense and uncertainty, the peril of those swift, close dashes across his circuit, was like to dizzy and confuse the young brains.

As they dodged and ran backward the children

kept near to the base of the little elevation which marked the river's second bottom. This prevented the rider from shooting at them, save as he aimed downward or against the rise, and as he missed, one seized, or kicked and broke, the well lodged shaft. Each time the big man failed the younger gave a whoop of derision. The wheeling horseman grew bolder, his sudden attacks more difficult to avoid, and the voyagers were tiring. When they were near to despair Zintkala suddenly found her feet among stones. Instantly she stooped and caught up several heavy pebbles. As the soldier again rushed at them she flung the stones with all her might. His pony was hit upon the face and nearly pitched its rider off as it sheered suddenly to one side.

"Waste-ste!" shouted Etapa, and he, too, shifting his gun, began to throw stones. No horse would face such a battery, and in vain the rider tried to force his animal within the circle of their effective hail of pebbles.

In his anger the fierce bowman halted and launched two shafts in a fury at the boy. Etapa was nearly transfixed. An arrow passed on either side and one of them was splintered on his gun stock.

The shooter reached a hand to his quiver to find that he had expended all his shafts. As Zintkala seized and broke his last whole arrow across her knee, the soldier showed his chagrin so deeply that his companion again whooped with derision; he slapped his bare thigh and gave vent to guffaws of laughter.

The voyagers ceased exertion and looked about them for some line of flight to cover.

"Tanké," said Etapa, pointing up the river, "let us go thitherward to yonder high bank. If this man attacks I will surely shoot him."

"Let us do so quickly," replied Zintkala, and they now mounted the rise, the boy turning to threaten the horsemen with his gun, if they should follow.

"Mi sun!" Zintkala's voice was raised in a shout of wonder and gladness, "I think, indeed, the Oglalas are here!"

The boy wheeled and his eyes followed his sister's. Out upon the prairie, within plain view, were two large camps or armies of soldiers, at rest. They were not within hailing distance, but could be seen distinctly. Some were walking about, others sat upon the ground and still others held or tended herds of horses. One series of groups was nearly opposite the other, some bow shots removed from them and further up the river valley. And again, beyond these, the voyagers' eyes fell upon the distant conical points of many tepées—a big village.

"Tanké!" exclaimed the boy, with sudden con-

viction, "those far ones are indeed the Oglalas who have been fighting these others!"

"But these will take us!" said the girl, in a voice of yearning and despair.

Etapa could not answer. His heart sank. He knew why these two, who had come to the river, were so fierce to kill him and his sister without calling upon their fellows for help. They would not seek assistance so long as they could hope for success, but when they could not, what chance was there for escape?

"Let us walk, going backward, pretending not to know anyone," said the boy, in this desperate strait. "Let us go upon the lower ground to reach the high bank."

They stepped easily down out of sight of the soldiers upon the prairie, who had probably taken no note of them as yet. The voyagers now walked quickly backward, with their faces turned toward the two horsemen, their hands filled with stones to throw if these should chase them.

The soldiers immediately unslung the bull's hide shields attached to their saddles; then they talked together earnestly for a moment. Soon the younger turned and rode along the river's bank, and the larger man started directly toward the nearer soldiers' camp.

"Tanké! Run!" cried Etapa, and the two turned and sped along the base of the rise, running as they had never run before. Their days of rest in the bull boat, and their fears, lent wings to their supple and much tried legs.

In a dash of three hundred yards or more the horseman who pursued along the river did not gain more than a third the distance, though he urged his pony at top speed. He passed the fleet runners, apparently intending to get between them and the high bank at which they were aiming. Suddenly he wheeled, lowered his lance, covered his body with his shield, and charged directly at them. In the same instant they heard a clatter of hoofs over the rise beyond. The soldiers were charging from opposite directions to confuse and destroy them.

Neither dared turn either way to throw stones, lest a hurled lance should transfix the thrower! The runners halted instantly; with the instinct of hunted animals, they leaped aside at the point of contact. The horsemen came together in a flurry of dust to find the dodgers again escaped; and some cracking strokes upon the ribs, as the voyagers hurled their stones and ran, set their ponies prancing.

The soldiers gathered themselves and their weapons for a fresh attack, and now the young Sioux sped up on to the prairie. They knew they must be nearly as close to the upper war

party as to the enemy, and they ran toward those whom they believed were friends.

Zintkala raised her voice in a shrill appealing cry, "Até! Até! Até!"

The enraged horsemen wheeled again and charged them recklessly. These wily and incredibly fleet young Sioux would bring disgrace upon them should their rabbit legs now permit them to escape.

For another time breathless dodging saved the voyagers, and still the gun prevented any other tactics than the cross-charging. There was a moment of delay in recovery and again the riders swiftly circled to position. The voyagers were feeling the tremendous strain of their efforts. Frantic terror had seized upon them. It was impossible for Etapa to use his gun—if he should turn upon one rider the other would run him through. It was impossible also for the fleetier, less-encumbered Zintkala to leave his side. They had to hold together.

Again the wicked lancers charged with shields in front and spears poised to hurl; and somehow out of the *mêlée* the agile ones again escaped; but a catastrophe happened—the boy's cocked gun was accidentally discharged. He gave a shrill cry of despair, and fled with both riders after him as quickly as they could gather themselves. Each was bent upon securing the buffalo gun for himself. They rushed together and hindered each other.

The boy dodged their lance thrusts again and again, and the girl, running just ahead, continued to cry,

"Até! Até! Até!"

Suddenly a vast chorus of whoops shook the air, and the lancers, with a tired quarry, and in the moment of success, were startled into drawing rein. They saw before them the two big war parties, mounted in groups, watching their game, and they saw also a single horseman from the Sioux columns coming with the speed of a prongbuck. He was half way to them, in fact, a chief in plumes and war-bonnet, lying low upon a buckskin horse, which ran as the coyote runs; and they saw the children they had chased stretch their arms toward this horseman and heard their shrill cries, which rang above the clamour—

"Até! Até! Até!"

As the Sioux warrior whistled down the wind, they heard his strong voice crying its challenge.

"I am Fire Cloud of the Oglalas—fight me! fight me!"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

FIRE CLOUD FIGHTS FOR HIS CHILDREN.

SO they understood that they must fight this famous war-chief to the death, or be stricken as they ran like fleeing dogs. They knew that in all those watching throngs no hand would be raised to help or hinder. Their fighting blood prevailed, and they wheeled apart to meet the attack.

"Come on, dog of a Sioux!" they shouted, affixing their shields to protect their bodies from his arrows.

The flying rider passed his glad children without so much as a glance at them. He reined his horse at fifty paces from the enemy, and loomed large in the saddle, painted, gaily bedecked, cool of manner and keen of eye, but carrying only a war-club slung at his wrist. He had not even a bull's hide shield to protect his half-naked body!

"Ho, Kangi! My cousins, who it seems are enemies, since you wished to kill my children, who have arrived, I, their father, am here." He spoke calmly, but with deep fire of excitement in his eyes.

The Crows looked at each other and laughed. They understood that this man had heard the cry of his lost children, had discovered them pursued, and had leaped on his horse without waiting to arm himself; that all the others had seen him come forth and supposed the man wished merely to adventure his body in battle. Very well, they would count coup upon his body and kill his dodgers also if these should stay to witness his death. They began to circle rapidly around him, no longer afraid.

The chief sat his horse, making no move at first, but, as the Crows drew nearer, suddenly began to whirl his war-club. The stone head of the weapon swung about his body so that he seemed encircled by an unbroken ring.

The wheeling riders charged him, one from either side, thrusting at him with lances. Both their weapons were flung aside by his whirling club, and the chief executed a swift demi-volt and again impassively faced them. From the crowds of onlookers shouts of approval greeted his successful manœuvre.

Out on the prairie a little way Zintkala stood, with clinched hands, panting from exertion, her eyes fixed, with mingled longing, love and terror, upon the figure of that bold Sioux chief. And, squatted cross-legged upon the ground, Etapa, without a ramrod, worked frantically trying to fit a bullet to his buffalo gun.

The two Crows again circled, wheeling like birds of prey about the Oglala, and again charged him from opposite sides. The en-

counter was sharp and fierce; the Sioux's war-club seemed to play on all hands at once. Out of this encounter the big Crow emerged with a broken lance, but the smaller, with a yell of triumph, carried away, strung upon his spear, the Sioux chief's gorgeous war-bonnet.

Yet the Oglala soldier faced his enemies a second time unscathed, and the prairie was shaken by the vast shrill chorus which greeted his exploit.

As the Crows again wheeled into position for attack the larger, who had exchanged his broken spear for the tomahawk, yelled a sharp note of warning to his fellow.

The smaller turned his pony in a sharp circle to see the boy he had so lately chased rush at him with a levelled gun. There was no moment to spare—retreat was not to be thought of, and with a wild yell he lowered his shield and charged.

When the horse was almost upon him, aiming at the centre of that shield, Etapa fired. As when he had shot at the bear, his gun exploded with a mighty roar, and knocked him backward off his feet. The Crow's lance, hurled downward, struck deep into the ground where he had stood. But this Indian did not stop to fight further. His shield fell to the ground, an arm dangled at his side, and he galloped away to his fellows, only bearing the war-bonnet, which had fallen across his saddle-pommel.

This time the kicking buffalo gun had saved Etapa, and very likely the chief and the girl. The boy leaped to his feet, seized the fallen shield and wrenched the lance from its hold.

"I have taken war weapons of the enemy!" he shouted in a shrill exultant treble, which reached to all the crowds of horsemen; and these greeted his success with cloud-touching yells.

For the first time the Dakota father turned to one of his children.

"How—how—my son!" he said, and instantly rode to attack the big Crow, who now waited his turn.

Fire Cloud rushed his pony at this man without regard to tactics, and they came together in a duel, such as delighted the souls of a thousand wild riders.

The two wheeled rapidly about each other, striking, dodging, turning demi-volts. The Crow warrior had an advantage in his tough bull's hide shield, and again and again turned aside swift and dexterous strokes which would have maimed himself or horse.

As he wheeled about, this soldier saw that the chief's son was not reloading his gun, and so took heart and fought manfully; while the voy-

agers shouted to their father that now indeed he should overcome the enemy. Their faith was justified. Suddenly, as Fire Cloud charged, hurling his horse against that of the big soldier, the Crow's tomahawk flew from his hand and his shield was crushed by a swinging stroke which flung him out of the saddle.

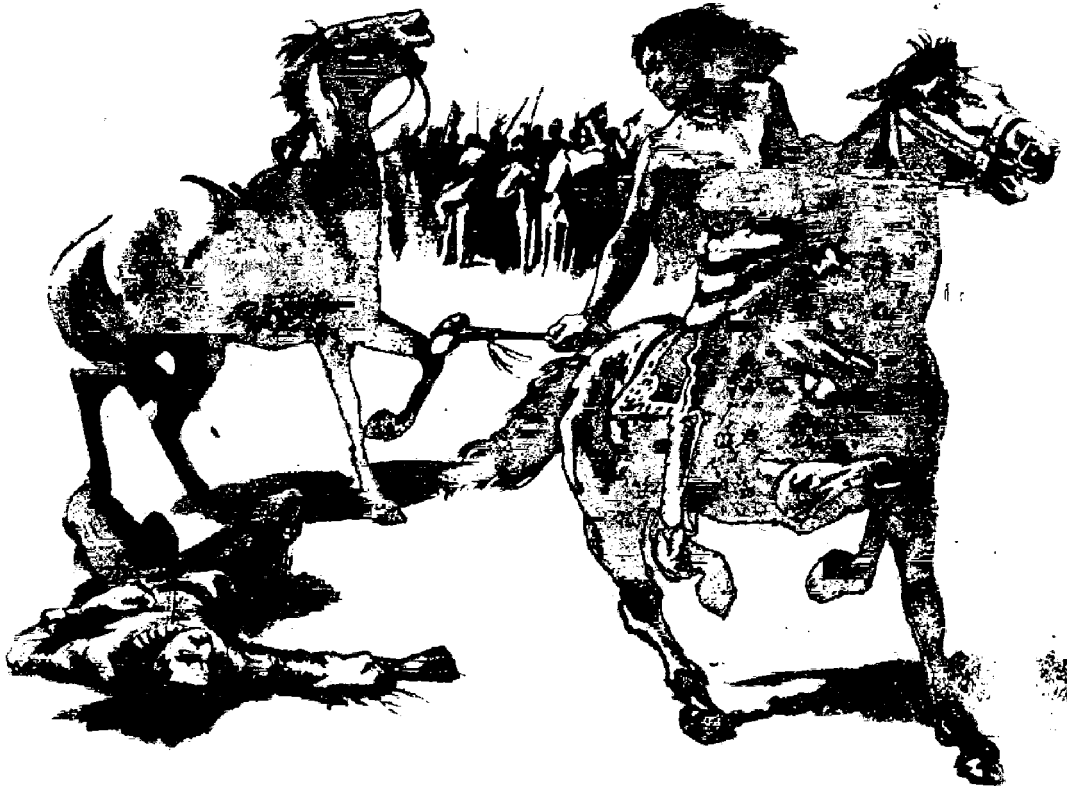
The Sioux chief leaped from his horse, and set his foot upon the helpless enemy.

walked slowly to the animal and mounted. He rode away, shaking his head and muttering.

"Hoh—hoh—hoh!" he said. He could not understand.

Fire Cloud's children now stood together. They would not approach their father until he bade them. But their faces shone with such joy as those may feel who look upon angels.

The victor looked after the retreating Crow.



HIS SHIELD WAS CRUSHED BY A SWINGING STROKE WHICH FLUNG HIM OUT OF THE SADDLE.

"Ho, Kangi!" he cried. "Now, indeed, I might easily count a coup upon your body and give your flesh to the dogs, but I will not do so! My children have arrived. My heart is glad, and I wish to kill no one."

The bruised and astonished Crow struggled to his feet, and stared unbelievably at the victor.

"Hoh!" he exclaimed, "hoh—hoh!"

The Sioux stepped back. "Yonder is your horse, Kangi," he said, "now go."

The man's pony had stopped to graze quite as though fighting were a daily incident. The Crow

and intently toward the hosts of astonished horsemen for a moment—for the air was rent with shouts of surprise, of anger, of approval. Then, apparently satisfied that no one would advance to molest, he mounted his animal and turned to his children.

"My son—my daughter!" he said, and he stooped and swung the boy with his war weapons up in front, and lifted the girl to a seat behind his saddle.

"My children," he spoke again, "you have come a long way?"

And into his glad ears the voyagers began to clamour. "Até, the Hohé took us!" cried Zintkala.

"We escaped from the Ojibwa!" shouted Etapa.

"We ran a very long way in the woods—"

"The Ojibwa chased us—"

"We were in a swamp!"

"The eagles brought fish!"

"We escaped—"

"Brother was very sick—"

"Han han—han!" said the chief.

"We stole many ponies from the Hohé!"

"Han—han!"

"I indeed struck a Scili! I also struck matosapa!" The boy raised his voice to a shout.

"How—how, my son—my daughter—my children!"

To their bewildering cross-fire of adventures the glad father could only answer by exclamations.

He rode slowly with his double burden past the squads of wondering Sioux, but none came forward to question, though many must have shrewdly guessed the truth about these slim young strangers, little as they seemed to resemble the small boy and girl their chief had lost.

When nearly half way to the Sioux town, Fire Cloud set his children's feet upon the earth.

"Long enough there has been mourning in your mother's tepée," he said. "Run ye thither quickly." And he turned and rode back to his soldiers.

At the Sioux village many women, old men, and young people were gathered about the willow railings which surrounded their town. Others sat in groups out upon the prairie at a little distance. Many of these were women who had sat cross-legged and immovable for hours, and, despite the heat, with blankets close drawn about their heads. Among these were anxious mothers, wives, and sweethearts, and a number had already lifted their voices in wailing. They had been glad when the fighting ceased. As the afternoon wore on and more runners arrived, it was said among these groups that now it was evident, of a truth, that the Crows and Mountain Indians were afraid of their soldiers.

"Ho, ho," they said, "our warriors have indeed defeated those wicked Kangi!"

Presently, however, they heard a great shouting which seemed to indicate that some exciting move was on foot among the armies. But away off there on the prairie all the groups of horsemen appeared as blurred patches with no movement of an intelligible nature. The shouting arose several times like the swell of shrill far-

away music; then all appeared to be quiet again. At length a young man, standing upon a high cedar post and acting as crier for the home groups, shouted in a loud voice that a runner was coming—a large man upon a white horse. There had been no message since a large number of young men had returned to the soldiers, bearing loads of dried meat.

There was a hush of expectancy—the people patiently waited. Presently the young man cried again that three persons had ridden the white horse, that one was going back with the pony and the other two coming on foot. These two were running very rapidly. In a little time all who craned their necks above their fellows' heads could see two slim figures leaping toward them.

"These are strange soldiers!" shouted the lad upon the post. "One has a gun and the other a lance and shield."

The runners came nearer. They appeared to be running with marvellous speed, and eagerly, with tangles of matted hair flying, their thin bare legs skimming the ground with rabbit-like ease.

"Hoh!" shouted the crier presently, "these two are very young. One is indeed a girl!"

There were exclamations of incredulity. As the strangers drew nearer they seemed to belong to black people. They were certainly very dark—they were also illy clothed. Suddenly the voices of these two loping ones were raised in shrill, joyous notes.

"Ina! Ina! we are coming—Zintkala—Etapa—your son—your daughter!"

There was a moment of dead silence, then a chorus of exclamations which expressed the single emotion of amazement.

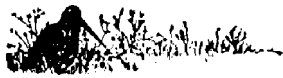
Then there fell upon the ears of all a wild yearning cry—a mother's cry—and a woman rose from one of the outer groups. Her blanket dropped from her shoulders and she staggered for a moment, clasping a hand to her forehead. Then she ran, though unsteadily, toward the fleet newcomers, and two wee girls, with arms and hair flying, sped at her heels.

The voyagers dropped their weapons and came on more swiftly.

"Ina! Ina! Ina!"

They leaped, panting like brown hares, into the mother's arms. The woman strained them to her bosom. She lifted her face and cried, "My children!—my children!" She could say nothing more.

Two little sloe-eyed girls flung themselves upon the voyagers' bare legs and clamoured piteously for attention, shouting that now indeed they knew that tanké and sunkaku had come back to them.



CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE WARRIOR FATHER'S APPEAL.

THE Oglalas among the Sioux had reached a conclusion. They had seen Fire Cloud go homeward with the rescued children, having spared a man who had tried to kill them—his own children doubtless—and they knew that their chief soldier's heart had become very soft. They feared even that some evil spirit, suddenly in the moment of victory, had made him witko.

Yet they held themselves in readiness to fight so soon as the Crows and Mountain Indians should make a move in their direction.

While the head soldiers were consulting together, Fire Cloud wheeled his horse and came swiftly back to them. A group gathered about him.

"My children have arrived," he said simply. He removed the war-club from his wrist and tendered it to one nearest. The man took it and others looked on wondering.

"I wish to talk to these Kangi and Mountain Crows," he said. "How, how, speak to them," said some of the older warriors, well pleased.

Immediately Fire Cloud rode toward the enemy, who were moving about in a restless fashion. The chief approached half way, and made a sign of amity. Getting no answer, he shouted his name, and soon the Crows and their allies understood that this was the war-chief who had spared a Crow soldier.

A head partisan of the Crows rode out presently to meet the Oglala. This one halted within a few paces of the chief.

"Ho, you that spared the life of War Dog, what do you seek of us?" he inquired.

"If your chief men will come forward and talk I will tell them why we are come into this country," answered Fire Cloud. "We did not come here to fight, unless an enemy should seek us."

"How, I will tell them what you have said," and the partisan turned and rode back to his fellows. After a while the Crows and others signalled their willingness to come forward, and Fire Cloud passed the word to his Sioux. He also arranged, by signs, for the numbers of each which should approach.

After a decorous length of time some two score of the chiefs and partisans of each war-party were seated—while young men held their ponies in the rear—in opposite groups upon the prairie. They did not smoke the peace pipe. None offered it. They wore the dress and paints of fighting men, and held their weapons in hand.

"We will listen to the One-Who-Spares-His-

Enemy," was the dictum of a Crow chief, and in a tone which implied that none other need talk.

Fire Cloud arose and walked into the space confronting the allies. He was shorn of his war-dress, and carried no weapon. He wore leggings and moccasins, and a tall white feather stood aslant from his scalp lock.

He spoke to the Crows and the Mountain People present in Dakota, which was their mother tongue, both being apostate tribes. Yet, had they understood no word of his tongue, these children of the wilderness could have followed every thought in his vivid sign language.

"Ho, Kangi, and you Mountain Soldiers, whose name should be Dakota, I did not think when you came to attack us that I should indeed wish to speak with you.

"Listen. Last year I sent my children to be taught of the white people at Traverse des Sioux. These people treated them with rigour, trying very quickly to give them white skins. This was folly, and I have now seen how foolish I myself have been. My children ran away from their school and the Hohó took them. These sold them into a far country.

"When a runner came this spring and told me this, my spirit was broken. I did not wish to live. But this runner who came said also that some of my people in Minnesota were foolishly going to war against the white people. I said, 'Though I wish to die, yet my people and their children wish to stay upon the earth,' therefore, I urged them that we should come far into this broken country, that we might not be implicated in war, and that we might as long as possible stand against our enemies.

"When I was yet young the Dakotas lived in a land of great abundance. From the falls of the big river to the Missouri we had all that land. When the white people came among us we always treated them with kindness. We gave them food and many presents. Their settlements seemed a long way off and we thought they must be destitute, having come so far. What happened? Before my younger children were born, these people had spread across the great river and taken our best country from us. They gave us nothing for the land. They forgot our kindness, and rudely thrust us out.

"Ho, you Kangi and your cousins, you have all seen the locusts which fly upon us and spread themselves upon all the land in the grass moons. How these build their round tepees in the ground, covering all the earth and destroying the grass, so that the buffaloes are indeed driven away, and your hunters cannot find them, and there is hunger and want in your lodges. So

do these white people spread; but each one builds his tepée of wood or stone, and abides upon his piece of ground, and there is no room for any one on the earth.

"These are indeed moving upon all the earth toward us. I myself have seen them. They will destroy the trees and grass and kill all things that live with us. We cannot resist them. Who is so witko as to believe it?"

"How silly it appears that we should be fighting each other, and thus give to these enemies of all Indians better excuse to seize our property! Very soon we shall have nothing to fight about. We shall be searching for the graves of our dead, and shall not find them. We shall inquire whither we may pitch our tepées, and no one will tell us. We shall ask of those who have despoiled us where we may find meat for our children.

"Ho, Kangi and you Mountain Soldiers, do you indeed wish it thus? Do you wish to crawl upon your bellies that others may feed your women and children?"

"To-day my children arrived, having escaped from captivity. Because of this battle between us they were near to death. But the Waniyan Tanka has indeed saved them, and my heart is glad. I no longer desire to die. I wish to live. I wish my people to be at peace, so that we may save some of our land whereon we may raise our children and bury our dead.

"Listen, Kangi and Mountain Soldiers. When the buffaloes came was there any lack of meat and skins for you and for us? Are your children hungry? If so, we will give them meat. If any one among you is in want, let him come to my tepée and I will feed and clothe him. Thus say

all these my colleagues and partisans. I have finished."

The Crows and their friends were much astonished at what this Sioux chief had said. They considered the matter gravely and apart for a time. At length an old chief spoke.

"How, Dakotas," he said, "let us indeed prepare the peace pipe. We did not understand why you had come into this country, or we would not have acted thus rudely. You are very welcome to stay all winter at this place."

"How—how, good—good!" cried the Sioux. Immediately these war-chiefs began to approach each other and to shake hands. Pipes passed among them, and they talked for a long time, telling each other such news of distant wars as they had heard. And it is said that these tribes have not fought each other since that day.

After they had sat, until nearly sunset, thus talking, two young men of the Crows approached, bearing a covered vessel between them. They set this burden at the feet of Fire Cloud, and removed their blankets, discovering a rude bull boat.

The chief arose to look at this craft, an oblong tub, with framework of bent willows, covered with a half-tanned buffalo pelt. Inside he saw two small blanket rolls, a parfêche filled with small articles and pieces of dried meat, a carcajou's skin, a long knife in a leather sheath, a metal basin much blackened by use, a boy's horn-tipped bow, and a quiver containing three strange arrows.

"Han! Han!" said Fire Cloud, "it was thus that my children arrived!"

THE END.



[A most interesting and thrilling series of "Tales of the Far West," by Franklin Welles Calkins, author of "Across the Wilderness," will appear in our next volume.—Ed.]

attachment of disc to shaft, it may be done either by means of a thread cut on the shaft, engaging with a thread tapped in the disc, or by a set-screw in boss *u* (see Plate I, which should be before you constantly), soldered on to back of disc. I turned my

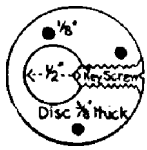


FIG. 13.

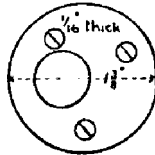


FIG. 14.

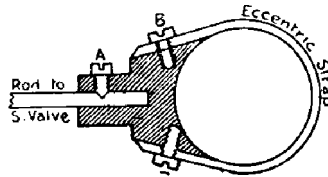


FIG. 15.

shaft down to $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch to give a "shoulder" on the shaft, for the disc to screw up tight against. The crank-pin, *L*, of $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch steel rod, has a thread cut on it to screw into a hole in disc, centred $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches from the centre of shaft.

The eccentric I made in three pieces (see Figs. 13 and 14): the central (Fig. 13), a blank, $\frac{3}{8}$ -inches wide, cut from a bar of $1\frac{1}{4}$ -inch brass; the two others (Fig. 14), plates $1\frac{3}{8}$ -inches in diameter, one soldered to the blank, the other attached to it by three countersunk screws. When assembled they form what is practically a grooved pulley. The strap (Fig. 15) consists of a small plate of $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch brass (shown by the shaded portion), and a small brass strip of similar width held to it by two small screws, *BB*. A hole is bored longitudinally to admit the eccentric-rod, gripped by a small set-screw, *A*. Through the eccentric a $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch hole is bored $3\text{-}16$ inch from centre. To do this and to make the governor pulley, you may have to call in outside help. The eccentric is keyed to the shaft with a screw (see Fig. 13).

The fly-wheel I use is $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter, and has a $1\frac{1}{4}$ inch tread to the rim, which is 1 inch deep, and grooved to give it a smart appearance. The pulley may be cast with it, or made separately, and fixed on with key screw as in illustration. My wheel weighs $8\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., and is heavy enough to produce very steady running.

We must now fix our cylinder and guides. First draw a line $1\text{-}5\text{-}8$ inches from edge of bedplate at right angles to the shaft line already referred to. Centre the cylinder on this line, by the aid of the long piston-rod, which, with the piston, should be inserted into place. Make the cylinder fast to the bedplate with a screw at each end. Slip the central block of the guide on the piston-rod, and move the guides about until the blocks

run easily up and down the bars and piston-rod without any tendency to jam. Then secure slide supports with one screw each, referring to the diagrams for proper distances. Push the piston back till it is within $1\text{-}16$ inch of rear end of cylinder, and also slide back the guide blocks, and also almost touch the rear support. File light notches on piston-rod to show position of crosshead piece, making the forward one $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch beyond the block to permit attachment to crosshead, *J*. (Plate I.)

Remove the piston-rod and cut it off at forward notch, and chase a thread on it to receive nut, *N'*, taking great care not to bend or scrag the rod while so doing. The most satisfactory way to hold a rod tight in the vice is to slit down the middle a small length of tubing that fits it, and to insert the rod between the two halves, which will be pressed by the jaws. The saw-cut will give room for the halves to bind properly on the rod. The thread should be chased for $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and cut in as deeply as possible, or until the nut runs easily on it. Don't try to cut the thread too fast, or you may bend or twist the rod; keep running the die up and down, tightening it a little every time.

The crosshead, *J*., must now be made. You can either cut it from the solid, or, what is easier, build it up of three small lengths of rectangular brass rod. These should be filed carefully at their ends, so that the side pieces may stand quite square on the crosspiece, which screws on to piston-rod, a hole being drilled and tapped for that purpose. Then thickly "tin" the faces to be soldered and stand the pieces in the form of a "u." Heat your bit to a very dull red, and apply it to the top of the "u." The solder will soon melt, and the weight of the bit will cause the sides to settle squarely on their base. Lift the bit off very carefully, and allow the crosshead to cool. When cold, drill a $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch hole for the connecting-rod pin, which should be a tight fit, and may itself be held by a small pin at each end. The crosshead-block may then have its sides filed to a half-moon section to lighten it. Be very careful that the block will slip through the forward guide support without touching.

Now detach the cylinder, and in the underside of the port-piece open a hole, $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch or so across into the exhaust chamber, which is connected with the slide-box by the large $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch port. Solder over this hole as squarely

as you can a 3-inch length of $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch tubing, which will project through a hole cut for the purpose in the bedplate.

Now replace the cylinder and finish fixing the screws that hold it and the guides to the bed. Make a small joint to valve-spindle, in

which the eccentric-rod may work, and solder it to the spindle. Then put valve and spindle in place and attach the slide-box minus the cover to the valve-plate. Pull the

spindle out till the rear port is fully open, and turn the eccentric right forward. Measure carefully the distance to be bridged by the rod, allowing a small margin for the bend (to be made by the aid of heat).

If the proper proportions have been observed, the front port should be fully uncovered when the eccentric is turned right back. Should it be more than uncovered, the throw of the eccentric is too great, and you must shorten the rod a

trifle to split the excess equally between the two ports; if not quite uncovered, then lengthen the rod.

The main connecting-rod may now be taken in hand. In order to ascertain its exact length, you should pull the piston back to within a 1-16 inch of rear of cylinder, and also turn the crank-pin back. Then, with your dividers, measure the exact distance from the centre of the crosshead pin to the centre of the crank-pin. Note this and work carefully to it.

The connecting-rod shown in the Plates is built up of several parts to combine lightness with strength. Fig. 19 illustrates the "web" of the rod, which is reinforced at the "small-end" and "big-end," by two pairs of plates cut from $\frac{1}{8}$ and $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch brass, and soldered on each side (see Figs. 17 and 18).

Fig. 20 gives a side view of the completed rod, the shaded portions, top and bottom, being strip brass soldered along the web to prevent lateral bending. The hole for crank-pin in the "big-end" is bored out; then the end is cut through across the centre of the hole with a fine fretsaw, and the edges are filed and polished. The "strap" (or de-

tachable portion) is held to the rod by four $\frac{1}{8}$ -inch studs each double-nutted, and the crank-pin is ground in with fine emery powder. An alternative "big-end" is shown in Fig. 16. Here two bolts are used to hold on the strap. As it projects some way beyond the edge of the crank-disc, an opening must be cut in the bedplate, to accommodate it. Those of my readers who wish to finish the job as quickly as possible may make a less ornamental connecting-rod out of a length of $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch steel bar, soldered at each end to a brass block drilled with suitable holes.

You may now pack the glands and the piston with lamp-cotton or large crochet-cotton. Test the steam-tightness of the piston and cylinder gland by putting your finger on the forward port and pushing and pulling the rod. If there is not considerable resistance, put in more packing; but don't have the piston too tight, and see that the packing does not get in between the flanges of the piston and the cylinder tube. The cylinder-covers, or ends, are made steam-tight with a ring of stout brown paper smeared with red-lead. Now insert the piston-rod through the guides and screw on the cross-head piece, making it secure by tightening up the nut, n'. Turn the crank to see that the piston is not knocking on the cylinder ends. A very small error in the length of the connecting-rod would cause trouble in this respect.

Refer for a moment to Fig. 5. The cover of the slide-box is pierced centrally with a $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch hole, and a small plate (1) is cut out and fitted round it with four or six screws. To this plate the steam-pipe will be soldered.

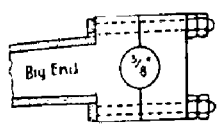


FIG. 16.



FIG. 17.



FIG. 18.

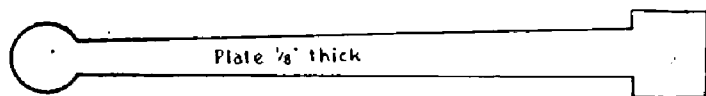


FIG. 19.

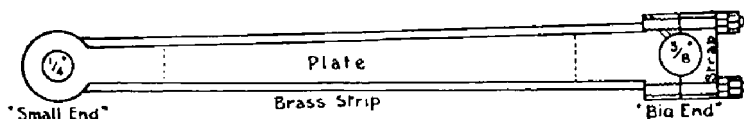


FIG. 20.

Before screwing on the cover and walls to the valve-plate, set your eccentric in its proper relative position to the crank. I had intended to explain at some length the scientific principles of the slide-valve, and the action of steam in the cylinder, but want of space forbids it, and I will, therefore, recommend to you an excellent little treatise, entitled "The Slide Valve," published by

Messrs. Dawbarn and Ward, 6 Farringdon-avenue, E.C. For present purposes, it will suffice to give the following directions:—Put the crank full forward, and twist the eccentric round until the front port just begins to show. In order that the crank may be driven in the same direction as the hands of a watch, the eccentric must point *below* the shaft; so

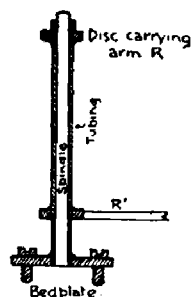


FIG. 21.—SECTION OF ROCKING SHAFT OF GOVERNOR.

that, with the crank-pin at a quarter-past the hour, as it were, on its disc, the line drawn through the centres of the shaft and the eccentric should point to about twenty-five minutes to the hour. Put briefly, you have to arrange the valve so that it may open for the backward stroke of the piston a moment before the forward stroke is completed, and allow the adverse pressure of the steam to act as an elastic

cushion on the piston, and all the reciprocating parts linked to it. When the adjustment is made, remove the eccentric strap, and tighten the set-screw against the shaft, after drilling a slight nick in the latter to engage with the tip of the screw; then replace the strap.

You may like to add a "governor" to limit the speed of your engine when running light. By referring to Fig. 5 and Plates I. and II., you will get the general idea of a simple form of governor. The valve (Fig. 5) itself is a small, circular brass plate (2), filed to fit the steam-pipe, and inserted in a small shaft, slit down the middle a short distance. The shaft is passed through holes in the pipe, and turned until the disc can be pushed into place. A little solder liquefied by a blow-pipe flame holds it in place. On the bottom of the pipe solder a small brass cap, and on the top side a gland (3 and 4). The governor itself consists of a square, horizontal shaft fitted at each end with pins to turn in the supports, S²S². Near the outside end is fixed the pulley, and next to it comes a square block, pierced with a square hole to fit the shaft. This sliding-block should be of steel or iron, and have a deep groove filed in it on the pulley side to engage with the extremity of the steel arm, R'. A second block is soldered to the other end of the shaft. Two lengths of thin steel spring, $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch wide, are then turned over at each end to make eyes to move on wire loops, attached to the blocks, and are bored centrally for small screws hold-

ing on the hemispheres of lead or brass. A rapid rotation of the shaft causes the balls to fly outwards by centrifugal force, bending the spring and drawing the sliding nearer to the fixed block. This movement is transmitted to the throttle valve by the arms R' and R, fixed to the bottom and top of a small vertical tube working on a spindle screwed to bedplate (see Fig. 21), and the rod, R². As the weight of the balls and the strength of the spring must be proportioned to one another, no exact figures can be given here; but the spring should be stubborn enough to force the sliding-block back into place, and

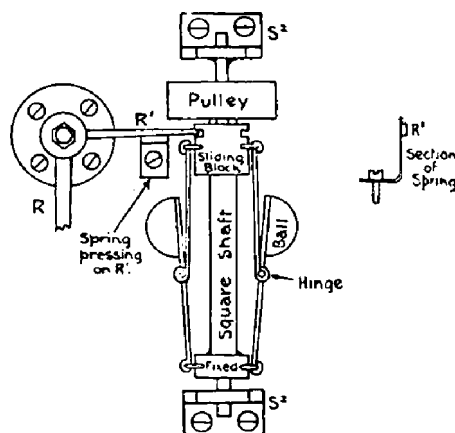


FIG. 22.—ALTERNATIVE FORM OF GOVERNOR.

to overcome the friction of the moving parts. A "stop" is put on the shaft to prevent the block coming beyond the point at which the valve is fully closed, *i.e.*, turned athwart the steam-pipe.

If you have trouble with the springs, substitute for them two pairs of flat links hinging in the middle (see Fig. 22), and replace the spring's resiliency by a small auxiliary spring bent to a right angle, the short one pressing on the bedplate, the long one pressing on the arm R' in the direction of the pulley.

Don't forget to cut the hole in the bedplate for the balls to turn in at high speed. Its longitudinal axis should be $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch nearer the middle line of the bedplate than are the ball centres.

Now solder the steam-pipe to the round plate on the slide-box cover; put the connecting-rod in place, and fit a small length of $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch tubing on the outside of the crank-pin to prevent the "big-end" from slipping off. Drill a hole through pin and tubing to take a split-pin. Be sure that the flywheel is

fixed hard against the shaft by the set-screw in its hub. Go round all the screws holding the supports to the bedplate, and make them tight. The moving parts should now be flooded with oil, and the flywheel quickly revolved for a considerable time to let the rubbing faces wear down true. A slight initial stiffness is desirable, as an easy fit at first probably means a loose fit after a little work. The cylinder should then be tested for leaks with a cycle inflater attached to the steam-pipe, the joints being smeared over with soap and water. Any pin-holes in the soldering will soon show themselves. When these have been remedied the engine is ready for painting, a process that I will leave to the discretion of my readers, as regards both colour and the surfaces covered. I should advise, however, that the painting be not done until the engine has been proved under steam, as the heat may show further need for soldering.

The cylinder will be more efficient if "lagged," or jacketed along the barrel, with small pieces of wood, held together by narrow bands of sheet-brass.

I have not thought it necessary to go into all details of the construction, as I hope that what has been said will, in conjunction with the reader's commonsense, be sufficient. When finished, the engine will necessarily not be quite so smart as the lathe-turned article, which the professional puts together so beautifully, but you will have the satisfaction of feeling that, except in a few particulars, you have fashioned it throughout with simple tools. An experimental model shown in the appended illustrations, runs very satisfactorily, and, under fifty pounds of steam, should drive a small dynamo.

In my next article I shall give instructions for the building of a small pumping-engine, to be driven by our model.

JUNIOR CLERKS.

YE youths who make our humble woes
 The theme of priggish jest and quip,
 Upturning the patrician nose,
 And curling the contemptuous lip,
 Ife once had dreams and schemes like you,
 Our promised land was fair and bright,
 We never thought of rising to
 An office-stool's majestic height!

We did not blindly trust to Fate,
 Nor waste our youth in ease and play,
 But strove to pass the narrow gate
 Of stiff "exams" that barred the way.
 We lost our lives' first Waterloos;
 We pay the price of failure now
 By labouring for sordid "screws,"
 Desk-ridden victims of the plough!

Oh, that a bold, bad guess at "sight,"
 A blundering slip or two at "math,"
 Should cloud a dawning life, and blight
 The noblest aims a young soul hath!
 The likeliest men may lose the day
 By half-a-dozen paltry marks;
 Then Commerce seizes on her prey,
 And, marring, makes them Junior Clerks!

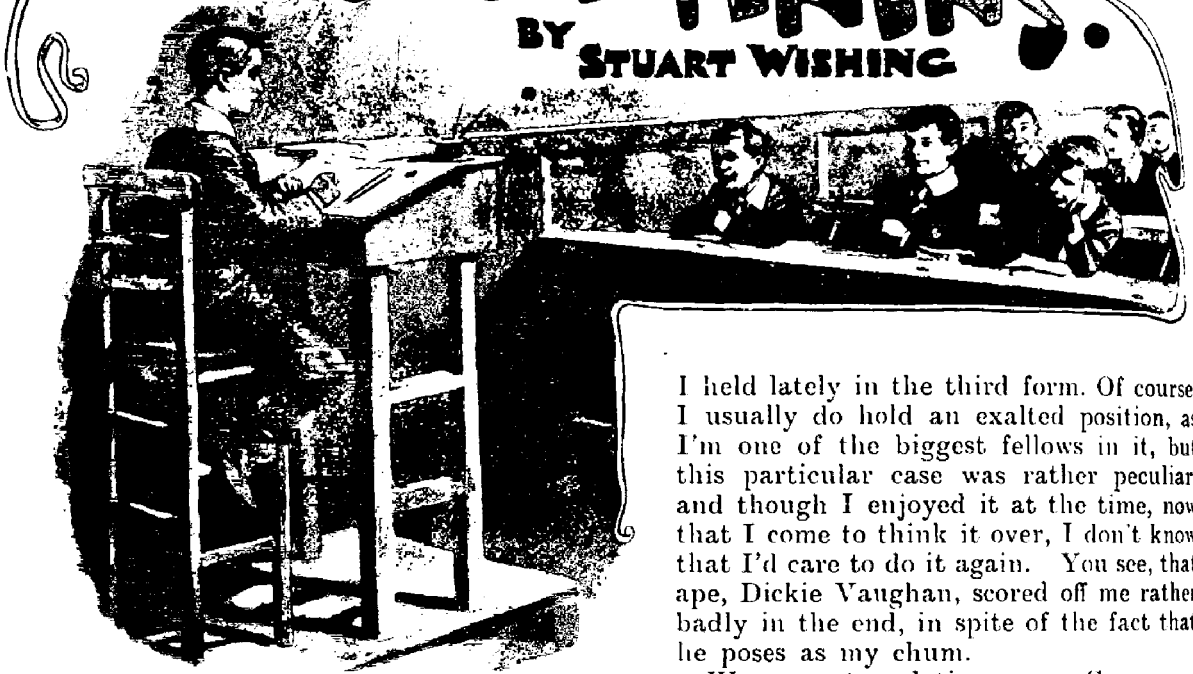
'Twere manlier far, mayhap you deem,
 To drain, without a word, the cup
 That comes to hand, nor idly dream
 Fond dreams of "something turning up."
 But who shall rob us of the hope
 That yet blind Fate, who placed us here,
 May give our spirits fuller scope
 In some unknown, undreamed-of sphere?

At any rate, we'll hope that "good
 Will be the final goal of ill"—
 Of drawing water, hewing wood,
 And driving the ignoble quill.
 What of our dreams and schemes long lost?—
 We'll hold *this* "true whate'er befall,"
 "'Tis better to have tried and 'bossed'
 Than never to have tried at all."

ARTHUR STANLEY.

A LOCUM TENENS.

BY STUART WISHING



DARESAY you'll wonder what the heading of this yarn means. If you're a classical fellow (like me) you'll know; if not, borrow a dictionary and sweat it out. There's nothing like a little earnest striving for chaps who are ignorant or lazy—so the governor says; and though he and I don't always think as one person (as they say of a husband and wife who are really keen on each other), still, in this particular case, a certain amount of energy will not be wasted. These opening sentences you have to put in, when you're telling a tale, as a sort of introduction. I think they're a beastly nuisance, as it seems to me much better to plunge into the middle of the story straight away; but I am told there are certain rules belonging to the business, which you must observe. The Conditional Sentences in the syntax are just the same; once you fail to play the game and stick to all the silly rules some ass chose to make, you're down the spout at once. And so I've had to stick in all these useless remarks, just because a lot of other people say it's the thing to do.

Well, now I've got that off my mind, I can tell you all about the exalted position

I held lately in the third form. Of course, I usually do hold an exalted position, as I'm one of the biggest fellows in it, but this particular case was rather peculiar, and though I enjoyed it at the time, now that I come to think it over, I don't know that I'd care to do it again. You see, that ape, Dickie Vaughan, scored off me rather badly in the end, in spite of the fact that he poses as my chum.

We were translating some Cæsar one morning during the last lesson. I say "we" advisedly, for the translation consisted chiefly in a fellow (say, Dickie or myself) getting up and reading a few lines. Then Stretton (our master, you know) would tell us to translate it unseen. Of course, we tried our best, and "took the words," as he directed; but however we took the beastly words, we couldn't hang on to them long enough to get the sense of the old boy's meaning. We used to mumble a bit, and give the meaning of "et" and "que" and "para-sang"—but that's Xenophon; I was forgetting. Anyhow, we'd go for the easy words, and those we knew, just like a chap who funks makes for the gap in the hedge. Stretton, to tell you the truth, was very patient and painstaking (as his testimonials say; I saw them when he applied to act as tutor to me one vac.), and guided us through the con. as well as he—and we—could manage. But I fancy he was getting a bit sick of the job, and I know that we were, when the entrance of a third party diverted our attention. Third parties always do that sort of thing, you know—pop in when they aren't wanted, when you're chaffing your best girl, or when there's ice cream enough for two, but not for three. However, this time we

were jolly glad to see the Head come in and speak to Stretton. I sat close to the desk, so that I heard what they were saying.

"Can you come out for a quarter-of-an-hour, Stretton?" the old boy asked. "I want you to come and look at the plans of the new common-room."

Stretton hesitated. It's just that way always. If the Head had asked *me* to go out for a paltry five minutes, I'd have been only too ready. As for a quarter-of-an-hour!—well, some chaps get all the luck!

"You see, sir," Stretton said, "there's no one to take charge while I'm out. Will it do if I come at 12.0?"

"The architect's going in about twenty minutes," the Head answered, "and I should like you to see him, and tell me if his ideas strike you as being all right. Besides, you can put one of your bigger boys in charge. It's only for a short time."

I pricked up my ears at that, and watched Stretton narrowly. He wavered a bit more, but finally gave in like a sensible man. (You call a fellow sensible when he falls in with your views.) The Head went out, and Stretton promised to follow him in a minute. Then he turned to us.

"I must be absent for a short time, boys," he said, "and while I am away, I want one of you to take charge." His eye wandered over us, and I feared for a moment that he was going to pass me over. It was all right, though, for he made up his mind pretty quickly. You see, I'm a strapping sort of fellow, and you can't hide your size.

"Calmour, you will do, I think. Will you look after the form for ten minutes or so? See that there's not too much noise." Then he made as if he were going out.

"I shall be very glad to be of any assistance, sir," I said (for I knew I was conferring a favour on the chap), "but I should like to know exactly what my position is?"

Stretton turned. "What do you mean?"

"Just this, sir," I replied. "Have I your full authority while you're away?"

Stretton didn't see the drift of my words.

"Of course you have," he said. "Keep them quiet. I sha'n't be long."

I chuckled as he went out, and prepared myself for a good rag. The other fellows chuckled too, for they also thought that the next quarter of an hour would be quite amusing. It was, as a matter of fact, but not exactly as they expected.

I left my place in form, and walked up to Stretton's vacant seat. It was a high one, behind one of those tall desks that masters

use; being up aloft gives you a good look out over the chaps below, don't you know. As I went up I heard a laugh behind me, but I took no notice, thinking it better to preserve my dignity. (Masters always pretend to look the other way when they feel they're being guyed without knowing exactly what the joke is.) Well, I stalked on without speaking, and after a bit of a tussle got up on to the chair. Then, you see, I faced the turbulent throng. At least, they weren't turbulent then, but they felt a bit revolutionary later on. Dickie was the first to break the rather awkward silence.

"I say, Tommy," he said, "what on earth are you doing up there?"

I tried not to show I felt a little uneasy—though I wasn't wearing a crown. (Quotation from Shakespeare, you chaps.) All the same, I knew it was time I put my foot down, or I should have no authority left. So I adopted a stern put-out-your-hand sort of tone, and spoke.

"Kindly use a more respectful form of speech, Vaughan," I said. (I tell you, I'm no fool at words sometimes.) "When you speak to a Master you should say 'Sir.'"

"Oh, rot," replied Dickie. "You aren't a master, old buck. Don't you try to make us believe you are. It won't go down with us."

"Hear, hear!" chimed in Walters—rather a biggish chap, but not so big as me. "Don't make an ass of yourself, Calmy. You're a large enough idiot already."

I couldn't think what to say for a moment—not that I was at a loss for words. On the contrary, I had a beautiful lot of adjectives and nouns to hurl at his head, but I realised in time that it isn't quite the thing for a master to call a fellow a plague-stricken Chinaman or a decomposed bloater. Out of school I daresay Masters say much the same things as we do, but in school they simply jump on you if you use a little slang. "Things are not always what they seem," as some chap wisely remarked—a saying which any fool could have made.

However, I soon decided on the line I was going to take, and determined to stick to it. I believe in sticking to things, until you're absolutely bunkered.

"Hold your tongue, Walters!" I said, severely. "Speak when you're spoken to."

"Don't you give me any of your lip, young Calmour," he replied, "or I'll let you know about it afterwards."

"Don't be absurd," I said—(that always

annoys a chap)—“or I shall be obliged to punish you.”

“What!” he said—or rather shouted; and I repeated the remark.

“I should like to see you do it. What do you say, you fellows?” and he turned to the other brutes. Of course, they all chimed in, in unison, saying much the same sort of thing, and I saw I would have to take a more decided tone.

“Don’t let us have any more nonsense, boys,” I said, coolly. (I tell you, I played the school-master part well.) “I do not wish to set you an imposition unless I am compelled.”

Then they hooted a bit, and I reasoned with them.

“You heard what Mr. Stretton said just now. You remember he said I had his full authority?” They growled assent. “Very well then; I have his full authority to act for him, and if you are troublesome little fellows I shall give you some lines to do.”

“How’ll you make us do them?” asked Walters.

“I’ll soon show you,” I said, grimly. “Walters, do me a hundred lines for impertinence.”

“Sha’n’t,” said Walters, folding his arms.

“Then I shall be compelled to report you to Mr. Stretton for disobedience and disorderly conduct when he returns,” I said. My words had an electrifying effect. (That means, they made him jump like sin.) His jaw dropped, and he looked a frightful idiot. After sitting silent for at least a minute, he began to talk again.

“You wouldn’t be such a beastly sneak,” he said.

“A *what*, sir?” I asked.

“Er—an—an informer, I mean,” was his correction.

“Worse still, my boy,” I said. “Do *two* hundred lines.”

“Hang it all, Tommy,” Dick burst out. “You wouldn’t be such a skunk as to tell Stretton.”

I’d better explain before I get any further that I shouldn’t have dreamed of doing anything of the sort. I think all sneaks deserve kicking, and I told them so afterwards. But I thought a bit of bluff would rather help matters on just then.

“I shouldn’t think twice about it,” I remarked, and this was perfectly true. I shouldn’t really think once about telling on another fellow, however big a cur he might happen to be.

“This is a bit *too* thick,” my chum cried. “Look here——”

But I shat him up before he could say anything else, and gave him a hundred lines to keep him quiet. To cut a long story short, I soon had the whole lot of them scribbling away for all they were worth, all of them as glum as the Prisoner of Chillon—whoever he was.

I kept them jolly quiet and out of mischief, giving work to idle hands, so to speak, and after a bit I looked at my watch. It was past twelve—ten past, to be exact—and no signs of Stretton. It was plain that he had been kept longer than he expected. Then I thought of a beautiful plan to while away the time—viz., or “namely, that is to say,” go down to the grub shop, get some chocolate, and return. There wasn’t any danger. I looked out of the window across to the Head’s study. Still no sign of Stretton coming across the quad; my mind was made up in the twinkling of an eye. I turned round to the fellows again.

“Boys,” I said, “I must be absent for a short time, and expect you to make no noise while I am away. Vaughan, keep them in order. You have my authority.”

I heard a subdued hiss as I went to the door, and threatened them with further imposts. That quieted them, and I proceeded on my way, carefully shutting the door behind me.

I ran quietly across the quad, in the style of the swift-footed Achilles, and cautiously peered through the window into the Head’s study. Stretton, the Head, and another man—the architect, I suppose—were poring over the plans, and I heard them talking.

Stretton remarked that it was time he went back to his form, but the Head said, “Oh, five minutes more won’t hurt them. I expect they enjoy it. Boys will be boys, you know.”

Ry the way, people usually say that sort of thing when you’re going to be lammed for doing something wrong, but it never gets you off. Still, it raised my opinion of the Head a good deal. What he said was very cheering—as I could easily get down to the grub shop and back in five minutes. I didn’t wait any longer, but bolted off to Mrs. Webster’s, and bought all the necessary articles. Then I left my form—a sporting term, you know—where the hare lies—and made tracks for home.

Meanwhile, several things had happened. Of course, I didn’t know it at the time, but

Dickie told me afterwards, when we'd made it up. I'd better tell you here, or you won't follow the course of events. Briefly—fellows usually say that before a long speech—it was as follows. Dickie Vaughan was a wily bird, and was also annoyed at my setting him lines. Of course, it was only a rag that I'd had for fun—as I explained to him, but he didn't see it. He said my actions spoke for themselves, but my words were deceitful. There was no need to jaw about it, but he can't blink the fact that he played a pretty low trick on me—however much he may wrap it up in a lot of dressy syllables. As a matter of fact, he was jolly sick with me, and set about thinking of a return match. As I've explained before, he's rather good at that sort of thing, and he soon had a plan.



HE YELLED OUT AT THE TOP OF HIS VOICE, "STRETTON."

He left the form-room—I told him this was dishonourable afterwards, but he said that he had my full authority to act, which I couldn't deny—he left the form room, and stealthily approached the Head's window. Then he looked in—a shady trick, I told him—and saw Stretton and Co. talking away. That was all he wanted; he went back a few yards, then yelled out at the top of his voice. "STRETTON," and bolted back to the form.

A minute or two later Stretton strolled in, looking as cool as a cucumber. He does know how to keep his head, by Jove!

He didn't say anything at first, according to Dickie, but simply went to his desk and sat down as if nothing had happened. He seemed surprised to see the fellows at work writing hard, and looked all round to see if any chap was slacking. Then, of course, he noticed that I wasn't there.

"Where is Calmour?" he asked, quietly. I hate a quiet voice; it usually means you're in for it.

No one answered at first, but he repeated his question so pressingly that they had to

confess that I had gone out. He mused a bit, and chewed his moustache, and then—

"What are you all writing so busily?" he asked.

"Imposition, sir," said Walters.

"For whom?"

Walters is a bit of a wag—or thinks he is—and said, "For Mr. Calmour, sir."

"For whom?" Stretton asked, and Walters lost his nerve and said, "For Calmour, sir." Stretton sat tight, thinking still, and—so Dickie said—smiling. I'm glad he has a

sense of humour. He didn't ask any more questions, but waited for me.

Meanwhile, I'd had a very good time at the tuck shop. Bread is supposed to be the staff of life, but I'd put my money on chocolate any day of the week, and caramels aren't a bad substitute, though they're a bit leathery. I filled my pockets, and hastened back warily, thinking how sick the fellows would be when they saw me refreshing the inner man in this way. I ran lightly across the quad, got to the room, entered it, and then—well, I made an ass of myself. The master's desk is on the same side of the room as the door, so I didn't notice it as the door swung back. I began cheerily, "Well, boys"—when I saw Stretton gazing at me with acute interest.

My words died on my lips—that's rather a poetical touch, I know, but it describes the case. I stood there feeling about the

biggest ass you can imagine. Stretton spoke first.

"I gather you have set these boys impositions. Your authority was not so full as this."

Walters, Dickie and the others cheered up at hearing this, but Dickie's time was coming.

"Vaughan, however," continued Stretton, in his quiet way, "will write five hundred lines for calling out my name in an impertinent manner."

(By George! Dickie did look green. Stretton had spotted him at the window, you see.)

Then it was my turn.

"And Calmour will write two hundred and fifty lines for neglecting his duty. Walters, will you construe, please, beginning at line 84?"

Cheery ending to a harmless little joke—eh? what?



"OH!"

Drawn by Gordon Browne. R.I.

How Wild Animals are Trained



By H. J. SHEPSTONE.

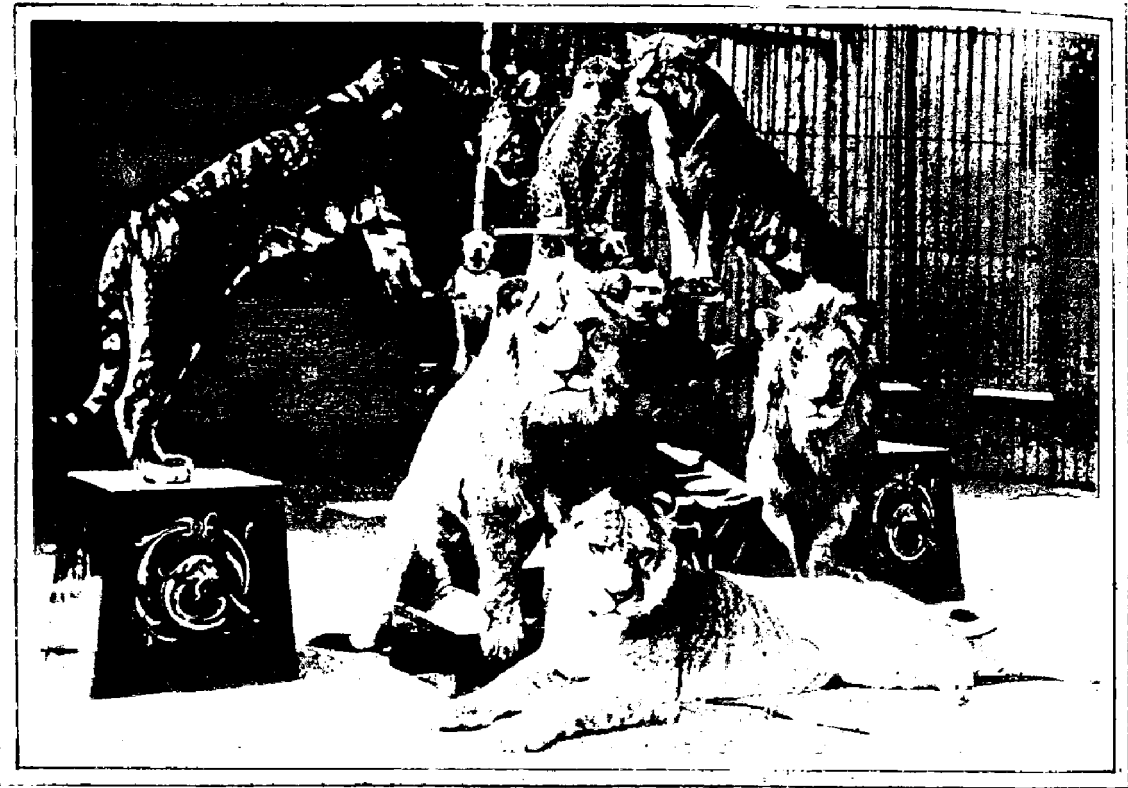
HAVE just come away from a visit to the largest animal training establishment in the world. It is to be found in Hamburg, and is presided over by Mr. Carl Hagenbeck, the acknowledged king of animal trainers, and, incidentally, the largest and most successful importer of wild and curious animals. He has given thirty-six years to the training of animals. He told me he had trained over seven hundred large animals such as lions, tigers, bears, and elephants, while most of the lion tamers of Europe and America have passed through his hands. He has raised the training of animals to a science. To him a new lion is a beast endowed with distinct characteristics, and, therefore, one that demands individual study and attention.

Mr. Hagenbeck's depôt in Hamburg is a wonderful place. Strictly speaking he has two, one in the heart of the city, and a large park at Stellingen, a thriving suburb of the great port. Both places were full of all kinds of wild and curious beasts. His three lion-houses, at the time of my visit, contained twenty-five lions, twenty-one Bengal tigers, and five hybrids between lion and tiger, an entirely new animal, seen nowhere else in the world. In one house I counted 150 monkeys. In one of the cages at Stellingen I also counted 75 beautiful white flamingoes. There were fourteen elephants in the elephant-house.

The depôt boasts of three training cages. In one a group of twelve seals were undergoing

stage tuition. They were being taught their tricks by an Englishman, and I was assured that they had made excellent progress during the seven months they had been under instruction. One of the larger ones, which the trainer affectionately patted on the head, could already take a small ball in his mouth, bounce it on the ground, catch it on his nose, and waddle with it, balanced in the air, to his perch. This cage was in the "open"; in a second, which was under cover, a tiger was being taught to ride an elephant. The tiger displayed no small amount of intelligence, and seemed to understand perfectly what was wanted of him. If anything, the elephant was the more nervous of the two.

It was a magnificent Bengal tiger and a beautifully striped beast. As I stroked him through the bars of the cage he purred like a big cat. I began to think that after all it could not be difficult to train such an animal, for he was so gentle, doing exactly what the trainer desired without the least show of hesitation or remonstrance. After a talk with the trainer, however, I had reason to change my opinion of his amiability. "The tiger," said the instructor who was teaching him how to ride, "is least to be trusted of all wild animals. Some little time ago now, when I was teaching this very tiger a new trick, something outside the cage attracted my attention and I turned my back. The next instant I thought a house had fallen on me. I was thrown on my back, and when I opened my eyes I was gazing into the round green eyes of the tiger



AN ARTISTIC PYRAMID.

not six inches away. He had me by the left shoulder, and was lying on my stomach with his left paw on my chest. I felt no pain, but his paw was very heavy. I tried to gaze him out of countenance, but it was no use. Finally, the tiger closed his eyes, and began to purr, just like a cat. I knew what would come next. He would eat me. Luckily, at that moment, however, two attendants came rushing up. The brute instantly lifted me up from the ground and stood growling. It was an awful moment for me. Without a moment's hesitation the men rushed into the cage, followed by others, and, with pitchforks and iron bars, tried to get me away. For a time that tiger stood his ground, and fought them with me in his mouth. At last he dropped me, and I was pulled out of the cage. It was two months before I completely recovered."

In another cage I was greeted by a wonderful sight. As I was standing patiently waiting, the little doors at the back of the compartment suddenly opened, and in bounded a troupe of mixed animals; namely, two large Nubian lions, one cross between a lion and a tiger, two Bengal tigers, two large Indian leopards, two South American pumas, two Polar bears and some four or five German boarhounds. In went the trainer, and, after putting the animals through their

performance, romped with them just as you or I would play with young dogs or kittens. They were rough, too; they jumped on his back, and they rushed at him and pawed him, but he didn't seem to mind a bit. A chain was then put round the neck of each, and they were tethered a little way apart to the iron bars. A large barrow of horses' heads and flesh was then brought in, and some meat flung to each. There was no fighting, each being tied apart. The animals have now been taught to dine together at a table like ordinary mortals, as depicted in the photograph at the end of this article. This particular group of animals is now in New York, and during each performance they are fed in this way. This is the first time that a group of mixed wild animals has been trained to sit round a table and eat together.

"It took us four years of patient training," said my cicerone, "before the last-named set of animals was ready to perform in public. The great thing in groups of this description is to get the beasts to agree. If an animal is not liked by its fellows, another one must be secured. Keeping it would only mean continual fighting. When this set was being got together, three men did nothing else but attend to them, and they were often obliged to remain in

the cages all night to prevent the animals from quarrelling.

"You cannot possibly frighten or drive a beast to do any trick, however simple. It will be bound to retaliate and have its revenge sooner or later. My trainers, while under my charge, have never had any very serious accident, and the few mishaps that have occurred here with wild animals have invariably been traced to brutality on the part of the man in charge of them. You must treat your animal kindly while teaching it what you want it to do. All animals such as lions, tigers, panthers and leopards are trained when they are about a year old. It is useless to teach them tricks before, as they quickly forget them. It is, of course, impossible to train an adult forest-bred animal such as the lion or a tiger, though it is perfectly feasible to train a young forest-bred beast."

"Supposing I applied to you for the post of trainer," I suggested, "and you agreed to take me, how would you test my abilities for such work?" "I should first ask," said the great trainer, "whether you had a love for animals. That is most essential, for unless you have a real genuine love for the brute creation you could not possibly win the confidence of an animal. Secondly, you must have good nerves. You must

never get nervous or excited or frightened at anything. Why, you could walk through my cages now, where the animals are being trained, and you would come to no harm. All that you want is nerve. But those animals, of course, have been thoroughly trained, and are well used to the presence of human beings. I should first put a novice to work about the grounds in the ordinary way, and, by feeding the animals, he would get used to them and they to him. Then he would commence training them. I am always receiving applications from young men and youths anxious to become animal trainers. They have watched my animals, I expect, at some theatre or circus. The majority of them, however, have a wrong impression of the business. A young man wrote to me the other day saying he was sure he would make a good lion trainer, as there was no man or beast on this earth he was afraid of. The fact that you have no fear of an animal does not mean that you could control it. To do that you must love it, study it, and teach it what you want it to do by kindness."

As soon as a group is efficiently trained it is sent upon the road. At the moment the trainer had no less than three distinct groups performing in America. A fourth is touring our own provinces, while there is another at Nice.



BRUNO TAKING THE HURDLES WITH LIONS AND TIGERS AS JUDGES.



TIGERS AND LION AT SEE-SAW.

The former—that is, the group now in England—is made up of twenty-one animals, between three and four years of age. It is under the charge of Mr. Richard Sawade, an undoubtedly clever and plucky animal trainer. In addition to lions and tigers it boasts two Polar bears. One of these is seen in our picture, standing up on its hind legs in the act of taking a piece of candy from the hand of the trainer. The two Polar bears in this particular troupe were the first ever taught to walk across their hind legs. Some readers may have seen this group at the London Hippodrome, where it attracted more than ordinary attention some little time ago.

The animals in the group shown in the first four photographs of this article—and, by the way, I am indebted to Mr. Hagenbeck for the loan of

the pictures so capably illustrating scenes in his training establishments—do some clever tricks. In addition to forming picturesque groups, two tigers, a lion and a boarhound play at see-saw on a plank, while another tiger promenades around the arena on a rolling tub, etc.

No picture better illustrates the enormous amount of patience required in training animals than that depicting the king of beasts in his state robes drawn by two royal Bengal tigers. Considerable difficulty was experienced in getting the tigers to walk evenly after they had consented to be harnessed together. After that had been accomplished, the lion absolutely refused at first to trust himself on the chariot. The moment it started moving he bounded off on a growl of offended majesty. At last patience conquered.



FIRST POLAR BEAR TAUGHT TO WALK ON ITS HIND LEGS.

though the trainer was not then satisfied until two boar-hound footmen were called into requisition to complete the picture. The total time spent upon this one tableau was two years.

The trainer told me he recently refused an offer of £7,500 for one of the groups mentioned above. In fact, he values his groups at from £10,000 to £15,000 a set. A young lion, valued at, say, £150, would be worth nearly ten times that figure after it had been trained. A thoroughly trained group represents four years of patient work. It also means that the fifteen to twenty animals in it have been selected out of a collection of perhaps fifty or sixty beasts. If an animal is found unsuitable for the "boards" he is at once placed into stock, and eventually sold for menageries or public zoos.

I asked if animals ever got loose and gave trouble. "Very seldom," the trainer said, "though we had a terrible job with an Indian leopard only a few weeks ago. He got loose in the hold of a vessel, and for two days none of the crew or captain would venture below. When the vessel arrived in port we quickly rigged up a trap, lowered it into the hold of the ship, and finally secured the animal." "Have you not had any narrow escapes from enraged beasts yourself?" I queried. "A few," was the modest reply. "For instance, I was laid up three months some years ago through the bruises I received from an old circus elephant I had purchased from a man in Vienna.



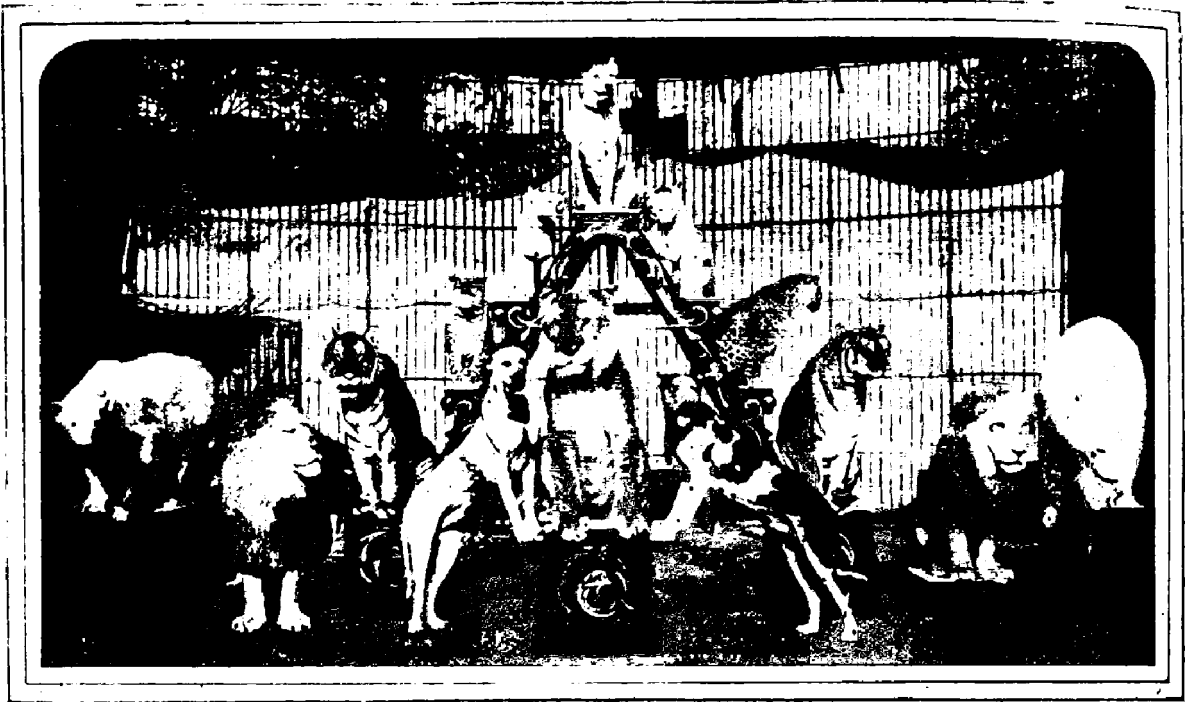
THE KING OF BEASTS IN HIS CHARIOT.

"On another occasion, whilst superintending the despatch of some animals, a large bull elephant suddenly broke its chains, and, turning round, tried to pin me to the wall. Fortunately for me its tusks were very wide-apart, for they only grazed the skin on each side of my back. If the tusks had been closer together I should have been killed. It was, indeed, a miraculous escape. I found on enquiry that the animal got frightened when being driven to the station, and that my man, instead of coaxing the animal, had driven the beast forward with some brutality. So the elephant awaited his opportunity for revenge. A few years ago I had to strangle a fine big male elephant because he was so savage.

"I was once pulling some alligators out of a pond when one of the creatures suddenly struck me a terrific blow with its tail which sent me flying amongst its companions. Needless to say,



A NOTED TRAINER AMONG HIS PETS.



THIS GROUP OF FOURTEEN ANIMALS TOOK FOUR YEARS TO TRAIN.

I jumped out of that pond very quickly, or I should have been torn to pieces. I once had a terrible fight with a couple of pythons, and firmly believe I should not be here to tell the tale had it not been for the quickness of one of my men, who threw a blanket over one of the reptiles and then dragged me away from the other. Some years ago, in Suez, a full-grown giraffe ran away with me. The rope I held him by got entangled round my arm, and I could not get free. I was dragged along the streets and fearfully banged about. Another time a freshly imported troup of elephants ran away in Vienna. I was upon one of them myself, the others hugging close to it. I lost my elephant-guiding hook, but I stopped him by biting his ear with my teeth, when all the others, which were closely bunched round him, stopped with him."

A striking photograph is that of the late Professor Darling and his famous performing lion Leo, and is doubly interesting as it relates to

the prettiest lion story I ever heard. It was told to me by Mr. C. E. Hamilton. Darling was unquestionably one of the finest lion-tamers of his day, and created quite a sensation with his daring performances. He had trained some five or six young cubs to do a number of tricks, and went to Hamburg and requested the great dealer there to obtain for him a real forest-bred lion. Mr. Hagenbeck, through his agents, secured a Nubian lion. The mother was shot and the young cub brought down to the coast on a camel's back and duly shipped to Hamburg.

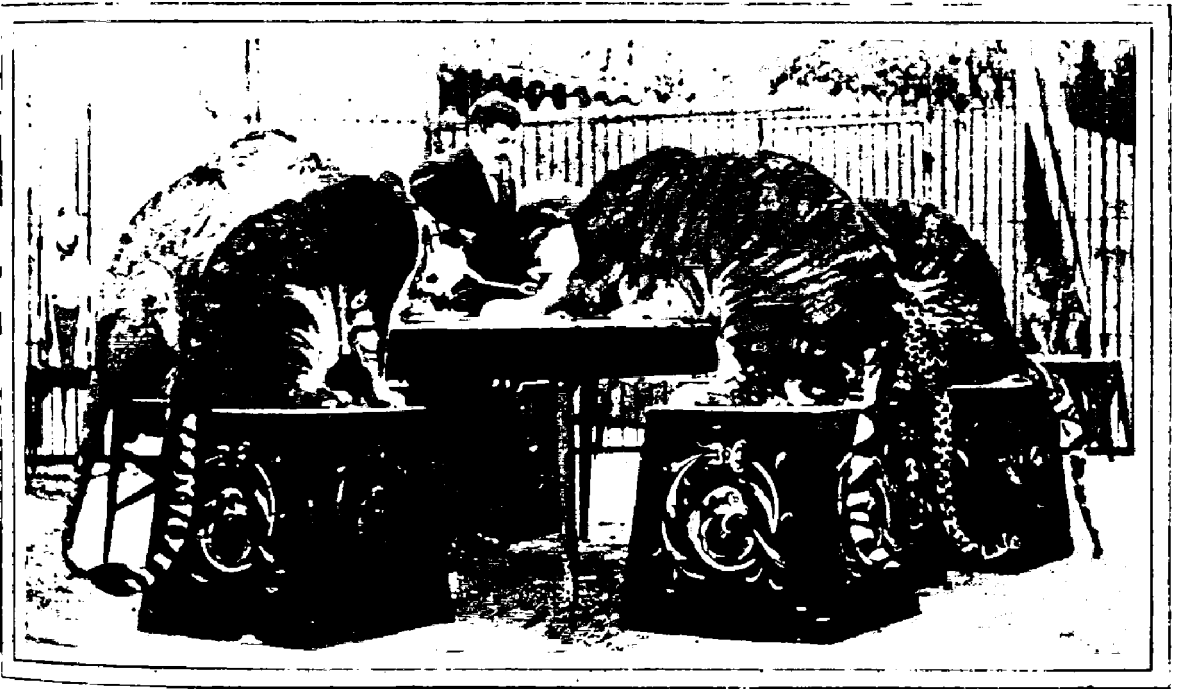
It remained in the Hamburg training depot for some months, and was then handed over to the Professor. He trained it and exhibited it



THE LATE PROF. DARLING AND HIS LION LEO.

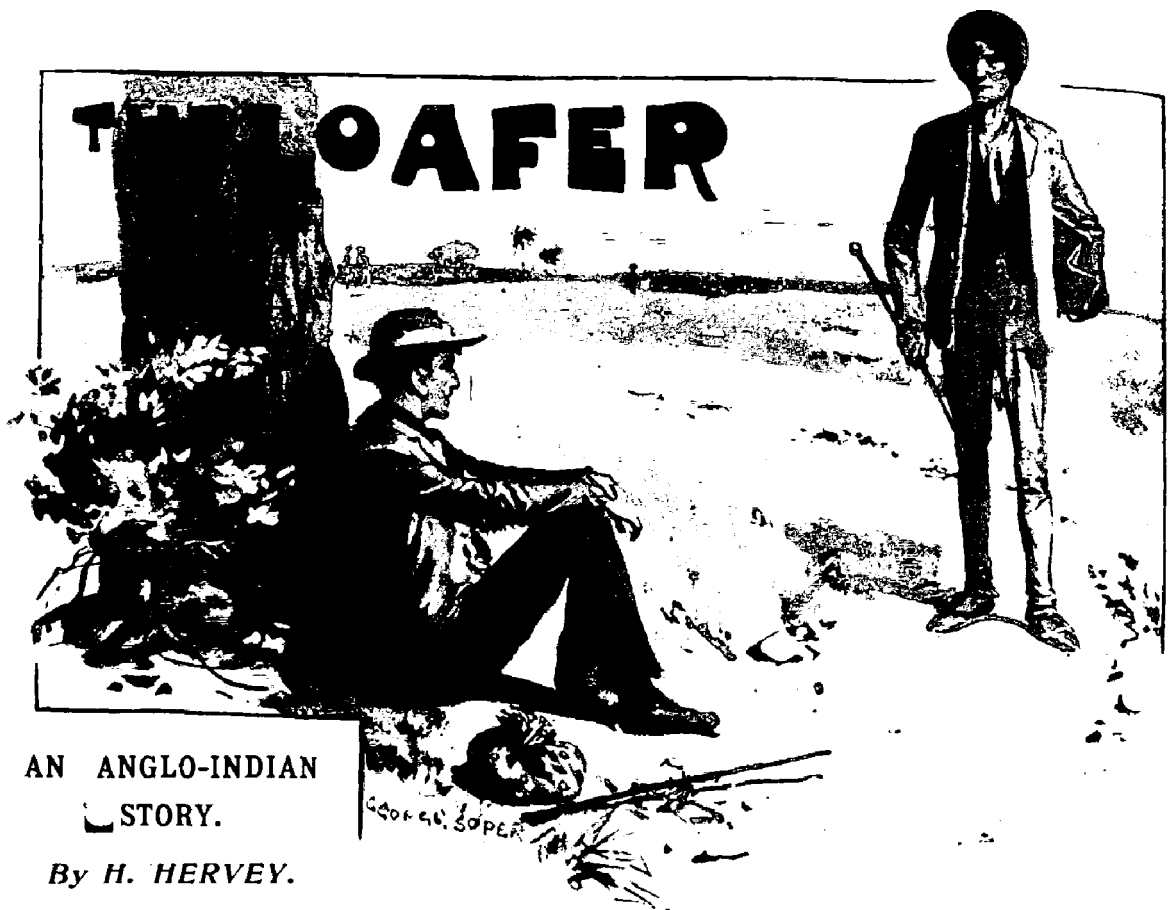
with his other beasts in the principal cities of Europe and America. It was a very intelligent animal, and was greatly admired by zoologists as well as by the general public. Leo bit his master twice, while on one occasion the beast saved his life. He was performing at a circus in Paris when the incident occurred. There were, I believe, some five lions in the cage besides Leo. Suddenly, without the slightest warning, one of these attacked the Professor and bit him rather severely in the thigh. He did his best to shake the enraged animal off, but found the task beyond him, and was fast losing strength. There was a tremendous commotion among the vast audience, and the trainer was about to give himself up as lost when Leo sprang upon the infuriated lion, and dragged him from his master amid a thunder of growls. In a few days Darling was again amongst his lions, minus the one that had so dangerously attacked him.

From that day forward the Professor grew greatly attached to Leo, the largest and finest of all his lions. He was often found, after a performance, when everyone had thought he had left the circus for the night, stroking his favourite beast in its cage. It was Darling who endeavoured to explode the fallacy that it was possible for a man to put his head into a lion's mouth. On one occasion he demonstrated before a number of medical students and others that it was impossible for him at least to get his head into Leo's mouth. When Darling died, the codicil to his will, dated the very day he left a hospital in Paris some years previously, astonished everybody. It stated that at his death his favourite lion, Leo, was to be taken back to Nubia and released in the forest there! Needless to add, his wish was carried out, and Leo shipped back to Nubia and given his liberty.



AN ANIMALS' TEA PARTY.

THE LOAFER



AN ANGLO-INDIAN STORY.

By H. HERVEY.

BANGALORE became too hot for Tom Burford, the loafer. He had been harrying that large station for over a month, and had so taxed the charity and patience of the European residents, that now he could get nothing more out of them. Clearly, Bangalore was played out for Tom Burford; so one morning he shouldered his stick, with all his worldly goods suspended thereto in a bundle, and set out on the tramp for Madras, lying some 220 miles to the south-east.

A gentleman by birth and education, Burford had come out to India as assistant in a Bombay mercantile firm; but, falling among thorns, he went to the bad, got the sack everywhere, and ultimately arrived at the ne'er-do-well's last stage; he became an Anglo-Indian loafer—pure and simple. In nine cases out of ten, the stone-broke white man out there, once he resorts to vagrancy, is irreclaimable; he will not dig, and he is in no wise ashamed to beg. It may be the same in this country, only that here the loafer is afraid of the police; yonder, the police are afraid of the loafer, who, in spite of his sorry case, is regarded by the native constable as a member of the dominant people, and so to be treated with commensurate respect.

Burford, however, at this stage, would have gladly taken employment—though, perhaps, only to lose it again; but no one would give him any. When he comes into the story, he was thirty, and had been eight years in the country, two of which had been passed in loafing. There, seated under a tree on the roadside, he was taking a noonday rest, ragged, unshaven, and with the true hang-dog expression of the cadging fraternity, marking a face otherwise refined and intellectual. This was the fifth day out from Bangalore. He slept in verandahs of travellers' bungalows, and, being penniless, he had to wheedle the villagers into giving him stray meals of curry and rice. The few wayfarers looked askance at the solitary white man, and hastily passed by on the other side, while as to English travellers, he had little chance of meeting any. He was thinking of continuing on, when a more civilised-looking native hove in sight, coming from the direction of Bangalore. He was a powerfully-built man, pleasant-featured, middle-aged, poorly clad, carrying a small carpet bag and a stout iron-shod bamboo, while a brass image of the Virgin Mary dangling on his breast proclaimed him to be a Roman Catholic convert.

"Hi—you there!" cried Burford, hailing him. The pedestrian immediately diverged, approached Tom, and—to the latter's satisfaction—addressed him in quaint Indo-English, which, he it said, is generally a compound of grandiloquence and absurdity, more or less an amusing characteristic in the parlance of every Aryan brother who has received an Anglo-Vernacular education.

"I note, sir," said he, seating himself, "that, by the sartorial short-coming to your apparels, our stars are no in ascendant."

"You're right so far as mine goes," replied Burford. "Where are you from?"

"Bangalore. You are going to Madras—is it?" inquired the native.

"Yes; and you?"

"I am bound for identical destitute's refuge. My name is Lazar Pillay. How you are baptised—I pray?"

"Thomas Burford. What are you going to Madras for?"

"In quest of fickle Lady Fortune. I did come cropper in Bangalore; therefore I have left salubrious region of it for heated place."

"What sort of cropper?"

"I was clerk in Commissariat, and devil shape temptation came in small-minded contractor ass who offered trumpety bribe to me for placing mutton's tender in favourable light to officer. Therefore I was dismissed. So as there is no any fair fame left for me in Bangalore, I am seeking new pastures and fields to disport. I shall temporarily put up to my brother in San Thomé."

"We're in the same boat then. I vote we travel together. I've no money, but I shan't ask you for any."

"I am very glad, sir. At all the events we can form mutual protection against beastly marauder, and we can beguile road with inter-sermon and pithy joke."

Thus was the compact struck, and they proceeded in company.

One day Lazar drew Burford's attention to a high conical hill that stood up like a sentinel from the surrounding flatness.

"That is Kalimullay, sir; anciently it was famous. We can pass parallel to-morrow."

"What is it famous for?"

"There is on brow, temple devoted to Kali, myth goddess to the pagan fellers. Many years off it was possessed of virtuous property and great sanctification; but now it is abandoned. No any natives will go aloft hill, no one performing vows and ceremonies."

"Why not?"

"There is tradition who says that in last century's termination, while war was ravaged between your nationality and Mysore Hyder Ali, some English small army buffeted out Hindus, and clutched by strength the fort on hill for visual purpose. Then soldiers made temple desecrated by pipe smoke, drink, and prank in holy of holy. Also, they abdicate Kali from honour's seat, and they also perpetrate burglary by extricating eyes from face of myth goddesses."

"Extricated the eyes!" repeated Burford, laughing; "why?"

"They were two precious emerald stones, and fermented cupidity of rough soldier chaps who committed burglary of them. When English small army quitted place and Hindus returned, they noticed abomination with tears, and gnashed jaw with furious impotence when they perceived the ancient valuable eyes eradicated, and resubstituted with trash glass green piece. Therefore they have left frump Kali in lurch."

"I should like to go up and have a look round," observed Burford. "Would it delay us long?"

"I don't think. Four miles beyond is Perriattum bungalow; we can reach prior to gloam. Anyhow, we shall go."

Early the following afternoon they arrived abreast of Kalimullay, which lay a mile or so off the road. The hamlet of Kalicooppum—also named after the goddess—nestled at the foot of the hill, and as they traversed the little street, Lazar told the villagers where they were going.

"You will find nothing but ruin and desolation up there," observed a Brahman, in the vernacular. "Our forefathers abandoned the temple when the English polluted it. Our goddess is now worshipped here," he added, pointing proudly to a modern pagoda standing among the huts. "Our English rulers are more considerate of our religion in these days."

After a stiff climb up an old zig-zag path, they reached a ruined stone fort. Passing through a tumble-down archway they entered an enclosed space overgrown with low jungle, in the centre of which stood a small stone temple. They went into the building and looked about them. At the end facing the entrance was a stone block, and close by, evidently just as the dead-and-gone Tommies had capsized it, lay the image of the goddess Kali on her face.

"Here you see graven stock," whispered Lazar, indicating the idol. "Where is now

her greatness? To God I render thank that I am no any longer steeped in the paganism buffoonery."

"Can't we turn her over?" asked Tom, after vainly endeavouring to move the heavy stone figure with his hands.

"Why you desire to feast glance on idol-



atrous countenance, sir?" queried the convert with surprise.

"Just to see what she's like. Let's shove our sticks under her, and we'll soon do it."

Both used their sticks as levers, heaved together, and the goddess rolled over on to her back. It was merely an idol of the usual hideous type, innocent of adornment, all of which the natives must have had time to remove ere the English entered the place. One glance at the eyes told that they had been tampered with; the lids were chipped, and the face scratched; but the pilferer must have known what he was about, for the

pieces of green glass were so firmly imbedded in *chunam*—the Indian cement—that Tom worked with his clasp knife for a good hour before he could dislodge them.

Lazar protested frequently. "Why, sir! it is labour thrown to pig. Of what utility is the green glass piece to you?"

"None at all!" laughed the Englishman, pocketing the bits. "I want them only as mementoes of my visit here. Perhaps some day I may write about it. Halloo! what are you staring at?" he added, as Lazar suddenly stooped and gazed intently at the base of the figure.

"English inscriptions," murmured the convert in an awed voice, pointing to some faint traces of lettering on the stone.

"Hold on!" cried Burford, excitedly, seating himself cross-legged, and reproducing his knife. "Let me pick the dirt out; perhaps they'll tell us something."

After much patience they cleared the letters, and the inscription in its entirety ran thus:—

"I have deprived this vile heathen image of its emerald eyes, and replaced them with portions of worthless green glass, as more befitting thereto.

AMBROSE MAKABLE.
"Ensign. H.E.I.Co.'s
"European Regiment.
"3rd June. 1792."

"By Jingo!" exclaimed Burford. Your tradition is a fact then, Lazar. I

will make a copy of this. Who knows? it may be useful."

Having copied the inscription, they restored the image to the position in which they had found it, and, descending the hill, resumed their journey.

When within three days of Madras, and on the way to Bannaveram, their halting place for the night, the travellers were nooning under some trees by a small running stream. The conversation recurred to Kalmullay, and Lazar recommended the loafer not to exhibit the green glass bits.

"Why not?" queried Tom.

"I am actuated by prudential inkling, sir, to give you salutary advice. Peradventure any straight-laced gentleman hearing news will animadvert and say that you pulled eyes for nefarious purpose. Better keep shut head about that. You can show inscription copy with immunity, and if any gentleman is curiously interested you can chaperon to Kallimullay, and jew-without-belief can see that the unconscious soldier chap has performed what he digged in stone."

"I see what you mean. Yes, the inscription may get me something, while the glass, though worthless, might land me in trouble. Do you want them?" he inquired, producing the bits from his pocket.

"No, sir!" exclaimed the convert hastily. "I am very afraid. Perhaps bogey of burglarious soldier chap will squat on chest with the nightmare if I have green glass piece in possession. You also may suffer from kindred incubus—if you keep."

"All right," replied Burford, laughing, "I'll chuck them away," and he pitched the two bits into the water.

In due course they reached Madras, where they parted; Lazar went to his brother in San Thomé, while Burford took up his abode at a low lodging house in Blacktown. Poor fellow; this coming to the Presidency did not prove a move in the right direction for him; the city was overrun with pests of his class, and he was turned away from house after house. Not one out of twenty would listen to his tale of woe; and the few coppers that were bestowed on him did not satisfy the lodging house people who, after he had been with them a week, threatened to turn him out.

One great point in Burford's favour lay in the fact of his being a total abstainer; he never spent an anna in drink—the general curse of loaferhood. Therefore he always had his wits about him, a fact which served the man at this the turning point in his life. As he wearily walked along, *en route* for a suburb he had not yet beaten, he heard an outcry behind him, and, on looking round, saw a horsed carriage flying up the road at a mad pace. Was it a runaway? the absence of coachman and groom, the wild aspect of the horse as it neared him, confirmed the supposition. In a moment the loafer was himself. Setting out to run at top speed in the same direction with the maddened animal, he made a side spring as it overtook him, clutched the headstall, hung

on, and, by working fiercely at the bit, soon brought the horse to a stop.

"Whoa!" he panted, standing at its head and caressing the brute into quiescence, while a crowd of natives jabbered their admiration of the plucky deed, and an Englishman alighted from the conveyance and came to him.

"Now, my man," said the latter, "you probably saved my life by your courage. I am grateful, and wish to prove it. I see what you are; but I desire to do more than give you money. Can you write?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you willing to take employment?"

"I am, sir; but I have no credentials."

"Hang credentials! What you've done for me is quite sufficient. Come to Linden and Co.'s on the beach at ten o'clock to-morrow morning. I am Mr. Linden; ask for me."

Tom went as directed. He saw Mr. Linden, and it ended in the penniless, starving loafer being appointed to a clerkship in the firm on a monthly salary of a hundred rupees, free quarters on the premises, and a sum of ready money in hand—to set himself up with suitable clothes and other necessaries.

A month later, re-transferred, so to speak, into respectability, all the kindred instincts awoke in Tom Burford's mind, and he marvelled how he had survived the past few disreputable years of his life. He turned over an entirely new leaf, stuck manfully to his work, made himself agreeable to all, and speedily won the goodwill of his fellows, as well as that of his employers.

"What are you doing to-morrow, Burford?" asked Mr. Kilgor, the manager, on the eve of a general holiday.

"Nothing particular, sir."

"Will you spend the day with me? I am anxious to hear that story which you have occasionally hinted at."

"Thank you, sir; I shall be pleased to come."

After luncheon, seated with old Kilgor in the verandah of his comfortable suburban bungalow, Burford narrated his Kalimullay adventure, as already known to the reader. "I took a copy of the inscription," concluded Tom, handing the paper to his host.

"Makable? Makable?" repeated Kilgor, after perusal, "an uncommon name. Now, let-me-see; where could—Oh, I re-

member! There is a Makable in this very place; a small stationer in Blacktown."

"Probably a descendant of this one, sir."

"Yes; how interesting! Let's look him up, Burford, and ask if he can furnish any sequel to your yarn; at least, so far as this Ambrose Makable and the emeralds go."

Ordering his dog-cart, Kilgor and his guest drove to the stationer's shop in Blacktown. They introduced themselves, and Kilgor, observing that they did not come as customers, asked for a few minutes' private interview, whereupon the wondering shopman summoned his wife to relieve him, con-

father and father lived and died in this country—as tradesmen."

"Your great grandfather's name was Ambrose Makable, I believe?"

"It was!" exclaimed the astonished stationer. "How do you know?"

"All in good time. Did you ever hear of Ambrose Makable in connection with a certain hill fort in the interior?"

Makable stared at Burford. "I see," said he, "that you have got hold of the discreditable story; I had hoped that it had long since been lived down. However, as you may have become possessed of a garbled

version, I will tell you all I know about it—as heard from my father, who had it from his Ambrose Makable, in the course of marching up country, once found himself holding a small hill fort. In this fort stood a heathen temple containing an idol, the eyes of which my ancestor recognised to be two large emeralds; so he determined to appropriate them. While his regiment lay encamped below he happened to be the first to command the detachment of observation that manned the fort on the hill. Makable therefore had pretty much his own way. On making his discovery he claimed the temple for his own occupation, so that no one should interfere with him. His brother-officers were all down below, while the soldiers of his party sheltered elsewhere, or kept a look-out from the fort walls. He had half removed the *chunam* or cement in which the emeralds were set, when he bethought him of recording his exploit on the image itself. This he did, and the next morning he was about to resume operations on the eyes when a body of Hyder Ali's troops suddenly came in sight. The English hurried out to meet the enemy, who declined

the combat, and retired. A pursuit ensued; Ambrose Makable never revisited that fort, and a few years afterwards he was killed before Srirangapatam. It is evident that he kept no bearings of the place, for my father could never ascertain its whereabouts."

The effect of this communication on the visitors can be imagined.

Do you mean me to understand that



HE HAD
HALF REMOVED
THE CHUNAM

ducted the visitors to a side room, and declared himself at their service.

"Has your family been connected for long with this part of the world, Mr. Makable?" commenced Tom.

"For the last four generations—it has."

"Was any member ever in the East India Company's military service?"

"Yes, my great grandfather. My grand-

your great grandfather did *not* take the stones?" asked Burford, in an excited voice.

"Yes; he was interrupted—as I have related."

"Then all I can say is," rejoined Tom, "that I took them, not two months ago; that is, if I had not been forestalled by some one else." He thereupon acquainted Makable with all the facts, so far as he was concerned.

"Then, to all intents and purposes, Mr. Burford, you throw away a pile of money into that stream," remarked the stationer at the close of the narrative.

"The circumstances I have already made known, coupled with a total ignorance of precious stones, led me to believe that they were mere valueless bits of glass, as the inscription alleges," replied Tom, mournfully.

"Could you not find your way back to the spot?" queried Kilgor.

"What spot?"

"Where you threw the—the—whatever they were into the water. It is the hot season now; that stream is sure to be dry. Go and look for the things in the bed."

After a pause of amazed cogitation, Burford grasped the possibility of success. Acting at once, he engaged a conveyance, drove direct to Mr. Linden's residence, and applied for a week's leave on a matter of importance, particulars of which would be made known thereafter. The indulgence being readily granted, he went on to San Thomé, hunted up Lazar, told all, and begged his company. The convert agreed, and on the morrow they started, travelling—this time—in a comfortable bullock coach. Reaching Bannaveram the next morning,

they left the coach at the travellers' bungalow, and set out by themselves for the spot where they had nooned that day when Burford threw the idol's eyes into the water. After some little difficulty they found the place, and the stream—as Kilgor had predicted—dry. They immediately set to work, and presently Burford recovered first one stone, then the other, a short way down the stream, a few paces apart, and not very deep in the sand.

"Sir," remarked Lazar, as they gleefully ascended the bank, "there is saying in tongue of your mother that no any use searching in straw-bundle for sewing needles; but just we have made demonstration that occasionally success has crowned brave rum-mager with garland palm."

What Burford had pitched away as bits of green glass proved to be two magnificent emeralds, and a firm of precious stone merchants purchased them for a large sum—nominally from Mr. Linden, who, for obvious reasons, undertook the negotiation.

One day the villagers of Kalicooppum were startled out of their wits by the arrival of a mounted stranger who thrust a bag of a thousand rupees into the hands of the chief Brahman, and, intimating that the money was intended for expenditure on the temple, rode off without vouchsafing another word of explanation.

Makable's little shop was closed, Burford resigned his clerkship at Linden's, Lazar left his brother, and shortly afterwards, a large bookseller's, stationer's, and publisher's establishment, under the title of Burford, Makable, and Lazar, was opened in the busiest part of the city.



"The Captain" Photographic Gallery.

BEING A SELECTION OF PHOTO-
GRAPHS ENTERED FOR OUR
COMPETITION.



TAME PIGEONS.

By C. H. Rollston, Simpsfield.



AN "OLD BOY" READER.

By C. G. Waudby.



"KOKO."

By A. A. Lloyd, Flixton.



By Fred Carter]

HARTLEPOOL, FROM THE OLD PIER.

[Hartlepool.



THE HAPPY VALLEY.

Richard Hargreaves, Brierfield.

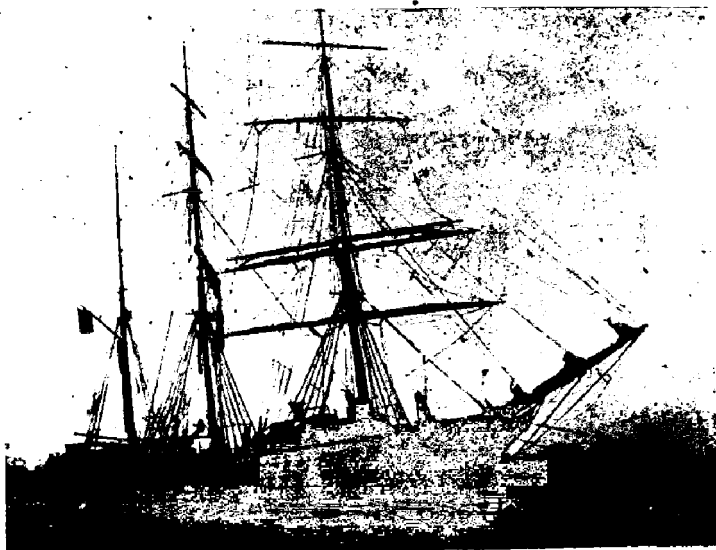


"HAS ANYBODY GOT A BIT OF STRING?"

Richard Hargreaves, Brierfield.



MY PERSIAN PET.
By J. J. R. H. Oldham, Chesterfield.



WAITING FOR ORDERS.
By J. Fitzpatrick, Falkirk.



PUSH-BALL AT LEEDS.
By J. T. Iredale, Leeds.



SANGER'S ELEPHANTS BATHING AT HENLEY-ON-THAMES.
By W. L. Taylor, Henley-on-Thames.



AN ARTISTIC COTTAGE IN CORNWALL.
By W. Boynton, Brighton.



HAZEL NUTS.
By J. E. Patterson, Newcastle.



WHY SOME SCHOOLS FAIL.

SOME INDISCRIMINATE REFLECTIONS ADDRESSED TO THE MANY PARENTS WHO READ
"THE CAPTAIN."

SOME schools fail because they cannot get boys enough, which may be due to bad luck or even to bad management; but it has nothing to do with the kind of failure I mean, which itself has nothing to do with the commercial side of the question. Some schools succeed commercially, but all the time unutterably fail as schools, as educating factors, as producers of sound minds and sound bodies, of useful, promising, half-grown citizens.

This is what I told the Editor, your friend, the Old Fag. If he could, he would have pulled a long face, but he can't; he merely looked solemn with the rest of his face, and twinkled ineffably with his wise old eyes. Did I want to re-organise human nature and change the face of the earth? Yes; I did. You don't crush a cricketer with a pen in his hand as easily as that, not in these days, when the heavy hand of the newspaper teaches him daily how not to be crushed, as well as why not to be uplifted. So here goes.

It's a weary world sometimes, and full of editors and of schools. Just pause for a minute and think where we should be without schools. And just think what it would be if every school were perfect! But first just imagine this little tale—to begin at the beginning, in the country, and very, very young. There was a ripping little fellow; he would have had long golden curls if he had belonged to that sort of family, but he didn't, and he had a close-cropped head, like a yellow billiard ball. He might have been about four, and he spent his life in brown holland, slip-on shape, and in any amount of adventures among chair-legs and gooseberry bushes. He wore strap-shoes, and had need for much thicker soles than the bootmaker

provided. He was an independent person, who made the kitchen garden an enormous world, with a bigger world outside inhabited by his friend, the gamekeeper, by name of Smocks, a man of the woods, who occasionally looked over the garden wall and gave a lift and a hand, and arranged an unutterably adventurous walk. Sometimes. Generally, it was a more domestic case of trying to control a stud of sixteen guinea-pigs, tailless, white, with black spots. They were numbered from A to Z, in harmony with the lesson-book indoors; and from A to Z they used to cross the open, single-file, in a set line. A was the leader, and where he went there went the other letters, twinkling their noses—sleek coats. There is no doubt that, in the absence of Smocks, this pleasant little boy lived for his guinea-pigs. Brown Holland was, for his years, an artist in guinea-pigs.

No pains did he spare himself. The houses of these pigs were homes, and each had his own set apart, and never got into a wrong one; or, if he did, was moved sharp.

As time went on the accident of education introduced nouns and adjectives, and a few odd things like verbs. These appendages at first were easily imagined into food for pigs, something for A to Z to feed upon. It was a very big world, and the worst of it was—grammar and the governess. But for several years it fitted in all right with guinea-pigs and chair-built castles.

But time flies, and nothing dies like a guinea-pig when it starts; and, as in life, so in death they follow the lead like . . . like guinea-pigs. Brown Holland had become Cloth Trousers. The pigs' homes were stacked, all in a tidy heap. The years of the tailless pigs were past.

Now, old Smocks had known Brown Holland all his life. He used to bring him every class of skin cured and sweet, and he it was who, as the deaths occurred among the alphabet, embalmed their outsides dry and hard, to be filed away like a letter. So the spotted skins were filed in a drawer, and no more emitted funny squeaks. Curious how an old man, and a very little boy, are at one to do with animals and skins, and things, and woods, and gooseberry bushes. However, it was Smocks that stacked the homes, and noticed most the advent of the Shetland pony. Smocks certainly resented cloth trousers, and preferred the days of brown holland. Great days, of perpetual comradeship over eggs and hen pheasants, and chickens sitting on pheasants' eggs. Pleasant days, too, as the spring matured, through the golden buttercup fields, seas of gold. An old man likes the laughter of a small boy in the fields at one with the skylark's song and the meadow-sweet.

But school, even a dame's school, seems to change a small boy into something different. And, after all, holidays are not like all the year at home, and the governess. But it can't be helped; boys grow.

The first day of the first holidays old Smocks came to the wall, and, much doubting (for there were older brothers), was much relieved to find Cloth Trousers in the garden, even with a catapult, missing sparrows by yards. Smocks was the same, and wore the self-same coat, his face a little thinner, his head a little whiter with age. The home coverts were the same, and the cock pheasants gobbled corn in the same rides, and went to roost in the same hazel-trees. But Brown Holland was now Cloth-Trousers-and-an-Eton Coat; and not even Cloth Trousers, of the concluding guinea-pig years, but Cloth Trousers from a boarding school, grown like other school boys, and not bad at that; in fact, quite good, but grown different. He had no language of his own; he spoke the tongue of fifty other boys, and mostly thought their thoughts, or was not quite sure what to think. Of course, it was all right. But Smocks' argument was this. "He's a-growin' and a-learnin'. But he ought to have growed natural like, like a acorn to a oak. There ain't no call for them there schools to turn 'em all out alike. And I'll warrant that there Latin won't make 'im see a partridge on a fallow quicker nor he used. They make 'em orn'ery if they can, do these 'ere schools."

And this little story is a parable; and it means nothing if you don't see any meaning in it. But it's true.

After I had written it I invited a learned lady, skilled in education, to tell me why some schools failed. And this is what she was by way of saying:

"Schoolmasters often have to start to build up a character on a bad foundation. Parents, not nurses, are responsible for this. Consider how short a time any child really spends with its parents. At the most, your boys and girls will be with you for about eight years. Up to the age of three years, most of the time is spent in sleep and out of doors. From then the parents are solely responsible, and they don't seem to grasp the fact that it is the most important time in a child's life. Perhaps they think they are too young to learn. What! Too young to be selfish, untruthful, cruel, or lazy? This is what most children learn very well, and if they can learn evil they can learn good just as easily. It takes most careful supervision to check these faults, yet quite often a child starts his school life with all these to his discredit, besides being untidy, unhandy. And possibly, though he has had time to learn all this, he is unable to read or write. Now tell me, is this fair? Parents have had them from the beginning. Ought they not in the time to have done something better for their children? The root of the matter lies in the 'Entire Charge' system. There must be something wrong in a well-to-do house where the children are so set aside. Parents so constantly advertise for 'nurse, entire charge.' What possessions, so valuable and costly, or what engagements so pressing as to require a nurse to take entire charge! It reminds me of a mother passing in a carriage, who remarked to her friend, 'I believe that is my little boy; I recognise the nurse.' Few, I think, if asked to show their most valued treasures, would at once lead the way to the nursery. No! A house, motor-car, or even jewels, would most likely be displayed.

"Why don't parents, who often spend large sums on education, give the schools a better chance? Unlearning is so much more difficult than learning. How can parents expect schools not only to do their own work, but also to undo the work of the first seven or eight years of a child's life? Why, the very best of schools cannot undo all the harm. Who has been responsible for that time? Parents, and no one else. They are

willing to pay big school fees, and are really anxious to give their children a good education. But why don't they wake up to the fact that it is their duty to prepare the ground, and give the schools a chance to build on a good foundation? Parents ought to be able to send into the school world children who are a credit to the homes they belong to. Don't wait on the boys; let them wait on others; it will require patience, as one could perhaps 'do it so much quicker one's self'; but it is good for them, and tends to make them less selfish. A little child of three can learn to lace his own boots (see that the tags are on before he starts)—but if that same child is brought up on the 'entire charge' principle, the boots will be laced for him. 'It is so much easier,' says nurse, 'to do it one's self.' Remember, every little thing learned well will be a great help in learning a more difficult task. What a pity parents do not have to pass an exam. on what they ought to teach their children during the first seven or eight years! I think they would be less hard on the schools."

And, on the whole, I am inclined to think my lady friend has a very sensible notion of what she is talking about. You see, the foundation of a house makes an extraordinary difference to the solidity of the superstructure. And what about houses that are built on sand, or, worse still, on boggy soil? Not much use.

But there is a further point where parents are connected with the question of why some schools fail; fail, that is, as regards at least some of their pupils. It is this way. Home is home, and school is school. But, if a school is a good school, a boy ought not to come back for the holidays and find that the sort of life and the sort of behaviour which he is taught to believe in, and act up to, at school, is suddenly made to appear unnecessary and valueless. Many a schoolmaster has had to bewail the failure of his anxious and conscientious efforts to turn a boy into a good fellow, simply because, I'll trouble you, the boy does not like the wise process of amelioration, and the father or mother sympathises, not with the master, but with the boy. To my thinking, if a parent thinks proper to send a boy to school at all, he should pick the schoolmaster only after careful consideration, and, having picked him, should make up his mind not to interfere with what the master believes to be for the good of his pupil. The position of a schoolmaster who is not backed up to the last

letter by the parent, is most difficult, nay, it is impossible. Masters make mistakes sometimes, but not as often as some parents imagine. But if you think your son's master is not to be trusted fully *in loco parentis*, take your son away; don't let your son know you think the master next door to a fool (which, in another sense, he may be), and yet leave your son under his authority. No boy can serve two masters, schoolmaster and parent-master, unless both pull the same way; either he will hate the one and despise the other, or both.

But there is another phase of the same kind of thing, only different. It is a cardinal mistake to make a boy feel that the things he has been taught to think do matter at school, don't matter when he comes home. In some ways, boys are the most logical beings alive, especially when you do not require them to be so, and there is nothing they twig so quickly as inconsistency in their pastors and masters, and fathers and mothers.

Remember, an average boy leaves school for the holidays just about in his proper place, and this lasts about half-way to the station. During the journey home, he shifts his proper place by about twelve up, all on his own. And, properly mismanaged and encouraged, he shifts it up by about fifty before he has been home a week. Which is a bad thing for him, and a severe handicap to the schoolmaster at the beginning of next term.

Then again, on the other hand, it is a very wretched thing when a boy's "people" fail or neglect to take an interest in the things the boy does and likes doing at school. This makes a boy feel that home is one place and school another, not only geographically, but in kind and character. What is the good of getting your colours at football if your people don't care one way or the other about it? It does not often happen so, but sometimes it does. Most parents think a deal of form-prizes, and quite right—if you do not regard them merely as an earnest of future capacity to make money. It is usually, by the way, the boy about half-way up a lowish form that turns out to be the famous trader or financier. But suppose a boy fancies himself as a carpenter, and is a carpenter of sorts—anyhow, owns a hammer, and knows where to find some nails. Suppose he has made a picture-frame at school—well, could there be any better or more valuable present possible to bring home than such a

frame or any little "made" thing, made by the boy in his own time by his own effort, poring over its accuracy, coat-off and skin-off fingers? Will the home spread itself out to welcome the frame? If not, it is bad luck on the little effort at school. Merely a random example this, but the moral is important enough for tears.

A terrible pity—for schools—it is when boys go home full of their school pleasures and ambitions, and find no sympathy or understanding. The boy is a nuisance; there is no call to take an interest in his hammering or in his box of tools, still less in his general ideas of life. He is treated, perhaps, as too young and inexperienced to know anything—which is a fallacious fiction of which he is quite aware—and as a nuisance to his father, whose guns he is inclined to meddle with. Then, too, the father may be a staunch supporter of Church and Sunday school, but it may not strike him to take the slightest pains with his own boy on a Sunday. Other people's boys collected into a parochial building under the shadow of the established Church are somehow more imposing to deal with. However—

Boys themselves, of course, contribute hugely in themselves to the success or failure of a school. It may sound strange, but my honest belief is that the greatest mistake the average boy makes is to fail to be himself, and to try to be some one else. The average boy is of two kinds, namely, the boy who has no self at all, but is a kind of internal chameleon, and the boy who is perpetually manufacturing a complicated self for himself out of his associates and friends. If you don't know what I mean, you don't know boys. The supremest lesson a boy can learn, and he cannot learn it too early, is that he must be himself or he can do no good, and that the greatest men are the simplest and least complicated, and the least "smart," and the most self-reliant. If every boy in a school would just be his own, uncomplicated, simple self, and follow the dictates of his own, unaided little conscience always, the school would succeed almost automatically.

But it is just this peculiarity of boyhood, this peculiar inertia of selflessness, that makes schoolmastering one of the greatest and most difficult of all arts.

This is where the schoolmaster comes in. In school and out, his great task and duty is to overcome the inertia of boys' inattention, and the resistance of their attention to things they ought not to like, and don't really like, attending to.

An average class of boys is most strange and inexplicable in this, that it is usually quite incapable of evolving interest out of itself. The master, to succeed, has to *create* interest for them and in them. He has to supply them not only with the subject matter of interest, but almost with the faculty for taking an interest.

People sometimes are inclined to regard schoolmastering as quite easy, and the mere schoolmaster as somewhat of a mediocrity. Now, I beg to suggest that a mere schoolmaster, if good, is not only a most important citizen of the State, but a man of most decided high capacity, quite apart from his Latin and Greek. A man who can rule boys wisely and well would most likely have succeeded in whatever he might have turned his hand or head to. For he cannot fail to possess great tact and to be a judge of human nature, and than tact and knowledge of humanity, there are no qualities more conducive to success in life.

It strikes me this is rather an "out-of-the-way" kind of article I've written. But it is going in, Old Fag or no Old Fag.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Enthusiast.—I picked an ideal England team in a recent back number. But it is a ticklish subject, my master.

M. J. H.—It does not matter whether it is the bowler's feet, hand, or nose that breaks the wicket. In no case does the accidental breaking of his own wicket by the bowler in the act of delivery constitute a no-ball.

W. R. Gresty.—I rather favour dumb-bells as better than expanders. If I were you I should only use the latter twice a week. Punching-ball exercise is almost uniquely excellent: splendid for the legs and back, and for the wind. So is skipping.

S. D. C. (Paris).—You say you are an English girl in Paris, and therefore you get no exercise save a walk. Yes, but, mademoiselle, do not forget that there is no better all-round exercise than walking. Why, even footballers and boxers make walking their staple training. The pavements of Paris, I remember from my student days, are hard on the feet; so go out into the country if you can. And there is always the Bois. There are plenty of systems of indoor exercises with dumb-bells and without. You will see some in our advertisements. You might try the free gymnastics on which Messrs. Gale and Polden, 3 Amen-corner, London, E.C., publish a little book. Don't overdo that kind of thing.

A. W. Edwards.—If you are inclined to stoutness you should be careful of your diet. There are plenty of books on the subject. You should also go in for regular exercise. Sandow's system of dumb-bells, though perhaps not perfect from all points of view, has many merits. The exercises for the abdominal muscles should suit your complaint.

A. H. Cockcroft (Egypt).—It is pleasant to hear you know me quite well through **THE CAPTAIN**.

That is what we like. You will hear from me by post on the other matter.

S. Brown (Dalston).—Certainly you may enrol me as an honorary patron of the St. John's United F.C. I want all football clubs to succeed. Good luck to yours.

W. Allen.—A forward cannot possibly be off-side if he shoots and takes the ball again on its rebound from the goal-post. He has been behind the ball all the time. If the Rugby goal-posts were left up, as they certainly should not be; the referee should treat them as non-existent, so that a ball hitting one of them would be counted as having gone behind the goal-line.

Athletic Goods.—We recommend firms of athletic outfitters which we know to be good. If your firm took the trouble to convince us of the excellence of its goods, we should gladly recommend it to local inquirers. Billiards is splendid for eye and hand. It is the best indoor game.

Physique.—You may try Professor Inch's system with confidence. But, like all systems, it must be used with common sense. No physical culture system can possibly be devised to suit the requirements of every individual case. Those professors of physical culture who genuinely study the individual cases of their clients achieve the best results.

Miss Smith.—Blessed with good health, good form, and an absence of bad luck, C. B. Fry made 2,683 runs last season. He is certainly proud of his average of 81; but he knows too much about cricket to regard his average as indicating his real merits as compared with those of other batsmen. You may take it from him for certain that, were he stupid enough to consider he had nothing to learn, he would make many fewer runs. You will not find that successful cricketers are conceited. They know the game of cricket too well, and they have suffered its downs as well as its ups. A good cricketer does not ask himself, "How can I get to the top of the averages?" he asks, "How can I make myself a better player?" "How can I help to win the match?"

Peli.—See above. Do not eat too much meat, nor too little.

A Girl Reader.—There is no system of gymnastics as good as the Swedish; it is the best thought-out and the most complete. As you have been through the course, cannot you still practise those exercises which do not require special apparatus? There is not the least doubt, I should say, that a careful and regular course of the proper exercises would entirely cure you of your inability to sit upright. But, remember, sitting straight is not entirely a matter of muscle; it is a matter of correctness in poise and balance. Write again.

John Jackson.—Cricket is a splendid game, a great game. But I would not advise you to become a professional cricketer unless you have exceptional ability and no special aptitude for a trade or profession. Probably you have only seen the rosy side of a professional cricketer's life. Write again.

A. E. Ocean.—You must remember that you are a growing boy, and that your lightness of weight at fifteen years old may be only a transitory state. You must be patient and give yourself a chance. You will do no good by excessive physical culture. If you go in for any system, follow it manfully and regularly, but, above all, do not overdo it.

Van.—That is an old question, whether the

bowler may stop bowling and throw at the receiving batsman's wicket if the latter is out of his ground. The law does not explicitly meet the case; but I don't think any umpire would allow it. In practice, the idea is that the ball is dead as far as the receiving batsman is concerned until it is actually bowled.

G. H. (Montreal).—I wish I could tell you how to grow 2½ in. in five months. Get as much open-air exercise as possible, with care not to over-tire yourself, and try a course of free gymnastics—see above. But growth cannot be forced. You might plant yourself in the garden and persuade some one to water you!

H. L. (Capetown).—Many thanks for picture of the Newlands cricket ground. I know it well, and a beautiful spot it is. The prettiest ground I have ever played on.

H. C. Bradbrook.—I congratulate you on being able to write a clear, concise letter; it means a clear, methodical head. You should succeed in life. You are quite right. An Association ball should be kicked with the instep, i.e., the centre of the ball behind its intended line of flight should meet the middle of the lace-up of a walking shoe. In taking place kicks, i.e., any kick when the ball is stationary, you cannot get the centre of the instep to the centre of the ball unless you sweep sideways at the ball. If you take this sort of kick straight, however, you need not kick with the point of your toe; you can nick your toe right under the ball and drive it with the part of your foot between the toe and the lace-up. I think you will understand this. If you will remind me, I will have some illustrations done for THE CAPTAIN on this point. It is quite true you can kick well with a bad boot. But a bad boot spoils one's confidence; that is the rub, and the reason why you should have a good sound pair. What you do in the way of exercise is quite enough even for a professional footballer. Once or twice a week, however, you should practise full speed sprints of about 40 yards. This will improve your pace. I wish you well; you are the right sort.

Afsa Horner.—Some one else who knows me quite well, "almost an old friend." Excellent! It appears that I made a mistake in saying a while back that Dr. Wharton Hood was the best known specialist for knee-injuries. Dr. Hood has retired. But his practice is carried on by Dr. Romer at the same address, viz., 11, Seymour-street, Portman-square, W. Thank you for the information.

F. F. Bowes.—Thank you for your pleasant Irish letter. In answer to your queries: (1), I do not know whether a cannon off the referee would count as a goal; I know it ought not to. It would depend on the referee. (2), No, I do not believe in all the drills, &c., in the magazines. Some of them are good. It's not so much the drill as how you do it, that tells. (3) I play sometimes for the Corinthians; sometimes for Southampton. (4) I cannot answer your French riddle, and it isn't French. "Pourquoi est un homme de police même un Ballon?" Awful!

Anxious (Preston).—Embrocation is all right, but it is the rubbing that does the good. There is no standard chest measurement for boys of 15; they vary so.

Anglo-Argentine.—Ranji is not quite right; at least, he does not say quite what he means. The majority of right-hand bowlers have a slight

natural action-break from the off even if they do not try to spin the ball with their fingers. The action-break of a right-hand bowler is almost always from the off. But now and then a right-hander has a delivery which, though natural to him, makes the ball break from leg; this comes from a certain natural fingerspin of the right kind for leg-break. Most leg-break bowlers, however, get this leg-break spin purely by artificial cultivation of finger-work.

Hockeyite.—You should get Mr. Battersby's little book on Hockey, published by Ward, Lock and Co. Do you keep your eye on the ball when you are hitting at it? If not, do so: do so even after the ball is gone; keep your eye on the spot where it was when you were hitting at it, I mean.

C. Newmaster.—Put me down as a vice-president of your club, if you like. But I am afraid you must regard me as a purely honorary appendage. Were I to subscribe to all the clubs of which I am president or vice-president, I should not have any pennies left to buy nibs and ink wherewith to answer my CAPTAIN readers. But the Imperial United C.C. has my very best wishes. Keep the flag flying!

Arthur Clark.—Your first request has been referred to the Club Department, of which I am not an official, but, like yourself, an ordinary, if enthusiastic, member. It is difficult to say who is the best goalkeeper in England. Expert judges differ on the point. George, of Aston Villa, is one of my prime favourites. Then there is Robinson, of Plymouth, with whom, in his Southampton days, I played right through the Cup ties; a better than him, a bolder and a keener, a quicker and a stronger, I never wish to see or feel behind me.

W. J. Williams.—There is only one way in which you can get the autographs of distinguished English and Australian cricketers. Write to each of them a polite letter of request, addressed to him at his home ground, county or otherwise. Enclose a stamped and addressed envelope, and a slip of paper for him to write on. Then there is just a chance you may get what you want.

B. Vinto.—The rule about the throw-in is very simple. If you have any part of both feet on the line you are all right. It does not matter whether it is your toe or your heel that touches the line, provided it is on the line. Of course, if you stand with your heels on the line and your toes well inside it, and then rise on your toes as you deliver the ball, you are breaking the rule. But linesmen are very fussy if you move your feet at all, so it pays to stand firmly on the line with both feet fixed to the ground all the time you are throwing.

H. R. Cross.—Your letter did not reach me in time for me to do anything for you in the way of an article for the Christmas number of your paper. But it is good news that there is a football club like yours enterprising enough to publish a paper of its own. That is the kind of club that "gets there." I might help you another time, but cannot promise, as I am often very busy, and shall be busier than ever in the future. You will see why, if you look on the book-stalls about the 18th of March.

J. A. Martin.—I quite agree with you that a training in Association football is of great value to a Rugby player, especially to a forward. You should just have seen what G. O. Smith could do, dribbling a Rugby ball. It was a sight to put the average Rugby International to shame. And, by

the way, it is not half as difficult as the average Rugby player thinks to take flying kicks at an egg-shaped ball accurately so as to find touch. So far as I know, the best Rugby kickers use the instep for punts and drop-kicks, but the point of the toe for place-kicks. In taking place-kicks it is very important that the ball be placed pointing in quite the right direction and at exactly the right angle of elevation, and above all it is important to keep your eye on the ball, like a golfer, while you are kicking. Look at the ball, and the ball only, not at where you hope it may go; glue your eye to the ball.

F. G. Turner.—There is no book about Maclaren's tour in Australia on lines similar to those of Ranjitsinhji's "With Stoddart in Australia." I think that Warner has a good chance of bringing back the "ashes." It will be grand if he does! Even if he does not, he will have made a bold bid for victory, and will deserve every credit. Your revelations about your football club are very regrettable, if correct. Your height is right enough. Glad you appreciate this magazine.

Lanky writes that in the middle of August he learned to swim, and above a month later swam a mile without any kind of rest, and without much exhaustion. This is distinctly good. With due attention to style he should turn out a successful long-distance swimmer.

R. H. Millar.—The Addison F.C. has indeed had a good season up to date. Write me down a vice-president, with pleasure.

Upstart.—How long may gymnastics be practised daily without overdoing it? This is a difficult question to answer, because it depends partly on the strength and physique of the individual, partly on the kind of life the individual leads, and partly on what else he does in the day. You say you do about one hour in the morning and about one hour in the evening, and about ten minutes' dumb-bells before going to bed. This would be fully enough for a specialising athlete in strict training. You can only judge by results. If you feel keen and fresh after your work, all is well; if you feel jaded and tired, or if you grow stale after a week or two, be sure you are doing too much. Always err on the side of "too little" in gymnastics. Yes, I believe in gymnastics for developing the body; but there are all kinds of gymnastics, some very good and some very bad. Then, again, a good system can be followed in the wrong manner. Gymnastics which make you muscle-bound cannot be good.

W. D. W. Dermott.—Write to the *Athletic News*, Withy Grove, Manchester, for their football Annual, price threepence. It contains the latest edition of the Rules of Association Football.

A. St. C. Hutchinson.—If you are subject to appendicitis, you should consult a good doctor as to whether you ought to play football. If your wind is bad, and you mean to improve it, you had better not smoke at all. You ought to follow a systematic course of breathing exercises. I wrote on the subject in this magazine in January and February, 1903. There is a good little book on breathing exercises published by Messrs. Gale and Polden, 3, Amen Corner, E.C. You must learn to breathe through your nostrils with what is called diaphragm breathing. Proper breathing is immensely well worth cultivation.

A. N. W.—The qualifying round of the English Cup is played off by districts, so that one club in each district is left in. These survivors play one

another in the intermediate rounds, till only sixteen are left. These sixteen are then drawn in the First Round Proper, with the sixteen clubs which have been exempted from all the preliminary rounds. The reason why the qualifying rounds are played off by districts is to prevent a small club in Yorkshire having to journey down to play a small club in Kent. The whole competition is excellently arranged.

W. X. Y.—To improve your chest measurement you should take up some breathing exercises (see above). Besides these you should go in for a regular course of extension exercises with light dumb-bells or without. Get a little book on Free Gymnastics, published by Gale and Polden. You can easily improve the size of your arms by the ordinary dumb-bell exercises given in Sandow's chart. But be careful not to use heavy dumb-bells, and be careful not to do too heavy exercises at first. Practise regularly every day, but not for too long; twenty minutes at the outside is enough.

Outside-right.—The goalkeeper can be penalised like any other player if he infringes the rules. The player who has taken a free kick may not kick the ball again until it has touched another player. Briercliffe, of Woolwich, is one of the best outside-rights in the South.

Anxious.—After an illness such as appendicitis, you should first of all find out from a doctor whether you ought to begin training at all. If he passes you as sound, you should begin very carefully and gradually, and confine yourself for at least a month to walking exercise, gradually increasing the amount of your walking as you feel yourself getting fitter. Above all, never do enough to make you feel tired or exhausted. Do not take up violent exercise like running or football until you have assured yourself that you are in good ordinary condition. It is the greatest mistake to hurry training at the best of times; after an illness it is rank folly.

Fitz.—There is no athletic or football club organised directly by THE CAPTAIN. We have thought

of it, but we cannot, at present, see how it can be done. In any case boys' clubs cannot succeed unless the boys themselves help to organise them. But you give us food for thought.

Sirron.—The real reason, I believe, why Rugby football is not so popular all over the country as Association is that what may be called the entertainment side is so infinitely better organised in the former game. It must be remembered that Rugby has no professional clubs, and professional clubs are infinitely easier to organise with a view to popular entertainment than amateur clubs.

P. S. Kennedy.—You must have broken the small bone at the side of your leg, called the fibula. Properly set, the fracture will join up and be as strong as ever in about a month. The same thing happened to me from a fall from a horse in South Africa. I was playing cricket again within six weeks. You can get a good hockey stick from Gradidge's, or from any firm of athletic outfitters which advertises in this magazine.

Long 'un.—Thank you for your nice letter. It is pleasant to find that the trouble we take to give our readers advice is of genuine service to them.

J. M. Foster.—An amateur football player may have his exact out-of-pocket expenses for travelling and hotel accommodation repaid to him. A professional is a player who is paid any consideration for his services.

P. B.—If one of your opponents was standing off-side and you missed the ball altogether, he should have been ruled off-side if he touched it, or in any way interfered with the game. If, however, you mean that you miss-kicked, and the ball went off your foot to him, then he was not off-side.

Hockey Ball.—In hockey the goalkeeper may not throw the ball, though he may stop it with his hand. The referee was right. The goalkeeper may kick the ball so long as it is within the striking circle.

C. B. F.



SO VERY SIMPLE.

Voice in background: "Stop him!"

MUTINY!

A PLAIN TALE OF A REAL OCCURRENCE

BY CAPTAIN FRANK H. SHAW



IN these days of high speed liners and degenerate monotony, the men that go down to the sea find very little romance to enliven their day's routine. but once in a way there comes a *soupeçon* of dash

and daring which proves to the casual observer that old Ocean is still fraught with romance and adventure. Such an episode occurred a few years ago, and, if only as an example of genuine British pluck in time of need, it is worthy to be handed down for the benefit of the boys of to-day. The good ship *C*— of *B*— lifted her anchor at the Tail of the Bank one fresh spring morning a dozen years ago, and commenced her outward voyage to San Francisco with as promising a "send-off" as the heart of mariner—master or otherwise—could desire. Trim as a man-o'-war—alow and aloft—she presented a picture pleasing beyond measure to the eye of the most critical old salt that passed an enforced idleness on the banks of the Clyde. And, as her head canted Northward to the filling of her head sails—yard after yard becoming clothed with belying canvas—many a blithe chorus rose from her deck as the sails were sheeted home, until, with a freshening S.W. breeze, she lay away on the first tack towards her destination. Her captain—a young man newly appointed to this, his first command—cast a glance of pleasure at the towering steps of white above his head, squinted into the binnacle, and gave the man at the wheel his orders, "Full and by."

"Full and by, sir," was chanted back from the leathery visage with slow-moving jaws, and with a gentle lilt in the royals, and all the other sails drawing full and straining in their new freedom, the gallant ship cast a glinting spray of white, splashed with rain-bow hues from her bow.

"Her forefoot's talking Spanish already, Mr. McPherson," said Captain J. to his first officer—who had just laid aft in answer to his call, but the grey-headed sea-dog shook his head with all an old salt's pessim-

ism, and pointed to a low-lying bank of clouds away on the weather bow. "There'll be some wind in that, I'm doubting, sir," he said, but the skipper, bright and elated at his auspicious start, merely gave a short laugh of complete satisfaction, and suggested that the crew should be mustered. "All hands lay aft here," sang out the mate in a husky voice. Obedient to the call, the nondescript crowd of men comprising the ship's company clustered at the break of the poop, and answered in various degrees of broken English as the third mate called the roll. A villainous lot they looked—recruited as they were from the lowest crimp's boarding houses on the Broomielaw, and shipped in the last stage of drunkenness. Stalwart Scandinavians for the most part—your Norseman is still as much a rover as ever were the old Vikings, though lacking their courage—but here and there showed a sprinkling of swarthy Spaniards and "Dagos" generally. "Certainly less easy to manage than a lady's school," ruminated Captain J., but then his eye fell on the seven apprentices clustered together, and his visage brightened at the sight of the sturdy lads with their honest British faces, and when the muster was complete, he ordered his steward to "splice the main brace" with a distinct feeling of content in his heart. The fresh breeze held and belied the mate's prognostications, and in a few hours the North of Ireland loomed high to port. The capital start was improved. With a following wind the *C*— skirted the danger-strewn Irish coast, and ran south-west with all sail set. The days flew by, and, with the exception of the usual growls and visits aft, the motley crew gave no grounds for complaint. But there was a seething spirit of dissatisfaction abroad, and many low mutterings were heard in the fo'c'sle—the "grub" was blasphemed—the characters of the officers were, one and all, held up to criticism, and the smouldering spark of discontent needed little to make it break forth into an open fire. Little Rob McLean had no business "forward," but, being a first voyager and new to the severe line of restraint which separates

"foward" from "aft," he often used to curl himself up in the "apron" above the cut-water to watch the play of the sparkling waters and the gambols of the dolphins as they leapt and swam a merry race with this invader of their ancestral home. To-night he had taken up his usual position and, secure from observation and interruption, had fallen into a reverie—the snug, creeper-covered cottage ensconced on the bank of the Perthshire loch was fast growing more distinct before his mental eye—the soothing swish-swish of the rippling waves, and the light cool breeze of the Southern tropics lulled his senses—see, there was his mother holding out her welcoming arms to her sailor-lad—his father was striding down the path—but this voice which came to his sleepy ears was not his father's—surely his homely Doric never took on this guttural note—Hark! what was this? "Vell, I tells you, Gaspardo, to-night vas our ghanche. Loog you, the segund mate is sleeping, und so vas all der rest." Robbie pricked up his ears—this was of more importance than pretty cottages, and as the conversation grew closer and more confidential, he listened to a blood-curdling plot. Peering furtively over the boom-guys, he saw in the fading moonlight that the two men were a big, blustering Dutchman named Jensen and a shifty-eyed Portuguese—the two men who had always been in the forefront of the "growlers." The poor little lad dropped quaking to his retreat as the two scoundrels, having perfected their plans, rose to leave the fo'c'sle head. As soon as McLean could summon up enough courage for action, he stole from his unwilling hiding-place and sped aft. Then the need for caution re-asserted itself. The second officer had succumbed to the drowsy influence of the night, and lay over the oaken rail which crowned the break of the poop, his senses wrapt in sleep. Creeping to the companion as though to look at the time, McLean cast a furtive glance at the dreaming helmsman, and then quietly walked over to Mr. Scott's side and woke him with his news. The half-dazed officer could hardly grasp the tenour of the lad's remarks, and, realising his own neglect of duty, was about to dismiss him from the poop when sounds of hammering and breakage came from the fore-deck. Here, at any rate, was confirmation of the first part of the lad's story. The men were broaching cargo, and the officer remembered that all the spirits in the vessel's cargo were down the fore-hold. "Call out all the apprentices,

boy," he said, realising that in this time of stress he must rely on the British hearts amongst the crew. Like a flash Rob sprang to obey, and in a trice the six sleepy lads were rubbing their eyes and looking around for a "job on the braces." Meanwhile the captain and other officers were holding a consultation and gathering arms together at one and the same moment. Revolvers and cutlasses were passed up to the little knot of lads who had hurriedly been made acquainted with the facts of the case, and as the grip of the honest steel came home kindly to their hearts, the old, true British blood arose in them, dispelling the sleep from their eyes, and tightening their muscles. This night should be talked of in their far-off northern homes with awe-struck wonder. The clamour forward became greater; the mutineers had found the spirits, and were already at work on their second case of Benedictine. As the fiery spirit worked in their veins, the men became imbued with genuine Dutch courage, their worst passions were loosened, and now, drunk with spirits and anger combined, their fancied grievances pressing more closely than ever on their inflamed imaginations, they started aft to wreak a terrible retribution on their enemies. Just then the officers came on deck and, with the eye of a born commander, the captain realised the situation. With muttered oaths the crew came stumbling aft through the darkness, and the man at the wheel, roused by the unwonted noise, and remembering his part in the *fracas*, drew his knife and made a vicious stab at the back of the second mate, who was just then at the con. That worthy officer was more on his guard, however, than the Spaniard imagined. For, with an agile twist, he avoided the coming thrust and, as it expended its force on thin air, his fist shot out and took the helmsman heavily under the jaw. He dropped like a log. By this time the mutineers had reached the poop. The skipper had hardly patience to parley with the men, but, knowing the stringent regulations of the Board of Trade, he endeavoured to pacify the frenzied men. In vain, for they laughed a drunken laugh, and Jansen, the ringleader, flung an iron belaying-pin at Captain J.'s head. Had it found its mark the skipper would have sailed on his last command, but the missile, glancing from the rail, ricocheted against McLean's forehead. He fell stunned, and the captain, seeing this, ordered his little body of staunch men to "clear the decks." Instructions had previously been given to avoid slaughter, and consequently the pistol

were silent, but with a jolly "hurrah" the lads, headed by their three officers, jumped the ladders and went head first into the scrimmage. "Tackle 'em low," sang out Mr. Scott, as he fetched down Gaspardo, the sailmaker, with the flat of his cutlass. It was a glorious fight! Not a man but had some gash to show—not a lad whose countenance retained its virgin freshness. But British pluck told—now as it always must—and steadily the mutineers were driven

forrard." Scott, desirous of atoning for his negligence, laid about him like a veritable Trojan; his Highland blood was up and his eyes flashed fire. Like a scythe he swung his weapon. Knives and handspikes were futile against his impetuous attack, and so, manfully backed by his boys, he won his way along the now slippery deck. Little McLean had by this time recovered his senses, and, burning with indignation at the knock-down blow he had sustained, he staggered along the deck towards the fight. The mutineers were nearly conquered, but they halted for a moment by the galley, and strove to collect themselves together for one more rush. Jansen, goaded to desperation by the failure of his plan, and well knowing the consequences of his insubordination, harangued

the crew with a devotion worthy a better cause. Then, lifting a huge iron bar which he had taken from the windlass, he made a savage rush at the breathless second mate. Scott saw him coming and attempted to defend himself, but the onrush was too sudden; he slipped, and in a moment his head would have been smashed like an egg, but just at this instant Rob McLean, to whom the early cry of "tackle 'em low" still seemed a command,

collected his senses sufficiently to make a dive at the giant Dutchman's legs. The mouse and the lion over again! Down toppled Jansen, and his head came with a sickening thud against a ringbolt; then he lay still. The cook, seeing how affairs stood, snatched his cleaver from his galley and made a vicious cut at poor Robbie's head, but a Winchester rifle cracked in the gathering dawn, and the "Doctor" dropped—shot




"TACKLE 'EM LOW," SANG OUT MR. SCOTT, AS HE FETCHED DOWN GASPARD.

through the brain. The rest was easy. The mutineers were speedily disarmed, and surrendered at discretion. The captain, whose timely rifle shot had saved the young apprentice's life, ordered them into irons straightway, and then bore up, with his tiny crew of efficient, for Port Stanley. On arriving there, the whole of the mutineers were sentenced, by the Naval Court, to a well-deserved spell of punishment. And then Robbie wrote home, and told them "all about it."



New Zealand: Waterlow Series.


 Of all the current series of our Colonial stamps few are more full of philatelic interest than the handsome pictorial series of New Zealand, commonly known amongst stamp collectors as the Waterlow series, because the engraving was the work of the firm of Messrs. Waterlow and Sons, of London.

In 1894 a suggestion was made to the Postmaster-General of the Colony that a series of stamps which would be illustrative of local scenery, &c., would be both popular and profitable. Acting on this hint, the Government offered prizes of £150 and £100 for the best series of designs. About 2,400 competitive drawings were submitted. A committee of selection awarded the prizes, and selected the designs. The approved designs were forwarded to the Agent-General in London, with instructions to get them engraved on steel, and the work was eventually entrusted to Messrs. Waterlow and Sons.

A six months' supply was printed by Messrs. Waterlow, and sent out to the Colony with the plates. The values, colours, designs, and numbers printed, were as follows:—

One Halfpenny, lilac-brown. View of Mount Cook. Number printed, 6,000,000.

One Penny, light brown with blue centre, View of Lake Taupo, with Ruapehu in background, and cabbage palm in foreground. Number printed, 13,000,000.

Two pence, claret. View of Pembroke Peak, Milford Sound. Number printed, 6,000,000.

Two pence-halfpenny, blue. View of Mount Earnslaw, and head of Lake Wakatipu, with cabbage palms in foreground. Number printed, 300,000.

Three pence, light brown. Pair of huias on branch. Number printed, 300,000.

Fourpence, rose-lake. View of White Terrace, Rotomahana. Number printed, 400,000.

Five pence, brown-lake. View of Otira Gorge, with snow peak in background, also small circular view of Mount Ruapehu. Number printed, 130,000.

Sixpence, sap green. Pair of kiwis on branch. Number printed, 900,000.

Eightpence, steel blue. Large figure 8 with fern-trees and cabbage palms. Number printed, 80,000.

Ninepence, purple. View of Pink Terrace, Rotomahana, with tree-fern and nikau-palm at sides. Number printed, 80,000.

One shilling, orange-red. Pair of kakas on branch. Number printed, 300,000.

Two shillings, blue-green. View of Milford Sound, with clump of cabbage palms. Number printed, 70,000.

Five shillings, vermilion. View of Mount Cook. Number printed, 35,000.

In this first printing from the plates by the engravers, an error was early discovered in the 2½d., "Wakatipu" being misspelt "Wakitipu." This was at once corrected in a redrawn plate. The printings already made from the error were, however, issued for use. The redrawn plate differs in more than the correction of the word "Wakatipu." As will be seen from our illustrations, the words "Postage and Revenue" are removed from under the words "New Zealand," and inserted at the base of the stamp, from which place the words "Mt. Earnslaw" have been removed. A large number of the error must have been printed, as it is almost as common as the corrected type. Another marked variety in this London supply is found in the 5d. There are two very distinct shades, one sepia, and the other red-brown. So distinct are these prints that they might almost be called different colours. Here are the catalogue quotations, showing how

these London printings have ranged in favour since their issue :—

9d. purple	2 6	2 6
1s. vermilion	3 6	1 6
2s. blue-green	6 0	6 0
5s. vermilion	15 0	17 6

1898. Waterlow prints. No wmk.
Perf. 12 to 15.

After a six months' supply had been printed by Messrs. Waterlow, the plates and skilled printers were sent out to New Zealand to initiate the local printers into the difficult work of printing from steel plates. And the next series that

	Unused.		Used.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.
1d. lilac-brown	0	1	0	1
1d. brown and blue	0	3	0	1
2d. claret	0	4	0	1



ERROR WAKITIPU.



CORRECTED AND REDRAWN.



2 1/2d. blue (Wakatipu)	0 6	0 8
2 1/2d. blue (Wakatipu)	0 5	0 4
3d. yellow-brown	0 6	0 6
4d. rose	0 8	0 4
5d. sepia	12 0	—
3d. chocolate-brown	3 6	0 6
6d. green	4 0	0 9
8d. Prussian blue	2 6	2 0

we stamp collectors recognise as a separate issue is the local printing from the same plates, still on unwatermarked paper, but very clearly distinguished from the London issue by being perf. 11. But for this clear distinction of perforation

we should have considerable difficulty in saying in many cases which is London and which local printing, for the local work is remarkably well done.

1900. Colonial printings. Perf. 11.

	Unused.		Used.	
	s. d.		s. d.	
2½d. blue	0 5	0 3
3d. yellow-brown	0 6	0 3
6d. yellow-green	15 0	—
6d. green	4 6	5 0
8d. Prussian blue	1 3	1 3
9d. purple	1 3	1 3
1s. red	1 6	0 9
2s. blue-green	3 0	2 0
5s. vermilion	7 6	6 6

The yellow-green in this list is a very scarce variety, and quite distinct in its pale yellow-green shade from the ordinary stamp, which is dark green. It will be noted that the ½d., 1d., and 2d. values do not figure in this list. They were never printed in the Colony on unwatermarked paper. Therefore they come later in a list to themselves on watermarked paper.

In further printings sundry changes were made. The bi-coloured 1d. was found to be too expensive for a stamp of which such large numbers were needed. Hence the one penny was altered into a fourpence stamp, and the fourpence design was utilised for the 1d. value. For technical reasons connected with the convenience of printing, the fourpence, when altered to 1d., and the 2d., were slightly reduced in size when their turn came to be printed in the Colony on watermarked paper.

Wmk. double-lined star and NZ. Perf. 11.

	Unused.		Used.	
	s. d.		s. d.	
½d. green	0 1	0 1
1d. rose-red	0 2	0 1
2d. mauve	0 4	0 1

Then the 4d. was issued in bi-colour in the design formerly used for the 1d., and the 6d. was altered in colour from green to rose-red. These two stamps were printed on unwatermarked paper. Hence, we put them in a list by themselves.

1901. Change of colours. No wmk. Perf. 11.

	Unused.		Used.	
	s. d.		s. d.	
4d. brown and blue	0 9	0 4
6d. rose-red	1 0	0 3

Lastly, we have the Waterlow designs all printed on paper watermarked with a single-lined NZ and star. A new design appears for the 1d., which was specially engraved and issued to mark the adoption of the universal penny rate by New Zealand. Otherwise the designs and values and colours undergo



no further change.

1902. Wmk. Single lined NZ. and Star.

Perf. 11.

	Unused.		Used.	
	s. d.		s. d.	
½d. green	0 1	0 1
1d. carmine	0 2	0 1
2d. purple	0 3	0 1
2½d. blue	0 4	0 1
3d. yellow-brown	0 5	0 3
4d. brown and blue	2 0	—
5d. red-brown	0 7	—
6d. rose-red	0 8	—
8d. blue	0 10	—
9d. purple	1 0	—
1s. vermilion	1 4	1 6
2s. blue-green	2 6	—
5s. vermilion	6 6	—

The reason why the 4d. appears in the above list catalogued at 2s. is because the smaller stamps are now being perforated 14, and very few of the 4d. were perf. 11 on the single-lined watermarked paper now in use.

1901—4. Wmk. NZ. and Star. Perf. 14.

	Unused.		Used.	
	s. d.		s. d.	
½d. green	0 1	0 1
1d. carmine	0 2	0 1
2d. purple	0 3	0 2
4d. brown and blue	0 6	0 4

Catalogues for 1904.



HAVE received Part I. of the British Empire portion of the Stanley Gibbons Catalogue for 1904. In general get-up it is much the same as before, but sundry

little improvements have been introduced, the most interesting being the insertion of the name of the printer, and the method of the printing of the various issues, and the clearer illustration of watermarks from accurate tracings. British East Africa has been rewritten, and a few other countries have been revised.

In the all-important matter of pricing, reductions have been the rule wherever they have been possible, but here and there stamps that are undeniably getting scarce are further increased in price.

Messrs. Bright and Son send me a supplement to their A.B.C. catalogue, bringing it up to date in a very artistic and neatly-printed form, with excellent illustrations.

Notable New Issues.

WE are promised what should be a really artistic set of new designs for Italy. It is reported that King Victor Emmanuel has not been satisfied with the artistic merit of the current series of Italian stamps. Hence an eminent Italian painter, Michetti, was commissioned to prepare a new and separate design for each value. And we now hear that the designs have been completed and approved. The 1c. is dedicated to Volta, the Italian physicist, famous for his researches and inventions in electricity. It depicts the birth of new industries, and is

ornamented with a luminous crown of electrical sparks. The 2c. is devoted to Marconi, and shows electrical waves crossing the celestial spaces, while wires, henceforth useless, hang from a telegraph post. The 5c. reveals a flight of swallows, surrounded by the Italian coat of arms. The 10c. shows the Alpine chain, crowning the portrait of the King. That of the 15c. bears the portrait of his Majesty in the centre of a maritime horizon. On that of 25c. is the portrait of the King in profile, breaking into the meridian of Italy. That of the 40c. represents a full-face portrait of the King, surmounting the Shield and Star of Italy. The one lira stamp has a portrait of the King with an eagle and a fortified castle as supporters. We are not told what system of engraving and printing will be employed. To be seen at their best such a series should be printed from steel plates. There is no word yet of the issue of the promised portrait set for Russia.

Argentine Republic.—A new value, 6 cents has been added to the current set. The stamp is printed in black. The watermark, small sun, and perforation, 12, is the same as in the rest of the current series.



Wmk. small sun. Perf. 12.
6 centavos, black.

Chili.—I have received the 30 centavos of the Waterlow type of 1900, surcharged "Diez Centavos," as illustrated. "Diez," as every boy who collects stamps knows, is the Spanish for "ten." The supply of 10 centavos stamps ran short, hence the issue of this provisional. The surcharge is in dark blue.



10c. in blue on 30c., orange.
Waterlow type of 1900.

East Africa and Uganda.—The full set is now reported. All the anna values are of the small size as illustrated, and the rupee values of the larger size, and similar in design to the British Central Africa 2s. 6d., which we illustrate. It will be seen that the large design is practically a mere enlargement of the small design. As usual, the small stamps are water-



Wmk. CA. and Crown. Perf. 14.

- 1 anna carmine and grey-black.
- 2½ " blue.
- 3 " grey-green and brown.
- 4 " black and grey-green.
- 5 " yellow-brown and grey-black.
- 8 " pale blue and grey-black.

Wmk. CC. and Crown. Perf. 14.

- 3 rupees black and grey-green.
- 4 " green and grey-black.
- 5 " carmine and grey-black.
- 10 " blue and grey-black.
- 20 " dark grey and grey-black.
- 50 " red-brown and grey-black.

Jamaica.—This Colony has issued two stamps, ½d. and 2½d., of a new design. The arms of the Colony form the central and major portion of the design. These stamps are presumably the pioneers of a complete series of this arms type.



Arms type.

Wmk. CA. Perf. 14.

- ½d., arms black, frame green.
- 2½d., arms grey-black, frame ultramarine.

Panama.—This new republic, as anticipated last month, has surcharged its current map stamps, and, apparently with a view of stimulating their sale, and so filling a very needy treasury, the surcharge has been subjected to all sorts of ludicrous varieties. A Chicago daily paper states that the Postmaster-General, with stamps of seven denominations, has managed thus far to turn out about forty different varieties. This he did by printing the words "Republica de Panama" across the face of the old Colombian stamps in as many different ways as his ingenuity could devise—perpendicularly, horizontally, diagonally, upside down—in red ink, in blue ink, in green ink. Readers of THE CAPTAIN will do well to confine their attention to the normal surcharge, or, far better still, to neglect the lot. Central American and North Borneo rubbish are not worth collecting.

Paraguay.—The whole series of the design chronicled and illustrated last month is now reported as follows:—

- 1c. yellow-green.
- 2c. orange.
- 5c. blue.
- 10c. violet.
- 20c. vermilion.
- 30c. dark blue.
- 60c. ochree.



Sierra Leone.—The high values have been issued, and may now complete the list given in the last number of THE CAPTAIN. The design as illustrated is the same for all.



King's Head.

Wmk. CA. Perf. 14.

- 4d. purple, name and value green.
 1d. purple, name and value carmine.
 14d. purple, name and value black.
 2d. purple, name and value orange.
 24d. purple, name and value blue.
 3d. purple, name and value green.
 4d. purple, name and value carmine.
 5d. purple, name and value black.
 6d. purple, name and value purple.
 1s. green, name and value black.
 2s. green, name and value blue.
 5s. green, name and value carmine.
 £1 lilac on red.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Stella Street (Vryburg).—The stamps of which you send photos are all fiscals of the Orange Free State, and therefore do not figure in a catalogue of adhesive postage stamps.

J. O., Jr. (Paisley).—Whilst sympathising with all you write about the difficulties in the way of forming and conducting Exchange Clubs for boys, I fear I cannot persuade the "Old Fag" to help, as you suggest, in the formation of CAPTAIN Exchange Clubs. He has a strong objection to anything that will expose his boys to unprincipled companionship, and of course a public announcement would afford information to harpies who are always on the watch for openings for fraud. In Exchange Clubs you have to trust those on your list with your property; therefore, you must confine yourself to those who are personally known to you. By all means collect the stamps of the Argentine Republic. They are most interesting, and some of the older issues are much sought after. Argentine stamps are of good repute, barring only two commemoratives issued in 1892. Some of our most eminent specialists have very fine collections of Argentines. Yes, avoid Officials.

A. J. C.—If your 10s. Transvaal is postmarked Nov., '97, it is a good stamp; none of the catalogues price it, but you may put its value at about

40s. to 50s. The later issue of 1895 is catalogued at 40s.

A. H. C. (Liscard).—Recent Liberia stamps are not worth collecting at any price.

R. E. P. (Henfield).—The ½d. Orange Free State stamp you refer to was overprinted with the arms of the Republic, and was issued on post-cards. It is not a rarity by any means; indeed, it ranks as a post-card, and not as a postage stamp.

J. C. (Natal).—Thank you very much for your good wishes, and the samples of Natal stamps.

J. G. W. (Glasgow).—Oh, yes. All South African Republic stamps are obsolete. I cannot tell you the value of your 1d. and 2½d., as there are several issues of those values, and you give no clue as to the date of yours.

E. G. U.—Your Mexican is only a Registration stamp, affixed by the postal officials.

J. B. (Rutherglen).—The *American Journal of Philately* is published in New York, by the Scott Stamp and Coin Co., 18, East 23rd Street, and the subscription is only 75c., equal to 3s. 1d. I believe Mr. W. T. Wilson, 192 Birchfield Road, Birmingham, receives subscriptions in this country for it.

H. B. (St. Andrew's School, Annapolis Royal, Nova Scotia).—I have not seen the Canadian 2c. of the book issue, but I am not surprised to learn that it is a different shade from the ordinary stamp. Canadians run into several shades. The English small ½d. plate 2 was never issued. Jamaica, fiscal 1d. rose, used fiscally, is catalogued at 6d.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

We are indebted to the following firms for early copies of new issues:—

Stanley Gibbons, Ltd. (London), for Argentine Republic 6c., Chili 10c. on 30c.

Whitfield King and Co. (Ipswich), for Chili 10c. on 30c., Jamaica. ½d.



THE SONG THRUSH.

"MY FAVOURITE QUOTATION."

[I MUST congratulate my readers on the taste they displayed in this competition. The selection of quotations printed below gives indications of varied and profitable reading.—ED.]

"Let the man who is to make his fortune in life prove this maxim : attacking is the only secret ; dare, and the world always yields ; or, if it beats you sometimes, dare it again and it will succumb."—*Thackeray*.

"Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure ;
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor."
—*Gray's "Elegy."*

"No fatigue was too great to make him forget the courtesy of less wearied moments ; no business too engrossing to deprive him of his readiness to show kindness and sympathy."—*From "The Life of Charles Kingsley."*

"Character is a perfectly educated will."—*Novalis*.
"For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich,
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit."
—*Shakespeare*.

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast." This is my favourite quotation at present, because I have often tried to win a CAPTAIN Prize, but never succeeded.—*R. H. K.*)

"My honour is my life, both grow in one ;
Take honour from me, and my life is done."
—*Shakespeare*.

"Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base ;
And, ascending and secure,
Shall to-morrow find its place.
Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky."
—*Longfellow*.

"He who puts off the hour of living aright is like the clown waiting till the river flow by ; but it glides on, and will glide on with rolling waters for all time."—*Horace*.

"Under the blue and starry sky
Dig the grave and let me lie,
Gladly did I live, and gladly die,
And laid me down with a will,
These be the words you grave for me :
'Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.'"
—*R. L. Stevenson*.

"In the lexicon of youth which fate reserves for a bright manhood there is no such word as—fail."
—*Bulwer Lytton*.

"Think truly and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed ;
Speak truly and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed ;
Live truly and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed."—*Bonar*.

"Fear is more pain than is the pain it fears."—*Sir Philip Sydney*.

"I live for those that love me,
For those that love me true,
For the heaven that shines above me,
And waits my coming to,
For the wrongs that need resistance,
For the cause that needs assistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do."

"Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head ;
And this our life exempt from public haunt
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running
brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.
I would not change it." —*Shakespeare*.

"If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try, try again."

(This seems particularly applicable as regards the CAPTAIN competitions, as this is the 28th attempt and no prize yet. Never mind : "better luck next time."—*T. S.*)

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."
—*Keats*.

"I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

"Be guid and dae guid, and guid'll come ower ye."
—*Old Scottish Proverb*

"They seem to take away the sun from the world who withdraw friendship from life ; for we have received nothing better from the immortal gods, nothing more delightful."—*Cicero*.

"Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
That in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation : we do pray for mercy ;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy." —*Shakespeare*.

"There's nothing so kingly as Kindness,
And nothing so royal as Truth."
—*Alice Cary*.

"Trifles make perfection, but perfection is no trifle."—*Michael Angelo*.

"Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing,
Only a signal shown and a distant voice in the darkness,
So in the ocean of life we pass and speak one another—
Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and a silence."—*Longfellow*.

"Make a point of doing something every day that you do not want to do. This is the golden rule for acquiring a habit of doing your duty without pain."
—*Mark Twain*.

"A good leg will fall, a straight back will stoop ;
A black beard will turn white ; a curled pate
Will grow bald ; a fair face will wither : but
A good heart is the sun and moon ; or, rather,
The sun and not the moon, for it shines bright
and never
Changes, but keeps his course truly."
—*Shakespeare*.

"A man's reach should exceed his grasp, or what's a heaven for ?"—*Browning*.



INTERIOR OF A CLASS-ROOM AT VICTORIA COLLEGE, PALGHAT, MADRAS, IN WHICH FIVE CLASSES ARE AT WORK.
The room is foreshortened. It is 120 feet by 24. Though the faces look very black, as a matter of fact about 76 per cent of the students are of a light brown colour, and not at all black.

INDIAN SCHOOLS AND SCHOOLBOYS.

By Cecil M. Barrow.



PART OF THE FRONT OF VICTORIA COLLEGE.

A large block of buildings, recently erected, to the left of the photo. does not appear.

Far away from Europe, but immediately to the north of Ceylon's "spicy isle," lies the great triangular-shaped continent of India, containing nearly three hundred million people, speaking a vast variety of languages. Formerly, say, fifty years ago, if a native of the Punjab met a native of Madras, neither could speak to the other; now they can talk to each other, should they meet, in *English*. This curious and very encouraging fact has been brought about by the labours of the great Departments of Education, now operating from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin. We must confine ourselves, in this paper, to the Madras Presidency; but, *mutatis mutandis*, our remarks will apply equally well to the other Presidencies and Provinces of India. In the Madras Presidency there is a University somewhat on the model of that of London. For the matriculation examination of this University, all high schools, which must be placed on a recognised list, prepare their pupils. There are two grades of colleges, first grade and second grade. Those of the first grade educate up to the B.A. standard, those of the second grade up to the F.A. (*i.e.*, first examination in Arts) standard. Each of these courses occupies two years; and students must attend the F.A. classes in some college affiliated to the University for two years, and pass a stiffish exam-

ination at the end, before they can enter for the B.A. course, which also requires two years' attendance in some first grade affiliated college.

No one can enter a First Arts class until he has passed the matriculation examination. In our first illustration you will see the principal of a second grade college—the Victoria College, Palghat, in the Malabar District of the Madras Presidency—surrounded by the students of both the senior and junior F.A. classes, all of whom have matriculated. They have had to pass rather a severe examination in English, in one of the native languages or Sanskrit, in mathematics (the whole of arithmetic, algebra to simple equations inclusive, and in three books of Euclid), in elementary physics and chemistry, in geography and in two histories (English and Indian). For the F.A. examination they have to study such English writers as Shakespeare, Milton, Tennyson, Scott, Addison. They also have to bring up algebra, trigonometry, six books of Euclid, physiology, and Roman and Greek history. For the B.A. examination in a first grade college they have a further and more extended course in English, but may specialise in other subjects. The peculiarity of nearly all educational institutions in India is that, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, they are day-schools and day-colleges. In a good many cases, though not in all, the

principal, or headmaster, is a European graduate, but the staffs, except in the biggest colleges, are all Hindoos. The next illustration shows the interior of a long class-room at the Victoria College. The nearest form is one division of the sixth; there are so many students in it that it has to be made into three sections of 50 each.

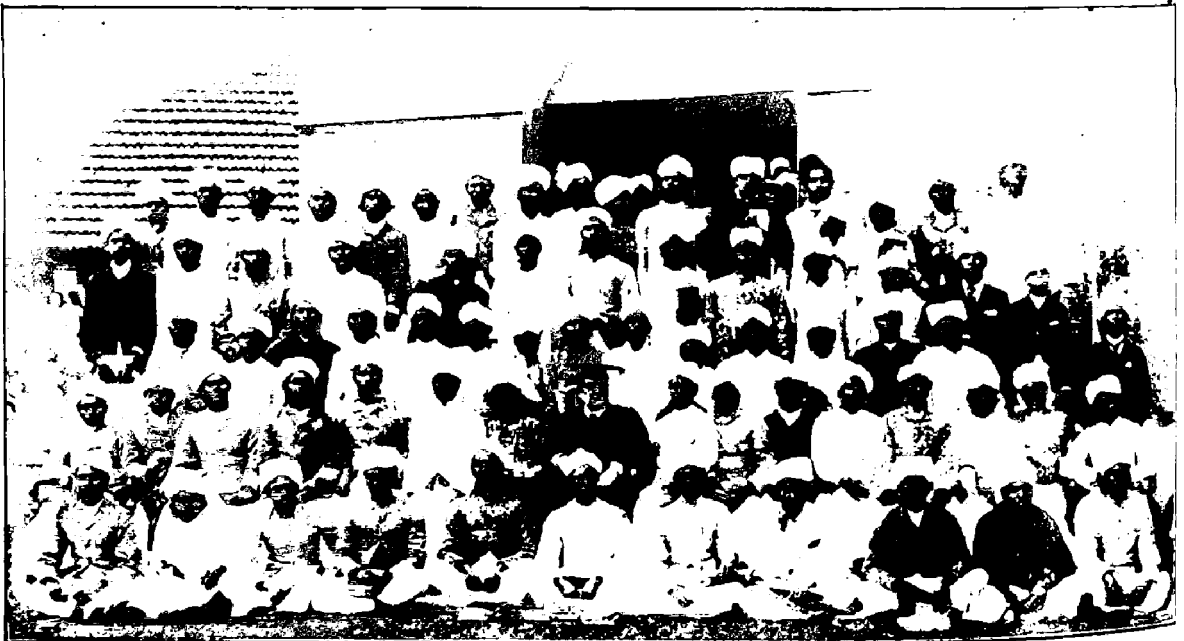
The room is over 120 ft. long. It holds, as you will see if you count, five classes, of which the one in the centre is a drawing-class. All schools are obliged by Government (which helps them with money) to have gymnasia, and Hindoo boys make excellent gymnasts. You will like to hear how they get on at cricket and football. They are making very great progress at cricket. They are first-rate bowlers, some of them, and excellent fielders. Their weakest point, at present, is their batting, but with such a miraculous bat as "Ranji" for an exemplar, many of them are improving, and the day is not far distant when we shall see a good many Hindoo stars in the cricket firmament.

To Mr. J. H. Stone, M.A. (King's College, Cambridge), principal of the Government College, Combaconum, belongs the chief credit for the promotion of football in the Madras Presidency. The game is every year attracting more devotees, but, owing to the fact that native boys do not wear boots,* and to their rather feeble

* Hindoos always go barefooted. A few are now taking to socks and boots, but it is regarded as a sign of denationalisation.

physique, it is not a game so likely to flourish as cricket,—more especially as, in the South of India at any rate, there is no cold weather. The writer once saw one of his boys get his leg broken in a charge—two naked ankles met, and snap went the shin of one of them. He turned up smiling again about three months afterwards, and, having escaped the annual examination for promotion, put in an *agrotat*, and went up gaily from the fifth to the sixth form.

The illustration at the beginning of this article shows a part of the front of the Victoria College, Palghat. The gymnasium and library and playing-fields are behind. The college, like many of those in Southern India, has no upper storey. Many of the rooms are very large, from an English point of view, but this is necessary in such a hot climate. The class-rooms are always full of boys, of whom there are nearly six hundred on the rolls. There are, altogether, three departments in the Victoria College, and in most of the first and second grade colleges in Southern India—a college department, containing the senior and junior F.A. classes; a high school department, containing sixth, fifth and fourth forms; and a middle school department, containing the third, second and first forms. Many of these forms have two or more sections. Every boy in the high schools and colleges can talk English, but, though a large proportion of them speak and write the language fluently and



GROUP OF THE PRINCIPAL AND SENIOR COLLEGE STUDENTS OF THE VICTORIA COLLEGE.

All these young men have matriculated at the Madras University and are studying for the First in Arts Examination, corresponding to the London Intermediate.

NATURALISTS' CORNER



CONDUCTED BY
EDWARD STEP-F.L.S.



Doggy Queries.—E. Friedrichs (W. Hampstead) wants to keep a fox-terrier; his pater wants a garden, and thinks the first is incompatible with the second. Could I give E. F. instructions how to keep a dog so that the garden would not suffer. I am afraid that unless you

can be sure of getting a dog that has already been broken in to keep to the paths, the borders and plants will have to suffer until the dog has been taught. The cost of a puppy depends entirely upon its breed and parentage. In a walk through the streets of the Seven Dials you will see various dogs on sale, and can inquire the price of the one that most takes your fancy. W. D. Wilson (Liverpool) has got a dog whose back has been scalded and wants advice on how to make the hair grow again. This is a matter for the vet. rather than the naturalist. I have never scalded the back of my dog, so have no experience to fall back upon. There are many patent lotions advertised warranted to produce a new crop of hair on bald places; but here again I have no experience. You will see by my portrait that I have not yet got to the stage when such aid is required. The O. F. might know—but, there, I see that your letter was addressed to him, and he has passed it on to me, so I suppose he does not know. Perhaps he has tried them all and found them failures. Give Nature a chance.

Bird Queries.—I have several letters this month relating to birds, and it will be convenient to deal with these in one paragraph.—B. Poole (Waterford) suggests that I should publish "a list of dates at which various birds' eggs may be found. For instance, I know the whereabouts of a number of magpies', hawks', and other nests, and would like to know about when I might expect to find eggs in them." In the first place, let me say, B. P., that the date varies as the season varies, and also with the geographical range of the individual nest-builder. Such a list would be of little value except in the precise district where it was compiled. Another point is that such a list tends to do away with the necessity for local observation, and egg-collecting that is pursued without observation should be discountenanced as worse than useless. A. N. Nicholson (Oswestry).—(1) Early in April. (2) See answer to "Tandrigo" in August CAPTAIN. (3) *Canary Keeping for Amateurs*, by Dr. W. T. Greene. (L. Upcott Gill, 1s.)

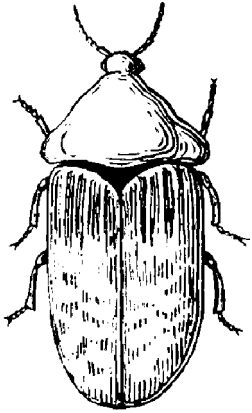
H. D. Jones (Brixton) writes that whilst walking on the outskirts of a wood at Weston-super-Mare, on December 27th, he saw a bird flying which, from its white breast and forked tail, he took to be a swallow. He asks: Could it have been a swallow, and, if so, are there many instances on record of a swallow being seen at this time of the year? The white breast, H. D. J., indicates the martin rather than the swallow. There *are* records of swallows having been observed in this country as late as November and December, but my own opinion is that other birds have been mistaken for them. The purely insect food and the habit of taking this on the wing makes it difficult to understand how swallows could exist here in winter. Of course, if the bird were captured or shot, there could be no question, but, so far as I have read, the supposition that such birds are swallows is based upon a momentary sight at a distance. Let me give you an item of my own experience which may help to elucidate yours. Some years ago, whilst resident in Cornwall, I was told one winter evening that a swallow was flying weakly about a part of the village. Being sceptical, I suggested it should be caught. This was done, and the bird was brought to me alive. It proved to be a storm petrel that had been exhausted by long buffeting with a gale at sea and had got blown ashore. It is possible that your swallow may have been a petrel. True, the petrel has not a white breast, but seen at dusk it has a very swallow-like appearance.

Preserving Marine Animals.—"Beginner" (San Remo) sends me rather a large order in asking for "a short account of the manner in which ordinary scale-fish, sea-urchins, sea-cucumbers, &c., are preserved. Also, please state if it is possible for me to preserve sea-anemones, &c.?" To do this satisfactorily would need several pages, and the O. F. is always complaining that he has got no room to spare. Fishes may be preserved in methylated spirit, or a solution of formalin, without other preparation than well washing in fresh water. The same treatment will do for sea-cucumbers, and the formalin for sea-anemones. The great difficulty about the last-named is to get them to die with their tentacles extended, and this can only be arrived at with considerable patience and caution. Place them

in a small vessel of clear sea-water, and wait (an hour, or a day) till they are pleased to expand fully; then add, *a drop at a time*, a solution of corrosive sublimate, and so gradually destroy their power of contraction. When dead, remove to the bottle of formalin solution. Sea-urchins must be cleaned out by cutting through the leathery skin round the mouth and removing the masticatory apparatus; then the entire contents may be extracted, the interior scraped and *thoroughly* cleansed with fresh water, then allowed to dry in a shady, draughty place *without heat*. Methylated spirit must be diluted with an equal volume of water, or it will distort and shrivel the specimens. Formalin is sold as formaldehyde, 40 per cent. solution. This should be further diluted with water until it is equal to only 2 per cent. The bottles in which specimens are preserved must be securely corked to prevent evaporation.

Furniture Beetles.—Miss A. Friedrichs (W. Hampstead) writes:—"In our boxroom we had several large wicker-baskets, which some time ago we discovered to be quite worm-eaten. We soaked them in water for a few days, but it did not kill the animals. Upon a subsequent examination of the room we found traces of them everywhere. Some pieces of furniture and our trunks they have attacked only slightly. As we intend moving into a

quite new house very shortly we are afraid of taking them there if we are not careful, and yet we do not like leaving all these things behind." My fair correspondent asks my opinion of several remedies that have been suggested. Let me say at first that the mischief is done by several small species of beetle and their larvæ. These beetles



DEATH-WATCH BEETLE.—THE LINE AT SIDE REPRESENTS THE NATURAL SIZE.

may be heard in the stillness of night calling to each other by a peculiar ticking sound which has earned them the name of Death Watch, because superstitious old ladies believe that the tick-

ing foretells a death in the house. The best plan for destroying them is to eject into the upper holes of a piece of furniture, with a syringe, methylated spirit, in which corrosive sublimate has been dissolved. This not only kills the insects but renders the wood permanently uneatable by them, whilst the spirit soon evaporates. Paraffin oil will also kill them, but evaporates less readily, and will consequently give off an evil odour for some time. I should advise the immediate burning of the baskets.

Book and Other Queries.—Willie Davies (Llandyssul) asks for a "book that will give him most information about natural history in one volume," and adds that he would like rather full information concerning flowers, birds, and butterflies. You want a little too much, Willie. Furneaux's *Out of Door World* (Longmans, 6s.) will give you a general elementary knowledge of all orders, including those you have specially named, but it is necessarily brief. Why not get separate books on each of these subjects, each treated by a specialist, and at greater length than is possible in the encyclopædic volume? J. E. Malcolm (Muswell Road).—(1) *Butterfly and Moth Collecting* (L. Upcott Gill, 1s.) (2) A pair of dormice will cost a shilling or two. (3) Silver-grey or Dutch rabbits you will find easy to rear. (4) No; you had better keep rabbits and guinea-pigs in separate hutches.

Name of Shell.—Dorothy Hooper (Bournemouth). Your shell is the smooth cockle (*Cardium norvegicum*); it is illustrated in my *Shell Life* (p. 142), but the specimen there photographed is larger and fresher than those you sent, so the rays are covered by the epidermis, worn off in yours. Glad you have found the books so useful. Forty-five species is very good for one holiday.

Water Beetles.—B. F. Cummings (Barnstaple) has been studying two books on beetles, one of which states that "all beetles die before winter," while the other says the *Dytiscus* may be obtained at midwinter. B. F. C. does not mention the authors of these books, but it may be very safely stated that the first of these knew very little of his subject. Hundreds of species of beetles, both aquatic and terrestrial, may be obtained throughout the winter by hunting among dead leaves and moss, under the bark of trees, or, in the case of aquatics, among the dormant weeds and the mud at the bottom of ponds. If B. F. C. will try such places in his own locality he will soon be convinced of the truth of this.



THE GOLD BAT



A
PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY
BY
P. C. WODEHOUSE

AUTHOR OF
"THE POT HUNTERS"
"THE MANŒUVRES OF CHARTERS"
ETC ETC

CHAPTER XXI.

THE LEAGUE REVEALED.

"**W**HAT do you think of that?" said Clowes.

Trevor said nothing. He could not quite grasp the situation. It was not only that he had got the idea so firmly into his head that it was Rand-Brown who had sent the letters and appropriated the bat. Even supposing he had not suspected Rand-Brown, he would never have dreamed of suspecting Ruthven. They had been friends. Not very close friends—Trevor's keenness for games and Ruthven's dislike of them prevented that—but a good deal more than acquaintances. He was so constituted that he could not grasp the frame of mind required for such an action as Ruthven's. It was something absolutely abnormal.

Clowes was equally surprised, but for a different reason. It was not so much the enormity of Ruthven's proceedings that took him aback. He believed him, with that cheerful intolerance which a certain type of mind affects, capable of anything. What surprised him was the fact that Ruthven had had the ingenuity and even the daring to conduct a campaign of this description. Cribbing in examinations he would have thought the limit of his crimes. Something backboneless and underhand of that kind would not have surprised him in the least. He would have said that it was just about what he had expected all along. But that Ruthven should blossom out suddenly as quite an ingenious and capable criminal in this way, was a complete surprise.

"Well, perhaps *you'll* make a remark," he said, turning to Ruthven.

SYNOPSIS.

The "gold bat" from which this story takes its title is a small ornament worn by Trevor, captain of the Wrykyn School XV., on his watch-chain. This bat Trevor has lent to O'Hara, an unruly Irishman, who, whilst employed on a midnight expedition whereof the object is tarring and feathering the Mayor of Wrykyn's statue, loses the little bat, and thereby fills Trevor with consternation, for, should the bat be found near the scene of the outrage, Trevor sees that he will be placed in an exceedingly awkward position. About this time Trevor is experiencing some difficulty in filling the fifteenth place in his team. Rand-Brown, a big three-quarter in the Second XV., would seem to be the most likely selection, but he is observed to funk badly in a trial match, and so Trevor overlooks him in favour of Barry, a smaller but far more reliable three-quarter, who has hitherto played for the Third XV. Soon after this, the school learns that a mysterious League has been formed by a number of fellows unknown who intend to enforce their views and wishes by acts of violence. The League first wrecks the study of Mill, a prefect, and then proceeds to warn Trevor in an anonymous letter that its members do not desire Barry to continue to play for the First XV. Trevor disregards the letter and the League retaliates by mutilating his books, smashing his pictures, and turning his study upside down. Suspicion falls on Rand-Brown, but it is pointed out that he could not have wrecked the captain's room, at least, since he was in the field at the time the latter outrage was perpetrated. Then another prefect's study is wrecked, and the conspirators are still undetected, when, one morning, Trevor receives another letter informing him that the gold bat is in the hands of the League. Thereupon he tackles Rand-Brown in his study, and, having accused him of writing the anonymous letters, proceeds to search his study for the gold bat, and requests him to turn his pockets out. But the missing trophy is not hidden in the study, nor is it in Rand-Brown's pockets. A little later in the term, however, the headmaster instructs Trevor to search the studies in Dexter's house for tobacco, and in the course of these investigations, to his great surprise, he comes across the gold bat in the study of a slack, colourless sort of fellow called Ruthven.

Ruthven, looking very much like a passenger on a Channel steamer who has just discovered that the motion of the vessel is affecting him unpleasantly, had fallen into a chair when Clowes handed him off. He sat there with a look on his pasty face which was not good to see, as silent as Trevor. It seemed that whatever conversation there was going to be would have to take the form of a soliloquy from Clowes.

Clowes took a seat on the corner of the table. "It seems to me, Ruthven," he said, "that you'd better say *something*. At present there's a lot that wants explaining. As this bat has been found lying in your drawer, I suppose we may take it that you're the impolite letter-writer?"

Ruthven found his voice at last.

"I'm not," he cried; "I never wrote a line."

"Now we're getting at it," said Clowes. "I thought you couldn't have had it in you to carry this business through on your own. Apparently you've only been the sleeping partner in this show. Though I suppose it was you who ragged Trevor's study? Not much sleeping about that. You took over the acting branch of the concern for that day only, I expect. Was it you who ragged the study?"

Ruthven stared into the fire, but said nothing.

"Must be polite, you know, Ruthven, and answer when you're spoken to. Was it you who ragged Trevor's study?"

"Yes," said Ruthven.

"Thought so."

"Why, of course, I met you just outside," said Trevor, speaking for the first time. "You were the chap who told me what had happened."

Ruthven said nothing.

"The ragging of the study seems to have been all the active work he did," remarked Clowes.

"No," said Trevor, "he posted the letters, whether he wrote them or not. Milton was telling me—you remember? I told you. No, I didn't. Milton found out that the letters were posted by a small, light-haired fellow."

"That's him," said Clowes, as regardless of grammar as the monks of Rheims, pointing with the poker at Ruthven's immaculate locks.

"Well, you ragged the study, and posted the letters. That was all your share. Am I right in thinking Rand-Brown was the other partner?"

Silence from Ruthven.

"Am I?" persisted Clowes.

"You may think what you like. I don't care."

"Now you're getting rude again," complained Clowes. "Was Rand-Brown in this?"

"Yes," said Ruthven.

"Thought so. And who else?"

"No one."

"Try again."

"I tell you there was no one else. Can't you believe a word a chap says?"

"A word here and there, perhaps," said Clowes, as one making a concession, "but not many, and this isn't one of them. Have another shot."

Ruthven relapsed into silence.

"All right, then," said Clowes, "we'll accept that statement. There's just a chance that it may be true. And that's about all, I think. This isn't my affair at all, really. It's yours, Trevor. I'm only a spectator and camp-follower. It's your business. You'll find me in my study." And putting the poker carefully in its place, Clowes left the room. He went into his study, and tried to begin some work. But the beauties of the second book of Thucydides failed to appeal to him. His mind was elsewhere. He felt too excited with what had just happened to translate Greek. He pulled up a chair in front of the fire, and gave himself up to speculating how Trevor was getting on in the neighbouring study. He was glad he had left him to finish the business. If he had been in Trevor's place, there was nothing he would so greatly have disliked as to have some one—however familiar a friend—interfering in his wars and settling them for him. Left to himself, Clowes would probably have ended the interview by kicking Ruthven into the nearest approach to pulp compatible with the laws relating to manslaughter. He had an uneasy suspicion that Trevor would let him down far too easily.

The handle turned. Trevor came in, and pulled up another chair in silence. His face wore a look of disgust. But there were no signs of combat upon him. The toe of his boot was not worn and battered, as Clowes would have liked to have seen it. Evidently he had not chosen to adopt active and physical measures for the improvement of Ruthven's moral well-being.

"Well?" said Clowes.

"My word, what a hound!" breathed Trevor, half to himself.

"My sentiments to a hair," said Clowes, approvingly. "But what have you done?"

"I didn't do anything."

"I was afraid you wouldn't. Did he give any explanation? What made him go in for the thing at all? What earthly motive could he have for not wanting Barry to get his colours, bar the fact that Rand-Brown didn't want him to? And why should he do what Rand-Brown told him? I never even knew they were pals, before to-day."

"He told me a good deal," said Trevor. "It's one of the beastliest things I ever heard. They neither of them come particularly well out of



the business, but Rand-Brown comes worse out of it even than Ruthven. My word, that man wants killing."

"That'll keep," said Clowes, nodding. "What's the yarn?"

"Do you remember about a year ago a chap named Patterson getting sacked?"

Clowes nodded again. He remembered the case well. Patterson had had gambling transactions with a Wrykyn tradesman, had been found out, and had gone.

"You remember what a surprise it was to everybody. It wasn't one of those cases where half the school suspects what's going on. Those cases always come out sooner or later. But Patterson nobody knew about."

"Yes. Well?"

"Nobody," said Trevor, "except Ruthven, that is. Ruthven got to know somehow. I believe he was a bit of a pal of Patterson's at the time. Anyhow,—they had a row, and Ruthven went to Dexter—Patterson was in Dexter's—and sneaked. Dexter promised to keep his name out of the business, and went straight to the old man, and Patterson got turfed out on the spot. Then somehow or other Rand-Brown got to know about it—I believe Ruthven must have told him by accident some time or other. After that he simply had to do everything Rand-Brown wanted him to. Otherwise he said that he would tell the chaps about the Patterson affair. That put Ruthven in a dead funk."

"Of course," said Clowes; "I should imagine friend Ruthven would have got rather a bad time of it. But what made them think of starting the League? It was a jolly smart idea. Rand-Brown's, of course?"

"Yes. I suppose he'd heard about it, and thought something might be made out of it if it were revived."

"And were Ruthven and he the only two in it?"

"Ruthven swears they were, and I shouldn't wonder if he wasn't telling the truth, for once in his life. You see, everything the League's done so far could have been done by him and Rand-Brown, without anybody else's help. The only other studies that were ragged were Mill's and Milton's—both in Seymour's."

"Yes," said Clowes.

There was a pause. Clowes put another shovelful of coal on the fire.

"What are you going to do to Ruthven?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing? Hang it, he doesn't deserve to get off like that. He isn't as bad as Rand-Brown quite—but he's pretty nearly as finished a little beast as you could find."

"Finished is just the word," said Trevor. "He's going at the end of the week."

"Going? What! sacked?"

"Yes. The Old Man's been finding out things about him, apparently, and this smoking row has just added the finishing-touch to his discoveries. He's particularly keen against smoking just now for some reason."

"But was Ruthven in it?"

"Yes. Didn't I tell you? He was one of the fellows Dexter caught in the vault. There were two in this house, you remember?"

"Who was the other?"

"That man Dashwood. Has the study next to Pagot's old one. He's going, too."

"Scarcely knew him. What sort of a chap was he?"

"Outsider. No good to the house in any way. He won't be missed."

"And what are you going to do about Rand-Brown?"

"Fight him, of course. What else could I do?"

"But you're no match for him."

"We'll see."

"But you *aren't*," persisted Clowes. "He can give you a stone easily, and he's not a bad boxer either. Moriarty didn't beat him so very cheaply in the middle-weight this year. You wouldn't have a chance."

Trevor flared up.

"Heavens, man," he cried, "do you think I don't know all that myself? But what on earth would you have me do? Besides, he may be a good boxer, but he's got no pluck at all. I might outstay him."

"Hope so," said Clowes.

But his tone was not hopeful.

CHAPTER XXII.

A DRESS REHEARSAL.

SOME people in Trevor's place might have taken the earliest opportunity of confronting Rand-Brown, so as to settle the matter in hand without delay. Trevor thought of doing this, but finally decided to let the matter rest for a day, until he should have found out with some accuracy what chance he stood.

After four o'clock, therefore, on the next day, having had tea in his study, he went across to the baths, in search of O'Hara. He intended that before the evening was over the Irishman should have imparted to him some of his skill with the hands. He did not know that for a man absolutely unscientific with his fists there is nothing so fatal as to take a boxing lesson on the eve of battle. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing.

He is apt to lose his recklessness—which might have stood by him well—in exchange for a little quite useless science. He is neither one thing nor the other, neither a natural fighter, nor a skilful boxer.

This point O'Hara endeavoured to press upon him as soon as he had explained why it was that he wanted coaching on this particular afternoon.

The Irishman was in the gymnasium, punching the ball, when Trevor found him. He generally put in a quarter of an hour with the punching-ball every evening, before Moriarty turned up for the customary six rounds.

"Want me to teach ye a few tricks?" he said. "What's that for?"

"I've got a mill coming on soon," explained Trevor, trying to make the statement as if it were the most ordinary thing in the world for a school prefect, who was also captain of football, head of a house, and in the cricket eleven, to be engaged for a fight in the near future.

"Mill!" exclaimed O'Hara. "You! An' why?"

"Never mind why," said Trevor. "I'll tell you afterwards, perhaps. Shall I put on the gloves now?"

"Wait," said O'Hara. "I must do my quarter of an hour with the ball before I begin teaching other people how to box. Have ye a watch?"

"Yes."

"Then time me. I'll do four rounds of three minutes each, with a minute's rest in between. That's more than I'll do at

Aldershot, but it'll get me fit. Ready?"

"Time," said Trevor.

He watched O'Hara assailing the swinging ball with considerable envy. Why, he wondered, had he not gone in for boxing? Everybody ought to learn to box. It was bound to come in useful some time or other. Take his own case. He was very much afraid—no, afraid was not the right word, for he was not that. He was very much of opinion that Rand-Brown was

going to have a most enjoyable time when they met. And the final house-match was to be played next Monday. If events turned out as he could not help feeling they were likely to turn out, he would be too battered to play in that match. Donaldson's would probably win, whether he played or not, but it would be bitter to be laid up on such an occasion. On the other hand, he must go through with it. He did not believe in letting other people take a hand in settling his private quarrels.

But he wished he had learned to box. If only



"GO AS HARD AS YOU CAN," SAID O'HARA TO TREVOR.

he could hit that dancing, jumping ball with a fifth of the skill that O'Hara was displaying, his wiriness and pluck might see him through. O'Hara finished his fourth round with his leathern opponent, and sat down, panting.

"Pretty useful, that," commented Trevor, admiringly.

"Ye should see Moriarty," gasped O'Hara.

"Now will ye tell me why it is you're going to fight, and with whom you're going to fight?"

"Very well. It's with Rand-Brown."

"Rand-Brown!" exclaimed O'Hara. "But, me dearr man, he'll ate you."

Trevor gave a rather annoyed laugh. "I must say I've got a nice, cheery, comforting lot of friends," he said. "That's just what Clowes has been trying to explain to me."

"Clowes is quite right," said O'Hara, seriously. "Has the thing gone too far for ye to back out? Without climbing down, of course," he added.

"Yes," said Trevor, "there's no question of my getting out of it. I daresay I could. In fact, I know I could. But I'm not going to."

"But, me dearr man, ye haven't an earthly chance. I assure ye ye haven't. I've seen Rand-Brown with the gloves on. That was last term. He's not put them on since Moriarty bate him in the middles, so he may be out of practice. But even then he'd be a bad man to tackle. He's big an' he's strong, an' if he'd only had the heart in him he'd have been going up to Aldershot instead of Moriarty. That's what he'd be doing. An' you can't box at all. Never even had the gloves on."

"Never. I used to scrap when I was a kid, though."

"That's no use," said O'Hara decidedly. "But you haven't said what it is that ye've got against Rand-Brown. What is it?"

"I don't see why I shouldn't tell you. You're in it as well. In fact, if it hadn't been for the bat turning up, you'd have been considerably more in it than I am."

"What!" cried O'Hara. "Where did you find it? Was it in the grounds? When was it you found it?"

Whereupon Trevor gave him a very full and exact account of what had happened. He showed him the two letters from the League, touched on Milton's connection with the affair, traced the gradual development of his suspicions, and described with some approach to excitement the scene in Ruthven's study, and the explanations that had followed it.

"Now do you wonder," he concluded, "that I feel as if a few rounds with Rand-Brown would do me good?"

O'Hara breathed hard.

"My word!" he said, "I'd like to see ye kill him."

"But," said Trevor, "as you and Clowes have been pointing out to me, if there's going to be a corpse, it'll be me. However, I mean to try. Now perhaps you wouldn't mind showing me a few tricks."

"Take my advice," said O'Hara, "and don't try any of that foolery."

"Why, I thought you were such a believer in science," said Trevor in surprise.

"So I am, if you've enough of it. But it's

the worst thing ye can do to learn a trick or two just before a fight, if ye don't know anything about the game already. A tough, rushing fighter is ten times as good as a man who's just begun to learn what he oughtn't to do."

"Well, what do you advise me to do, then?" asked Trevor, impressed by the unwonted earnestness with which the Irishman delivered this pugilistic homily, which was a paraphrase of the views dinned into the ears of every novice by the school instructor.

"I must do something."

"The best thing ye can do," said O'Hara, thinking for a moment, "is to put on the gloves and have a round or two with me. Here's Moriarty at last. We'll get him to time us."

As much explanation as was thought good for him having been given to the newcomer, to account for Trevor's newly-acquired taste for things pugilistic, Moriarty took the watch, with instructions to give them two minutes for the first round.

"Go as hard as you can," said O'Hara to Trevor, as they faced one another, "and hit as hard as you like. It won't be any practice if you don't. I sha'n't mind being hit. It'll do me good for Aldershot. See?"

Trevor said he saw.

"Time," said Moriarty.

Trevor went in with a will. He was a little shy at first of putting all his weight into his blows. It was hard to forget that he felt friendly towards O'Hara. But he speedily awoke to the fact that the Irishman took his boxing very seriously, and was quite a different person when he had the gloves on. When he was so equipped, the man opposite him ceased to be either friend or foe in a private way. He was simply an opponent, and every time he hit him was one point. And, when he entered the ring, his only object in life for the next three minutes was to score points. Consequently Trevor, sparring lightly and in rather a futile manner at first, was woken up by a stinging flush hit between the eyes. After that he, too, forgot that he liked the man before him, and rushed him in all directions. There was no doubt as to who would have won if it had been a competition. Trevor's guard was of the most rudimentary order, and O'Hara got through when and how he liked. But though he took a good deal, he also gave a good deal, and O'Hara confessed himself not altogether sorry when Moriarty called "Time."

"Man," he said regretfully, "why ever did ye not take up boxing before? Ye'd have made a splendid middle-weight."

"Well, have I a chance, do you think?" inquired Trevor.

"Ye might do it with luck," said O'Hara, very

doubtfully. "But," he added, "I'm afraid ye've not much chance."

And with this poor encouragement from his trainer and sparring-partner, Trevor was forced to be content.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WHAT RENFORD SAW.

THE health of Master Harvey of Seymour's was so delicately constituted that it was an absolute necessity that he should consume one or more hot buns during the quarter of an hour's interval which split up morning school. He was tearing across the junior gravel towards the shop on the morning following Trevor's sparring practice with O'Hara, when a melodious treble voice called his name. It was Renford. He stopped, to allow his friend to come up with him, and then made as if to resume his way to the shop. But Renford proposed an amendment. "Don't go to the shop," he said, "I want to talk."

"Well, can't you talk in the shop?"

"Not what I want to tell you. It's private. Come for a stroll."

Harvey hesitated. There were few things he enjoyed so much as exclusive items of school gossip (scandal preferably), but hot new buns were among those few things. However, he decided on this occasion to feed the mind at the expense of the body. He accepted Renford's invitation.

"What is it?" he asked, as they made for the football field. "What's been happening?"

"It's frightfully exciting," said Renford.

"What's up?"

"You mustn't tell any one."

"All right. Of course not."

"Well, then, there's been a big fight, and I'm one of the only chaps who know about it so far."

"A fight!" Harvey became excited. "Who between?"

Renford paused before delivering his news, to emphasise the importance of it.

"It was between O'Hara and Rand-Brown," he said at length.

"By Jove!" said Harvey. Then a suspicion crept into his mind.

"Look here, Renford," he said, "if you're trying to green me —"

"I'm not, you ass," replied Renford indignantly. "It's perfectly true. I saw it myself."

"By Jove, did you really? Where was it? When did it come off? Was it a good one? Who won?"

"It was the best one I've ever seen."

"Did O'Hara beat him? I hope he did. O'Hara's a jolly good sort."

"Yes. They had six rounds. Rand-Brown got knocked out in the middle of the sixth."

"What, do you mean really knocked out, or did he just chuck it?"

"No. He was really knocked out. He was on the floor for quite a time. By Jove, you should have seen it. O'Hara was ripping in the sixth round. He was all over him."

"Tell us about it," said Harvey, and Renford told.

"I'd got up early," he said, "to feed the ferrets, and I was just cutting over to the fives courts with their grub, when, just as I got across the senior gravel, I saw O'Hara and Moriarty standing waiting near the second court. O'Hara knows all about the ferrets, so I didn't try and cut or anything. I went up and began talking to him. I noticed he didn't look particularly keen on seeing me at first. I asked him if he was going to play fives. Then he said no, and told me what he'd really come for. He said he and Rand-Brown had had a row, and they'd agreed to have it out that morning in one of the fives-courts. Of course, when I heard that, I was all on to see it, so I said I'd wait, if he didn't mind. He said he didn't care, so long as I didn't tell everybody, so I said I wouldn't tell anybody except you, so he said all right, then, I could stop if I wanted to. So that was how I saw it. Well, after we'd been waiting a few minutes, Rand-Brown came in sight, with that beast Merrett in our house, who'd come to second him. It was just like one of those duels you read about, you know. Then O'Hara said that as I was the only one there with a watch—he and Rand-Brown were in footer clothes, and Merrett and Moriarty hadn't got their tickers on them—I'd better act as timekeeper. So I said all right, I would, and we went to the second fives-court. It's the biggest of them, you know. I stood outside on the bench, looking through the wire netting over the door, so as not to be in the way when they started scrapping. O'Hara and Rand-Brown took off their blazers and sweaters, and chucked them to Moriarty and Merrett, and then Moriarty and Merrett went and stood in two corners, and O'Hara and Rand-Brown walked into the middle and stood up to one another. Rand-Brown was miles the heaviest—by a stone, I should think—and he was taller and had a longer reach. But O'Hara looked much fitter. Rand-Brown looked rather flabby.

"I sang out 'Time' through the wire netting, and they started off at once. O'Hara offered to shake hands, but Rand-Brown wouldn't. So they began without it.



"The first round was awfully fast. They kept having long rallies all over the place. O'Hara was a jolly sight quicker, and Rand-Brown didn't seem able to guard his hits at all. But he hit frightfully hard himself, great, heavy slogs, and O'Hara kept getting them in the face. At last he got one bang in the mouth which knocked him down flat. He was up again in a second, and was starting to rush, when I looked at the watch, and found that I'd given them nearly half a minute too much already. So I shouted 'Time,' and made up my mind I'd keep more of an eye on the watch next round. I'd got so jolly excited, watching them, that I'd forgot I was supposed to be keeping time for them. They had only asked for a minute between the rounds, but as I'd given them half a minute too long in the first round, I chucked in a bit extra in the rest, so that they were both pretty fit by the time I started them again.

"The second round was just like the first, and so was the third. O'Hara kept getting the worst of it. He was knocked down three or four times more, and once, when he'd rushed Rand-Brown against one of the walls, he hit out and missed, and barked his knuckles jolly badly against the wall. That was in the middle of the third round, and Rand-Brown had it all his own way for the rest of the round for about two minutes, that is to say. He

hit O'Hara about all over the shop. I was so jolly keen on O'Hara's winning that I had half a mind to call time early, so as to give him time to recover. But I thought it would be a low thing to do, so I gave them their full three minutes.

"Directly they began the fourth round I noticed that things were going to change a bit. O'Hara had given up his rushing game, and was waiting for his man, and when he came at him he'd put in a hot counter, nearly always at the body. After a bit Rand-Brown began to get cautious, and wouldn't rush, so the fourth round was the quietest there had been. In the last minute they didn't hit each other at all. They

simply sparred for openings. It was in the fifth round that O'Hara began to forge ahead. About half way through he got in a ripper, right in the wind, which almost doubled Rand-Brown up, and then he started rushing again. Rand-Brown looked awfully bad at the end of the round.



"ROUND SIX WAS RIPPING. THERE WAS A CRACK, AND THE NEXT THING I SAW WAS RAND-BROWN ON THE GROUND."

"Round six was ripping. I never saw two chaps go for each other so. It was one long rally. Then—how it happened I couldn't see, they were so quick—just as they had been at it a minute and a half, there was a crack, and the next thing I saw was Rand-Brown on the ground, looking beastly. He went down absolutely flat: his heels and head touched the ground at the same time.

"I counted ten out loud in the professional way like they do at the National Sporting Club, you know, and then said 'O'HARA WINS.' I felt an awful swell. After about another half-minute Rand-Brown was all right again, and he got up and went back to the house with Merrett.



and O'Hara and Moriarty went off to Dexter's, and I gave the ferrets their grub, and cut back to breakfast."

"Rand-Brown wasn't at breakfast," said Harvey.

"No. He went to bed. I wonder what'll happen. Think there'll be a row about it?"

"Shouldn't think so," said Harvey. "They never do make rows about fights, and neither of them is a prefect, so I don't see what it matters if they *do* fight. But, I say——"

"What's up?"

"I wish," said Harvey, his voice full of acute regret, "that it had been my turn to feed those ferrets."

"I don't," said Renford cheerfully. "I wouldn't have missed that mill for something. Hallo, there's the bell. We'd better run."

When Trevor called at Seymour's that afternoon to see Rand-Brown, with a view to challenging him to deadly combat, and found that O'Hara had been before him, he ought to have felt relieved. His actual feeling was one of acute annoyance. It seemed to him that O'Hara had exceeded the limits of friendship. It was all very well for him to take over the Rand-Brown contract, and settle it himself, in order to save Trevor from a very bad quarter of an hour, but Trevor was one of those people who object strongly to the interference of other people in their private business. He sought out O'Hara and complained. Within two minutes O'Hara's golden eloquence had soothed him and made him view the matter in quite a different light. What O'Hara pointed out was that it was not Trevor's affair at all, but his own. Who, he asked, had been likely to be damaged most by Rand-Brown's manoeuvres in connection with the lost bat? Trevor was bound to admit that O'Hara was that person. Very well, then, said O'Hara, then who had a better right to fight Rand-Brown? And Trevor confessed that no one else had a better.

"Then, I suppose," he said, "that I shall have to do nothing about it?"

"That's it," said O'Hara.

"It'll be rather beastly meeting the man after this," said Trevor, presently. "Do you think he might possibly leave at the end of term?"

"He's leaving at the end of the week," said O'Hara. "He was one of the fellows Dexter caught in the vault that evening. You won't see much more of Rand-Brown."

"I'll try and put up with that," said Trevor.

"And so will I," replied O'Hara. "And I shouldn't think Milton would be so very grieved."

"No," said Trevor. "I tell you what will

make him sick, though, and that is your having milled with Rand-Brown. It's a job he'd have liked to have taken on himself."

CHAPTER XXIV.

CONCLUSION.

UNTO the story at this point comes the narrative of Charles Mereweather Cook, aged fourteen, a day-boy.

Cook arrived at the school on the tenth of March at precisely nine o'clock in a state of excitement.

He said there was a row on in the town.

Cross-examined, he said there was no end of a row on in the town.

During morning school he explained further, whispering his tale into the attentive ear of Knight of the School House, who sat next to him.

What sort of a row, Knight wanted to know.

Cook deposed that he had been riding on his bicycle past the entrance to the Recreation Grounds on his way to school, when his eye was attracted by the movements of a mass of men just inside the gate. They appeared to be fighting. Witness did not stop to watch, much as he would have liked to do so. Why not? Why, because he was late already, and would have had to scorch anyhow, in order to get to school in time. And he had been late the day before, and was afraid that old Appleby (the master of the form) would give him beans if he were late again. Wherefore he had no notion of what the men were fighting about, but he betted that more would be heard about it. Why? Because, from what he saw of it, it seemed a jolly big thing. There must have been quite three hundred men fighting. (Knight, satirically, "*Pile it on!*") Well, quite a hundred, anyhow. Fifty a side. And fighting like anything. He betted there would be something about it in the *Wrykyn Patriot* to-morrow. He shouldn't wonder if somebody had been killed. What were they scrapping about? How should *he* know?

Here Mr. Appleby, who had been trying for the last five minutes to find out where the whispering noise came from, at length traced it to its source, and forthwith requested Messrs. Cook and Knight to do him two hundred lines, adding that, if he heard them talking again, he would put them into the extra lesson. Silence reigned from that moment.

Next day, while the form was wrestling with the moderately exciting account of Caesar's

doings in Gaul, Master Cook produced from his pocket a newspaper-cutting. This, having previously planted a forcible blow in his friend's ribs with an elbow to attract the latter's attention, he handed to Knight, and in dumb show requested him to peruse the same. Which Knight, feeling no interest whatever in Caesar's doings in Gaul, and having, in consequence, a

an exhibition of savagery as has ever marred the fair fame of this town. Our readers will remember how on a previous occasion, when the fine statue of Sir Eustace Briggs was found covered with tar, we attributed the act to the malevolence of the Radical section of the community. Events have proved that we were right. Yesterday a body of youths, belonging to the rival party, was discovered in the very act of repeating the offence. A thick coating of tar had already been administered, when several members of the rival faction appeared. A free fight of a peculiarly violent nature immediately

ensued, with the result that, before the police could interfere, several of the combatants had received severe bruises. Fortunately the police then arrived on the scene, and with great difficulty succeeded in putting a stop to the *fracas*. Several arrests were made.

"We have no desire to discourage legitimate party rivalry, but we feel justified in strongly protesting against such dastardly tricks as those to which we have referred. We can assure our opponents that they can gain nothing by such conduct."

There was a good deal more, to the effect that now was the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party, and that the constituents of Sir Eustace Briggs must look to it that they failed not in the hour of need, and so on. That was what the *Wrykyn Patriot* had to say on the subject.

O'Hara managed to get hold of a copy of the paper, and showed it to Clowes and Trevor.

"So now," he said, "it's all right, ye see. They'll never suspect it wasn't the same people that tarred the statue both times. An' ye've got the bat back, so it's all right, ye see."

"The only thing that'll trouble you now," said Clowes, "will be your conscience."

O'Hara intimated that he would try and put up with that.



"THEY'LL NEVER SUSPECT IT
WASN'T THE SAME PEOPLE,"
SAID O'HARA.

good deal of time on his hands, proceeded to do. The cutting was headed "Disgraceful Fracas," and was written in the elegant style that was always so marked a feature of the *Wrykyn Patriot*.

"We are sorry to have to report," it ran, "another of those deplorable ebullitions of local Hooliganism, to which it has before now been our painful duty to refer. Yesterday the Recreation Grounds were made the scene of as brutal

"But isn't it a stroke of luck," he said, "that they should have gone and tarred Sir Eustace again so soon after Moriarty and I did it?"

Clowes said gravely that it only showed the force of bad example.

"Yes. They wouldn't have thought of it, if it hadn't been for us," chortled O'Hara. "I wonder, now, if there's anything else we could do to that statue!" he added, meditatively.

"My good lunatic," said Clowes, "don't you think you've done almost enough for one term?"

"Well, 'myes," replied O'Hara thoughtfully, "perhaps we have, I suppose."

The term wore on. Donaldson's won the final house-match by a matter of twenty-six points. It was, as they had expected, one of the easiest games they had had to play in the competition. Bryant's, who were their opponents, were not strong, and had only managed to get into the final owing to their luck in drawing weak opponents for the trial heats. The real final, that had decided the ownership of the cup, had been Donaldson's v. Seymour's.

Aldershot arrived, and the sports. Drummond and O'Hara covered themselves with glory, and brought home silver medals. But Moriarty, to the disappointment of the school, which had counted on his pulling off the middles, met a strenuous gentleman from St. Paul's in the final, and was prematurely outed in the first minute of the third round. To him, therefore, there fell but a medal of bronze.

It was on the Sunday after the sports that Trevor's connection with the bat ceased—as far, that is to say, as concerned its unpleasant character (as a piece of evidence that might be used to his disadvantage). He had gone to supper with the headmaster, accompanied by Clowes and Milton. The headmaster nearly always invited a few of the house prefects to Sunday supper during the term. Sir Eustace Briggs happened to be there. He had withdrawn his

insinuations concerning the part supposedly played by a member of the school in the matter of the tarred statue, and the headmaster had sealed the *entente cordiale* by asking him to supper.

An ordinary man might have considered it best to keep off the delicate subject. Not so Sir Eustace Briggs. He was on to it like glue. He talked of little else throughout the whole course of the meal.

"My suspicions," he boomed, towards the conclusion of the feast, "which have, I am rejoiced to say, proved so entirely void of foundation and significance, were aroused in the first instance, as I mentioned before, by the narrative of the man Samuel Wapshott."

Nobody present evinced the slightest desire to learn what the man Samuel Wapshott had had to say for himself, but Sir Eustace, undismayed, continued as if the whole table were hanging on his words.

"The man Samuel Wapshott," he said, "distinctly asserted that a small gold ornament, shaped like a bat, was handed by him to a lad of age coeval with these lads here."

The headmaster interposed. He had evidently heard more than enough of the man Samuel Wapshott.

"He must have been mistaken," he said briefly. "The bat which Trevor is wearing on his watch-chain at this moment is the only one of its kind that I know of. You have never lost it, Trevor?"

Trevor thought for a moment. *He* had never lost it. He replied diplomatically. "It has been in a drawer nearly all the term, sir," he said.

"A drawer, hey?" remarked Sir Eustace Briggs. "Ah! A very sensible place to keep it in, my boy. You could have no better place, in my opinion."

And Trevor agreed with him, with the mental reservation that it rather depended on whom the drawer belonged to.

THE END.

VOLUME XI.

FURTHER TALES OF ELIZA'S.

A SERIES OF PUBLIC SCHOOL STORIES

BY

FRED SWAINSON,

Author of "ACTON'S FEUD."

SCHOOL MAGAZINES



"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

Aluredian (King's College, Taunton).—The principal contribution is a curious medley in verse entitled "Water Sprites." The writer, we should imagine, is capable of producing really good stuff, but in the present case he has set himself deliberately to play the buffoon. Even so, his work is clever, and the distorted "tags" from well-known poems are most amusingly introduced. Thus, in the following lines we have a description of the field in the school steeplechase approaching the water jump:

"But to proceed. The cry is 'Here they come!'
And now the lookers-on can plainly see,
In costumes light, and gay, and varisome,
The blowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea."

Later on a doubt is expressed as to what exactly the poem is all about. A suggestion that the classic story of Horatius is being related elicits the following answer:—

"Nay, mine is something new: that story's oft been told
How well Horatius won at bridge in the brave days of
old."

Finally, the poem concludes with this fine apostrophe of the water jump:—

"Roll on, Thou deep and dark blue Ocean, roll!
(If once again I may from Byron borrow)
Roll a brief space o'er thy tarpaulin bed,
For Dominey will roll it up to-morrow!"

Cranleighan.—A member of the non-commissioned ranks of the corps contributes an amusing account of last year's camp at Aldershot. The interior of a tent immediately after reveille is thus described:—

"The scene was a mass of mingled blankets, clothes, and
palliassees, whereon half-naked savages danced, yelled, and
fought each other indiscriminately.

O what a tangled web we weave
When first we practise to retrieve,
Our Trousers."

Dudleian.—This is a new-comer, and the editor will 'esteem any advice on this our initial number." We have but few remarks to make. At present there is a notable lack of literary contributions, but, as the magazine expressly purports to be a "chronicle," this is not of prime importance. If news, however, is to be the strong feature of the *Dudleian*, we would impress upon the editor the advisability of *organising* a good and extended news service, especially with regard to the doings of Old Boys. It is of no use to trust to chance communications, and to insert a request for news (as is so often done) without taking any steps to secure information independently, is as feeble as the perennial demand for contributions from an editor who does not grasp the fact that it is his business to *find* stuff—i.e., to "discover" and awaken latent talent, not merely to sit on a stool and pass pages for press. An excellent feature introduced into this first number of the *Dudleian* is the list of historical tales, &c., accessible to boys through the medium of the

library, dealing with the period of history at present being studied in the upper forms.

Grammar School Magazine (Aberdeen).—A rather poor number. We must protest against the unworthy practice of padding out the "School Notes" with scissors-and-paste work—in other words, by the interpolation of two- and three-line jokes, humorous no doubt, and excellent in their way, but quite out of place in the position they are here forced into. In his essay on "Nothing," the author has chosen a difficult subject, which only a greater skill than he possesses could have made interesting. In the article on "Tall Americans" are collected some characteristic specimens of the American humour. The best story (albeit a "chestnut") is that of the dogs which had a fatal liking for a forbidden sofa. Thrice their master thrashed them for disobedience. On the first occasion he found them asleep on the prohibited furniture; on the second, the seat, though the dogs were curled innocently on the rug, betrayed a tell-tale warmth; the third time he returned unexpectedly and caught the errant tykes in the act of blowing on the sofa to cool it!

Haberdashers' Aske's Hampstead School Magazine.—The second number of this new periodical lies before us: well printed, well turned out, and properly sober. The chief contribution, "Bridging the Ganges," describes at length the work of building a bridge in India. In a short paper is quoted the substance of remarks made by the *National Review* on the vexed question, "What is the use of learning Latin at School?" It is pointed out that the charge that after a "classical education" at school, a boy leaves with only a smattering of Latin and Greek holds good in respect of science and history, and that the real point at issue is lost sight of.

"But if a little classics is useless, why is a little history or a little science so valuable? At every turn we are brought back to the real question: Is the object of scholastic education the formation of the pupil's mind and of his power of knowledge, or is it to impart information which shall be immediately and directly useful?"

"A True Tale of the Boer War" recounts the plucky escape of a prisoner from the hands of the enemy.

Haileyburian.—There is not much to interest the non-Haileyburian in the last issue to hand. A large portion of the number is taken up by a series of remarkable tributes to the memory of the Rev. James Robertson, a former Headmaster of Haileybury. An extract from Bishop Gibson's letter in the *Cape Church Monthly*, quoted in these columns, may, perhaps, reassure the anxious people (referred to above) who ask, "What is the use of learning Latin at School?" The

Bishop undertook a missionary journey from Cape Town to St. Paul de Loanda and back.

"The mixing with so many different people involved, of course, at times, difficult situations from the linguistic point of view. This was particularly the case on two occasions. On April 30th, while my knowledge of Portuguese was still practically 'nil,' I called on the Bishop at Loanda, and found to my dismay that he did not speak French. I then launched (for the first time in my life) into Latin, but, unfortunately, could not free myself from the English pronunciation. The Bishop then suggested that we should write to each other, so we took our seats at the table, and for half an hour kept up an animated conversation on paper in Latin!"

Hurst Johnian (Hurstpierpoint).—The December number is devoted almost entirely to records of the Play, which annually forms so important a feature of life at Hurst. "Mummerdom" is a fascinating essay—fantasy, one might say—from the pen of "J. K. S.," reprinted from a former issue of 1888. In it we witness the ghostly revels of all the varied figures that have strutted upon the Hurstpierpoint stage. An editorial article, entitled "There be Players," recounts the history of the Play, and records some amusing *contretemps* that from time to time have arisen. Such was the moving moment when Mark Antony, after an impassioned burst of eloquence over the corpse of Cæsar, gently removed the face-cloth and disclosed the dead man's boots! Such was the combat (in *King John*) between the Duke of Austria and the Bastard, when the onslaught of the Bastard, becoming too vehement, there fell from the ducal lips the beseeching request: "Hi! Steady on, old flick!" In 1859 the Rev. S. Baring-Gould played an impromptu part in the witches' scene in *Macbeth* :—

"He was in charge of the elements and the witch's cauldron. To get a more realistic effect, he squatted in the cauldron, and mixed his red and green fires with much effect. Suddenly the cauldron caught fire, and out of it scrambled a very un-Macbeth-looking gentleman in a ruined dress suit, and then a wicked smoke rose up as the curtain went hurriedly down that made the audience cough and blink, and convinced 'hem of the truly realistic nature of the scene of witchery."

Johnian.—It seems a pity that there should be two magazines with titles so likely to be confused, as the "Johnian" and the "Hurst Johnian." We suggest that the *Johnian* should adopt as a subtitle, "The Magazine of St. John's School, Leatherhead," seeing that there is not a word in the whole number before us to show whence the magazine hails.

Lower School News (St. Paul's).—Another first number—this time of the intended organ of the Lower School at St. Paul's—which we are requested to criticise. But the paper contains so little, and that little so unnecessary (as it seems to us), that we will postpone further comment until the arrival of the promised Christmas Number.

Malvernian.—Malvern gunners are indignant over a telegram which was received on the very eve of the field day at Marlborough, from the sapient War Office, forbidding the firing of the guns. It may be asked very reasonably, Of what use are gun drills, or, for that matter, of cadet corps, if paternal authorities will not permit what has been learned to be put into practice? We are reminded irresistibly of the terror-stricken crew in that delightful absurdity, "The Revenge" (not by Tennyson), when (we quote from memory)—

"Through the ship the whisper runs,
They're going—to fire—the guns!"

"The Passive Seasons" is a little essay in verse

which shows remarkable promise for a writer of fifteen.

Ousel (Bedford Grammar School).—"Slacker!" if not a poem of particularly fine qualities, at least echoes from the heart the feelings of the exiled "Old Boy." Runs the final chorus:—

"Think where the Ouse runs cool, Slacker!

Think of an eight-oared crew,

Oh, the curses of the cox,

Tho' you're sweating like an ox!

Alma Mater, can't you take me back to you, you, you?

Alma Mater, can't you take me back to you?"

Sedberghian.—As usual, there is plenty to read in the *Sedberghian*, and something to ponder over as well, which is more than can be said of most. "The Sister Isle" is an instructive little paper, suitably brief, on the Irish Question, and the article "On Novels" contains some sensible remarks. The writer, however, is occasionally a trifle Hibernian.

"A fair test as to whether a book is worth reading is to think of it about a year after it has been read, and to try to remember anything about the principal characters in it. The patron of Guy Boothby, and other writers of the same class, will probably find that he cannot remember anything about the characters of the book; possibly in some cases he cannot even remember what the book was about. If such is the case, it was a pity he ever wasted his time in reading it. But who would ever forget 'Colonel Newcome,' or 'Mr. Bennett,' and the memories associated with them?"

This seems to demand that the intending reader shall first discover whether he will be able, a year hence, to remember anything about the book he is now proposing to tackle. Surely a somewhat difficult task! "Unknown to History" recounts some interesting experiences of a despatch rider in the Transvaal War. There is a lot of verse in the number, but none that calls for special comment.

Tonbridgian.—We are glad to see the *Tonbridgian* at last arrayed in a cover, and a very pleasing, tasteful cover, too. A large part of the number before us is taken up with a report of the proceedings on "Skinners' Day." The Latin orations are given in *extenso*, that delivered by the Captain of the School to the "Pelliparii," and the reply by Mr. L. S. Amery, M.A., on behalf of the Governors. "Westminster Abbey" is a long (and excellent) poem by R. R. Maconachie, winner of the School Prize for English Verse, but it is not stated whether this is the prize composition. Unfortunately we have no space here to quote sufficient stanzas to do justice to the verse, and must refrain from making an extract. Further on in the magazine the reader will find this paragraph:—

"In spite of the terrific crowd and the necessarily inadequate police force available, there were no casualties of any kind."

What was it? A Bread Riot or a Royal Progress? No; the occasion was merely the return of the victorious Tonbridge VIII. from Bisley last July. We are glad to see that the good citizens of Tonbridge are proud of the school which adorns their town, and are not backward in maintaining the national tradition of enthusiasm for *le sport*. As for the school—naturally they ran amok that day; for this was the first time Tonbridge had won the Ashburton Shield. The Corps, with a company of local Volunteers, marched to the station to meet their triumphant comrades.

"The VIII. were received with a 'General Salute,' and conducted to the brake, which was magnificently decorated, and harnessed by fourteen members of the School, and driven by the celebrated 'Morley,' who must have enjoyed hugely his strange experience in handling a 'team.' To the sounds of deafening cheers and music the procession, in spite of

many checks and tremendous side pressure, made its way safely to the School, where the Shield was formally handed to the Headmaster for safe keeping."

The Soccer.—This is not strictly a school magazine, being the recently initiated organ of the Renfrew United Second Football Team. This seems a somewhat small public to appeal to, but doubtless the rest of the club will give support and find their literary wants attended to. The first number is reproduced on foolscap paper by a process known (we believe) as "mimeographing," and may be recommended to those anxious to publish a private journal but unable to bear the expense of a printer's bill. The type-written characters are clear and legible, and the cover bears an elaborate pictorial design. As regards the contents, we are handicapped in criticism by the fact that nearly all the contributions are full of local allusions, naturally lost upon a stranger. We are likewise at a disadvantage in reviewing the production as a whole, by the fact of being personally unacquainted with the promoters and their friends,

and consequently unable to judge their tastes. If we might venture a word of warning, we would suggest that the Editors take heed lest, in their anxiety to shun the Scylla of dullness, they fall into the Charybdis of vulgarity. *The Soccer*, however, starts well, and we hope its staff will overcome that fatal lassitude which generally seizes upon the promoters of similar journals after the appearance of the first few numbers.

We also beg to acknowledge receipt of the following, a selection of which will be reviewed in our April number:—*Allan Glen's Monthly*, *Alperton Hall Magazine*, *Avonian*, *Bancroftian*, *Baptist Outlook*, *Blue* (2), *Bradfordian*, *Brillingtonian*, *Cadet* (2), *Cooper's School Magazine*, *Dorvorian*, *Durban High School Magazine*, *Fettesian*, *Harrovian* (2), *Holmwood Magazine*, *Ipswich School Magazine*, *Lily* (2), *Nelsonian*, *Olavian* (2), *Owlet*, *Quernmorian* (2), *Review*, *Salopian* (2), *Sotomiensis*, *Stanley House School Magazine*, *Southlands High School Magazine*, *Truro College Magazine*, *Williamsonian*, *Wyvern*.

TENNYSON'S ULYSSES.



TENNYSON

"I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
Life to the lees."

He is taken as a type of the indefatigable striver after knowledge; knowledge and ever fresh knowledge is his food. Though he has seen much, endured much, experienced much, yet all this does not end his desire to see more.

"I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!"

He is, in fact, an embodiment of the modern "passion for knowledge, for the exploration of its limitless fields, for the annexation of new kingdoms of science and thought." (Hales, *Folia Literaria*.) "How dull it is to pause!" How empty does life become, when there is no desire

TENNYSON is a poet of great conscious moral purposes, and Ulysses may be well chosen to illustrate this characteristic. Ulysses, the greatest of the Greek heroes of the Trojan War, returned home to Ithaca after an absence of twenty years. Yet the opening lines of the poem show him as weary of rest and eager for travel and adventure.

to progress. Satisfaction with one's efforts is a fatal thing, and no material progress can be achieved in such a frame of mind. Contentment cuts at the root of all progress, for this depends on a deep, unsatisfied craving. Old as Ulysses is, his spirit yearns "in desire to follow knowledge like a sinking star, beyond the utmost bound of human thought." Each man has his work to do, and though "Death closes all," yet "something ere the end, some work of noble note, may yet be done."

Ulysses is a man of action and stern purpose, which he pursues unflinchingly to the end.

"For my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we know."

We have a work to do, and it is only when we recognise this great principle that we may be said to live. To breathe, to sleep, to eat, is not to live. There is a great ethical end, a purpose in life.

Such determination can alone make progress possible. The progress may be little, the progress may be much, but to desire to progress is the great thing. Here life is displayed in one aspect as the pursuit of an ideal, and that is knowledge.

Thus two lessons may be drawn from this poem: (1) we must strive after fresh knowledge; (2) it is only by having this desire for knowledge that practical progress is achieved.

AN OLD-TIME STORY.

By B. E. Macleod.



THE Professor of History did not interest me that morning. I had taken part in a Rectorial riot the night before, and was talking in disjointed whispers to Ingram, my left-hand neighbour, of our exploits. Occasionally a few sentences about the Union of Scotland and England reached me, but they conveyed no particular meaning. Suddenly Ingram touched my arm.

"Dost thou know that John Græme is to be executed to-day?" he said.

"What!" I answered, "have the Lords then determined to hang him?"

"Yes; I have it from my uncle. They have declared that an example must be made, and that Græme shall hang at twelve in the Grassmarket."

"By Heaven, this shall never be," I whispered, for his hand lay restrainingly upon my shoulder. "Have we not sworn to rescue him by force if need be!"

I looked round the room. The Professor was talking about verbs which, though passive in form, were active in meaning; the low ceiling came to within a foot of his head, and I remember wondering if I shouted, "Græme is to hang to-day!" if his head would strike the roof; the walls seemed dirtier and in worse disrepair than ever; the faint morning light coming through the small windows—two panes broken in one, three in another—made the gloom, ill-lit by two flaming candles, more miserable. Several men were asleep, one with his head in his gown—a ludicrous sight—and beside me, Ingram's face, white and set, gave back my own thoughts. My hand went to my rapier. The Professor plodded on. The clock struck eight. One—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight. The sleeping man woke with a start at the sound, and, losing his balance, fell on the floor. The Professor gathered his notes together and walked out with dignity, the students standing. Then, before the

rush for the door, I drew my rapier and shouted, "To me, scholars all." The well-known rallying cry arrested them. Fifty faces turned to me, and a silence fell upon the room. I raised my rapier aloft.

"John Græme hangs at twelve to-day," I said. A shudder ran through the room, then an ominous groan. But I still held my rapier aloft, and they listened. "We have sworn, if need be, to rescue him by force. The vow binds us all. Ingram, hold the door, and ye all listen. No man stirs from here till I give the word. Seton, go to the Grassmarket, learn what tidings ye can—the hour, the way they bring him from the Tolbooth, the guard—and hasten."

The long minutes dragged on as we waited Seton's return. If any man's heart turned faint the sight of Ingram with bare rapier by the door restored his courage. We talked in whispers of Græme, of his trial, of his crime. His crime! no crime were it to denounce that accursed Union and preach a fanatic resistance. His trial! a mockery. His death! nay, it should not be, we had sworn it.

As the day brightened I took count of my followers. Several fanatics, like Græme himself, extreme Presbyterians, and hating the talk of Union as they hated the Pope, I could depend on. Half a dozen, like myself, Highlanders sent to the capital to gain a little learning—dare-devils all!—would stop at no obstacle. The others, some quiet scholarly youths of little use; some belonging to the town, good men in a fight; some again, little

known to their fellows, from outlandish parts, were more or less to be trusted.

The clock struck ten. On its stroke a hammering at the door and Seton appeared bonnetless and his gown awry. "They fear a rescue," he shouted, "and even now they lead him to the Grassmarket." A shout of anger, a waving of swords and rapiers and stout sticks. "Rescue! rescue! Lead us on, Macdonald." And still Ingram stood unmoved by the door with bare rapier. I raised my hand for silence. "Those who fear may go," I said; "those who fear not will

before us as down the Candlemaker Row we rushed. At the foot we stopped. He had not yet passed, and here the crowd was dense "To Mother Luckie's," I whispered, and in twos and threes we forced our way to the beershop. There we awaited his coming. Presently a murmur ran along the street, then we heard the tramp of feet, then the procession came in sight. A troop of horse led the way, behind them walked the City Guard, and in their midst the hangman and their prisoner. I whispered my instructions, the troop passed, then "Rescue, scholars



WITH A RUSH AND SHOUT WE WERE ON THE GUARD.

follow me." Then only did Ingram stand aside, but no man moved.

With haste I marshalled the men seven abreast, four deep, the two rear ranks to spread out on either side when we attacked, the second to guard our rear. Then at the word we came with a rush, but with silence, into the street. Four minutes had passed since Seton's return, and we were hurrying towards the Grassmarket. The rabble had got wind of the execution, but they scattered

all!" and with a rush and shout we were on the Guard. At the first onset they broke, and we well-nigh reached Græme; but they rallied, and sword rang on sword, and shouts and curses mingled in the din. Ingram by my side, we forced our way towards Græme; down went a guard, a halberd grazed my shoulder; Ingram reeled, blood spouted over my face, no breath for shouting now. Ha! a good blow! and we are by Græme's side. "To me, scholars all!" We cut the ropes

which bind him—a sound of horses' hoofs—Ingram is down, my point goes home, a stunning blow—darkness.

We had failed. I stood faint and dizzy on the outskirts of the crowd, powerless to help the man on the scaffold. By me were Ingram, scarce able to stand, and Seton, with an ugly cut on his face. The Guard, anxious for the safety of their prisoner, had left us where we fell, and Seton had chafed us back to life. Between us and the scaffold a silent, seething mass, and no hope for Græme. I hid my face. To see him die thus and we his comrades impotent! A groan arose from the crowd, and Seton touched my elbow. "It is over," he said. I raised my eyes and saw that which had been Græme swaying in the wind. A fierce desire for vengeance seized me. My rapier was broken. It was well; a claymore would suit the work in hand better. We ran quickly to Mother Luckie's. There many of our fellows had gathered, and the bitterness of failure and the horror of what they had witnessed was on every face. In a few brief words I addressed them. The Union was to be our cry. "We'll rouse the mob," I said.

It was wild work. The mob, sickened by the execution, responded readily to our call. Up the West Bow we went, Ingram, Seton, and I leading, and hard ado had the Guard to keep the hangman from our clutches. All that day and night we held the High Street. Queensbury himself we dragged from his couch and demanded reparation. We drove the Guard to their holes, and burnt the gallows to the ground. No supporter of the Union dared show his face. The rabble got out of hand. One of the judges' houses was sacked, and the windows of the others broken. Then the military were called out, and the High Street threatened to become a shambles. But at the sight of the muskets the coward

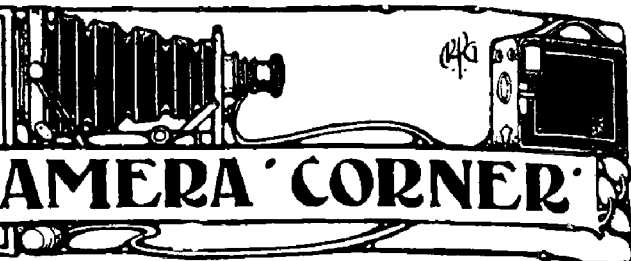
rabble scattered, and we and half a dozen others were left alone. So, raging, we retreated, and vowed they should not take us. Nor did they. One scuffle we had on the street itself, and another at the head of Bell's Wynd. And then we returned to Mother Luckie's.

We were weary, and so slept soundly, though the pain of our wounds was at times great. We were awakened by Mother Luckie hammering at the door to warn us that the Guard and the military were without. Through a hole in the thatch I saw them, thirty in all, and my blood boiled within me. I turned to my fellows. "We must fight our way out, and then separate, or we are taken," I said, "and then—remember Græme." So we unbarred the door cautiously, and with a wild shout flung ourselves upon them. I went down, strove to rise, and fell again. Ingram and Seton stood over me; the rest had broken through and escaped. I raised myself slowly and got my back against the wall, a staunch friend on either side. On came the Guard. My strength came back—I was fighting my last fight. Seton fell with a groan and lay still. A blow from a halberd, only half turned, almost stunned me. A rush, a dozen waving swords, a groan from Ingram, and I was alone. "Fire!" shouted a voice. The report of a musket—

Ingram was lifting my notebook from the floor. The Professor of History was remarking, "And, gentlemen, it may interest you to know that then, as now, the students of the University took a prominent part in the riots, so much so indeed that the Principal was requested to keep his students under a strict control, and a Special Proclamation warning them of the pains and penalties attaching to rioting was issued."



THE CAPTAIN CAMERA CORNER



TESTING SHUTTERS.

MORE than once lately we have been asked how to test a shutter, and have had to admit that there is no simple way by which the speed of a shutter can be determined. I recently came across the following paragraph in an American photographic paper:—"I had always," the writer remarks, "had a suspicion that the speeds marked on my shutter were not exactly correct, and I was somewhat unpleasantly surprised on testing mine. A silvered glass ball, attached to a black thread, the whole forming a seconds pendulum, was allowed to swing over a graduated arc and photographed. The actual time of exposure was found from the number of divisions covered by the pendulum during the exposure. The apparatus is simple and effective, as well as accurate. Below I give the result of the test:—

SPEED INDICATED.	5x4	ACTUAL SPEED. (1 plate).
$\frac{1}{2}$ second	—	.53
$\frac{1}{4}$ "	.20	.22
$\frac{1}{8}$ "	.04	.02
$\frac{1}{16}$ "	.04	.02

From this it will be seen that while the $\frac{1}{2}$ and 1-5th of a second may be relied upon as fairly correct, the shutter when set at the more rapid speeds does not work at anything like the speed indicated. It is my opinion that in general these shutters, although marked 1-100th, do not give much quicker exposures than 1-30th, or thereabouts. At all events, any one wishing to do careful work should test his shutter to make sure."

A CHEAP WASHER.

The metal print and negative washer of commerce is not always satisfactory, as the enamel soon wears off, causing the metal to rust, and rust should be avoided, as it attacks both plates and paper. We recently saw a description of a washer made out of an American lard bucket, which may be purchased for a few pence at any grocer's or provision merchant's. Clean thoroughly with soap and warm water. When dry, bore a fairly large hole near the bottom and drive into it, not too tightly, a square peg; this will permit water to run out very slowly; place the bucket under the tap and allow the water to run sufficiently to keep it full; the prints are placed loose in the water, and will be kept constantly on the move

by the flow. Plates may be placed in a rack, and the hypo precipitated will pass out at the bottom.

DAYLIGHT DEVELOPMENT.

Messrs. Wm. Butcher and Sons, of Camera House, St. Bride-street, London, E.C., introduced, some time ago, a solution called Coxin, the application of which renders a negative insensitive to light. Coxin is put up in a tin bottle and is orange-brown in colour, with which tint the film becomes stained when used. The Coxin is poured into a dish—preferably of ebonite, papier maché, or other non-reflecting substance—which should be turned away from the light. The dish should contain, at least, half-an-inch of solution. The exposed plate must be transferred from the dark slide or sheath to the dish containing Coxin, by means of a changing bag, and allowed to remain in the solution about two minutes, film side upwards; it may then be placed in the developing solution; any developer can be used, except those containing salts of iron. Development proceeds in the ordinary way, care being taken that no stray light falls upon the solution, and the plate must never be removed from the developer for inspection; development must be judged by looking on the surface of the plate, and not by transmitted light. When fully developed, the negative is fixed and washed in the usual way.

"Coxin" may be used over and over again. Messrs. Butcher and Son sell a special changing-bag, with short sleeves, and a cover for fitting over the dish. Such a bag is an absolute necessity, and by its use success with "Coxin" is assured.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. Simpkins (Cheltenham).—(1) You will not be very successful in glazing self-toning paper, as it is made with a Matt surface. You might try "Lustrene," which is used for giving a glazed surface to bromide and even platinotype paper. (2) Write direct to the Paget Plate Company, Watford, Herts.

Amy (Braughton Ferry).—Special colours are sold for colouring photographs. The best we know are Q. Q. Barnard and Sons' "Velvotint," which are sold as a colouring outfit, and cost about 5s. Any good photographic dealer should be able to supply you. The Bertha Crystal Colours are good and quite transparent.

Carn (Newcastle).—There should be no unpleasant smell to your toning bath; it must be caused by some impurity in the water. If the distilled water has been kept in an open vessel, it may have become contaminated.

G. E. Beaumont (Oxford).—The photograph of "Blowing Stone" is very interesting; if possible, we will reproduce in an early issue.

Geo. S. B. Cushine (Liverpool).—Very good for a guinea camera: the makers are a reliable firm. The field of view, included in your photograph, is too extensive for so small a plate.

Harold V. Love (Southsea).—Your negatives are all underexposed; you should try and master exposure.

Murray (Cheltenham).—There are several hand cameras of the magazine type sold at one guinea. Send for catalogues to Geo. Houghton and Sons, Wm. Butcher and Sons, Hobbies, Limited, Gamage's. These firms all list guinea cameras, and their addresses will be found in the advertisement pages.

Inquisitis (Longton).—The reply to "Murray" practically answers your query. If you want a film camera, write to Kodak, 43, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.

Nevis (Chislehurst).—We strongly advise you to take a course in photography, and recommend either the Birkbeck Institution, the Polytechnic, Goldsmiths' Institute, or the Cripple-gate Institution. If you could join the last-named, you would learn much by attending the photographic lectures given by that very capable teacher, Mr. John Gear. F.R.P.S.

H. C. B. (Oxford).—Thank you. It was a printer's error.

Harry B. Jones.—A capital letter.

E. J. Crampton.—Sorry no space for your description of trick photography.

O. A. (Sheffield).—For useful medium-priced cameras we advise "Premo," "Autocrat," or "Wizard." These can all be used in the hand or on a stand; they are extensively advertised, and retailed by most photographic dealers.

Frank E. Buck (Acton).—If you are going to take up photography seriously, get a stand camera; you can use plates or cut films. "Kodoid" plates, as they are called, have many things to recommend them. They are little more expensive than glass plates, take up much less space, and are not so liable to be broken.

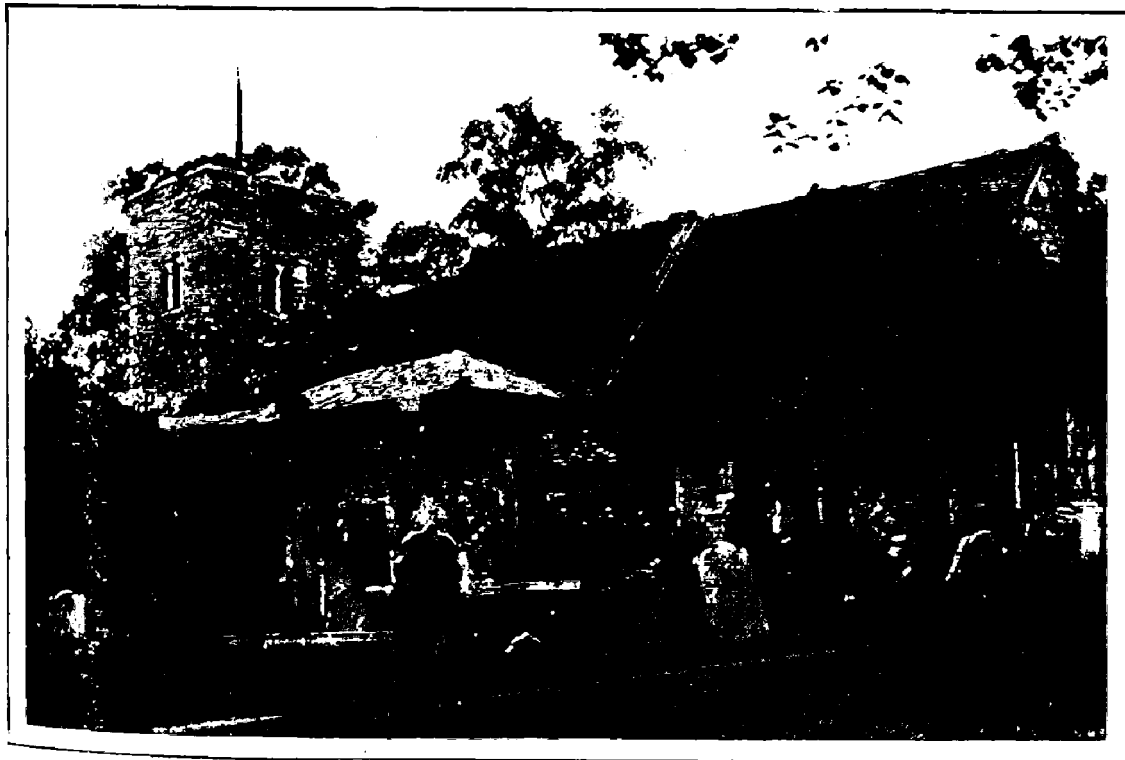
Edward L. Dickin (Reigate).—Use "Dekko" paper, and the developing powders recommended.

M. Richman.—You can print photographs on sensitised postcards, just as you would on paper. Photographic postcards can be obtained in P.O.P. bromide or for gaslight printing. Any dealer will supply them.

P. Raggett (Blackpool).—If your magazine has only a small circulation, why not reproduce the print on bromide or gaslight paper? The price you name for a small half-tone block is about right.

F. P. K. (Sutton).—(1) Consult the booklet sent out with camera. (2) Turn the light down, or develop in a dark corner of the room. (3) No. (4) Use a 10 per cent. solution of bromide of potassium. (5) For "Dekko" paper use the developer advised by the makers. Amidol is an admirable developer for bromide paper.

C. G. W. (Southsea).—You will have either to make a light-tight case, or fix your camera into a window-frame, blocking out all light—except that falling upon the negative. You will not find it an easy job to rig up a hand-camera for enlarging purposes, but it can be done.



CHINGFORD OLD CHURCH.

Photo by Herbert Shaw

"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 "C. E. H. P.," "Un Petit Belge," R. C. Tharp, and Cecil J. Allen. Each prize-winner is requested to send his present address and at the same time to select a book.

Submarines in Modern Naval Warfare.

A MODERN naval war has, with the advent of the submarine boat, become practically an impossibility! How can a battleship possibly defend itself from, and much less attack, a submarine? It cannot be heard, it cannot be seen, and it cannot be detected in any way—at any rate, not at present! It creeps close up to the doomed

battleship, discharges a torpedo, and before any one on board has the least idea of the proximity of the deadly submarine, the great ship is at the bottom!

On the other hand, the efficiency and scope of the submarine is to a certain extent rather limited. Under the water it is very hard to distinguish objects beyond a certain distance from the boat, and as yet a "sub" cannot "steam" much more than eight or ten knots per hour.

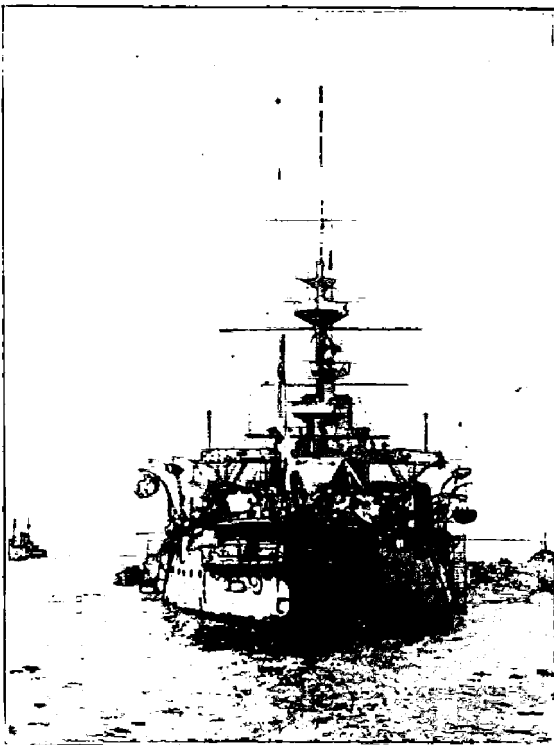
As a means of destroying the mines defending an enemy's harbour, one would be invaluable. for it could easily cut the wires attached to the mines, thus rendering them useless.

There are, of course, many different types of submarines, one of which, invented by Mr. Simon Lake, runs along the bottom of the ocean on wheels like a carriage. This seems to have solved to a great extent the somewhat difficult problem of steering submarines. On this "ocean carriage" a small wheel at the stern is used to steer the boat just as a wheel is used to steer, say, a tricycle. In spite of the disadvantages attached to submarines, I think that they will prove to be the real fighting power of a fleet in the next great naval war.

C. E. H. P.

The Trinidad Pitch Lake.

SIR CHARLES KINGSLEY, in his *Last*, says that the Pitch Lake of Trinidad is not one of the "Wonders of the World," but just a curious phenomenon. True, it may not be anything wonderful, but where else in this wide world does such a supply of pitch exist? The Pitch Lake is not, as would be expected by its name, a lake of liquid pitch, but is just an inexhaustible supply of hard pitch, while here and there it is soft and bubbling. Perhaps the Pitch Lake has been called a "lake" on account of the numerous pools of water which accumulate in the holes caused by digging. The



H. M. S. MAJESTIC.
Snapshotted by C. L. Fisher, Seascale.

whole of La Brea, where the lake is situated, is nothing but hard pitch, and the houses have to be built on high wooden pillars at a certain height from the ground. The reason for this is that, when the pitch sinks, if the pillars were brick they would surely crack. The Pitch Lake itself is owned by a certain company, while the remainder of the pitch at La Brea is private property. Some of the pitch is boiled, and put into barrels for exportation in sailing vessels, which have not the accommodation for taking the raw pitch. Most of the pitch from the lake is exported in the raw state by steamers. To any one who looked upon the Pitch Lake fifty

their own. Some of the tribe who escaped swore vengeance, and said that the forest should sink beneath the earth. This, according to the legend, appears to have happened, and in the place of the forest the Pitch Lake rose. No matter how small Trinidad may be, it will always be considered as one of the leading West Indian Islands on account of its "Wonderful Pitch Lake."

FRANK NORRIS BRIERLY.

Films versus Plates.

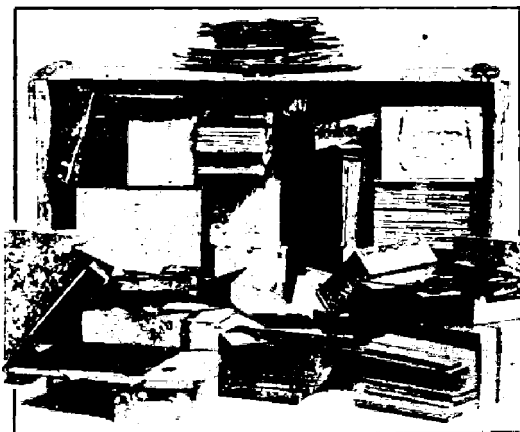
NEVER before, perhaps, have the combined results of so much human hardship and effort been concentrated into one single photograph as in the accompanying picture, which represents the total photographic negatives taken during the *Southern Cross* Antarctic Expedition, many of which are reproduced in that highly interesting account, "First on the Antarctic Continent," (George Newnes, Ltd.), and also the films exposed by



THIS PHOTO, WITH THE ONE BELOW, SHOWS WHAT DAMAGE CAN BE DONE TO A PARADE BY A ROUGH SEA.



These two photos of Sandgate parade were photographed by Joe Sillibourne.



HERE WE HAVE THE 267 CELLULOID FILM NEGATIVES AND THE 488 GLASS PLATES

Mr. Harry De Windt whilst making his memorable journey from "Paris to New York Overland." The former collection, consisting of 488 glass plates, totalling a superficial area of 10,972 square inches, is piled inside and in front of the packing-case; while the whole of Mr. De Windt's collection, in all 267 celluloid roll-film negatives, the surface area of which amounts to 6,045 square inches, is contained in the small bundle on the top of the case!

A still greater consideration in favour of films for travelling photographers is that of weight. The plates, packed for safe transit, weighed 1 cwt., and the films done up for post were no heavier than twenty-nine ounces! After all allowances have been made for the difference in quantity and area, the disparity in weight and bulk is still very convincing, and even were

years ago, and who looks upon it to-day, it does not seem to have undergone the slightest change, although so many thousand tons of pitch have been dug from it. The following is the legend connected with the Pitch Lake:—When Trinidad was inhabited by the Indians, the Spaniards from the Spanish Main came over and massacred the largest tribe, which lived on the spot where the Pitch Lake is now situated. On this spot also was situated a forest, abounding in game, which the Spaniards no doubt wanted for

there as many films as plates, and the surface area equal, the films would still weigh under 3 lbs.

Mr. Harry De Windt's thrilling narrative will shortly be published by Messrs. George Newnes, Ltd., in their popular series of travel books.

T. W. PRODGER.

Cavete, Puelli!

SULTRY night,
Room of lumber;
Persons six—
Four in slumber.

Water-jug,
Vague devices—
Men of Italy
Making ices.

Ingredients,
Doubtful medley—
Creamy mess,
Very deadly!

Italian "chefs"
Slumber wedding—
Stock-in-trade
'Neath the bedding.

Bacilli
Exploration;
Little boys—
Expectation.


Men-in-blue,
Vague suspicion;
Moonlight call—
Healthy mission.

Heavy fine—
Praise who caught 'em!
Little boys—
No *post mortem!*

R. C. THARP.

"Causerie" on How to Learn Modern Languages.

PAR "UN PETIT BELGE."

 It is generally believed that Continental people are better able to acquire the knowledge of foreign languages than Englishmen.

Experience has indeed proved this statement to be true under the present conditions; Englishmen do not, as a rule, acquire foreign tongues as easily as we do, but I believe the cause does not lie in their inability to do so, but because they do not learn modern languages in the proper way.

In English primary and secondary schools

many Englishmen teach French or German who cannot hold an easy conversation in those languages with any foreigner. These teachers know the grammatical rules as well as (if not better than) the average Frenchman or German does, but practical French or German is, and often remains, *lettre morte* to the average teacher.

I resided for some time at an English grammar school, where the teacher sent me into another room when about to give the French lesson! I came in after school, and sometimes found mistakes on the blackboard, but when I pointed them out to the boys they would hardly believe me! The teacher was a graduate, and I had "only" learnt French from my mother! Victor Hugo would have said:—*La vie et de ces ironies. . .*

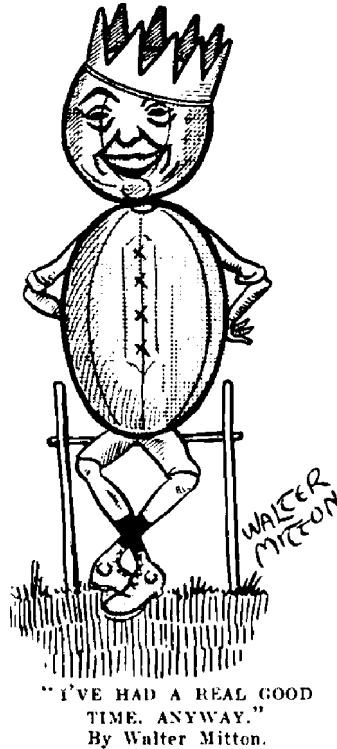
Englishmen always prefer talking their own language to a foreigner; they are afraid to "make fools of themselves," and rather wish *you* to be the fool (or to appear so).

It is just the contrary here: when some one starts learning a modern language, say English, he seeks every opportunity of speaking it either with Englishmen or with compatriots who know the language better.

Besides day and evening classes (mostly taught by Englishmen), we have debating societies where English alone is spoken. In Antwerp, our commercial metropolis, we have half-a-dozen of these clubs; the members are mostly Belgians, but if they can get an Englishman or American to join them, be sure they will not lose the opportunity. Even if no Englishman be present, the members learn a good deal from those who have resided in England, and also through the continual practice of the language.

We do not bother much about learning grammatical rules, as is too much the case with Englishmen, but we try as much as possible to get a practical knowledge of the language; afterwards we take up a grammar written for Englishmen.

The O.F. will find some mistakes in this essay, but I believe it is fairly good for a foreigner, is it not? You will ask yourself, "How did he learn it?"... *Eh bien!* since six years there was not a day or I read a little English, not a week or I wrote a letter in English, and not a fortnight or I spoke English to some one.



Later, in order to learn technical words, I studied mathematics, chemistry, &c., out of English books. Of course, I was in England, but only for six months altogether. They were very enjoyable months indeed, and I am glad to say that there is not a more amiable chum than the English schoolboy, and Froggy (*c'est le surnom de votre serviteur*) has made dear and lasting friendships in good old Britain.

Enfin, let me tell you, dear reader, that if you want to learn a foreign language, you must throw off your British shyness, practise your new language as much and *as soon as possible*, read, write, speak it, and think in it, and remember the saying:

"Labor omnia vincit."

Instinct or Common Sense?

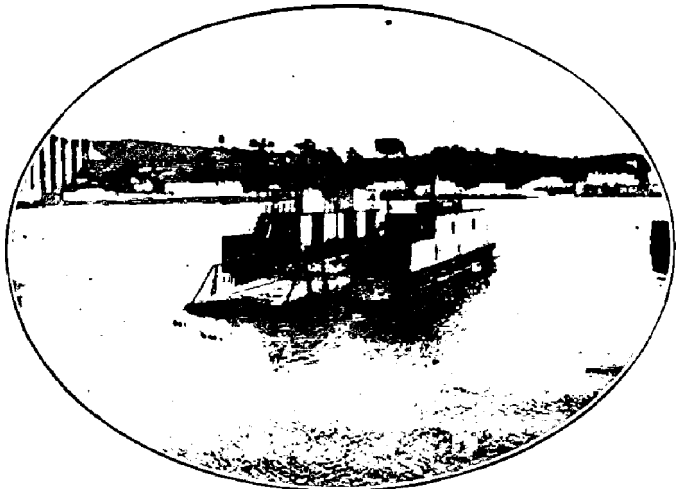
WHAT is instinct? If an animal does anything which we cannot understand, we remark loftily, "Oh, it is instinct."

Now, I say that animals do *not* possess "instinct." What we call by that name is merely ordinary, everyday common sense.

When we go out, why do we always return to our own homes, and not to other people's? Common sense, you say. But when I ask why the birds always return to their own nests, the bees to their own hives, the ants to their own burrowings, you answer, "instinct!" I say "common sense!"

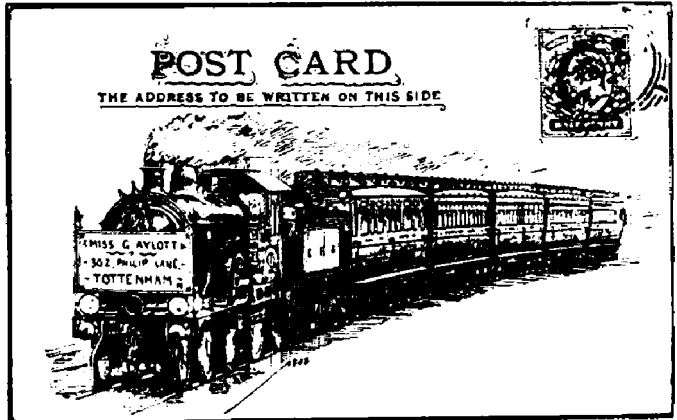
Everything in the animal kingdom is done with reason, just as we do things.

The swallows, for instance. At a certain time of the year they all meet together at a certain place to make their way to

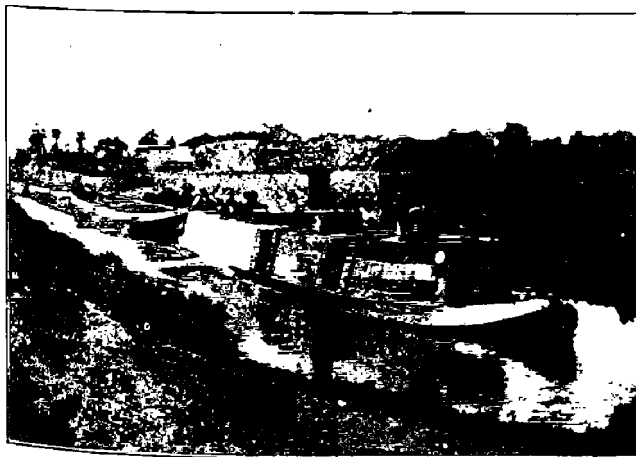


THE QUAIN FERRY-BOAT AT SALTASH.
By L. D. Leonard, Plymouth.

warmer countries. And people tell me that it is instinct. It is not. They arrange to meet, just as a party of emigrants do, simply by



THE LATEST IN HOME-MADE PICTORIAL POST-CARDS.
Designed by Cecil J. Allen, Clapton.



A CANAL TUG, THE "POWERFUL," AT NORTHOLT, TOWING SEVERAL BARGES.

By F. O. Rayner, Harrow.

using common sense. Then the bees. They go out every day, gather the honey, bring it to the hive, and seal it up in wax. In fact, they have their profession, and go to business just as we do.

And the ants. They have their kings and queens, their slaves, their wars. Did we send out our regiments to fight the Boers by instinct? No. We knew there was a war, therefore we shipped out our men to do battle for their race and country. Ditto the ants. They conduct their wars in exactly the same manner. Regiments, scouts, leaders, everything (barring guns, &c.), is a counterpart of the action of human beings.

It is true that many animals, particularly dogs, possess a mysterious power of understanding things, without a word

being spoken. Like a dog I once knew, for instance. He would lie, to all appearance fast asleep, whilst his master ate his own dinner, but the instant a knife was picked up to cut him a morsel, he would jump up and wait for it. This may be instinct. Or, what is more likely, it is transmigration of thought; for I say, and I stick to it, that there is no such thing as instinct amongst animals, what we call by that name being *pure common sense*.

P. DACRE.

A Contrast.

[By an Anglo-Indian.]

DRIVEN rain, a clump of pine,
Soughing wind that moans above,

Misty grey the country side—
This is England that we love!
Glorious sun, a cloudless sky,
Day-break flashing saffron dun;
Bloom and brightness everywhere,
That is India that we shun!
Eastward lies my native land—
"Eastward" does my spirit cry!
But in England still I stay,
Stay and must stay—ask you why?
Yes, my birthplace Eastward lies!
Yearningly I stretch my hand,
But my native country is
Not my nation's native land.

E. P. WATTS.

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR MARCH.

Last day for sending in, March 18th.

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:—

Competition No. —, Class —, Name —,
Address —, Age —.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete, 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.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Write only on one side of the paper.

You may send as many "tries" for each competition as you like, but each "try" must be sent in a separate envelope.

Address envelopes and postcards as follows:—

Competition No. —, Class —, THE CAPTAIN,
12 Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by March 18th.

The Results will be published in May.

AGE RULE: A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 25 competition, so long as he has not actually turned 26. The same rule applies to all the other age limits.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

No. 1.—"Twelve Best Features."—What, in your opinion, are the twelve best features in the volume of THE CAPTAIN concluded with this Number? This competition will decide itself by vote, and to the sender of the most correct list in each Class we will award a New Columbia Graphophone. (See THE CAPTAIN Prizes Page.)

Class I. ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 2.—"Comic Sentence."—Write, on a CAPTAIN post-card, a packet of which can be obtained from this office for 1½d., post free, a sentence composed of headings in this number, as, for instance, "The Loafer has come Across the Wilderness to see How Wild Animals are Trained." Prizes: Three of Messrs. G. Houghton and Son's No. 2 "Scout" Cameras.

Class I. ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class II. ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 3.—"The Best Employment for a Wet Afternoon."—Write an essay, not to exceed 400 words in length, describing how a wet afternoon can be most pleasantly employed. Prizes: Three of Messrs. H. Graddidge and Sons "Imperial Driver" Cricket Bats or Tennis Racquets.

Class I. ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class III. ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 4.—"Drawing of a Clock."—To the senders of the three best drawings of a clock, in pen, pencil, or colours, we will award three handsome Post-Card Albums.

Class I. ... Age limit: Twenty-three.
Class II. ... Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III. ... Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 5.—"Photographic Competition."—Send a print from your best negative; any subject. Photographs must be original, and not copied from the work of others. Neatness in mounting will be taken into consideration. Prizes: Three of Messrs. Benetfink's Cricket Bats or Tennis Racquets.

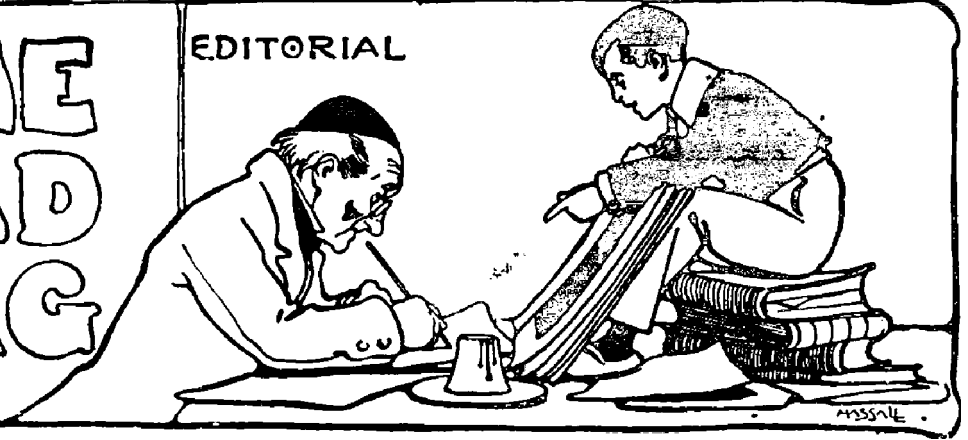
Class I. ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class III. ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 6.—"The Poets and the Spring."—Send the best poetical extract you know, dealing with "The Spring." Prizes: Three John Piggott Fishing Rods.

Class I. ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... Age limit: Eighteen.

THE OLD FAG

EDITORIAL



12, BURLEIGH STREET,
STRAND, LONDON.

My Dear John,—As your Uncle Charles is so busily engaged on the arduous editorial duties connected with his new magazine—which you will, of course, read most regularly, and tell everybody else to read, as it will cover every branch of outdoor sport, and employ the pens of the first experts in the country—I am writing a few lines in his stead. And I had better tell you before I go any further that your uncle will still continue to act as Athletic Mentor to CAPTAIN readers, and, month by month, deal out kindly and useful advice to correspondents all and sundry.

And now, John, you will be wanting to know about our new volume, which starts with the April number. Well, as you have always evinced a great interest in big ships, and the Navy generally, you will be glad to hear that there will

commence next month a splendid serial entitled: "Sailors of the King: A Story of Modern Naval Warfare." This is by Mr. George Hawley, who had a good deal of maritime experience before he adopted the more peaceful vocation of writer and artist. He will illustrate the tale himself, and so you may be sure that, in both a literary and pictorial sense, his yarn will be correct and

authoritative in every detail. With all these rumours of war in the air—with actual war in progress, for all I know, by the time this letter reaches you—"Sailors of the King" should prove of immense interest to all who wish to know how a sea-fight is conducted by a modern battleship. As for the other

serial, well, I remember how you liked "J. O. Jones," and so it is probable that you will look forward to reading "The Duffer," by the same author. The central figure of the tale is a boy of sixteen, who, in the very first chapter—yes, yes! but you must wait for the April number to see what happens to him in the very first chapter!

In addition to these serials, Mr. Franklin Welles Calkins will contribute a series of "Tales of the Far West" — first-rate yarns with good plots, by a man who knows his country and his people as thoroughly as you know your school-fellows. The

first tale of the series is called "My Adventure with a Cougar," and I can assure you that, when you read it, your close-clipped locks will stand on end to such an extent that they will assume the semblance of a hair-brush! Mr. Fred Swainson, that virile writer of public school stories, will also be represented in our next volume by "Further Tales of Eliza's."

VOLUME XI.

NEW SERIALS.

"SAILORS OF THE KING,"

BY

GEORGE HAWLEY.

"THE DUFFER,"

BY

R. S. WARREN BELL.

So now I must bring this lengthy epistle to an end. I enclose a little cheque, as you say you want to purchase a model locomotive "that really goes." Give my kindest regards to Mr. Melhuish, your house-master, and to Mrs. Melhuish, of whose hospitality, when I came to see you last term, I retain very pleasant memories. Your grandmamma and Aunt Peggy send their best love, and hope you will be able to spend a week of your Easter holidays with us.

I am, my dear John,
Ever your affectionate grandfather,
THE OLD FAG.

"The Blind Man."—In our January number, competitors were asked to say what a Man, who had been blind from birth, would regard with the greatest delight if sight were afforded him by means of a surgical operation. The majority of competitors seemed to agree that he would be most eager to scan the features of those near and dear to him—his mother, for instance, or the person who had been most kind to him during the long continuance of his affliction. One competitor says very aptly: "The view and the objects to be seen near him, of which he had heard so much, and formed such vague ideas." Another: "His own features, especially the eyes thus restored to their proper office." (This I regard as a most excellent reply.) Another: "The doctor who cured him, the light, and his father or mother." (That, too, is a very thoughtful reply.) Here are some other answers:

A first-class play.
The sunshine.
Colouring of surrounding scenery.
The sea.
The flowers.
His fellow-creatures.
The trees dressed in green.
Nature.
His home.
His best friend.

I fancy—with the "majority" mentioned above—that the last-quoted reply about sums up the principal object the man would take most interest in gazing upon, for he would remember how helpless he had been, and how dependent on another to guide his steps, prepare his food, read to him, and tell him of the beautiful sights all about him, to hear of which would give him great pleasure, you may depend upon it . . . A very interesting competition this, calling for a good deal of thought, and thought of the best and most sympathetic kind.

Vegetarianism: I quote below an interesting letter criticising the various statements of our meat-eating readers (January number). I do not wish this subject to take up too much space, but I am willing to afford room, in a future number, for an authoritative reply to Mr. Theobald's communication.

To the Editor, "THE CAPTAIN."

SIR,—As a vegetarian of fourteen years' standing. I was much interested in the opinions expressed on this subject by your readers. Some of the critics of vegetarianism have, however, made some glaring mis-statements, which I am sure you will permit me to correct. As space is limited, I must be very brief. "Ama Kef" says "it (meat) is necessary for the brain." This is absolutely untrue, as every element requisite for maintaining the entire human system in perfect health can be obtained from the vegetable kingdom alone. He also refers to the preposterous nonsense uttered by some so-called "authority," that in the majority of cases a vegetarian family becomes mad in the third generation! Our lunatic asylums are full to overflowing, it is true, but how many vegetarians will you find there?

Your correspondent, John Leigh Turner, says:—"The various cases in which a vegetarian diet has been found beneficial are not cases of general law, but merely instances of disease requiring special regimen, and the arguments urged against animal food from a hygienic standpoint apply only to its excessive use."

Both these statements are inaccurate. As regards the first, a vegetarian diet is physiologically the natural and best one for man, and this is a "general law." As to the second, the flesh of animals *cannot* under any circumstances, be a wholesome food.

The argument of Mr. Maurice P. French that if you kill a black-beetle, you may as well kill a bullock, is somewhat irrelevant. In the first place, no one objects to destroying vermin or noxious animals when necessary; and, secondly, there is a vast difference between the capacity for feeling pain of the lower forms of creation and the higher animals used for food. Moreover, since it can be amply proved that life may be maintained in *full health* without animal flesh, *therefore* there is no moral justification for the constant butchery of myriads of highly sentient creatures.

Mr. French's further argument that because (certain) animals (arbitrarily selected by man) have (in some countries) been used as food, therefore they were intended by the Creator for this purpose, is likewise unsound. It is impossible for man to specify the precise use of every creature on this earth. A cannibal might as reasonably argue that, because he eats missionaries, therefore they were "intended by the Creator for that purpose."

Mr. H. E. Kennedy says:—"Meat is necessary to man. Man is naturally a flesh-eating animal. He has the teeth required for such food." All three of these dogmatic assertions are *entirely untrue*, and in direct opposition to the views of the most eminent authorities on comparative anatomy.

Miss Maud M. Lyne says:—"To obtain the same amount of nourishment, a much greater quantity of vegetable than of meat is needed." If by "vegetable," green vegetables, such as cabbage, are meant, this would be true; but vegetarians do not live on green stuffs; their staple foods are cereals, nuts, and

fruits, with some pulses and other vegetables. A properly selected vegetarian dietary is no more bulky than the ordinary mixed fare. This lady further states that "the work of digestion should proceed as easily as possible, and this could not be done on a wholly vegetarian diet." Let me assure her that the latter assertion is entirely erroneous; indeed, quite the reverse is the case.

I am sorry that space forbids my giving more detailed reasons than I have done; but if any of your readers are really interested in this most important question of Food Reform, I for one should be most happy to hear further from them.—Yours truly,

BERTRAM G. THEOBALD,

Hon. Sec., Northern Heights Vegetarian Society.

"Digging up the Road:"—

The following lines (unsigned) appeared some little time ago in the *Liverpool Weekly Mercury*. I am quoting them in THE CAPTAIN because they exactly represent what is always happening in Fleet Street or the Strand. That some part of the Strand or Fleet Street should be perennially "up" seems inevitable.

THEY took a little gravel,
And they took a little tar,
With various ingredients
Imported from afar.
They hammered it and rolled it,
And when they went away
They said they had a pavement
That would last for many a day.

But they came with picks and smote it
To lay a water main:
And then they called the workmen
To put it back again.
To run a tramway cable
They took it up once more,
And then they put it back again
Just where it was before.

They took it up for conduits
To run the telephone;
And then they put it back again
As hard as any stone.
They took it up for wires
To feed the electric light,
And then they put it back again,
Which was no more than right.

Oh, the pavement's full of furrows;
There are patches everywhere.
You'd like to ride upon it,
But it's seldom that you dare.
It's a very handsome pavement;
A credit to the town;
They're always diggin' of it up
Or putting of it down.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

P. S. Wigney.—The writer of "Cycling as a Sport" was Mr. Charles H. Larrette, one of the first authorities on cycling in this country. His name was omitted by mistake, as his manuscript was signed right enough.

A Lady writes:—"I have just been reading

your February number, and notice you would like to be informed of the ages of your readers. You may be amused to find that a grandmother of seventy-seven finds as much amusement in it as her grandchildren, to whom she passes it on, and she is now looking forward to the March number."—I need hardly say how pleased I am to receive this letter. I trust my correspondent may live for many years to enjoy her CAPTAIN, and to pass it on, not only to her grandchildren, but to her great-grandchildren as well.

R. H. B.—Our Legal Expert tells me that by 33 and 34 Vic., C. 57, S. 2, a "gun" for licence purposes includes an "air-gun." By S. 2 of the same Act no licence is required for persons using such guns *within the garden or curtilage* (which means a yard or field) of their houses. Your friend who was fined five shillings and sixpence, with costs, does not appear to have been in his "garden or curtilage"—hence the magistrate's decision. I was only half right in my reply to "Dubious." Thanks for pulling me up.

Hugh Morrison, of Glasgow, sends me rather a peculiar question. He wants to know if public-houses are open on Sunday afternoon in England, because a friend of his says they are not. Well, although it is not my practice to frequent public-houses on Sunday afternoon, I am, at any rate, able to inform Mr. Morrison that public-houses in this country are open from 12 to 3, so that the good people of the village or town may fetch their dinner beer, &c. They are then closed from 3 till 6, after which they are open just as they are on week-days.

1864 Pennies.—Several correspondents have written to tell me that the idea that pennies dated 1864 are of extra value has arisen from the fact that it was reported, after the 1864 pennies had been minted, that several bars of gold had been accidentally put in with the bronze. I have looked carefully through my pennies, and regret to say that I have not one of the date of 1864, although, curiously enough, I have three pennies dated 1862—with a hole through them. I have also got a George IV. half-crown, a shilling, and a sixpence, all with a hole through them, and because they have this hole in them I do not like to give them away or spend them. You may think me a foolish old fellow, but there you are!

The A. B. C. of Stamp Collecting.—This is a little shilling book, written by Fred J. Melville, President of the Junior Philatelic Society of London, and described as "A Guide to the Instructive and Entertaining Study of the World's Postage Stamps." From what I can see of it, I think this is just the sort of book that our philatelic readers will be interested in. It seems really a very fine shilling's-worth, and is published by Messrs. Henry J. Drane, Salisbury-square, London, E.C.

Tonbridge wants to know why, when he asked me to "club" him some time ago, I did not state in THE CAPTAIN that I had done so. Well, simply because hundreds of fellows write and ask to be "clubbed," and we club them, and there is an end of it. I cannot fill up the space at the end of these Answers with long lists of such acknowledgments. The same correspondent also wishes to know whether a physician or surgeon who is not an M.D. can lay claim to the title of "doctor." No, he certainly cannot.

"**E. S.,**" who hails from Walthamstow, doesn't

think much of the formation of CAPTAIN Clubs, because, says he: "I think your correspondents are wrong in their suggestions for forming clubs. If any boy is lonely—and I suppose there are many such—and wants companionship, why on earth does he not join the nearest volunteer regiment? In so doing he will not only make friends and acquaintances galore, but he will also be improving his own physique, and discharging a duty which every man, and especially every Englishman, owes to his country. I think that very few of the men who are not volunteers can have any idea of the way in which they are referred to in the canteen and the drill hall. "Shirking skunks" is the term most frequently used, but there are plenty of others, some of them far stronger. The excuses, so-called reasons, which young fellows give for not joining the citizen army, are many and varied, but only in a very few cases will they bear investigation. Because the War Office makes a lot of silly regulations, that is no reason for not joining. No; let the shirkers say what they like, the real reason why they do not join is laziness and nothing more. I hope you will excuse my plain speaking, but I think I am merely voicing the opinion of most volunteers—the willing horses who do the work while the shirkers stay by the fire all the evening, or join clubs which are both insipid and useless."—I hope this letter will result in a great many more fellows joining the volunteers. Of course, my correspondent will bear in mind that a great many youths are not physically strong enough to join the volunteers, or are occupied with pursuits which do not afford them sufficient time to join the Citizen Army. N.B.—The next time E. S. writes to me, I hope he will put a stamp on his letter, as I had to pay 2d. on this one.

"**Present Mancunian**" sends me a most ornate picture postcard, bearing the arms of Manchester Grammar School. "We have got a grand new Head," he writes, "in place of Mr. King, who went to Bedford. Our new Head, who was an assistant master at Rugby, and afterwards Head of University College School, is awfully decent, and makes the chaps buck up like anything at games. He cheers the School on in matches, and is a real brick if ever there was one."

Proposed "Captain" Club at Bexhill.—J. B. Fonblanque, "Oaklands," St. James's Road, Bexhill, writes as follows:—"I am sure your readers in Bexhill would eternally thank you if you would insert a paragraph asking some one in this district to organise a CAPTAIN Club, as I think I am too young and inexperienced to do so myself. There is not a single place of instruction or amusement where a fellow can pass a pleasant evening or so in the town; nor is there such a thing as a Technical School or a Free Library, the nearest institution of this sort being situated in Hastings, five miles from here. Of course, this is as yet only a small town, but when you see the advantages obtainable by boys in other towns, I see no reason why Bexhill should be backward in this respect."

"**H. O. F.**"—When "Tales of Eliza's" are published in book-form, an announcement of that fact will appear in THE CAPTAIN. That is all I can tell you at present.

"**El Capitan.**"—(1) "Tales of Greyhouse" appeared in Vols. II. and IV., "Acton's Feud" in Vol. III., "Smith's House" in Vol. V., and "Lower School Yarns" in Vol. VIII. Only Vols. VII. to X. are now obtainable, price 6s. 6d. each, post free. Vols. I. to VI. being out of print. (2) We receive heaps and heaps of "CAPTAIN Club Contributions,"

but I am only able to accept a limited number. The sort of contribution which has no chance of acceptance is the short story, for, of course, there is no room for anything of that length in the C.C.C. pages, while such short stories as I receive from C.C. members are generally too crude and badly written to be worth publishing in any other part of the magazine. We have enough literary CAPTAIN Club Contributions in hand to last us for a long time, so it is no use anybody sending anything except of the very best. What we receive least of are good poetry and good black and white sketches.

"**Clericus**" takes up the cudgels on behalf of factory girls, having seen a sketch in our Christmas number by "A. P." representing factory girls as being principally noticeable for their shawls and hats. "You will notice that in this sketch," says my correspondent, "the girls look of a downtrodden, poverty-stricken nature, and this picture will perhaps cause some of your readers to think that all factory girls are of a similar type. Living in a Lancashire factory town, and having worked in a factory office, I can safely say that such girls as are depicted in the drawing are the exception rather than the rule. Factory girls are the pride of factory towns, and although they wear hats and shawls on working days, on Sundays and Saturday afternoons and on their nights out, you will find them well-dressed in the latest of fashions. Factory girls are always ready to work in the house when they get home from the mill, and take a great interest in the management of household affairs. So you see that factory girls ought not to be snubbed, and I can assure you that they are sought after, and looked well after, by the young men in factory districts, because of the fact that they make good wives."—I am very pleased to read this letter from "Clericus," for I have a great respect for the honest, hard-working factory girl who takes a pride in dressing herself smartly, and in being as well forward with domestic work as she is with the work by which she earns her living. "Clericus" must remember, however, that there are all sorts and conditions of factory girls, and that he is probably acquainted with a very superior class in the district from which he hails, viz., Lancashire. At the same time I admire him for coming forward in this way and speaking up so gallantly for a very useful and very deserving class of our feminine community.

O. C. Adamson is a great admirer of Alexandre Dumas, and requires information about the sequence of his novels in the various sets which he wrote, with which I am afraid I cannot supply him. I must refer him to *The Academy* or to *T. P.'s Weekly*. Mr. Adamson would strongly recommend any CAPTAIN reader who has not read the following books to do so at the earliest moment, and in the order given:—"The Three Musketeers," "Twenty Years After," "The Vicomte de Bragelonne," "Louise de la Vallière," "The Man in the Iron Mask," and "The Son of Porthos."

A Youthful Editor.—How are you to run your Form Magazine? Well, there's a question for an editor to ask! An editor should be chosen because he is a man of ideas. All I can tell you is that you should run it as a school magazine is run—on a minor scale, of course. Encourage every fellow with a taste for writing to contribute something, even if it be simply an account of an interesting country walk. Record the athletic doings of the fellows in the form, and give the results of the weekly or monthly examinations.

as these are always of interest. Salute newcomers, and say a friendly word of farewell to those who gain promotion to the next form. This is an outline programme. I leave you to fill in other features out of your own head.

Mr. John E. Rankin, a pedestrian of great note, who breasted the tape fifth in the Lancashire v. Rest of England Walk, writes as follows.—“Dear Old *Fag*.—I cannot get *THE CAPTAIN* until my sisters have finished with it. What am I to do?” In answer to this letter I can only say that as Mr. Rankin is such a great walker he had better meet the postman down the road and walk away with his *CAPTAIN*. His sisters will not be able to catch him unless they employ bicycles or a motor-car. This would make a very interesting race, in which I hope the Misses Rankin will prove the victresses.

Sunnyface, A. G. Relton, G. R., Harold W. Wilkinson, and Many Others.—*THE CAPTAIN* Club has been formed with the object of enabling those readers who support *THE CAPTAIN* by purchasing it each month to consult our various Editors, a privilege not extended to those who only borrow the magazine. Our correspondence is so heavy, and we go to such expense in providing articles by men whose knowledge and experience make them fully competent to write about the special subjects with which they deal, that we consider it only fair that subscribers should have the preference.

X. Y. Z.—“J. O. Jones” is published by Messrs. A. and C. Black, Soho Square, London, W., price 5s. 6d. **B. Priestman and T. E. Jones.**—See Mr. Fry's reply to Fred. Fielder last month.

Laleham.—We have not yet had an article on Clifton College. **Cecil G. Waudby.**—Clubbed. Writing not too small. Competitors may send in more than one photograph. **“Balbus.”**—C. C. Contributions are considered on their merits, and all have an equal chance. **Ericson.**—Send stamped, addressed envelope for reply. **Wilfred Gill and Many Others.**—We cannot undertake the responsibility of putting readers into communication with one another. **Didimus, Enquirer, H. W. R. M., and J. G. B.**—Send full name if you want to be Clubbed. **“Tynesider.”**—Consult *The Gas World* for the books you want.

“Civil Service.”—I have made a note of what you write about. I endeavour to accept only what is entirely original, but of course I cannot read every other paper and magazine going, and I have to rely to a large extent on the honesty and good faith of my contributors. As regards your question about the Civil Service, I should say you had better write to Clark's Civil Service College, Chancery Lane, W.C., where you will obtain full information. I should also advise you to get a book called “How to Enter the Civil Service,” by E. A. Carr, published by Grant Richards, 48, Leicester Square, W.C., price 2s. 6d.

[A number of Answers are held over.]

H. K. B.—If you are organically sound, you will pass your medical examination for the Civil Service all right. Marks on the body such as you describe will not exclude you unless they indicate that you are suffering from some complaint which will incapacitate you from discharging your duties to the public in a satisfactory manner. Quite the simplest method of satisfying your doubts would be to consult a doctor.

“Scotland's Rights,” “A Scotsman,” “A Scotchman,” “Scotland for Ever,” and “Jack L.'s Brother,” have all written somewhat strongly-worded letters on the subject of my reply to “Eccossais” in the January number, in which I said that, in writing “England,” I often meant the word to include Scotland as well. In future, therefore, as I wish to be at peace with all Scotsmen, when I want to mention this country, speaking of the whole of it, I shall say “United Kingdom.” This promise will, I trust, smooth the ruffled plumes of my Scottish readers.

“To the New Year.”—These lines, which I printed in my January “Editorial,” and attributed to “A. L.,” were written by C. V. H. F. Thompson, to whom I now tender apologies for my mistake.

Miss Dorothy Wheatley wishes to say that the joke headed “Witty Miss Wheatley” (C. C. C., January number), was not original. She was told it “second-hand” by a friend of the author's, and sent it in because she thought *CAPTAIN* readers would be interested in it. I think it is very straightforward of Miss Wheatley to make this explanation, which is quite satisfactory.

Official Representatives Appointed.—Walter C. Randolph Rose (Algiers), Walter G. Vann (Durham), N. Ouchterlony (Arbroath, N.B.).

“Christmas Cards.”—I have to acknowledge the receipt of very pretty and tasteful cards from:—“Clodhopper” (Australia), Colin A. Arrol, Jack L., “Porangi Potae” (New Zealand), I. Wilkinson, W. L. Taylor, Vincent Griffith, E. Lawrie (South Africa), Cyril H. Brown, “F. J. A.,” Alfred H. Close, Roy Martinez (Jamaica), Elsie and Eva Corker, Florence Lee and Percy Cocker, “Old Tuds,” George Charlton Anne, S. J. Gilbert, Alfred J. Judd, “F. A. J.” (New York), “Mastiff,” Fred Thompson, Tom Browne, R. I., John Hassall, R. I., W. J. Watt, “Joe the Second” (Natal), Harold Schelfield, Claud Rowson, and W. Moore, all of whom are warmly thanked for their kindly and reasonable thoughtfulness.

Letters, &c., have also been received from: Walter Rose, H. G. M'H., J. W. Chisholm (clubbed), E. J. Penny, “Ric” (a very interesting letter), P. W. Bennett, S. P. C. (hardly think joke quite good enough to print), and others whose communications will receive attention next month.

THE OLD FAG.

Results of January Competitions.

No. I.—“The Blind Man.”

WINNER OF “NEW COLUMBIA” GRAPHOPHONE: W. F. Curtis, Birch Cottage, Tisbury, Wilts.
CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: John Brown, 23 Aryle street, Paisley; Eitel M. Parsons, Victoria-road, Chesham, Shropshire.
HONORABLE MENTIONS: H. G. McHugh, H. Williams, J. W.

Marshall, Joseph O. Young, Ernest Wheeler, A. D. Abbott, Egbert S. Robertson, Frances Whittingham, Grace Donne, R. Kelly, G. E. Grant, R. Keese, H. Williams.

No. II.—“The Most Miserable Day I Ever Spent.”

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)
WINNER OF “SWAN” FOUNTAIN PEN: Maud M. Lyne, Rye-cote, St. Luke's, Cheltenham.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Percy Newman Young, 25 Stanthorpe-road, Streatham, S.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Marian Hewitt, Harry Payne, W. H. Butta, N. C. Ouchterlony, David Harley, James J. Nevin, Osmund P. Avey, Alfred Judd, Alex. Scott.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: Shirley Wilson, Castle Holme, Castle-road, Bedford.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: P. N. F. Young, Odell Rectory, Beds.; Chas. Hardy, Lincrusta Villas, Sunbury Common.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Basil Howse, Frances Whittingham, George L. Clue, Victor D. Volta, Andrew B. Whitehill, Frank L. Johnson, W. R. Mackintosh, Wm. Bullough, James Seaton, Archibald Thornton, E. A. Drew.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fifteen.)

WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: H. J. Simkin, 64 Gladstone-street, Bedford.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Frida Phillips, High Elms, Hitchin, Herts.; Conrad H. Sayce, Sedcot School, Winscombe, Somerset.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Douglas Barton, W. H. Palethorpe, N. Cooke, J. A. Milholland, C. H. Bishop, Rosie Merton, Fred Lane, Dorothy Jacobs, C. L. G. Soper, Helen C. Sinclair-Smith, Trelawny Greaves.

No. III.—"Photographic Competition."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF ALBUM: E. S. Maples, Hopton, Mirfield.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: W. G. Watt, 16 Albert-terrace, Aberdeen, N.B.; Humphrey Foster, "The Woodlands," West Bromwich, Staffs.; W. Paterson, 28 Comely Bank-place, Edinburgh; Arthur G. Reid, 80 Union-grove, Aberdeen, N.B.

HONOURABLE MENTION: M. C. Rhodes, Elsie Bobbett, C. B. Tidmarsh, Percival Oppermann, C. Crossley, C. J. Thompson, W. R. Grant, A. D. Pickard, G. Harris, Harold G. Brough, Winifred Wise, H. C. Hall, Margaret M. Small, J. Jefferson Farjeon, Reg. Watson, H. Richmond Hilton.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF ALBUM: John Gray, Greenfield Cottage, Alloway, N.B.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: John Harman Young, Balgowan, Dorling; James Richardson, 6 Thornton-avenue, Stratham Hill, S.W.; A. R. Courtenay, St. Peter's Vicarage, Tunbridge Wells; Walter J. Ahern, 130 Lewis-avenue, Westmount, Montreal, Canada.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Percy Carlile, Andrew W. Dick, Louis Morris, J. K. Rooker, W. Cecil Perryman, Fred W. Thomas, R. Banks, C. D. Grover, Robert Williamson, Geo. H. Webber, C. A. W. Duffield, Geo. Oswin Hensell, Henry Ponsford, Alex. Hutchinson, M. V. Duncan, P. S. Brown, Chris. Pratt, E. R. Stileman, E. G. Woodsend, Bernard F. Manbey, Stanley Milburn, Cecil W. Rockley, T. Chas. Thorpe, P. J. Marshall.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fourteen.)

WINNER OF ALBUM: Marjorie Hervey, The Lowlands, Alderley Edge, Cheshire.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Edmund G. Gray, Greenfield Cottage, Alloway, N.B.; A. Tys Cooper, Chisworth Park-road, Bolton; Robert Gardner, 41 Chorley New-road, Bolton.

HONOURABLE MENTION: P. W. Owen, Harold Hillen, F. Marshall, F. Cusden, W. W. Anderson, W. R. Hutchinson, Harry Hartley, Claud Rowson, J. D. Calvert, O. G. Philby, O. H. Stoehr, Arthur Mills (Ontario), H. J. Simkin.

No. IV.—"A Captain Character."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF "SANDOW" DEVELOPER: Alfred Judd, South View, Summerland-road, Barnstaple.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Harry Payne, W. L. Adams, Edith A. Court.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF "SANDOW" DEVELOPER: Frank Haslam, 58 Highbury-avenue, Bulwell, near Nottingham.

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 JANUARY COMPETITIONS.

No. I.—See "The Old Fog."

No. II.—The "Miserable Days" were quite miserable enough, and I sincerely hope that our competitors will not see many more like them. It was curious to notice the number of cases in which the cup of misery had been filled to the brim by the effort of Jupiter Pluvius.

No. III.—Some excellent photographs were entered in each Class, and a selection will be published in due course. I must again point out to competitors the necessity of writing their names and addresses on the back of every photograph.

No. IV.—The characters chosen by the prize winners in

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: H. C. Smith, 52 Windsor-road, The Brook, Liverpool; Leopold A. Field, Winton Grange, Knyveton-road, East Bournemouth.

HONOURABLE MENTION: F. T. Reeves, Percival Dacre, George L. Clue, Archibald Thornton, John A. Weber, Harold Scholfield, Inga S. Bell, W. F. Curtis, Phyllis Simon, James H. Skuse, Harry L. Davis, V. L. Manning.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF "SANDOW" DEVELOPER: E. M. Schindhelm, 4 Maley-avenue, W. Norwood.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Stephen Critten, 1 Livingstone-terrace, Franklin-road, Gillingham, Kent; Charles F. Hakanson, 65 Eldon-street, South Shields, Durham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: F. Bennett, E. C. T. Clouston, Chas. L. Elger, H. Faulk, Llewellyn Evans, Moreton Pearson, W. H. L. Gronow, H. P. Shoesmith, R. Horner.

No. V.—"Drawing of a Chair."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-three.)

WINNERS OF BENEFIT'S HOCKEY STICKS: Winifred B. Ereat, Belleville, St. Saviour's, Jersey; John Brown, 13 Argyle-street, Paisley.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Joseph Johnston, 13 St. Peter-street, Dundee; Joseph Dowd, 11 Travis-place, Broomhall, Sheffield.

HONOURABLE MENTION: C. Crossley, Maude Parsons, Robert S. B. Wyld, E. Muriel Bennett, Mabel Dora Higgs, Constance H. Greaves, Madeline Clayton.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNERS OF HOCKEY STICKS: Frida Phillips, High Elms, Hitchin, Herts.; John Fitzpatrick, 25 Russell-street, Falkirk.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Randolph L. Pawby, 12 Maida Vale-terrace, Mutley, Plymouth; William Charles Boswell.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Ernest F. Pate, R. M. Robertson, E. Halliday, H. M. Williams, Edwin John Board, P. Ward, Archie Hamilton, Edgar Neil Boyel, C. G. Mackay, Edwin Cawthron, Clifford S. Maile, K. C. Barker, Alva Edna Shuttleworth, George Eldridge, Christian Kirkpatrick, C. F. Hodges, F. P. Newbould, Robert W. Johnston, Victor Grant.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fourteen.)

WINNERS OF HOCKEY STICKS: R. Goodman, 63 Claremont road, Bishopston, Bristol; A. Wells, Petersham-terrace, S.W.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Clissie Smith, 64 New-street, Altrincham; Kathleen Mary Daw, St. Mark's Vicarage, Dalston, N.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. B. Mahony, B. Cuttriss, Irene Ross, Norman Cheshire, Ronald Ross, Philip A. Taylor, Gilbert S. Beer, Norman Mackellar, Leonard G. Boswell, H. J. Simkin.

No. VI.—"Handwriting."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNERS OF "GRADIGOE" FOOTBALLS: Norman Lockhart, Aberfeldy, Dunstable; Ernest B. Davies, "Trelawne," Conis-ton-road, Muswell Hill, N.; W. S. Leeming, 69 Arbutnot-road, New Cross, S.E.; Frederick J. Davis, 78 Elgin-avenue, Maida Vale, W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Frank Pendry, W. E. Emerton, Henry Isaacs, R. C. Vogel, Preston Horan, Mark Tappley, T. Sankey, Arthur S. Beet, R. C. Andrade, A. Victor Pearce, E. W. Marchant, W. H. Thompson.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNERS OF "GAMAGE" FOOTBALLS: Geoffrey P. Stanley, Eastwood, Platt's-lane, Hampstead, N.W.; A. V. Smith, City Police Station, St. Albans; L. Hassell, 159 Grange Park road, Leyton, E.; T. Lupton, Turnbull-street, West Hartlepool.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Harold Gleave, Donald Ferguson, Edwin Cunningham, Harold Brine, L. E. Greening, Jennie Trotter, Jerome Brouwer, Thomas Wapper, Clifford Dinsdale, Doris Fairhead, Harry Reading, Robert Hunter.

each class were, respectively, "John Acton," "J. O. Jones," and "The Long 'Un." The last-named character seems to have been the most popular, while "J. O. Jones" came in a very good second, followed by "John Acton," "James Weedon," "Koko," "A Cavalier Maid," and "Harper."

No. V.—The subject this month was perhaps rather difficult, but nevertheless some very creditable sketches in line and colour were submitted.

No. VI.—The handwriting did not reach the usual high standard of excellence this month, but this was probably owing to the fact that the age limits were reduced in each class.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.

NEW SERIALS: ACROSS THE WILDERNESS.

THE CAPTAIN

THE GOLD BAT.

A MAGAZINE FOR BOYS & "OLD BOYS."

"THE OLD FAG." C. B. FRY.

6d.

Vol. X. No. 55.

OCTOBER, 1903.

Universal

Approbation

has been bestowed upon

DUNLOP TYRES.

made by

PATENT SCIENTIFIC PROCESS

which ensures absolute uniformity.

Equally good for

CARTRIDGES, CARRIAGES, AND MOTORS.

the first pneumatic tyres invented, and known by the trade mark (Dunlop's head) on tubes and covers.



Trade Mark.

ADOPTED BY ALL THE GOVERNMENT DEPARTMENTS.

Write for booklet:

THE DUNLOP TYRE CO., Ltd.

Birmingham; and 14, Regent St., London, S.W.



THE FIRST NUMBER OF A NEW VOLUME.

"TWICE IN THE JAWS OF A TIGER."—See Page 64.

Published Monthly by GEORGE NEWNES, Ltd., 7-12, Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

GAMAGE'S FOOTBALL

LOWEST PRICES.
BIGGEST SELECTION.

THE
"HOLBORN."

6/3



Also Rugby.

A strong serviceable 11 in. stout cowhide hand-sewn cases complete with best rubber bladder.

The "Universal" Ball, 4/3.
The "Referee" Ball, 10/6.
Postage, 4d. on all Footballs.

EVERYTHING
FOR THE
GAME



FOOTBALL AND HOCKEY SHIRTS.



All colours and combination of colours in Stripes, Mens. 2/4 and 2/9. Boys, 3d. less. Special Designs quoted for. Flannels—Plain Colours, 1/11, 2/6. Halves reversed, 2/6, 2/9. 2 & 4 in. stripes, 2/6, 2/9. Best All Wool, plain, colours, 5/9, 7/6. Halves reversed, 6/6, 7/9. Postage on single Shirt, 3d.

FOOTBALL KNICKERS. (Wid. Legs.)



White Swansdown, 1/4. Strong Buckskin, white, 1/10. White Lambskin, 2/10. Navy Blue strong Serge, 1/4, 1/10, 2/11, 3/11. All Wool, extra quality. Sanitary Waistbands, 5/11. White Flannel, 3/11. Extra Strong, 5/11. Postage 3d. pair; 2 pairs, 4d.

THE "REFEREE." 10/6.

Also Rugby.
Perfect in shape,
Wetted Seams,
Waterproof.



Every section stretched and hammered.
Price 10/6, post free.

	Size 3	4	5
School Match	3/9	4/6	5/3
Universal	3/6	4/3	5/0
Referee (Association or Rugby)	4/6	5/3	6/0
A. W. G. (Association only)	4/11	5/8	6/5
The Army (Ditto)	5/6	6/3	7/0

Postage, 3d.

For other qualities see List.

Special to HOCKEY PLAYERS

We keep every requisite for the game at lowest prices.

HOCKEY STICKS.



Best Ash, all Cano handle, bound and polished equal to any club in the market, all weights.

Regulation Ash, plain handle, suitable for ladies and youths. 2/3. Regulation Ash, bound handle all weights, 3/-. Price: Ladies, 4/3; Gents, 4/6. The Gamage's Champion, 7/3. Ditto, spliced, cane and rubber handle, 5/11. Ditto, with cork grip, 6/6. Bent Ash ... 4d each ... 3/9 doz. Oak ... 5d ... 4/6. (extra stout) ... 7/-. Stout Oak (bound handle), 1/6 each, 16/- doz. Postage on single sticks, 3d.

FOOTBALL JERSEYS.



Plain colours, 1 in. or 2 in. stripes.

Chest—	24	26	28	30	32	34	36
2-	2/2	2/1	2/6	2/4	2/10	3/-	
2-3	2/6	2/9	3/-	3/3	3/6	3/9	

Stout Thread Rugby Jerseys, with linen collars

White 3/6; Black or Navy, 3/11. Other Designs quoted for.

SPECIAL FOOTBALL BOOTS.

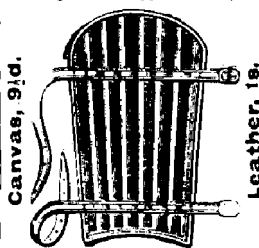


The "Gammick." Easy, Pliable. Ensures a firm grip and great power when kicking. Brown, Russet, Buff, Men's 8/11. Youth's, 7/11. Best quality to order, 12/6. Scotch Chrome, guaranteed waterproof. Men's 8/6, 10/6, 12/6.

The "Universal." Men's, 5/11; Boys, 4/11. The "Forwards," extra light. Chrome, 8/11. Postage below 10/6d. extra.

SHIN GUARDS.

(All guards strapped across.)



Canvas, 9/6d.

Leather, 18/-

1. Strong Linen Canvas, cane protected, with continuous straps and buckles ... 9/6d.
 2. Leather ... 18/-
 3. Leather, lined chamois ... 1/6
 4. Tan Cane, lined chamois ... 2/3
- Shin and Ankle Guards, from 2/-
Ladies Shin & Ankle Guards, 2/3
Postage, 2d.

GOAL NETS. (BRODIE'S PATENT.)



- Strong Hemp, steam tarred, wood pegs ... 35/-
- Ditto with iron pegs and steel tops ... 35/-
- Very Strong Hemp Cord, steam tarred, with wood pegs ... 43/-
- Ditto with iron pegs and steel tops ... 45/-
- Special cheap line, with ash pegs and strong hemp head lines ... 31/-

FOOTBALL SUNDRIES.

- Leather Ear Guards, 1/10. Caps, 2/8. Postage, 3d.
- Football Goals from 12/- per set. Carriage extra.
- Boundary Sticks, with flags, 1/2/- per dozen. Carriage extra.
- Football Flags (any color), 4/6 and 6/6 dozen. Postage, 3d.
- Brass Inflators from 10/11. Postage, 3d. and 6d.
- Strong Web Football Belts, with double straps and buckles, 9/3.

Complete Football, Hockey, Cycling, Cricket, Tennis, Golf, Fishing and Photographic Outfits, and Requisites for every Sport and Pastime at Lowest Prices.

Orders over 20/- Carriage Paid (unless otherwise stated). Please write for our post free Games Catalogue, if unable to call.

A. W. GAMAGE, Ltd., HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.
BRANCHES: 73 GRAFTON STREET, DUBLIN; VICTORIA ROAD, ALDERSHOT.

Since 1897, **1,595** out of **2,470** Appointments in the **CIVIL SERVICE** offered for Competition in London, have been secured by Students of

A REMARKABLE

CLARK'S COLLEGE,

ACHIEVEMENT.

That is to say, nearly 65%, or just upon two-thirds of the vacancies, have been filled by Clark's College students. Competitors from all other sources have only succeeded in capturing the remaining third between them. The moral is obvious.

All Civil Service Exams. All Commercial Subjects. All Professional & Higher Exams.

... TERMS DATE FROM FIRST LESSON ...

CLARK'S COLLEGE,

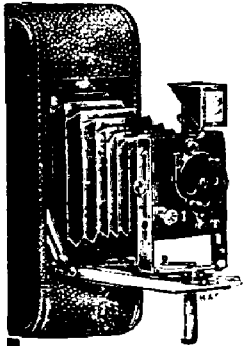
(FOUNDED 1880.) **1, 2 & 3, CHANCERY LANE, W.C**

Branches at BIRMINGHAM, BRIXTON, CLAPHAM, FOREST GATE, HOLLOWAY, NOTTINGHAM and LEICESTER.

FULL PROSPECTUS FREE ON APPLICATION.

A DELIGHTFUL COMPANION

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.

An admirable Food for Cyclists, Footballers, Oarsmen,

EPPS'S COCOA

IS THE BEST

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

THE "W.W. MARVEL," 6D.

A packet well worth 2/6. Money returned if unsatisfied.

Besides our special offer of a 1d. Black this packet contains 60 other most desirable varieties constituting the finest offer in packets ever made.

Post free, 6d.
Send 4d stamps.



These are some of the contents:—

Mogador (Pilgrim): 4 Haiti (worth 6d.); 3 Mauritius; Liberia obsolete. Jubilee issue of N.S.W. N.Z. views and 1d. Black; 3 British Guiana; (Crete (Mercury)).

King's Head issues from India, Natal, and Transvaal.

AND ALL purchasers asking for our "Marvel" Approval Sheets will receive gratis 4 U.S.A. War Stamps, worth 6d., and a photographic reproduction of the pair of Mauritius Stamps sold for £2,000. A Grand Souvenir of the world's greatest rarities. Post free, 6d. Send 4d. stamps.

J. EVANS & CO., 105 Soho Hill, HANDSWORTH, STAFFS.

UNUSED BRITISH COLONIALS

(King Edward Issues).

BLOCKS, SINGLES, AND SETS.

R. PITTILO, Jun., Kirkgate, Burntisland.

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.

PACKETS.

100 Colonial, all different, 2/-; 100 European, 1/-, no rubbish. Approval Sheets sent. Speciality 3d. packet, 50 all different; 10 Unused (Cat. 1/6 net), 9d. Postage extra.

FOX, 43 CHAPEL STREET, BRIDLINGTON.

WHY NOT?

Why not write to-day for one of our "GRAND CHALLENGE" packets? They are selling so fast that you may be too late unless you apply at once. This wonderful packet contains 80 stamps, all different, including Canada King's Head, set of 3 New Zealand, Mexico, set of 6 India, Paraguay 1903, Cape Colony King's Head, set of 10 Belgium including Sunday stamp, set of 3 Jamaica including pictorial, Ceylon King's Head, Japan, U.S.A. Columbus, &c., &c. PRICE 5d. POST FREE (abroad 8d.). The contents of this packet have a catalogue value of over four shillings, yet we shall present in addition with every packet a set of

FOUR NEWFOUNDLAND PORTRAIT ISSUE

(Queen Victoria, King Edward VII., Queen Alexandra, Prince Edward of Wales).

This set alone is well worth the price asked for the whole packet. Write at once, as the supply is limited. We present gratis a set of stamps value 1s. to the senders of each of the first three letters opened by us every morning.

ALFRED GILBERT & CO., WESTON-SUPER-MARE.

THE IMPERIAL STAMP COMPANY

Will give to all intending purchasers, sending for our celebrated approval sheets, a set of 4 Ceylon (Cat. 1/-), including rare 5c. on 8c. Post free. Mention "Captain."

THE IMPERIAL STAMP CO., 164 Hoe St., Walthamstow.

GIVEN FREE, 55 DIFFERENT STAMPS, including Western Australia, Turkey, Spain, Trinidad, Brazil, Chili, Victoria 1901 issue, Jamaica, two different Queensland, Argentine, Egypt 1888 brown, Cape of Good Hope, two different Japan, India Ohms, South Australia, Roumania, New Zealand, two different Canada, German 1875 issue high value, New South Wales, set of five different Portugal, Ceylon, Natal, and many other good stamps. Enclose one penny only for return postage.

H. BARDSLEY, 9 Marriot Street, Withington, Manchester.

3d. The "JAVA" Packet contains 100 stamps, including: Set of

7 JAVA,

Set of 5 Turkey (including latest issues and old), Serbia, set of 5 Canada (with scarce old), Argentine (new), Liberty, Brazil (Indian's head), India (O.H.M.S.), Japan, 2 Chili (1903), new portrait of Columbus, Mexico (pictorial), set of 3 Victoria (with new), Roumania, Greece (old), set of 9 New Austria, Sweden (new colour), U.S.A. (Man-o-war), Greece (new), Colombia (scarce), Pictorial New Zealand, set of 5 Portugal (King Carlos), &c., &c. Price 3d., Postage 1d. extra.

In addition every purchaser applying for our renowned Approval Sheets will receive Free

11 OBSOLETE AUSTRIA (Complete).

PERRIN BROS.,
57 Fortunegate Rd., Harlesden, London, N.W.

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 Colonials 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 1879 1d. small Reds at 2/- per 100. My approval books are splendid value, 50 to 75 per cent. discount allowed. I also make up a better class mixture at 3/- 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**

STAMPS, Sheets. 100 Varieties, 6d.; 150 ditto, 11d.; 20, 16; 500, 5/- **SPECIAL**—100 all different, no European, 11d. 1/2 post free.

Agents wanted in schools. Collections bought.

KIM & CO., 3 Duncan Road, Richmond, Surrey
GRATIS! Bona-fide applicants for approval selections, enclosing stamp for postage, receive gratis a

FINE SET OF 5 VICTORIA 1901,

postally used (catalogue: Gibbons' 16).

Plenty of bargains. Fine range of sets sent on approval. Stamps bought and exchanged. Glowing testimonials from delighted customers.

GRAHAM MORRIS, The Avenue, St. Margaret, TWICKENHAM

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.**

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.

NICKEL SILVER

Pen and Pencil Stamp with your own name given away to applicants for one of our Cheap Approval Sheets of Foreign and Colonial Stamps.

Rubber Stamps with any name 6d. per line, Post Free.

TALBOTT & CO., 24, Kilton Street, Battersea.
Agents wanted.

ABSOLUTELY FREE!!

Send at once for a copy of our New Season List of Bargains in Foreign Stamp Packets, Sets, Albums, &c. Choice full of interesting matter useful to all grades of stamp collectors. Special offer to beginners—a Illustrated Album and 500 Foreign Stamps, 1/-. All kinds of Foreign and Colonial stamps bought, sold and exchanged. Correspondence with collectors in the British Colonies invited.

THE MIDLAND STAMP CO.,
Chrylesmore, Coventry.



SET OF 10 PERSIA FREE.

"Persia" packet, 50 different stamps, 5d. post free. Includes rare Paraguay (lion), Cape Colony (King's head), New Spanish Morocco, pictorial Cuba (trees), Guiana (ship), Denmark, Old Spain, New Zealand (commerce), Russia, Japan, Switzerland, set of 4 oblong United States war stamps (iron-clads), &c., &c.

IN ADDITION, to all purchasers of the "Persia" packet who ask to see our unequalled approval sheets, we will give FREE A RARE SET OF

10 PERSIA,

all different, all with designs of lions, including old issues, surcharged, &c. This set alone would cost you at least 1/5 anywhere else, but we have secured a very large lot of these, and can thus make this special offer. Send early, before the supply is exhausted.

Our Price List is a handsome book of 64 pages, illustrated with over 250 engravings of stamps, and contains offers of thousands of bargains in sets, packets, albums, &c. It will be sent gratis and post free on application.

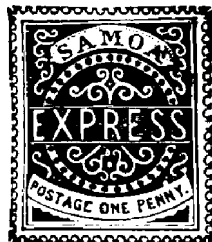
ERNEST WOOD & CO.,
Chorlton-cum-Hardy, MANCHESTER.

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 date of publication,
with the price of each.



1903 4
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.

ASSASSINATION OF THE KING

of Serbia.—Packet No. 152 contains scarce provisional sur-
charged ARMS, four Jamaica, including two pictorials, Cuba
(Palms), Dutch Indies on Holland, Wurtemberg "Service,"
Trinidad old head issue, Italy Segnatasse, old Mauritius, 1d. on
10d., very scarce, British Guiana, Hyderabad or Deccan, Cape
(Table Bay), New South Wales, Jubilee issue, old New Zealand,
Trinidad Britannia, Malay States (Lion). Price 3d. Post. extra.

THE PREMIER STAMP COMPANY, BRIGHTON.

IT COSTS YOU NOTHING!

Send me a postcard stating your name and address and I will forward to you,
post free, a specimen copy of

"POOLE'S MONTHLY PHILATELIST."

It contains particulars of hundreds of genuine stamp BARGAINS, so do not
miss this opportunity. Let me forget send me a postcard NOW.

B. W. H. POOLE, 6 Rock Terrace, STAMFORD, Lines.

TO "CAPTAIN" READERS who send for our cele-
brated approval sheets
we will give (Post free) set of 4 Ceylon (Cat. 1/-), including rare
5c on 8c. Orders received by morning post sent off same day.
THE IMPERIAL STAMP CO.,
164 Hoe Street, Walthamstow.

"CAPTAIN" EYE OPENER (Oct.), 6d. (Quote Oct. when
ordering.) 100 different, 6d., including Argentine, Cyprus, China, Gibraltar,
Jamaica View (2 different), Mauritius, U.S. Pau (the rare 8c). GRATIS Large List
Sets. Sellers 1d. Stamps, upwards. 250 Mounts and 5 Spain gratis to all who
apply for sheets. 1s. Album (or 1s. Refund) free to all sending 10s. net during
October. Agents wanted. Prizes, 500 different Stamps, 5s.; 1,000 for 15s.
Mounted on Sheets, clean and perfect. Bright's Catalogue, 2s. 10d. post free.
Kings, 1s. 3d. A. C. MAUSLAN & CO. 55 W. Bth St. Glasgow.

Great Britain (Queen), 2s. 6d., 3d., 4d., 6d., 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s., 3s., 4s., 5s., 6s.,
6d.; 5s., 8d.; 10s., 7s. 3d.; 21s., 6s., 9d., Triangular Capes, 1d., 2s., 4s., 1s., 6d.,
5s.; 1s., 8s., 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 50 per cent.
(7d. in the 1s for A Books; 8d. per set (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

50 STAMPS 6d. Post free—Comprising
Principally B. Colonials: new issues, 50% off marked prices.

50% APPROVAL BOOKS AND SHEETS. Old collections bought.
Picture Postcards 1s. per doz. (Tuck) 50% off marked prices.
PEARCE & STAMFORD, 7 Katharine St., Croydon

STAMPS (J. W. JONES, 444 Strand, Charing Cross.) STAMPS

SPECIAL BARGAINS FOR OCTOBER.

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.

7 SERVIA 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, Mexican, 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
"List" Approval Sheets will also receive a

Set of 7 Serbia, gratis (King Milan and
King Alexander issues).

ERRINGTON & MARTIN,
SOUTH HACKNEY, LONDON.

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.

5 KING'S HEADS, 8 QUEEN'S, 3 PICTURES

Are in Special October Packet of 50 different postage stamps,
including Great Britain 2/6, Malta, Straits, New Cape, Trinidad,
Jamaica, Canada, Transvaal, Tasmanian, Victoria, &c. Price 3d.,
postage 1d. extra. All purchasers asking for approval sheets
receive a set of Japanese postage stamps free.

New Approval Sheets ready; write for a selection to-day;
low prices, large discount, fine variety. All collectors should see
them. Exchange desired with Colonial collectors. Collections
purchased—F. G. ROWE (formerly of Bath), 22 DES-
BOROUGH 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.

BB

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, abroad 4d., 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., CLEYEDON.

SHILLING EXCELSIOR STAMP ALBUM.

144 pages. Spaces for
3,000, and with 600 illus-
trations.
Bound in cloth, 1s. post
free
100 Stamps given free
with each Album.

MIDLAND STAMP CO., CASTLE BROMWICH.
CHEAP SETS, ALL DIFFERENT.

30 Argentine .. 8	20 French Colonies .. 5	25 Cuba .. 6
33 Hungary .. 8	45 Germany .. 7	29 Switzerland .. 6
13 Bolivia .. 9	21 Wurtemberg .. 6	20 Turkey .. 5
10 Belgium .. 9	24 Greece .. 6	40 United States .. 5
20 Brazil .. 6	20 Mexi o .. 5	20 Salvad r .. 7
20 Bulgaria .. 6	20 Nicaragua .. 6	20 Venezuela .. 7
16 Ch il .. 6	15 Peru .. 6	10 Borneo .. 9
15 Colombia .. 6	16 Luxembourg .. 6	20 Canada .. 6
12 Costa Rica .. 4	24 Portugal .. 6	16 Cape Good Hope .. 6
12 Guatemala .. 6	20 Roumania .. 6	25 India .. 6
30 Holland .. 4	15 Finland .. 5	10 Newfoundland .. 10
20 Honduras .. 4	20 Servia .. 5	6 10 Labuan .. 9
19 Ecuador .. 6	50 Spain .. 9	

CAPTAIN PACKET—200 varieties, including Newfoundland, Borneo, Labuan, Guatemala, Peru Llama, Honduras, Malay Tiger, Bolivia, Nicaragua, Nyassa, Caye Verde, Mozambique, Zambesi, Congo, Reunion, Morocco, Senegal, Salvador rare surcharge, Ecuador official, Servia surcharge, Montenegro, Paraguay, Dominica, Uruguay, Persia surcharged, Venezuela, New Granada, Costa Rica 2c., Brazil, Set of 5 Cuba, Bulgari, Philippine, Indis King Patiala, Gwalior, Tunis, Argentina, Cape, Barbados, Jamaica, Decan, Java, free 11. List of hundred sets, packets, cheapest in the trade, free. Wonderful value, 500 varieties Foreign Colonials, 2/6, 100 different Colonials, 1/- 100 different South America, 2/- 130 varieties African stamps, 5/- 130 varieties West India stamps, 5/6.
Only Address—Midland Stamp Co., Castle Bromwich, Birmingham.

OUR SPECIAL PICTURESQUE PACKET, 4D.

This Packet contains 100 Stamps from all Parts of the World, but specially contains a number of beautifully engraved Stamps as follows: Borneo (Stag's Head), Nyassa (Giraffe), Bolivia (Mountain), New Zealand (Mountains), Brazil (Sea Coast), Jamaica (Waterfall), New South Wales (Kangaroo), Travancore (Snail), Guatemala (Bird), Cape (Sea and Mountains), United States (Farming), Mexico (Eagle), San Salvador (Natives), Columbia (Eagle), Western Australia (Swan), Guiana (Ship), Peru (Llamas), and other good Stamps. Post free, 4d.

5s. worth of Stamps for 4 1/2 d.

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, Bulgaria, Greece, United States (Buffalo Exhibition Stamp), Brazil (very old), Guatemala, Nyassa (giraffe), Sweden (long official), &c., &c. Post free, 4 1/2 d.

Special Collections of Stamps.

The Cheapest in the World. 500 all different, price 3s. 9d. 250 all different, price 1s. 6d. 1,000 all different, price, post free, 12s. 6d. 2,000 all different, price 2 guineas. 100 British Colonials all different, and including many scarce, post free, 2s. 9d.

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.

Our Price List, Post Free on Application. Undoubtedly the Cheapest List in the Trade.

EDWARD COOPER & Co.,
14, Archway Road, Highgate, London, N.

BARGAIN

French Morocco, Columbia, Senegal, Mayotte, Reunion, Guadeloupe, Ecuador Jubilee, Trinidad, Mauritius, King's Head Transvaal, Dahomey, Comoro, Peru, rare used Nicaragua, Canada Jubilee, rare surcharged Ceylon, Travancore, Jamaica Official, Five New Zealand Values, and other rare stamps. In all 100 different for 6d., post free 7d. Send at once to secure. Approval sheets upon application. Low prices, 50 per cent. discount. Lists, Colonials, Packets, Sets, &c., &c., free. Recent Testimonials such as are being continually received:—

“Your stamps are very good and very cheap, the cheapest I have known.”

F. W. FRANKLIN, Exchange Buildings, Birmingham.

ESTABLISHED NAME ADDRESS, 1883.

SET OF NORTH BORNEO FREE!!

Messrs. KING BROS are now offering, as an advertisement, to all readers of the “Captain” sending their name and address, and enclosing 1d. stamp to cover cost of postage, a PACKET of 60 FOREIGN STAMPS, including Jamaica, India, SENEGAL, U.S.A., Omaha, U.S.A., Buffalo, Pictorial NEW ZEALAND, BRITISH GUIANA, obsolete, etc., etc., and a grand SET of THREE NORTH BORNEO. As this Packet is given away only one can be supplied to each person. Send at once to

KING BROS., Stamp Importers, BILSTON.
Try our Stamp Mounts, 1,000 5d., post free.

BARGAIN SETS All Postage Extra. 9 North Borneo, 1896, “Amis” 4/10c. complete. 10d.; 6 North Borneo, 1897, 1-8 c., 9d.; 20 Canada, all different, 10d.; 6 Greece, 1901, 3d.; 5 Guatemala, 1888, complete set, 2d.; 6 Labuan, 1897, 1-8 c., 9d.; 6 Paraguay, all different, 6d.; 9 Peru, 1896-98, 7d.

APPROVAL SHEETS 6d. or 1/- Discount. Every Collector should send for a selection of our Popular Approval Sheets which contain a very large variety of Stamps all in PERFECT condition.

Every applicant who mentions The Captain will receive a set of Stamps FREE. Wanted to purchase and exchange small and large quantities of Stamps.

J. W. SPOWART & CO., Nevill St., Southport.

1,000 different stamps from all parts of the world. No facca tale graphs, or reprints. Many new issues. Nearly 50 unissued.
Price 12s. 9d. Post Free.

500 different, 3/7; 100 different Colonial and Foreign (no European), 1/1. List of sets and packets free.

FRED ROLT, Salisbury Road, Wimbleton, S.W.



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 portables. Post Free.
Dept. G. 88, Aldersgate St. London.

BEFORE ORDERING Foreign Stamps from elsewhere, write for our Approval Sheets and Books of “British Colonials” and “Officials.” Unrivalled for variety, extent, and cheapness. State references and class desired. Stamps bought or sold in all parts of the world.
JAGGARD AND COMPANY, LIVERPOOL.

QUEEN'S HEADS. Uganda provisional, 4, 2d. unissued, used, 10d. pair. 1 Rupee B.E.A. large head, 1 1/2. 10. Niger Coast, 1/-; 1893, 6/-; 2d. Green, 6/-; 2d. carmine, 1/-; 1d. and 1/2. 10. each, used or unused. Special packets, 20 good Africans, 6d. each. Selections approval priced moderately. Healy's Royal Stamp Album, 7s. each. Update. Grand value. Best mounts, 6d. per 1,000. Postage extra.
CYRIL COLE, Moorlander, COLCHESTER.

STAMPS, COINS, & PICTURE POSTCARDS

To be given away with every 5/- Packet of 200 Stamps, all different, a Jubilee Post Office Card and Envelope.

For short time only. Cash with order.

THE POPULAR PICTURE POSTCARDS A SPECIALITY.

THE WESTMINSTER STAMP & COIN MART,
42 VICTORIA STREET, S.W.

USED BRITISH COLONIALS

Are now rapidly becoming Scarce and Valuable. For several years I have been buying large quantities of High Value British Colonials, and I can now supply them at a price which defies competition.

OCTOBER Packet 30 Varieties, including 13 High Values British Colonials and many other Rare Stamps. PRICE 6d. Postage 1d. extra. The Cheapest Packet ever offered.	Contents of October Packet. New South Wales One Shilling Queensland One Shilling Cape Colony One Shilling Jamaica One Shilling Great Britain One Shilling Great Britain Half-a-crown Queensland Sixpence Victoria Sixpence Cape Colony Sixpence South Australia Sixpence New Zealand Sixpence India Two Rupees Straits Settlements One Dollar Coast, Leeward Islands, Canada Also a very fine Set of 8 Hong Kong, all obsolete. Price 6d., Postage 1d. extra.
--	---

DON'T MISS THIS SPLENDID BARGAIN.
Stamps bought. Collections Specially Wanted. Selections of British Colonials sent on approval.
FRANK MOORE, 3 The Arcade, Villiers St., Strand, LONDON.

PACKET OF COLONIAL AND FOREIGN STAMPS, including Tunis.

French Morocco, Columbia, Senegal, Mayotte, Reunion, Guadeloupe, Ecuador Jubilee, Trinidad, Mauritius, King's Head Transvaal, Dahomey, Comoro, Peru, rare used Nicaragua, Canada Jubilee, rare surcharged Ceylon, Travancore, Jamaica Official, Five New Zealand Values, and other rare stamps. In all 100 different for 6d., post free 7d. Send at once to secure. Approval sheets upon application. Low prices, 50 per cent. discount. Lists, Colonials, Packets, Sets, &c., &c., free. Recent Testimonials such as are being continually received:—

“Your stamps are very good and very cheap, the cheapest I have known.”

F. W. FRANKLIN, Exchange Buildings, Birmingham.

ESTABLISHED NAME ADDRESS, 1883.

ABSOLUTELY FREE.

For a short time only, I will GIVE AWAY 3 SHANGHAI, including an entire unused wrapper and correspondence card; 5 U.S.A. IRONCLAD SERIES, including the RARE 1/1 Figure of Justice; 10 ROMANIA; a very fine set including new and obsolete issues catalogued at 10d. The above will be given away only on condition that you ask to see my approval sheets, enclose a 1d. stamp for postage, and show this advertisement to at least two other stamp collectors.

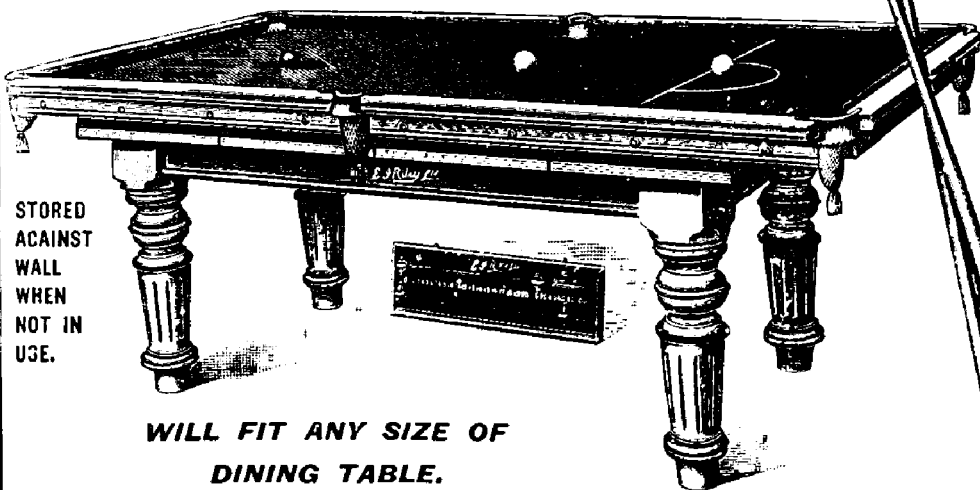
H. C. WATKINS,
83 Lordship Lane (3510), Wood Green, N.

BILLIARDS AT HOME.

A Billiard Table ready to place on any Dining Table, and instantly removable.

CASH or EASY PAYMENTS.

BILLIARD TABLE WHEN RESTING ON DINING TABLE.



STORED AGAINST WALL WHEN NOT IN USE.

WILL FIT ANY SIZE OF DINING TABLE.

SIZE.	CASH PRICE.	OR IN 13 MONTHLY PAYMENTS OF	Special Quality (very superior). SIZE.	CASH PRICE.	OR IN 13 MONTHLY PAYMENTS OF
4ft. 4in. by 2ft. 4 in.	£3 17 6	6/6 per month.	5ft. 4in. by 2ft. 10in.	£5 15 0	10/- per month.
5ft. 4in. by 2ft. 10in.	5 2 6	9/- per month.	6ft. 4in. by 3ft. 4in.	7 0 0	12 6 per month.
6ft. 4in. by 3ft. 4in.	6 0 0	10 9 per month.	7ft. 4in. by 3ft. 10in.	9 5 0	16 6 per month.
7ft. 4in. by 3ft. 10in.	8 0 0	14 6 per month.			Delivered Carriage Paid at Our Risk.

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 the Billiard Table when used as a Dining Table.



SPECIFICATION.

Combined Billiard and Dining Table. Solid Thick Mahogany Legs Solid Mahogany Low Billiard Cushions fitted with Frost-Proof Rubber, West Slate Bed covered with Superior Billiard Cloth, 6 Strong Vatted Pockets, Invisible Brass Pocket Plates, Brass Adjustments for Levelling, Mahogany Marking Board with Ebouite 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 handsomely French Polished and Table warranted.

Size of Billiard Table—5ft. 4in., 6 ft. 4in., 7ft. 4in., 8ft. 4in.	
Size of Dining Table—5ft. 8in., 6ft. 8in., 7ft. 8in., 8ft. 8in.	
Cash Prices: £13 10. £15. £18 10. £24 10.	
Or in 13 Monthly Payments of	24. 26 6 32 6 43.

Delivered Carriage Paid at our Risk.

SOUVENIR, with Photographs of C. Dawson and H. W. Stevenson and Illustration of Table built by E. J. Riley, Ltd., along with Press opinions, sent post free.

REPAIRS.

Old Tables converted and fitted with the New Championship Cushions as used in 1903 Championship—

STEVENSON & DAWSON.

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.

London Showrooms: 147, ALDERSGATE STREET, E.C.
ALL CORRESPONDENCE TO WORKS, ACCRINGTON.

VARIOUS DESIGNS IN LEGS, SQUARE, ART, &C.

CHAMPIONSHIP
Championship

E. J. RILEY, LTD., Billiard Table Builders . . . ACCRINGTON.

AGENTS WANTED

In order to greatly increase my business, I have decided to allow 25 per cent. discount off the marked prices in my well-known "Onkaparinga" approval books, on condition that not less than half-a-crown's worth (2/6) be purchased at one time. Collectors can make welcome additions to their collections by selling stamps from these approval books—the prices have not been raised in order to allow the discount. Send 1d. stamp for return postage. Exchange wanted in British Colonies.

L. S. CHARLICK.

55-56 CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, W.C.

Sets of Stamps Free. 50 well assorted stamps, including the following unused—Guatemala (1902), American (Ironclad), Hayti (1899), Denmark (1902), Canada (1898), China (1898), Siam (1888), Venezuela (1887), Denmark (Official), Bermuda (Surcharged), Crete (Unpaid), Nyassa, &c., &c. Price 7d. post free. **Free Gift.** To every purchaser of above packet who remits by Postal Order and who applies for a selection of stamps on approval, will be presented, absolutely free, with either of the following sets of stamps: No. 1, 10 English, 1d. to 2/1; No. 2, 10 different Colonials; No. 3, 6 official English (please say which set is required). Only one packet supplied to each purchaser. Send at once as number is limited. Letters answered in rotation and per return if possible.

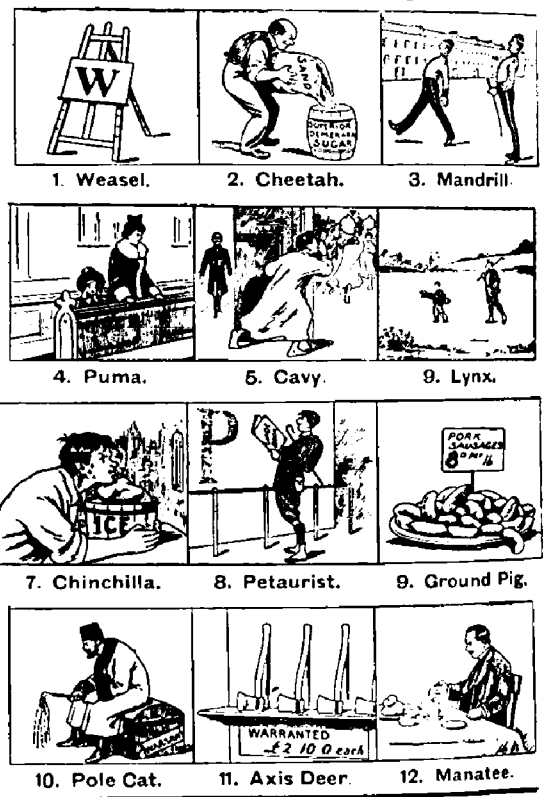
FLOYD TURNER, 1, Crescent Road, S. Woodford, London, N.E.
Wanted to buy rare stamps. Exchange desired abroad.

ELECTRIC NOSES, Post free
ROSES and SCARF PINS, **3/6**
Complete with pocket battery, silk covered wire, and push.
POCKET ELECTRIC LAMPS, each.
Best quality, with BULLSEYE, 3s. each. Without Bullseye, 2s. each, post free.
Ditto, in Leatherette Case, 2s. 6d.
P. J. HOLDEN & Co., (Dept. C.), New Malden.

SCHOOL SHIP "CONWAY"
LIVERPOOL
FOR TRAINING
YOUNG GENTLEMEN
TO BECOME OFFICERS
IN THE MERCANTILE NAVY.
FOR PROSPECTUS APPLY TO
CAPT. W. BROADBENT LIEUT. R.H.R.



Correct Solution of "Hidden Animals" Competition from August Captain, 1903.
See Competition Results on page 96.



1. Weasel. 2. Cheetah. 3. Mandrill.
4. Puma. 5. Cavy. 9. Lynx.
7. Chinchilla. 8. Petaurist. 9. Ground Pig.
10. Pole Cat. 11. Axis Deer. 12. Manatee.



W.B. BASSETT-LOWKE & Co.
NORTHAMPTON.

WORKING MODELS

Our new Catalogue is now in the Printers' hands, and will be ready by the end of October.

It will be issued in
Two Sections

SECTION A.—Locomotives of all Railways and Gauges, Coaches, Rails, Points, Signals, Electric and Clockwork Locomotives.
PRICE 3d. POST FREE.

SECTION B.—Gun Metal Engine and Boiler Fittings, Injectors, Cylinders, Bolts and Nuts, Brass and Copper Tubing, Rivets, Tools, and every description of Sundries for Model Engineers, &c.
PRICE 3d. POST FREE.

Our latest production is a 5/8ths Scale Model
MIDLAND RAILWAY LOCOMOTIVE, No. 2631.
Full Particulars of this on receipt of Penny Stamp.
BUILT ENTIRELY OF CASTINGS
CASTINGS AND DRAWINGS SUPPLIED IF DESIRED.
Catalogue of Racing Yachts, Ships, &c., post free 1d.

TWO BOOKS FOR BOYS.

FOR A BOY WHO LOVES A DOG.
THE CALL OF THE WILD.
By **JACK LONDON.** With Illustrations in Colour
Price 6s.
ACADEMY.—"Mr. London has achieved a rare thing—he has written a book about a dog which is neither weak nor sentimental, a book which any reader who has ever known dogs intimately will feel at once to be essentially and artistically true.

A BOOK ABOUT A PUBLIC SCHOOL.
GODFREY MARTEN, SCHOOLBOY.
By **CHARLES TURLEY.** With 3 illustrations by **GORDON BROWNE.** New Edition, cloth, gilt top, 5s.
SPECTATOR.—"The hero and his two chums are a delightful trio. The book is extremely good reading from end to end; it abounds in exciting episodes, is wholly void of sentimentality, and it enforces in the most unmistakable and wholesome way the duty of straight and manly conduct."

LONDON: WM. HEINEMANN, 21, BEDFORD STREET,

ELECTRIC SCARF PIN.
Latest Novelty Out! Handsome Pin, together with Connections, Push, and Battery complete. **Best Three-Cell Batteries only used.** Will last for months.
Price complete and post free, 3/6 ea.
Extra Batteries, 1/2 each, post free.
FRANK CLARKE, Gothic Arcade, Snow Hill, Birmingham.



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.)

THE BRIGHTEST THING IN THE HOME

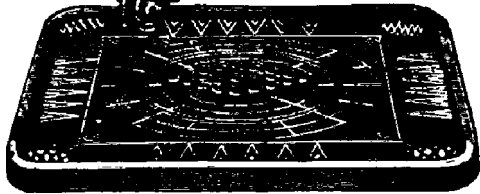
Entrances the Children. Delights the Young, Intelligently diverts the Aged.

The No. 1. Crown Combination Game Board



Sixty-five games on one Board for the one price

PRICE 15/-



80 pieces of equipment and complete easy Book of Rules with each Board.

New Games, Old Games, Games of Skill, Games for Fun, including Carroms, Crokinole, Draughts, Backgammon, &c.

The Board measures 2 ft 5 ins square, and is handsomely finished in mahogany and white maple. Both sides are used.

Sold by all Dealers in Toys and Games. Sole Agents: A I Co., 8, Long Lane, London, E.C.

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.

THE 20TH CENTURY DAISY AIR RIFLE.



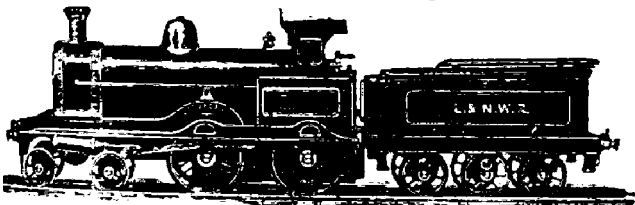
SHOOTS B.B. SHOT OR DARTS. ACCURATELY SIGHTED. OF HANDSOME APPEARANCE. AN IDEAL PRESENT FOR A BOY.

Length, 30 inches; Weight, 2lbs.

NO POWDER, SMOKE, DANGER, NOISE.

Price 4s. each.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.

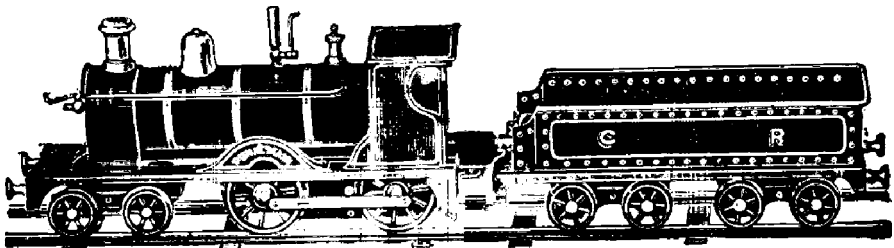
IMPROVED DESIGNS OF SCALE MODEL ENGINES IN CORRECT COLOURS OF RAILWAY THEY REPRESENT.



supply can be regulated from Footplate. Tested and guaranteed and specially recommended. Length 2 ft. Price £1 10s. 6d., carriage free. With 30 feet straight and Circular Rails, forming a splendid Oval Railroad. £3 5s., carriage free.

DITTO: GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY CO'S FAMOUS EXPRESS ENGINE "Claud Hamilton" Boiler fitted with 4 Cross Tubes, Whistle, Steam Whistle, Donee, Steam Pressure Gauge, Starting Lever, &c., Pair Large and Powerful Double Action Slide Valve Cylinders fitted with our "Patent Cylinder Lubricators." Four Pairs Coupled Driving Wheels, Front 4-Wheeled Bogie Carriage, Springs to Wheels, Boiler fitted with Cross Tubes and Fire and Smoke Boxes and Internal Flame, complete with Large Bronzed Brass Tender, mounted on 6-Wheeled Patent Bogie, for negotiating sharp curves. The Tender comprise Tank for Spirits and is fitted with Tap, so that

OUR 1903-4 NEW AND IMPROVED REVERSING SCALE MODEL DESIGN OF C. RY. CO'S FAMOUS EXPRESS ENGINE "Dundastair", 23 in. Gauge, Bronzed Brass Tender or Boiler, Donee, Safety Valve and Whistle, which is now fitted with Glass Water Gauge, Steam Pressure Gauge, Steam Water Cook, Starting and Reversing Lever. Inside powerful D.A.S.V. Cylinder and Reversing Eccentrics, Front Bogie Wheel, 2 Pairs Coupled Driving Wheels, &c. Beautiful Tender mounted on two 4-Wheeled Bogie Carriages. The Tender fitted with Spirit Tank with Cock for regulating supply of spirits to our new Patent Design of Spirit Lamp, a splendid up-to-date design. Runs backwards or forwards, straight or Circular. Length 22 ins., all beautifully Lined and Enamelled in Correct Colours of C. Ry. Coy., complete, with 30 feet Straight and Circular Rails, forming a splendid Oval Railroad. Tested and guaranteed. Price, Engine only, 40/-; complete, as above, with Oval Railroad, 50/-, carriage free.



MIDLAND RAILWAY BOGIE GOODS ENGINE, with Pair Brass O.S. Inside Cylinders and no Steam Pressure Gauge. Otherwise same as C.R. Engine Spirit to Lamp. Length 22 ins. Gauge 1 1/4". In Correct M.R. Colours. Price 35/-, carriage free. With 30 feet Oval Railroad, 45/-, carriage free. Exactly same as above, but in G. N. E. or N. E. R. colours, at same price as Midland Engine above.

For other Scale Models of Steam and Clockwork Engines, Carriages, and Rolling Stock in Correct Colours of L. & N. W. R., G. N. E., C. R., G. & S. W. R., G. E. R., M. R., N. E. R., &c., get our New Catalogue, just published, containing over 800 Illustrations of above, and our Famous Clyde Built Model Racing Yachts, Ships Fittings, separate parts of Engines and Castings, Dynamios, Motors, Coils, Lamps, and Scientific and Electrical Novelties and Experiments, &c., post free, 6d. 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.

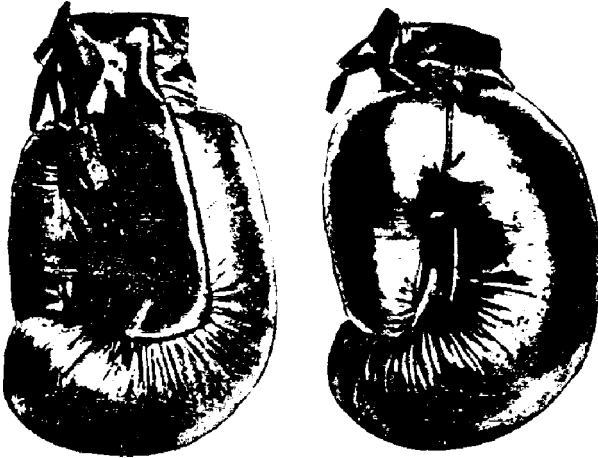
CLYDE MODEL DOCKYARD & ENGINE DEPOT, MODEL YACHT BUILDERS, ENGINEERS, AND ELECTRICIANS, ARGYLL ARCADE, GLASGOW, N.B.

"CAPTAIN" PRIZES.

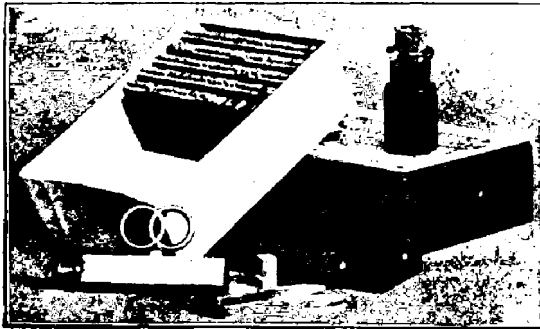
IF YOU WANT TO WIN A
SET OF BOXING GLOVES,

A
SANDOW DEVELOPER,

Or any other Prize mentioned below, go in for
"THE CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS on page 84.



Three Sets of these D. & M. Yucatan Kid Boxing Gloves
(four to the Set) are awarded as Prizes in
Competition No. 1, "WELL-KNOWN MEN."



To encourage our Photographic and Artistic Readers to
stamp their names and addresses on the back of their
contributions, we are awarding Six of these Complete
Printing Outfits as prizes in Competition No. 3,
"MY FAVOURITE QUOTATION."

*To Readers interested in Pictorial
Post-card Collecting.*



We are offering Nine of these Pictorial Post-card Albums
to the winners in Competition No. 4,
"HANDWRITING."



Three of these Sandow's Own Combined Developers will be
given to the winners of Competition No. 5,
"MISSING WORDS."



Three of these 10 6 "Swan" Fountain Pens are awarded as Prizes in our
"PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION" (No. 2).

H. GRADIDGE & SONS,

Manufacturers and Exporters of all articles used in FOOTBALL and HOCKEY.

A very large assortment of all kinds of STICKS, BOOTS, SHIRTS, SHINGUARDS, BALLS, &c., &c.



Shirts from 2/3.

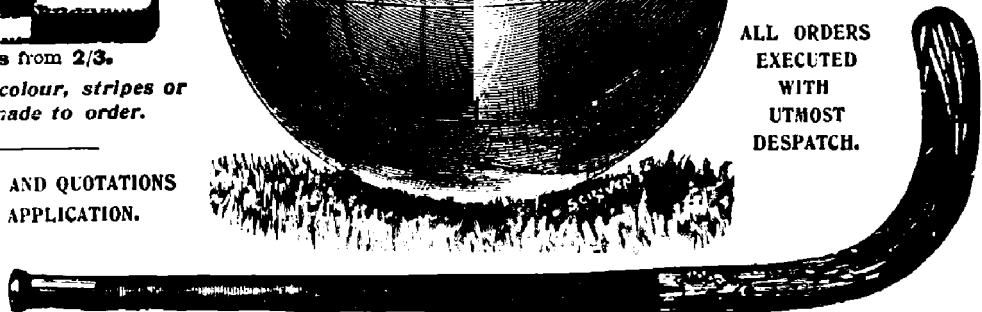
Shirts, any colour, stripes or halves, made to order.



All Chrome Boots, 8/6, 10/6, and 12/6.

ALL ORDERS EXECUTED WITH UTMOST DESPATCH.

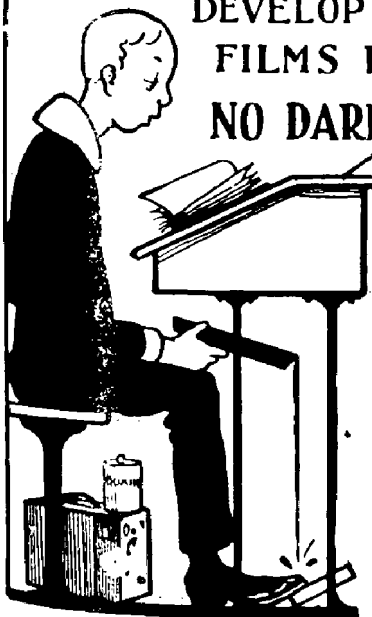
PRICE LISTS AND QUOTATIONS FREE ON APPLICATION.



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.

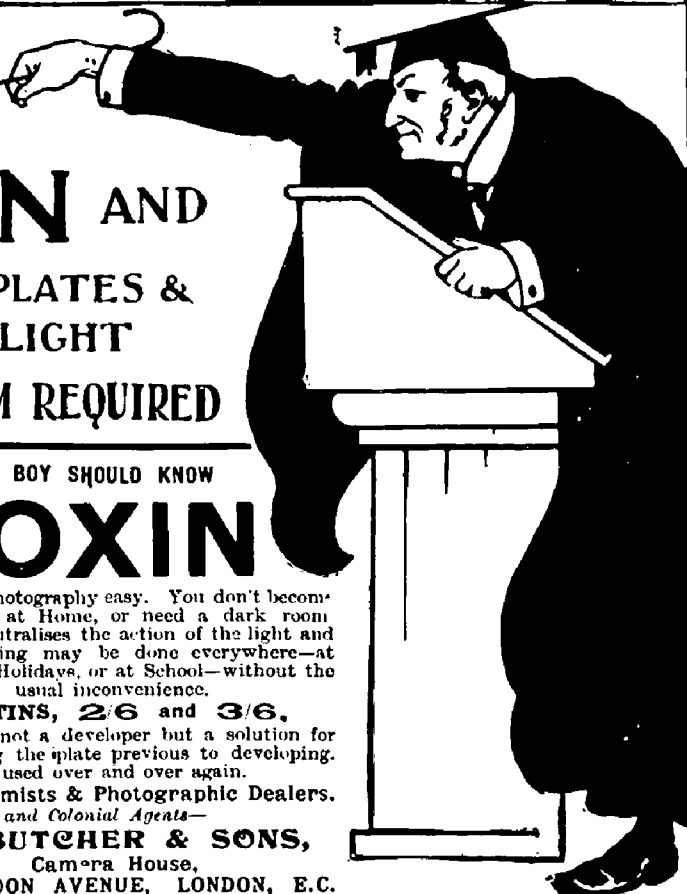
IN TINS, 2/6 and 3/6.

COXIN is not a developer but a solution for staining the plate previous to developing. Can be used over and over again.

Of all Chemists & Photographic Dealers. Sole British and Colonial Agents—

W. BUTCHER & SONS,

Camera House, FARRINGTON AVENUE, 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 Fag.
Editor.

Contents for October, 1903.

	PAGE
"TOURING IN SPAIN." By TOM BROWNE, R.I.	Back of Frontispiece
AT THE SAME INSTANT THE RUNNER LEAPED AT THEM FROM THE BANK	Frontispiece
ACROSS THE WILDERNESS. (CHAPS. I.-VI.)	FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS 3
Illustrated by E. F. SKINNER.	
"THE CAPTAIN" PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERY	18
THE CYCLING CORNER. (ON PRESENCE OF MIND WHILE CYCLING.) ...	CHARLES H. LARRETTE 21
TOLLINGTONIAN GYMNASTS	23
A LIVELY VOYAGE	D. F. SETON-CARRUTHERS 24
Illustrated by E. S. HODGSON.	
HIGHGATE SCHOOL	A. E. JOHNSON 33
With Illustrations from Photographs.	
TYPES OF BRITISH CRUISERS	A. B. CULL 39
SPOILING THE PHILISTINES	STUART WISHING 40
Illustrated by ANTHONY HELMER.	
MY ONE EVENTFUL DAY	AN OLD ROSSALLIAN 48
Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.	

(Further contents on next page.)

"SWAN" Post Free

OF ALL STATIONERS & JEWELLERS

10/6 to £ 20 Catalogue free

FOUR CHIEF POINTS OF A GOOD PEN

INFALLIBILITY DURABILITY
BALANCE BEAUTY

ALL CONSPICUOUSLY PRESENT IN THE 'SWAN'

MABIE, TODD, & BARD,
93, CHEAPSIDE, E.C. 4. REGENT STREET, W. LONDON.
1, EXCHANGE STREET, MANCHESTER.
Brentano's, 37, Avenue de l'Opera, Paris.

Army (ALL BRANCHES), Higher Civil Service, & University. SPECIAL PREPARATION.



JOHN GIBSON, M.A. (First Class, Cambridge). Late Uppingham and Westminster. Educational Metallist at Antwerp, Bordeaux, and Brussels International Exhibitions.

G. LELY, 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 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.

SUPERIOR PRINTING OUTFITS.

For 7d., 12, 23, 28, 34, 39, 59, and 63, Post free.

Consisting of Letters, Points and Ornaments, a Type-setter, 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.

THE STAMP COLLECTOR. (RECENT SEYCHELLES PROVISIONALS.) With Illustrations. E. J. NANKIVELL	52
CONCERNING DARRELL Illustrated by REX OSBORNE. H. N. DICKINSON	56
THE ATHLETIC CORNER. (ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.) C. B. FRY	62
TWICE IN THE JAWS OF A TIGER... Illustrated by J. MACFARLANE, and from a Painting. R. EVANS	64
THE GOLD BAT. (CHAPS. I.-IV.) A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL. P. G. WODEHOUSE	67
THE NATURALISTS' CORNER Illustrated. EDWARD STEP, F.L.S.	78
THE CAMERA CORNER With Illustrations. THE PHOTOGRAPHIC EDITOR	81
"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR OCTOBER	84
"CAPTAIN" CLUB CONTRIBUTIONS	85
"THE OLD FAG." (EDITORIAL.)	89
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS	92
RESULTS OF AUGUST 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. VII., VIII., and IX. 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, 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.

... 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, & EVERY REQUISITE FOR FOOTBALL, HOCKEY, LACROSSE, &C.



HOCKEY STICKS.

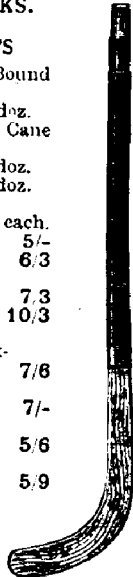
BENETFINK'S

Regulation Ash, Bound Handle,
2/7 each, 30/- doz.
Do., do., Bound Cane Handle,
3/- each, 33/- doz.
4/- each, 45/- doz.

SLAZENGER'S each.
Fletcher ... 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" 5/9

CATALOGUES
POST FREE.



FOOTBALL and HOCKEY SHIRTS.

	Boys' 1/8	each	18/-
Special Quality Flannelette, Stripes, Halves or Plain Colours	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.

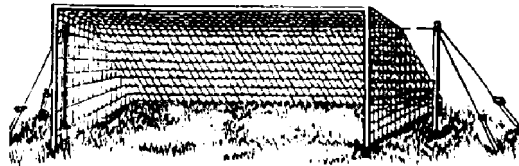
	Boys' 1/4	Men's 1/6
White Swansdown	2/1	2/8
White Lambskin	1/5	1/9
Blue Serge	3/3	4/4
Ditto, all Wool
Best Navy Flannel

N.B.—Allowance on taking 1 dozen knickers, 2/-
Postage, 3d., single pair.



CATALOGUES

and Patterns, Post Free.
Please mention "THE CAPTAIN."

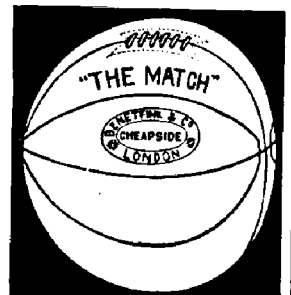


BRODIE'S PATENT ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL GOAL-NETS.

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/- "
No. 8.—Cheaper Fittings, ditto, 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 ... 36/6 "
Carriage Paid to any goods station within 50 miles.
CHEAPER GOAL POSTS ... 12/- 18/- set.



BENETFINK'S
"1st Practice," full size, 6/8 net.
"THE MATCH," as Illustration.
Youth's, No. 4 ... 5/9 net.
Full Size, No. 5 ... 7/- "

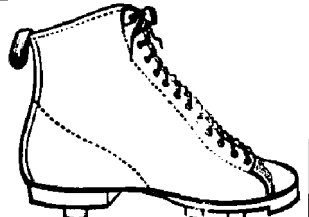
THOMLINSON'S
Eight-panel Match Ball.
8/6 net.
BRYAN'S "Grass-hopper,"
9/8 net.
With Button End, or Buttonless.
All Footballs Post Free.

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.

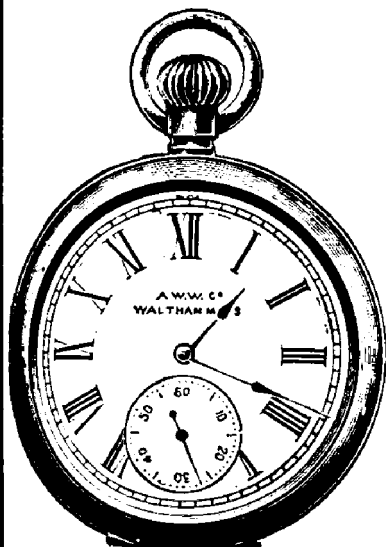
1/- "All About Postcards" 1/-

AN INTERESTING HANDBOOK.
 INVALUABLE FOR COLLECTORS.
 ILLUSTRATED—OVER 100 PAGES.

By **W. J. SCOTT.**

SCOTT & WILSON,
 Reginald Mount, LEEDS.

E. B. DENNISON, JEWELLER, 6 CHEAPSIDE (Near St. Paul's Cathedral), LONDON, E.C.



All grades of **WALTHAM WATCHES** kept in stock from £1 5s. to £50.

WALTHAM WATCHES repaired, only genuine materials used. High-class Jewellery, Silver Ware, and Clocks.

Sole Agent in Great Britain for **TOLEDO WORK** made by Felipa of Madrid.

Send for **Price List of Watches** (Dept. C.)

HOBBIES . . . FRETWORK . CATALOGUE

For 1904 (Price 6d.) IS NOW READY.

All Amateur Wood-workers should send at once for our New Catalogue of Tools, Materials, and Designs for Fretwork, Wood Carving, Bent Iron Work, Poker Work, &c. The Catalogue is a fully illustrated book of 128 pages, and is as usual published at **SIXPENCE**. With each copy, however, we present **TWO** very handsome **FRETWORK DESIGNS**, one for a **JAPANESE MUSICAL HOUSE**, and the other for an **INDIAN WALL CABINET** with double-door Cupboard. In addition to these attractive patterns we also give away a **third Design** for an **ARABIAN PANEL**; and for the best Fretted Specimens of this we are arranging a

GREAT FRETWORK COMPETITION.

£100 in Cash Prizes.

Full particulars of this Competition together with a **Free Entry Coupon** will be found in our new Catalogue. There will be a large number of Cash Prizes to the total value of **£100**.

Send a **SIXPENNY POSTAL ORDER** for Catalogue with Presentation Designs.

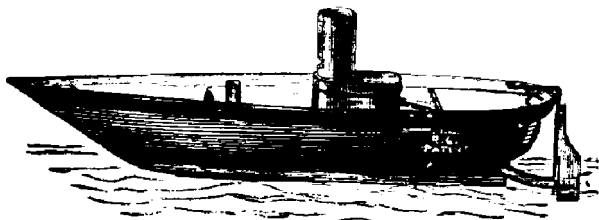
HOBBIES, Ltd., (C. Dept.) **12 PATERNOSTER SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.**

And at **DERHAM, NORFOLK.**

Also at the **HOBBIES SUPPLY STORES:**
 LONDON: 104 Aldergate Street, E.C.
 LONDON: 124 Bishopsgate St Without, E.C.
 LONDON: 79 Watworth Road, S.E.
 LONDON: 118 Powis Street, Woolwich, S.E.
 GLASGOW: 326 & 328 Argyle St.
 LIVERPOOL: 11 Lime Street.
 BIRMINGHAM: 75 High Street.
 LEADS: 21 and 22 Vicar Lane.

THE MOST MARVELLOUS OF MODERN INVENTIONS. NEW PATENT THERMOSTATIC BOAT

NO DIRT BELF-FEEDING. NO SMOKE NEVER FAILS TO WORK. NO DANGER



It is only necessary to light the lamp and place the boat upon the water, when it will immediately start off at full speed, drawing up its own supply automatically as it goes along.

SIZES and PRICES, neatly packed in Boxes:

Size	Uses	By post
5 inches long, suitable for wash or bath.	Goes for 40 minutes each time the lamp is filled	16 1/8
9 inches long.	Goes for 3 hours	26 2/9
Do. Do. With Decks		36 3/9
14 inches long. Decked		56 5/10
18 "		76 8/-

"DINGLE DANGLE"

A HIGHLY AMUSING GAME FOR OLD AND YOUNG.



A little cork ball balanced on a hooked wire is blown upwards and floats in mid air as long as one's breath lasts. The object of the game is to hook the ball on a loop overhead. The loop can be adjusted higher or lower to make it more or less difficult as desired.

Beautifully made, nickel plated, complete in box, with instructions, 1/-, by post, 1/1.

Only to be obtained from the Sole Makers,

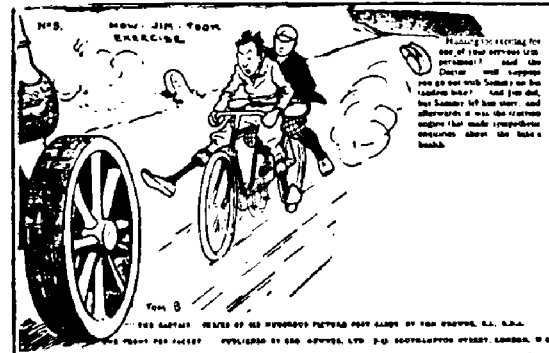
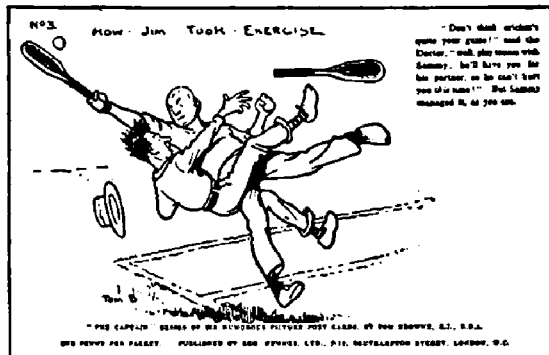
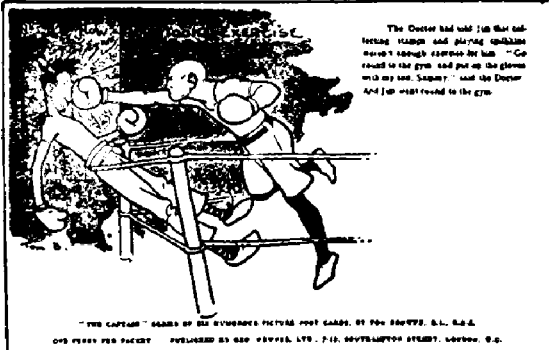
H. J. REDDING & CO., Scientific Novelists,
 3 ARGYLL PLACE, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

New Illustrated Catalogue of all the latest Amusing and Scientific Novelists sent on receipt of id. stamp.

'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.



LOOK OUT FOR THE NOVEMBER "CAPTAIN"

AND READ

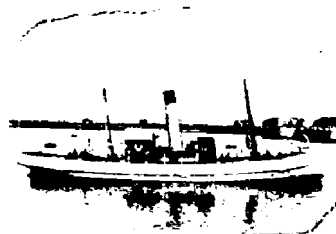
- POOR DEAR HARRY.** A laughable School Story. By GUY N. POCOCK.
- A BATTLE ROYAL.** A thrilling midnight adventure in an Indian Bungalow between a European, a Snake, and a MongOOSE.
- THE TERROR OF CARMUNDOOR.** An adventure describing how a famous man-eating tiger was caught alive.
- THE MAGNANIMITY OF BRINDLE.** A Story of a Balliol Scholarship.
- ACROSS THE WILDERNESS.** Describing the further adventures of the two young Indians, Zintkala and Etapa. By FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS.
- THE GOLD BAT.** A real Public School Story. By P. G. WODEHOUSE.

CYCLING. ATHLETICS. STAMPS. NATURAL HISTORY. PHOTOGRAPHY.

Full of Pictures is the NOVEMBER "CAPTAIN."

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 Merchant 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.

MODEL STEAM, GAS, & OIL ENGINES, DYNAMOS, ELECTRO MOTORS.

Nos. 60 to 64.
Reversing Vertical Engines with Oscillating Cylinders, Brass Boiler, and all Fittings Complete, 3 1/2, 4, 5, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72, 74, 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, 88, 90, 92, 94, 96, 98, 100. Carriage Paid.

Nos. 101 to 104.
Slide Valve Vertical Engines with Force Pump, Condensers, Boiler with Water Gauge, Whistle, all Best Fittings, and Lamp, &c., complete. 11 ins. high, 15 s., 12 ins. high, 20 s., 13 ins. high, 20 s., 14 ins. high, 40 s., Carriage Paid.

Nos. 60 to 64.
High-class Dynamoes. These dynamoes are of the lamp type, and specially designed for Electric Light Installations, charging Accumulators, Electro Plating, &c. They are fitted with adjustable Becker Brushes, extra Bearings, Oil Cups, &c., and are the best small dynamoes procurable, where real and constant work is required.

No. 1	To light 14 C.P. Lamps,	19 6	Carriage Paid.
2	48	25	..
3	48	47 6	..
4	68	70	..
5	106	110	..
6	106	155	..

No. 1 and 2 have 11 Armatures, all others have Drum Armatures. Materials with wire and full instructions for constructing same are supplied at No. 1, 9 1/2; No. 2, 13 1/2; No. 3, 19 6; No. 4, 25; No. 5, 35; No. 6, 49 6 Carriage Paid.

See Catalogue for other designs of Dynamoes and Steam, Gas, and Oil Engines for driving same, Lamps, Wire, Fittings, &c.

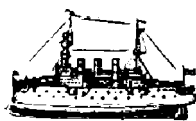
New Design Self-Starting Electro Motors for Boats. Complete with Propellers and shafts. To suit Boat 24 ft. long, 9 1/2, 15 1/2, 4 to 5 ft., 24 s., Larger Sizes, 35 s., 50 s., 60 1/2 s., Carriage Paid.

Price: 10 1/2, 2, 3 1/2, 4 1/2 and 5 1/2 extra.

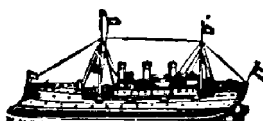
See Catalogue for Rails, Points, Switches, Crossings, Carriages, Cars, Trucks, Platforms, Stations, &c., and other Designs of Steam and Clockwork Locomotives, &c.

Send for our **Splendid New Enlarged Catalogue**, nearly 500 Illustrations, of powerful and magnificent Model Locomotives, Vertical, Horizontal, 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 Engines, 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, 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.



Battleship.



Gunboat.



Ocean Liner.

Magnificent Model Battleships fitted up complete with Life-boats, Fore and Aft Barbette, Guns (Quick Firers), Cannons, 8 Guns in Casements, Model Search Lights, &c. Length nearly 3 ft., with Strong Engine and Boiler, price 65 s., with Double Marine Engine and Twin Screw Propellers, 75 s., Carriage Paid. Carr. Abroad, 10 6 extra. **Division Boats** with Steam Engine and Boiler, Guns and all Fittings complete. 24 ins. long, 15 1/4, Carriage Paid. Carriage Abroad, 3 1/2 extra. **Model Passenger Ships and Ocean Liners** finished and Enamelled in best style. Fitted with Strong Steam Engines, Boilers, Fittings, Masts, and Funnels, &c., as shown. 22 ins. long, 24 s., 26 ins. long, 34 s., 24 ft. long, 60 s., 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, 20 s., 25 ins. long, 25 s., large size, 24 ft. long, 32 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/ and 3/ extra.

High Class Model Steam Locomotives.



No. 44.



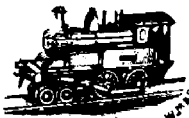
No. 32.



No. 50b.



No. 45.



No. 42.

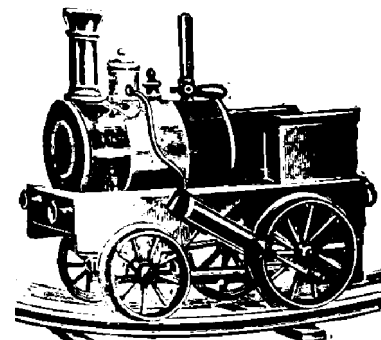
No. 44 Scale Model L. & S.W. Locomotive and Tender. 2 1/2 V. Cylinders, Reversing Gear, Coupled Wheels, all Fittings Plated, Gauge 3 ins., Spring Buffers, Strong Boiler with all Best Fittings and Water Gauge, Tenders with Spirit and Water Tanks, also New Improved Long Feed Pump, Total Length, 2 ft. 4 ins., Price, Carr. Paid, 50 s., Carr. Abroad, 7 6 extra. **No. 32, Splendid Model L. & S.W. Railway Express Locomotive and Tender** with 2 1/2 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 s., Carr. Abroad, 7 6 extra. **No. 50b, Splendid Model 7 Fraction Engine** with 8 V. Cylinders, 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/ 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/ s., Carr. Abroad, 13/ extra. Gauge 2 ins., 17 ins. long, Price 30 s., all Carr. Paid, Carr. Abroad, 4/ extra. Well made, Highly Finished, Painted Fittings. **No. 42, Tank Engine** with 2 1/2 V. Cylinders, Reversing Gear, Gauge 2 ins., Length 11 ins., Price, with Rails, 50 s., Carr. Paid, Carr. Abroad, 5/ extra.

Torpedo Boats with 1/2 H.P. Engine and Boiler, Guns, &c., complete. 15 ins. long, 8 s., 20 ins. long, 10 6, Carriage Paid. Carr. Abroad, 2 6 & 3 6 extra. See Catalogue for Model Marine Engines and Boilers all kinds, Petrol Motors for Boats from 12 to 30 feet long.

WRIGHT'S 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 so clear, that any person could master this fine game in an hour."—Irish Sportsman.
RUGBY CHAMPIONSHIP
 Board, Rules, &c., complete, 7/6
A Few MATCH FOOTBALLS 5 - each.
WRIGHT & CO., 2 Amer. Corner, E.C.

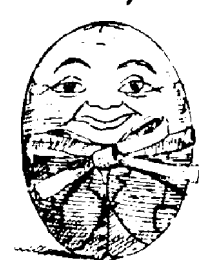
LOOK HERE, BOYS!!!
 Can be Drilled Like Real Men.
 Beautiful Models. All British Made.
LIVING SOLDIERS
 Infantry or Cavalry.
 In Box, with Drill Frame, 1/-, 16, and 2/-.
 Carriage Free in United Kingdom.
MOLLESON, HUGHES & CO. 27 Almond St Liverpool

HAMLEY'S LOCOMOTIVES, NOVELTIES, TOYS, &c.



SPLENDID WORKING STEAM LOCOMOTIVE.
 Complete with Rails.
 Price 17 6, 22 6, 32 6.
 Case and Carriage extra.
 Write for complete illustrated list of Model Engines, Locomotives, Clock Trains, &c., post free 4 stamps.

THE WONDERFUL SPIRIT MOVER.
 With this simple contrivance anyone can cause dishes, plates, &c. to move most mysteriously up and down. Great fun. Price 3d. each, post free 4 1/2. With full directions. With extra long tube, price 9d., post free 10 1/2.



COMICAL HUMPTY-DUMPTY TUMBLER.
 This quaint little man will not lie down, the more you try to make him the longer he persists in standing. Very cute and funny. Causes endless amusement.

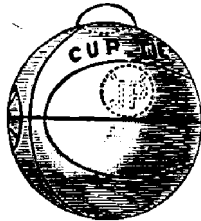
LATEST ELECTRICAL NOVELTIES.
 Electric Scarf Pin, very pretty, well finished. Price 3 1/2, post age 3d. extra.
 Write for List of Hamley's Outdoor Games, Toys, Joke & Novelty, Conjuring Tricks, &c., &c., post free.



Price No. 1, 4 1/2, post free 5 1/2.
 No. 2, 6d., 7 1/2, 11d.
 Superior Hand Painted. Price No. 2, 9d., post free 11d.
 No. 3, 1/3, 1/5.

510a & 512 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

JOHN PIGGOTT LTD.

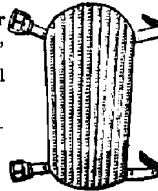


Postage, 4d.

J.P. CUP TIE MATCH BALL. 9/9.
 THE "CROWN." 5/-.
 THE "GOAL." 6/6.
 THE "BRITON." 7/6.
 THE "KIKOPH." 8/11.
 "BOY'S OWN." 3/9 (small size).

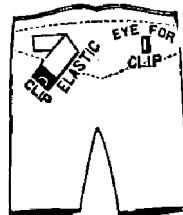
THE BEST OUTFITTERS FOR FOOTBALL.

SHIN GUARDS.
 White Canvas, 9d. per pair.
 Cane Bars, covered leather, 1/- per pair.
 Cane Bars, gold cape, well padded, 1/4 per pair.
 Postage, 3d.



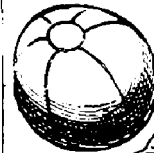
BELTLESS FOOTBALL KNICKER.

Showing back of knicker with Fastening. No Dangerous Buckles. No Belt required.



Fitted with Elastic Grip and Patent Clip. Strong Navy Serge, Boys' Sizes, 2/2, 24/- per doz.
 Ordinary make, 1/4, 1/8, 2/8, 3/6, 4/8.
 Boys' White Knickers, Strong Swansdown, 1/2, 2/-, 3/- per pair.
 2/- allowed on orders of 1 doz.
 MEN'S SIZES, 2d. per pair extra.

THE "LEAGUE" REFEREE WHISTLE. 6d. each. Postage, 1d.
 FOOTBALL BELTS, 9d. Postage, 1d.



Orders by Post sent by return.

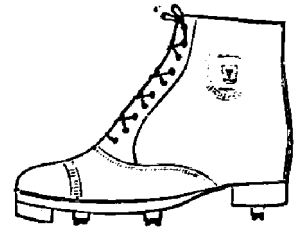


FOOTBALL BAGS.
 12 14 16 18in
 3/6 4/1 4/9 5/4
 Postage, 6d.

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.



YOUTHS' FOOTBALL BOOTS.
 Size 2 to 5, 5/11. Pad, 6/9.
 " 12 to 1, 4/9. " 5/11.
 Postage, 6d.

PLEASE SEND FOR OUR NEW FOOTBALL LIST, POST FREE.

(Dept. J.) 117 & 118, CHEAPSIDE & MILK STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Cadbury's Cocoa

Absolutely Pure - therefore Best

REFRESHING AND SUSTAINING.

Dr. ANDREW WILSON says:

"The practice of adding to cocoa foreign substances should be condemned. . . . Cocoa in itself is an excellent and nutritious food, and it should be used in a perfectly pure state."

The MEDICAL ANNUAL says:

"Cadbury's is a perfectly pure Cocoa of the highest quality."

HOW TO BECOME A CRACK SHOT

Buy and Use

SHOOTS DARTS OR B B SHOT.



Either a KING or PRINCE

Price 3/6 each. AIR RIFLE.

Write for Booklets. Sole Importers:

MARKT & CO., 20, Chapel St., Milton St., London, E.C.

EMBER.

BOYS' CLUBS. By the EDITOR.
MORE LETTERS TO JOHN.

By C. B. FRY.

THE CAPTAIN


A MAGAZINE
FOR BOYS & "OLD BOYS."

EDITOR, "THE OLD FAC." ATHLETIC EDITOR, C. B. FRY.

6d.

X. No. 56.

NOVEMBER, 1903.

By Appointment  To H.M. THE KING.

THE GRADE ONLY—THE BEST

PREMIER "JUVENILE" BICYCLES.

Price: £8 8s. Net, or £1 1s. Monthly.

Catalogue Free from
**PREMIER CYCLE CO., LTD.,
COVENTRY.**

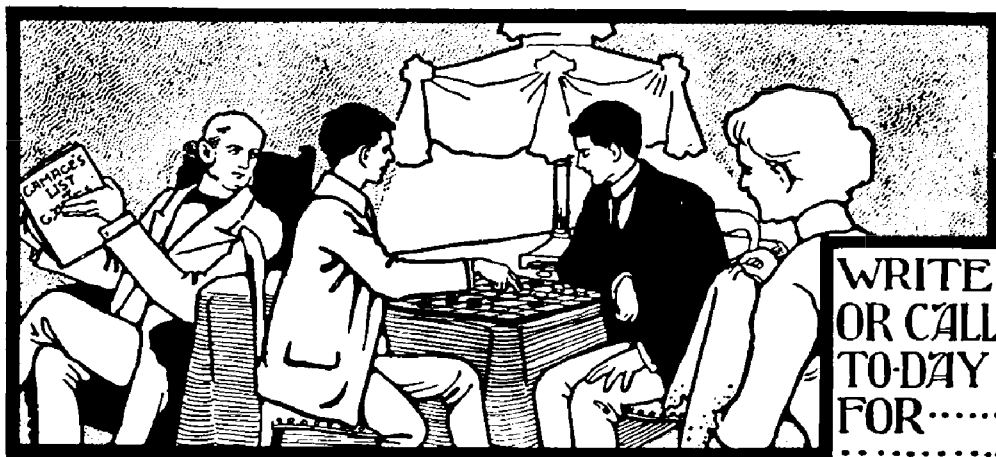
LONDON:—
20 Holborn Viaduct, E.C., and
133 Hammersmith Road, W.



Published Monthly by **GEORGE NEWNES, Ltd.**, 7-12, Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

GAMAGE FOR GAMES.

CHEAPEST and BEST House in the World for every kind of Sport or Game. NOTHING TOO LARGE. NOTHING TOO SMALL.



WRITE OR CALL TO-DAY FOR.....

BILLIARDS FOR THE MILLION.

Billiard Table, £5 : 7 : 6 Or on the Easiest of Easy Terms.

For standing on Dining Table, fitted with adjustable Legs for levelling. Consisting of Mahogany Frame Billiard Table, with Slate Bed, India Rubber Cushions, Brass Pocket Fittings, Ivory Balls, 2 Cues, Cue Rest, Marking Board, Spirit Level, Chalk, Box of Tips, and Box of Wafers. Outside Measurements of Table, 6 ft. 4 in. by 3 ft. 4 in. Size of Balls 1 1/2 in. Better Qualities at proportionately Low Prices. See Particulars on List.

GAMAGE'S LIST OF GAMES FOR THE WINTER.

DRAUGHTS ... 10 1/2d., 1/1, 1/4	ASCOI ... 3 3, 4/8, 6/6	TRAVELLING CHESS	WHEELING ... 9d., 2/-, 2/9
CHESS ... 6d. to 40/-	RACE GAMES 4 1/2d., 9d., 1/6	2/3, 3/11, 6/11	YACHT RACE ... 9d.
HALMA ... 9d., 1/3, 2/3	ROULETTE BOARD	CHESS BOARD 6 1/2d., 9 1/2d., 1-	WOBBLY WOB 1/6, 2/6, 5/-, 5/-
PUFF BILLIARDS 27/6, 35/-, 50/-	6 1/2d., 1/-, 2/-, 3/3	LEATHER DITTO 1/-, 1/2, 1/4	TABLE FOOTBALL ... 9d.
PARLOUR CRICKET 9d., 2/6, 5/-	SANDOWN 2/4, 3/-, 9/8, 25/-	COMPENDIUMS OF GAMES	S'WICK KICK ... 9d.
GRACE CRICKET ... 10 6, 20/-	PLAYING CARDS	2/3, 3/3, 4/3	PAYNE'S COUNTER GOLF 21/-
TIVOLI BILLIARDS	7 1/2d., 8 1/2d., 1/-, 1/2	TABLE CROQUET 1/-, 1/9, 2/4, 3/6	BALFOUR COLFETTE ... 8 11
1/4, 1/11, 2/6	DOMINOES	RING GAMES ... 2/11, 4/-, 5/-	TABLE TENNIS ... 2/3, 2/11, 3/11
CASTLE BILLIARDS ... 39/6	9d., 11d., 1 1/2, 1/9, 1/11	LUDD ... 9d., 1/-, 1/9	



BOXING and GYMNASIA.

"REFEREE" BOXING GLOVES.

THE MOST PERFECT GLOVE MADE. PRICE 11/9.

Its special and unique feature consists in the arrangement of padding, which is brought over from the back of the hand to the inside of the fingers, passing over the tips of the same and extending to above the second joints. The thumb is padded in the same manner.

The great advantage of this is that the fingers are well protected with padding, avoiding the injuries so often caused by inferior and laddly padded gloves.

SEE CATALOGUE.

SPECIAL LINE IN BOXING GLOVES.

Buff Chamois, with finger grip.	
Men's Size	Price 4/6 set
Youth's Size	" 3/6 "
Buff Leather, Stuffed Hair, with finger grip and side pad.	
Men's Size	Price 6/6 set
Youth's Size	" 4/9 "
Gold Cape, Stuffed Horse Hair, ventilated palms.	
Men's Size	Price 9/- set
Youth's Size	" 8/3 "

Postage, 4d

PUNCHING BALLS.

28 in., 10/6 and 13 6; 36 in., 17/6. Superior Quality, Waxed Seams, 17/6, 20/-, 22/6, 26/-, 30/-.

Whitely Exercisers, Ladies', 3/6; Men's, 4/6; Athlete's, 5/6; Ex Athlete's, 6/6.

Whitely 5-Strand Chest Expanders, Men's, 4/6; Athlete's, 5/6; Ex Athlete's, 6/6.

Sandow's Exerciser, 12/6.

Sandow's Spring Grip Dumb-Bells, Men's, 7/6 and 12/6; Boys', Youths', and Ladies', from 5/- pair.

Sole Agents for the New Spiral Spring Exerciser, 8/11, 9/6, 9/11, 10/6.

DUMB-BELLS.

Iron Dumb-Bells, octagon shape, uncovered, 1 1/2d. lb. Carriage extra.

Handles covered with leather 3d. lb. Carriage extra.

Wood Dumb-Bells, 4 1/2d., 8d. and 10d. pair.

Postage 3d and 4d.

THE NEW WRIST MACHINE.

For strengthening muscles of arms, 1/9 pair, postage 3d.

WHITE FLANNEL TROUSERS, 4/11, 5/11, 7/11.

STRONG WEB BELTS, all Colours, 10 1/2d.

GYMNASTIC VE-TS, White Gauze, 1/-, 1/6.

Do. Coloured. Ribbed Neck and Arms, 1/6, 1/9.

GYMNASTIC SETS. HOME GYMNASIA.

PORTABLE ROWING MACHINES. CHEST EXPANDERS.

CALISTHENIC WANDS. FENCING GOODS.

IRON BAR BELLS. INDIAN CLUBS, &c.

Special Agents for all the Sandow Appliances. Appointed Outfitters to all Sandow Schools and Institutes.

(Orders over 20s. Carriage Paid unless otherwise stated.) Write for Illustrated Catalogue, Post Free.

A. W. GAMAGE, Ltd., Holborn, London, E.C.

ESTABLISHED 1789.

CONTRACTORS TO THE ADMIRALTY.

A FEW OF OUR LATEST DESIGNS OF WORKING MODEL STEAM ENGINES.

MADE IN BRITAIN BY BRITISH WORKMEN.

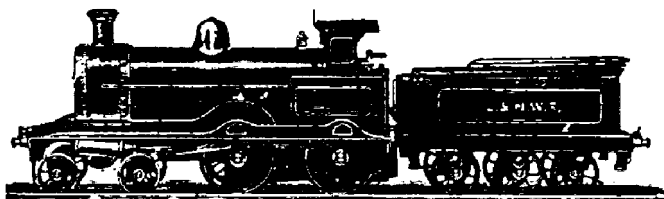
These Engines are fitted with Brass Boilers, Safety Valve, Steam and Water Cocks, &c. Each Tested under Steam and Guaranteed.



No. 22 - SCALE D.A.S.V. HORIZONTAL ENGINE, with three Cross Tubes to Boiler, Flues, Inside Fire Box, Steam Pressure Gauge, Glass Water Gauge, &c. Runs at 950 Revolutions per minute. Price 45/6. Carriage Free. Complete Set Castings for constructing No. 22 Engine above, including Boiler Materials, &c. and fully detailed Blue print Drawings. Price 9/6. Carriage Free.



No. 23c. REVERSING COPPER BOILER ENGINE, strong Brass O.S. Cylinder, Reversing Lever, Steam and Water Taps, &c. Price 10/- Carriage Free. DITTO, without Reversing Gear, otherwise the same. Price 6/6. Carriage Free.



No. 1 - SCALE MODEL L. & N. W. RAILWAY EXPRESS ENGINE, JUBILEE CLASS (named "Clyde"), with Cross Tubes to Boiler, Flues, Internal Flame Fire Box, Steam Pressure Gauge, &c. Spirit Tank fitted in Tender, &c., as above. Length, 2 ft., Gauge III., 2 1/2 in. £4 10s. 6d. Carriage Free.

No. 2 - DITTO. Length, over 2 1/2 ft., Gauge, 2 1/2 in., with Link Motion Reversing Gear, Pump for Filling Boiler, &c., with Fittings as above. Price complete, with Tender, £12 10s. Carriage Free.



No. 35 - IMPROVED REVERSING SCALE MODEL OF CALLEDONIAN RY. CO.'S FAMOUS EXPRESS ENGINE "Dunblair", Brass Tubular Boiler, Model RAMSBOTTOM SAFETY VALVE, Starting Lever, STEAM PRESSURE GAUGE, Glass Water Gauge, Steam and Water Cocks, STEAM WHISTLE, D.A.S.V. Cylinder with Reversing Eccentric, Connecting Rods, &c., Spirit Tank in Tender, with Union Cock for regulating supply to Lamin. Length 22 1/2 in., Gauge III., 2 1/2 in. Price 50/-. Carriage Free.

With 30 ft. straight and circular Rails forming a splendid Oval Railroad, 60 ft. Carriage Free. MODELS OF M.R., G.N.E., or N.E.R. of similar design to Dunblair, but with pair inside Powerful Brass O.S. Cylinders, Glass Water Gauge, Steam and Water Cocks, Brass Tubular Boiler, &c., &c. Length, 22 in., Gauge III., 2 1/2 in. 37/6. Carriage Free.

With 30 ft. Oval Railroad, price 47/6. Carriage Free. For extra Rails, Switch Points, Tunnels, Stations, Bridges, Signals, Carriages, Trucks, &c., see Catalogue below.



No. 80 - SCALE MODEL OF 1620 CLASS N.E.R. FAMOUS EXPRESS ENGINE. Boiler Fitted as above, with Spirit Tank in Tender, &c., &c. Length, 2 1/2 ft., Gauge, 2 1/2 in. Price £10. Carriage Free.

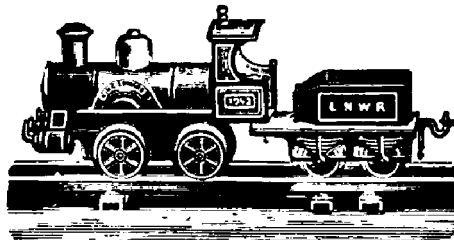


No. 81 - G.E.R. SCALE MODEL 1 1/2 to 1 ft. of the CO. 8 WELL-KNOWN FAMOUS EXPRESS ENGINE "Claud Hamilton" with 4 Tubes to Boiler, Smoke and Fire Boxes, Steam Pressure Gauge, &c., Spirit Tank in Tender, &c., as above described. Length, 1 ft. 8 in., Gauge III., 2 1/2 in. Price £3 10s. 6d. Carriage Free.

No. 83 - NEW MODEL REVERSING D.A.S.V. VERTICAL ENGINE with Reversing Eccentric, Glass Water Gauge, Steam and Water Cocks, &c. Price 12/-. Carriage Free. OUR NEW BRITISH MODELS, Superforce C.W. Train Sets, fitted with PATENT Regulator, BRAKE, &c., with Two Carriages and Brake and Guard's Van, complete with straight and circular Rails forming a splendid Oval Railroad.

These Train Sets can be had CORRECTLY LINED, ENAMELLED AND LETTERED in L. & S. W. Ry., G. Ry., G.N. Ry., L. & N. W. Ry., M. Ry.

SCALE MODEL, LOCOMOTIVE ENGINES, Coloured and Lined in Co.'s Colours. Tested under Steam and Guaranteed.



These Engines are very powerful and run as long as the Steam Locomotive.
 No. 15093 - Engine, Tender & 3 Carriages, Gauge 0-1 1/2 in. ... 12/- Carr. Free.
 No. 16093 - Engine, Tender & Large Carriages, as Illustrated, Gauge 0-1 1/2 in. ... 14/-
 No. 17093 - Bogie Express Engine, Tender & 2 Special Cars, Gauge 0-1 1/2 in. ... 22/6
 No. 15193 - Engine, Tender & 2 Small Cars, Gauge 1-1 1/2 in. ... 20/-
 No. 16193 - " " " " 3 Large " " 1-1 1/2 in. ... 27/6

EACH Fitted with REVERSING GEAR, Glass Water Gauge, STEAM PRESSURE GAUGE, Steam Whistle, Model RAMSBOTTOM SAFETY VALVE, &c., as per Engravings

CLYDE MODEL DOCKYARD & ENGINE DEPOT, ARGYLE ARCADE, GLASGOW, N.B.

An admirable Food for

Cyclists, Footballers, 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.

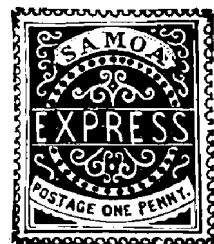
REFUSE IMITATIONS, INSIST ON PETER'S

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 date of publication,
with the price of each.



1903 4
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.

1s. **ASTONISHING VALUE** 1s.

The following 52 different stamps for 1s.: Northern Nigeria, Niger Coast, Mauritius, St. Christopher, St. Vincent, Bermuda, 3 Barbados, 4 Guiana, 4 Cape, Sierra Leone, Grenada, 2 Ceylon, Gold Coast, 5 Jamaica, 3 Hong Kong, 4 Mauritius, Newfoundland, Orange State, Perak, Selangor, 3 Straits, Transvaal, 2 Trinidad. The entire lot 1s. post free.

A. MYERSCOUGH & CO.,

3, Broadway, Ludgate Hill, London.

Price List of Colonials Post Free
Prices are very low, wholesale and retail.

NOVEMBER BARGAIN—100 different, 4d., including British Guiana Jub., 2 Cuba "Views," Hong Kong, 2 Mauritius, Travancore, New Id. and 2d. Tasmania, 2 Queensland, 4 different Straits, surcharged Venezuela. A decided bargain, post free. Grats, 250 Mounts and 6 old Spain to all who order. Price List free. Agents wanted. 500 different stamps, 5s. 1,000, 15s. post free. Inland; abroad 1s. extra; mounted, clean and perfect. Bright's Catalogue, 1903, 2s. 10d.; King's, 1s. 3d.

A. B. McANSLAN & TURNER, 95 Bath Street, Glasgow.

CHEAP FOREIGN STAMPS.

For Sample Packets and Sheets apply to Mrs. W. ROGER JONES, "Cae-Clawdd," Mayfield Road, Sanderstead, Croydon. Send 6d. for 125 stamps, all different; 4d. for 25 Central American all different.

(STAMPS) HOW TO COLLECT STAMPS (STAMPS)

Don't buy rubbish. Buy only stamps in good condition, lightly cancelled. For really fine copies of all countries, write

J. W. JONES, 444 Strand, London (opposite Charing Cross).

Orders executed from any catalogue.

SPECIAL BARGAINS FOR NOVEMBER.

Great Britain 2/6, 5/-, 10/- K. H. 4/3, Somaliland 4 annas to 8 annas (unused) 4/-. Transvaal Republic 24 varieties 5/-. Orange Colony 10 varieties provisionals, including thick V's and rare 4d., 6/-. Finest Mounts, 3,000 2/6. New cheap mounts, 4d. 1,000.

NEW LIST OF SPECIAL SETS free on application.

Breaking a Collection at 50 per cent. discount.

J. W. JONES, Sole Address, 444 Strand (Charing Cross), 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.

BUY AT 1/2 THE PRICE
WRITE FOR IT GET IT
BUTLER'S PRICE LIST
COSTS NOTHING SAYS A LOT

For One Penny we will send our 74 page Illustrated Price List and a Packet of 50 Stamps, including several picturesque and King's Head British Colonials, such as Transvaal, Jamaica, Malta, Guiana, Western Australia, Cape of Good Hope, New Zealand, &c.

A BIG BARGAIN.

The Great Packet contains 130 different Stamps, including Ten Picturesque British Colonials of Turk's Island, Jamaica, New Zealand, New South Wales, Western Australia, etc., Portugal, Chili, United States, Columbus, French Empire, Sweden, Hungary, British Beruanaaland, Spain, Austria, a Set of Ten India, including King's Head and scarce H.M.S., Argentine Republic, a set of SIX Brazil, etc., post free 6d. And also free to every purchaser a Set of Eight Special Service (the scarce oblong issue used only on Government letters). Any other dealer would ask 2s for the sets alone.

APPROVAL SELECTIONS upon application.

BUTLER BROS., CLEVEDON.

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.

NEW APPROVAL SHEETS READY

Write for a selection to-day, low prices, large discount, fine variety. All collectors should see them.
ANOTHER BARGAIN PACKET. 50 postage stamps, all different, price 3d., postage 1d. extra. Includes South and West Australia, Trinidad, Federated Malay States, Barbados, obsolete Orange Free State, Cret., Transvaal, Brazil, Java, Paraguay, and others. All purchasers asking for approval sheets will receive in addition a set of unused Peru.
Exchange desired with collectors in all Colonies. Duplicates exchanged. Collections and rare stamps purchased.

F. G. ROWE

(formerly of Bath), 22 Desborough Road, Plymouth.

THE CISTAFILE

FOR STAMP COLLECTIONS
(Patent and Copyright)

AN ENTIRELY NEW SYSTEM TO
Supersede Stamp Albums.

The Cistafile is always up-to-date, is inexpensive, simple, compact, secure, portable, everlasting and practically unbreakable. With the Cistafile, collections can be rearranged to any new order and as often as desired in a few minutes, at no extra cost and without touching a single stamp. The Cistafile provides for stamps that may be issued in the future equally as well as those issued in the past. A complete index showing cost, when and where purchased, date, color, perforation, watermark, etc., etc., accompanies and is inseparable from each stamp. The Cistafile will at all times exactly fit your collection. There are no blank spaces with the Cistafile. Leaves are dispensed with and it is almost impossible to in any way damage stamps. The Cistafile is equally suitable for small, medium, and large collections. Cistafiles never become obsolete. Cistafiles cost less than albums and will last a lifetime. Owing to the many great advantages of this new system over albums, the Cistafile is admitted, by all who have seen it, to be indispensable to collectors. There are only a few of the advantages, there are dozens more fully explained in our catalogue, giving full particulars, gratis, and post free on application to

Lawn & Barlow, 99, Regent St., London.
Sole Manufacturers.

THE CISTAFILE

IS NOT A BOOK

MIDLAND STAMP CO., CASTLE BROMWICH.

CHEAP SETS, ALL DIFFERENT.

30 Argentine .. . 8	20 French Colonies .. . 5	25 Cuba .. . 6
33 Hungary .. . 8	45 Germany .. . 7	29 Switzerland .. . 6
15 Bulgaria .. . 9	21 Wurtemberg .. . 6	20 Turkey .. . 5
50 Belgium .. . 9	24 Greece .. . 6	49 United States .. . 5
20 Brazil .. . 6	20 Mexico .. . 5	20 Salvador .. . 7
20 Bulgaria .. . 6	20 Nicaragua .. . 6	20 Venezuela .. . 7
16 Chili .. . 6	15 Peru .. . 6	10 Borneo .. . 9
15 Colombia .. . 6	16 Luxembourg .. . 6	20 Canada .. . 6
13 Costa Rica .. . 4	24 Portugal .. . 6	18 Cape Good Hope .. . 6
12 Guatemala .. . 6	30 Rumania .. . 6	25 India .. . 6
33 Holland .. . 4	15 Finland .. . 5	10 Newfoundland .. . 10
20 Honduras .. . 8	20 Servia .. . 6	10 Labuan .. . 9
19 Ecuador .. . 6	50 Spain .. . 9	

CAPTAIN PACKET.—200 varieties, including Newfoundland, Borneo, Labuan, Guatemala, Peru Llama, Honduras, Maby Tiger, Bolivia, Nicaragua, Nyassa, Cape Verde, Mozambique, Zairest, Congo, Reunion, Morocco, Senegal, Salvador rare surcharge, Ecuador official, Servia surcharge, Montenegro, Paraguay, Dononica, Uruguay, Persia surcharged, Venezuela, New Granada, Costa Rica 20c., Brazil, Set of 5 Cuba, Bulgaria, Philippine, India King, Patiala, Gwallor, Tunis, Argentine, Cape, Barbados, Jamaica, Decau, Java, free 11. List of hundred-sets, packets, cheapest in the trade, free. Wonderful value, 500 varieties Foreign Colonials, 2-6, 100 different Colonials, 1-100 different South America, 2-130 varieties African stamps, 5-130 varieties West India stamps, 5-6.
Only Address—Midland Stamp Co., Castle Bromwich, Birmingham.

OUR SPECIAL PICTURESQUE PACKET, 4D.

This Packet contains 100 Stamps from all Parts of the World, but specially contains a number of beautifully engraved Stamps as follows: Borneo (Stag's Head), Nyassa (Giraffe), Bolivia (Mountain), New Zealand (Mountains), Brazil (Sea Coast), Jamaica (Waterfall), New South Wales (Kangaroo), Travancore (Snail), Guatemala (Bird), Cape (Sea and Mountains), United States (Farming), Mexico (Eagle), San Salvador (Natives), Columbia (Eagle), Western Australia (Swan), Guiana (Ship), Peru (Llamas), and other good Stamps. Post free, 4d.

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, Bulgaria, Greece, United States (Buffalo Exhibition Stamp), Brazil (very old), Guatemala, Nyassa (giraffe), Sweden (long official), &c., &c. Post free, 4½d.

Special Collections of Stamps.

The Cheapest in the World. 500 all different, price 3s. 9d. 250 all different, price 1s. 6d. 1,000 all different, price, post free, 12s. 6d. 2,000 all different, price 2 guineas. 100 British Colonials all different, and including many scarce, post free, 2s. 9d.

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.

Our Price List, Post Free on Application. Undoubtedly the Cheapest List in the Trade.

EDWARD COOPER & Co.,
14, Archway Road, Highgate, London, N.

USED BRITISH COLONIALS

Are the very best stamps to collect.

For several years we have been buying large quantities of Used British Colonials, & can now supply them at a price which defies all competition.

NOVEMBER
Packet 30 Varieties, including 10 High Values British Colonials and a valuable set of 7 New Zealand FREE 6d. Postage 1d. extra. The Cheapest Packet ever offered.

DON'T MISS THIS SPLENDID BARGAIN.

Contents of November Packet.
Zanzibar. Old Sultan issue. 2½ Annas. A very rare stamp.
British New Guinea. Picture of Native Goat and Scenery.
Trinidad. 1s Head of Queen Victoria.
Grenada. 6d. Orange. Scarce old type of 1861.
British Bechuanaland. Surcharged on 1d. English 1891.
Lagos. 1894 issue. A very scarce stamp.
Cape Colony. 1s yellow. 1878 issue.
Great Britain. 20 (1878) Service.
Jamaica. 4d. and 1d. official.
Victoria. 4d. Rare 1897 issue.
Hong Kong, Sierra Leone, Gold Coast 1894, Straits 50 cent, Victoria, Canada, England I.R. Official, Cape, also a fine set of 7 New Zealand (all Queen's Heads). 4d., 1d., 2d., 3d., 4d., 6d., and 1s.
Price 6d., Postage 1d. extra.

New Price List of BRITISH COLONIALS now ready. Stamps bought. Collections Specially Wanted. Selections of British Colonials sent on approval.
FRANK MOORE & CO., 3 The Arcade, Villiers St., Strand, LONDON

DON'T FORGET

that our Popular Approval Sheets are the favourite, because the stamps are noted for their very fine condition, grand variety, and CHEAPNESS.

6d. in 1/- Discount. YOU give them a trial.
Every applicant who encloses 1d. for postage and mentions the Captain will receive 25 stamps FREE.

Loose stamps and collections wanted.
J. W. SPOWART & CO., Nevill St., SOUTHPORT.

ABSOLUTELY FREE!

For a short time only I will GIVE AWAY

- 3 Shanghai
- 5 U.S.A.
- 10 Roumania

A very fine set, including new and obsolete issues. Catalogued at 10d.
The 18 stamps mentioned above will be given away only on condition that you ask to see my approval sheets, enclose 1d. stamp for postage, and show this advertisement to at least two other stamp collectors.

H. C. WATKINS, 86 Lordship Lane (3510), Wood Green, N.



The Godiva Packet of Foreign and Colonial Stamps contains 175 genuine varieties, comprising Bermuda, Trinidad, St. Vincent, Java, Malta, Gibraltar, Barbados, Lewward 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.; 300, 1s. 10d., 15s.

SETS:—Queen's Heads, 50 different without English, 1s.; 10 Iceland, 9d.; 35 Norway, 1s.; 6 Montenegro, 4d.; 12 British Guiana, 1s.; 2 Mauritius, 1s.; 12 Tunis, 9d.; 6 Sarawak, 9d.; 5 Barbados, 3d.; 7 Ecuador Jubilee, 9d.; 30 Cuba, 1s. 3d.; 15 Persia, 9d.; 8 Borneo, 9d.; 8 Egypt, 3d.; 4 St. Vincent, 4d.; 16 Turkey, 9d.; 50 Swedden, 1s.; 18 Greece, 6d.; 20 Bulgaria, 6d.; 3 Caracas, 2d.; 5 Trinidad, 2d.; 1 Grenada, 3d.; 50 Australia, 1s.; 50 Colonials, 8d.; 100 Colonials, 2s. 6d.; 2 St. Helena, 3d.; 3 Bermuda, 2d.; 5 Jamaica, 2d.; 20 Finland, 9d.; 25 Denmark, 9d.; 14 Java, 9d.; 100 different Australian Colonials, a fine collection, price 6s. 10d. different South Australian, including many scarce surcharges, price 6s. Special offer for young collectors—An Illustrated Stamp Album and 500 assorted stamps, 1s. All postages extra.

The Midland Stamp Co., Cheylesmore, Coventry.

"PREMIER" INTERCHANGEABLE ALBUMS.

No.	Size	Capacity	Each	Doz.
			s. d.	l. s. d.
No. 1.	8-10, 9½ by 6½ in.	holds about 600 stamps	0 11	9 6
" 2.	4-10, 10 by 8 in.	holds about 725 stamps	1 0	11 6
" 3.	As No. 2, but stouter cover, &c.		1 2	13 0
" 4.	Folio, 11½ by 9½ in.	holds about 1000 stamps	1 6	18 0
" 10.	4-10, 10 by 8½ in.	50 leaves, holds about 1800 stamps, bound in leatherette, gilt lettered, &c.	4 6	48 0

EVERY LEAF IS REMOVABLE, and all the above Albums will admit of extra leaves being inserted. Additional leaves can be supplied at prices ranging from 2/9 to 3/6 per 100.

THE "A B C" CATALOGUE OF STAMPS, ENVELOPES, POST-CARDS, &c., is the only complete Catalogue published in the English Language; nearly 900 pp., post free, 2/10. All others are incomplete or misleading.

BRIGHT & SON, 164 Strand, London, W.C. BARGAINS.

Packets (Postage extra) 100 English Colonial Stamps, 1-1; 100 United States, 1/-; 50 Australia, 1/-; 50 English, 1-1; 20 Canada, 1/-; 20 Mexico, 1/-; 100 South and Central America, 2/-; 20 Ecuador, 3d.; 30 Ecuador, 1/6; 100 Stamps, all different, 15/-; 20 Postcards entire, all different, 6d. Sheets of Postage or Fiscal Stamps sent on approval. Good Discount.

J. RUSSELL,

64 Northumberland Park, Tottenham, London, N.

COLLECTIONS WANTED.

I buy collections and loose lots of postage stamps and pay the very highest prices. Fiscal and Revenue stamps also wanted. Selections of stamps on approval at 50 per cent. discount to responsible applicants. Deposit or references required.

JOHN JAMES COATES,

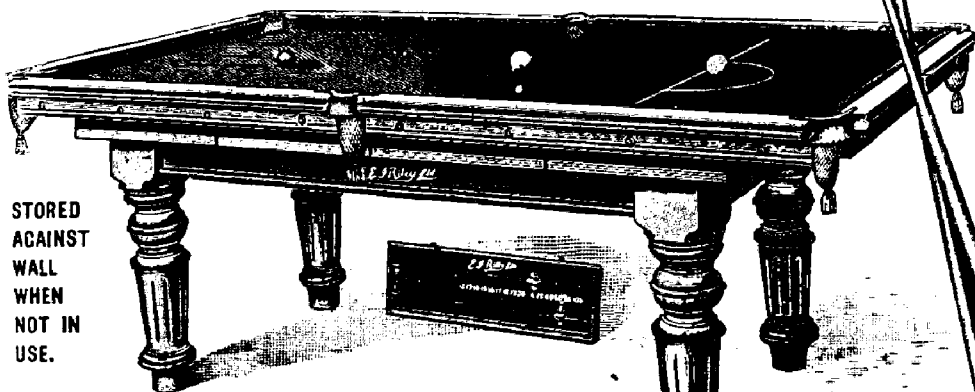
4 Southwark Street, London Bridge, London. Established 1879.

BILLIARDS AT HOME.

A Billiard Table ready to place on any Dining Table, and instantly removable.

CASH or EASY PAYMENTS.

BILLIARD TABLE WHEN RESTING ON DINING TABLE.



STORED AGAINST WALL WHEN NOT IN USE.

WILL FIT ANY SIZE OF DINING TABLE.

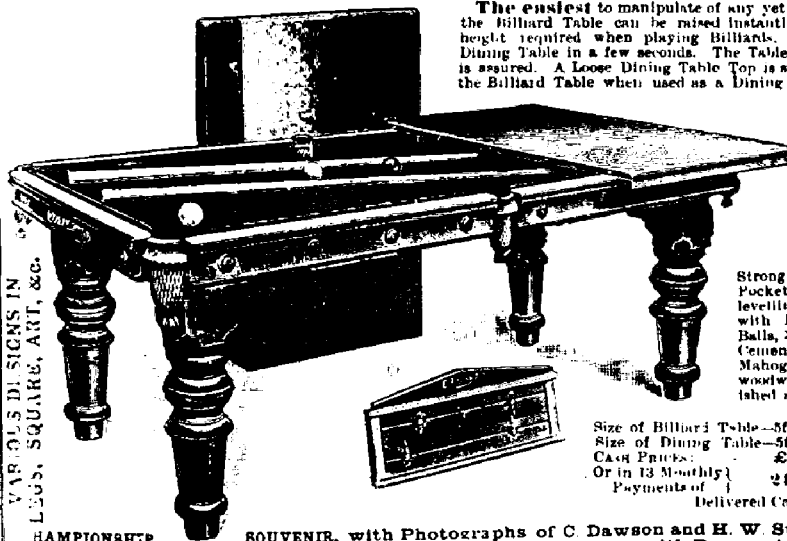
SIZE.	CASH PRICE.	OR IN 12 MONTHLY PAYMENTS OF
4ft. 4in. by 2ft. 4 in.	£3 17 6	6 6 per month.
5ft. 4in. by 2ft. 10in.	5 2 6	9 per month.
5ft. 4in. by 3ft. 4in.	6 0 0	10 0 per month.
7ft. 4in. by 3ft. 10in.	8 0 0	14 6 per month.

Special Quality (very superior) SIZE.	CASH PRICE.	OR IN 12 MONTHLY PAYMENTS OF
5ft. 4in. by 2ft. 10in.	£3 15 0	10 per month.
5ft. 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.

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 the Billiard Table when used as a Dining Table.



SPECIFICATION.

Combined Billiard and Dining Table. Solid Thick Mahogany Legs. Solid Mahogany Low Billiard Cushions fitted with Frost-Proof Rubber, best Slate Bed covered with Superior Billiard Cloth, 6 Strong Netteed Pockets, Invisible Brass Pocket Plates, Brass Adjustments for levelling, Mahogany Marking Board with Ebony Pointers, Set of Ivory Balls, 3 Cues, 1 Rest, Spirit Level, Tapes, Cement, &c. Prices include Panelled Mahogany Dining Table Top, and all woodwork is handsomely French Polished and Table warranted.

Size of Billiard Table—5ft. 4in., 6 ft. 4in., 7ft. 4in., 8ft. 4in.				
Size of Dining Table—5ft. 8in., 6ft. 8in., 7ft. 8in., 8ft. 8in.				
Cash Prices:	£13 10	£15	£18 10	£24 10
Or in 12 Monthly Payments of:	21	26 6	32 6	43

Delivered Carriage Paid at our Risk.

CHAMPIONSHIP

SOUVENIR, with Photographs of C. Dawson and H. W. Stevenson and Illustration of 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.

London Showrooms: 147, ALDERSGATE STREET, E.C.
ALL CORRESPONDENCE TO WORKS, ACCRINGTON.

REPAIRS.

Old Tables converted and fitted with the New Championship Cushions as used in 1903 Championship—

STEVENSON & DAWSON.

E. J. RILEY, LTD., Billiard Table Builders. **ACCRINGTON.**

VARIOUS DESIGNS IN LEGS, SQUARE, ART, &c.

PACKETS.

100 Colonial, all different, 2/-; 100 European, 1/-, no rubbish. Approval Sheets sent. Speciality 3d. packet, 50 all different; 10 Unused (Cat. 1/6 net), 9d. Postage extra.

FOX, 43 CHAPEL STREET, BRIDLINGTON.

3d. The "Tunis" Packet contains **3d.**
50 stamps, including:—Set of
5 TUNIS

With scarce 1903, fine pair U.S.A. 1 & 2 Dollars (documentary), 3 Pictorial Mexico, Peru (large handsome stamp), Italy (Segnatasse), Ceylon, Montenegro, Crete, W. Australia (Swan), New South Wales, Mysore, Canada, Spain (1903), young King, Cuba (trees), set of 10 Japan with 1900, 1903 and large wedding issue, etc. We shall also include in every packet a scarce set of 3 Provisional Stamps (catalogued by Gibbons at 1s. 9d.). Price 3d., Postage 1d. extra.

In addition every purchaser applying for our renowned Approval Sheets will receive Free

10 TURKEY,

including old and new and 2 scarce surcharged.

PERRIN BROS.,

57 Fortunegate Rd., Harlesden, London, N.W.

GRATIS! Prospective purchasers sending stamp for postage and applying for my marvellous Approval Selection receive gratis a fine

COMPLETE SET OF 13 OBSOLETE AUSTRIA, including the scarce 1 Golden, Catalogued 1/5, 1 offer plenty of Colonials and No Rubbish. Foreign correspondence solicited.
GRAHAM MORRIS, The Avenue, St. Margaret's, TWICKENHAM.

STAMP ALBUMS GIVEN AWAY.—80 Stamps all different, including 3 rare N.S.W., Guatemala (New Design), 2 Victoria, Grenada (Old), 2 Capes, and other good Colonials, price 1d., post free 2d.

FREE GIFT—Every 10th (tenth) purchaser of this packet who applies for sheet of stamps on approval at large discount will be presented with a New Cloth-Bound Stamp Album, published at 1s. Letters opened in rotation.
FLOYD TURNER, Crescent Road, 8, Woodford, London, N.E.

THE "MEXICO" PACKET

of 100 stamps contains many rare stamps, including Bolivia large head mint, Hong Kong King's Head mint, rare Montserrat, rare Antigua, etc., price 6d., and in addition every purchaser from approval sheets will be presented with a packet of 50 rare "Mexico" free. Our approval sheets are priced to allow the huge discount of 8d. or 9d. in the 1/-, so that for every 1/- marked prices you only send 3d. or 4d. No other firm allows so fine a discount.

J. T. BOLTON, 5 Elmwood Rd., Croydon.

FREE GIFTS. 120 Genuine Stamps, all different, including Turks Islands, T. Vancouver, Costa Rica, Persian, Colombian Republic, Japan, Bulgarian, Cuban, British Guiana, Western Australia, Greece, Virgin Islands, &c. Price post-free 9d. A set of Rare Equatorial Jubilee, perforation gauge, and duplicate book will be given gratis to every purchaser of this packet as an inducement to all collectors to give my wonderfully cheap stamps a trial.
W. LACEY, 65a, London Road, Brighton.

3 SHANGHAI, FREE. 65 splendid varieties, including the following scarce: Borneo, Brazil, Comoro Islands, Monaco, Surinam, Chili, Jamaica, Ceylon, Venezuela, Johore, Guadeloupe, Labuan, Montenegro, Barbados, Trinidad, etc. Price 6d., Postal Order. To all enclosing 1d. extra for postage, and asking to see our cheap Approval Sheets (5/- discount), we will give free a fine set of 3 Shanghai. Mention "Captain."
C. HEATHER, 59 Campden Bldgs., Hampstead, N.W.

COLONIALS GIVEN AWAY.

In order to advertise more fully our Approval Sheets and Books of Sets, we will give free to all enclosing 1d. stamp for postage, a Set of 25 Colonials, all different, including several King's Head issues.

W. & A. PRINCE, 79 Edward Street, West Bromwich.

I DO NOT WISH TO BLIND MY CUSTOMERS

with large discounts off marked prices. My approval books are nett, but my prices are guaranteed 50 to 75 per cent. below Gibbon's latest Catalogue prices.

SEND FOR THEM AT ONCE,

stating if Colonials or Foreign are required. A Stamp, catalogued 1/6, GIVEN FREE to every purchaser of 5/- worth. Send and Schenbeck's famous Albums at 6d., 9d., 1/6, 2/6, 3/6, 6/-, 7/6, 10/-, 12/-, and 15/-.

6,000 VARIETIES PICTURE POSTCARDS IN STOCK.

THE LARGEST VARIETY IN LIVERPOOL.

Handsome 1/6 Album with 104 all different Picture Postcards 10/- post free.

G. C. DIETRICH, 11 Castle St. Arcade, Liverpool.

OF ALL STATIONERS
Post free 3/ & 5/
YGNET
STYLOS ARE
INK PENCILS
FOR HOUSEHOLD ACCOUNTS
Mable, Todd & Bard,
93, Cheapside, London, E.C.

GREAT STAMP SALE NOW ON.

Everything reduced to almost half usual prices. Example of Cheapness!
Rare Opportunity. A large quantity of stamps from approval sheets ranging in price from 1d to 2/6 each, offered in packets of 50 at 1/- each including mint Colonials, King's issues, &c. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.
THE EMPIRE STAMP CO., HORSMONDEN, KENT.



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



RUBBER STAMPS.

Self-inking Pen & Pencil
RUBBER STAMP 4 1/2 D.
WITH YOUR NAME, POST FREE.
in this style:—

Cecil A. Lawrence.

ERNEST WOOD & Co.,
Chorlton-cum-Hardy, MANCHESTER.

THIRD REVISED EDITION.

THE INTERNATIONAL GEOGRAPHY

By SEVENTY AUTHORS, With 489 Illustrations.

Edited by HUGH ROBERT MILL, D.Sc., LL.D., F.R.S.E.

The Third Edition of this work, which, as the *Times* says, must remain the standard geographical text-book in our language, has been thoroughly revised, in parts rewritten, and generally brought up to date. Each country of the world is separately described, not only from a geographical point of view, but in relation to the race, language, history, and mode of government of its people; its manufactures, industries, and internal trade, and its political division.

It is an indispensable book of reference for all students of modern history, national prospects, and international relationships. It will be found of the greatest practical value to the man of business and the politician, and is full of information for all interested in the progress of mankind.

1,088 PAGES—PRICE 15s.

SECOND LARGE IMPRESSION.

"THE BARON DE BOOK WORMS" OF PUNCH
Is the best judge of a good novel. This is what he says of

THE TICKENCOTE TREASURE.

SIX SHILLINGS.

WILLIAM LE QUEUX'S GREATEST ROMANCE.

"In holiday time you want a story to interest, to excite, and to amuse. In 'The Tickencote Treasure,' the meticulous reader, or the casual reader, will find the BEST COMPANION, either for his travels or for his rest, that his heart could desire. The plot is sufficiently strong to have provided materials for a Drury Lane drama, some Sherlock Holmes stories, and a few adventures in which Monsieur Lequeux, the French detective, might have figured with advantage."

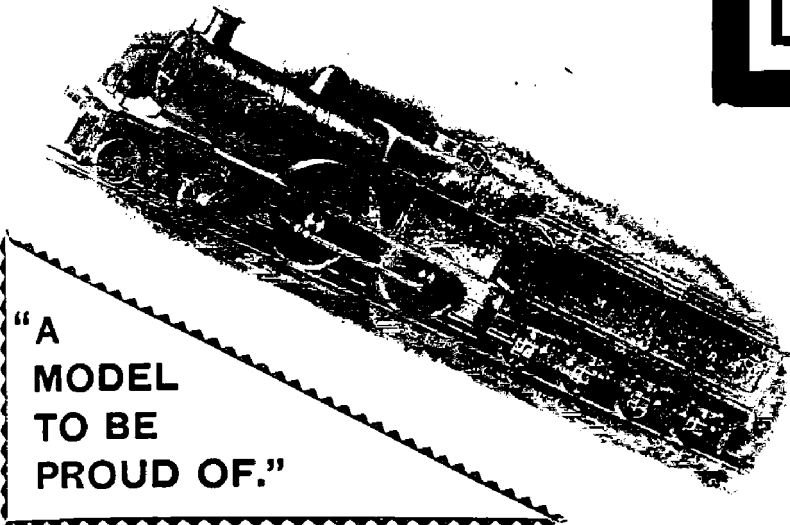
GREATER RECOMMENDATION IS NOT NEEDED.

At all Libraries.

GEORGE NEWNES, LTD., LONDON, W.C.

Reproduced from Photo
of actual Model.

**REVOLUTION
IN SCALE MODEL
LOCOMOTIVES.**



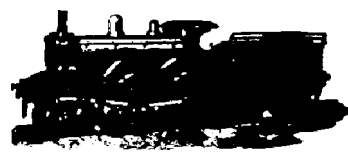
**"A
MODEL
TO BE
PROUD OF."**

THIS Loco is the very latest production, and is the only article of its class on the market. It is $\frac{3}{8}$ " scale, 3 ft. 1 in. long, $3\frac{1}{4}$ in gauge, and will pull over 1 cwt.

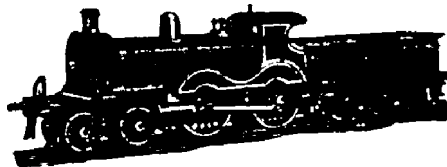
We supply full sets of Castings and Drawings for this Loco, consisting of over 130 Castings, and being the most complete sets ever produced, as every portion of the Loco is included. All Model enthusiasts should build this Loco.

The design is the result of years of practical experience in this class of work, and to use a customer's own words:—
"It embodies all the improvements, and abolishes all the disadvantages that have troubled Model Loco Builders for years past."
FULL PARTICULARS IN 12-PAGE PAMPHLET. POST FREE, 2d.

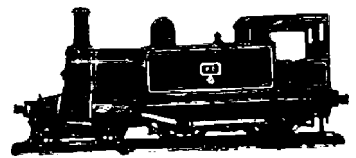
We have an immense variety of other new lines for this Season, and all our last Season's Goods have been improved.



Our L. & S.W. Loco 593, and L. & N.W. Loco "Black Prince," can now be supplied in all gauges; also G.N.R. and M.R. Locos. We are now fitting the large sizes with cross head and guide bars.



South-Eastern and Chatham Locomotives, in 2 in., $2\frac{1}{4}$ in. and 3 in. gauges. Model Paris, Lyons, & Mediterranean Ry.



Our Celebrated North London Loco, No. 88, can be supplied in $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. and 2 in. gauge; L. & N.W. "Lady of the Lake" Locomotive, $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. gauge.

Clockwork Locomotives, Electric Locomotives, Coaches, Brake Vans, in all gauges and correct colours of the leading Railway Companies.

Rails, Points, Signals, Crossings, Turntables, Bridges, and every accessory for Model Railway Work. Full Particulars in our NEW CATALOGUE, Section A. Post Free, 3d.

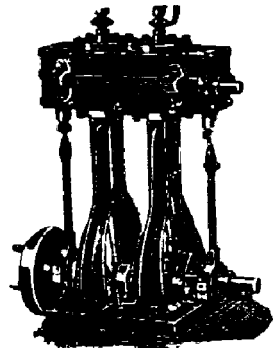
For Gun-Metal Engine and Boiler Fittings, Injectors, Pressure Gauges, Water Gauges, Model Permanent Way, Marine Engines, Tools, and Electrical Sundries, see Section B of our Catalogue. Post Free, 3d.

Catalogue of Racing Yachts, Ships' Fittings, &c., 1d. Post Free.

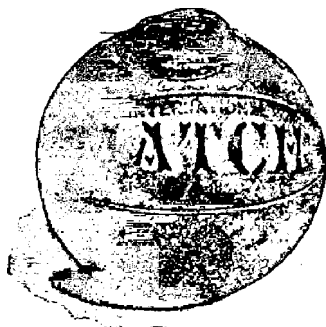
WE have this season built additional workshops and put down new and modern machinery for the manufacture of the above goods, and can honestly say our works are the best equipped for this class of work in the country. Being actual Manufacturers, Our Prices are right, Our Quality is right, and we defy competition.



**W. J. BASSETT-LOWKE & CO.,
CENTRAL WORKS,
NORTHAMPTON.**

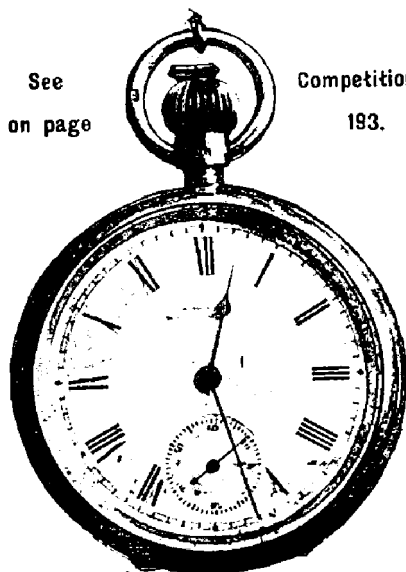


"CAPTAIN" PRIZES.



Awarded as Prize
in "THE POETS
and FLOWERS"
Competition, No. 1.

See
on page



Competitions
193.



Enter for Competi-
tions Nos. 1 and 6,
if you want one
of these Footballs
Made by Messrs. H.
Cradidge & Sons.

This Two Guinea Silver Waltham Watch, as supplied by
Messrs. E. B. Dennison, 6, Cheapside, London, is awarded
to the Winner of Class 1 in Competition No. 4,
"HOW TO MAKE."

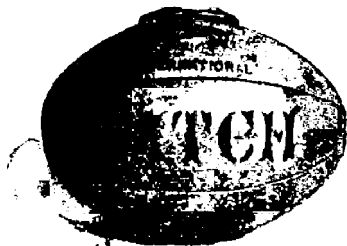


Three of these 10 6 "Swan" Fountain Pens are awarded as Prizes to
the Winners of our "PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION."

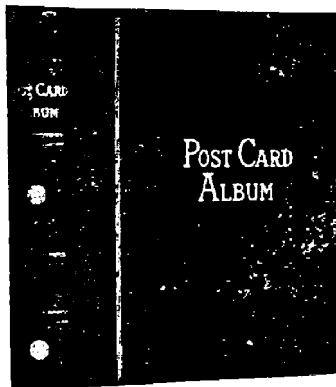
IF YOU WANT one of these **HOCKEY STICKS,**
A **SANDOW DEVELOPER** (value 12 6),
or A **HARBUTT'S "PLASTICINE DESIGNER,"**

Enter for "THE CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS on page 193.

Enter for Competition No. 5, if
you want to win one of these
Hockey Sticks, as supplied by
Messrs. John Piggott, Ltd.



If you want one of these Half-Guinea
Footballs, go in for Competitions
Nos. 1 and 6.



We are awarding Six of these High
Class Post-card Albums to the
Winners of Competition No. 2.
"COMIC SENTENCE."

Enter for Competition No. 5, if
you want to win one of these
Hockey Sticks, as supplied by
Messrs. John Piggott, Ltd.



Enter for "THE POETS and FLOWERS"
and "HANDWRITING" Competitions, if
you want to win this Football.

H. GRADIDGE & SONS,

Manufacturers and Exporters of all articles used in FOOTBALL and HOCKEY.

A very large assortment of all kinds of STICKS, BOOTS, SHIRTS, SHINGUARDS, BALLS, &c., &c.



Shirts from 2/3.

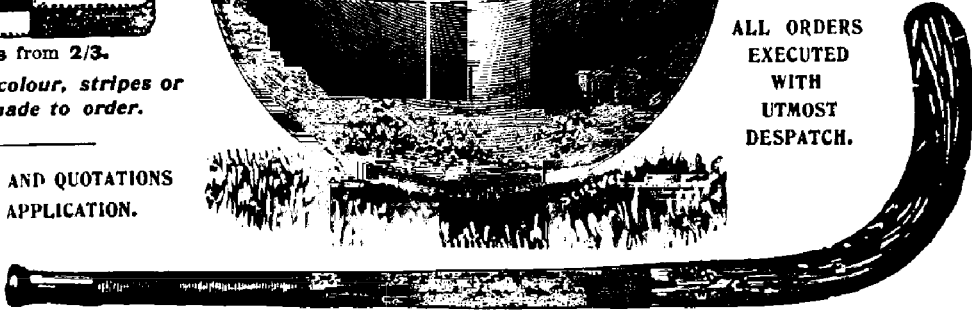
Shirts, any colour, stripes or halves, made to order.



All Chrome Boots, 8/6, 10/6, and 12/6.

ALL ORDERS EXECUTED WITH UTMOST DESPATCH.

PRICE LISTS AND QUOTATIONS FREE ON APPLICATION.



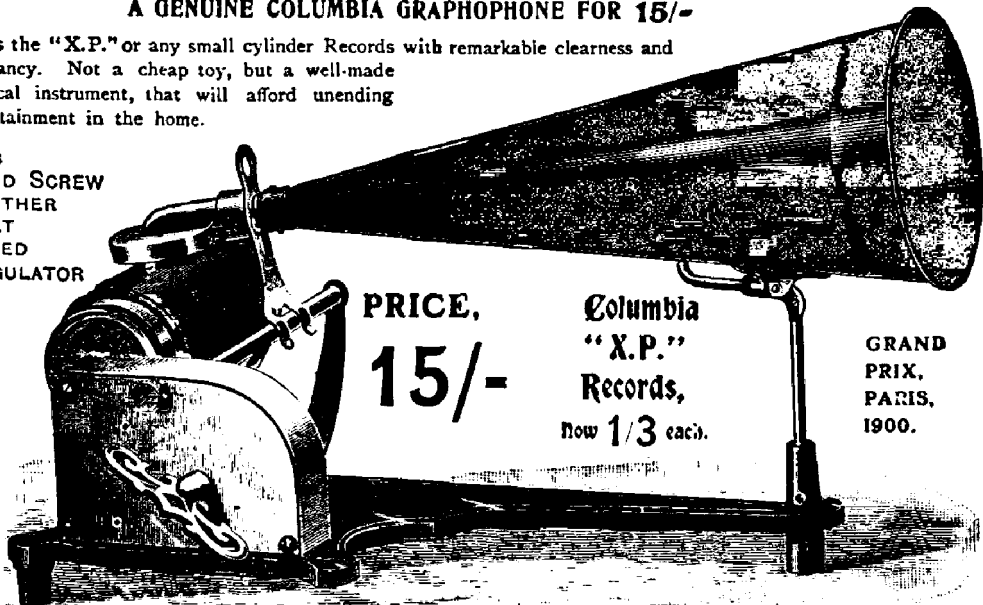
Factory:—Artillery Place, Woolwich, S.E.

New Columbia Graphophone.

A GENUINE COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE FOR 15/-

Plays the "X.P." or any small cylinder Records with remarkable clearness and brilliancy. Not a cheap toy, but a well-made musical instrument, that will afford unending entertainment in the home.

HAS
FEED SCREW
LEATHER
BELT
SPEED
REGULATOR



PRICE,
15/-

Columbia
"X.P."
Records,
now 1/3 each.

GRAND
PRIX,
PARIS,
1900.

Write for Price Book 40 to

Don't send stamp if you mention this Advertisement

COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH Co., Genl.,

89, GREAT EASTERN STREET, LONDON, E.C.

NEW YORK, PARIS, BERLIN, CHICAGO.

THE SUNDAY 6^D STRAND

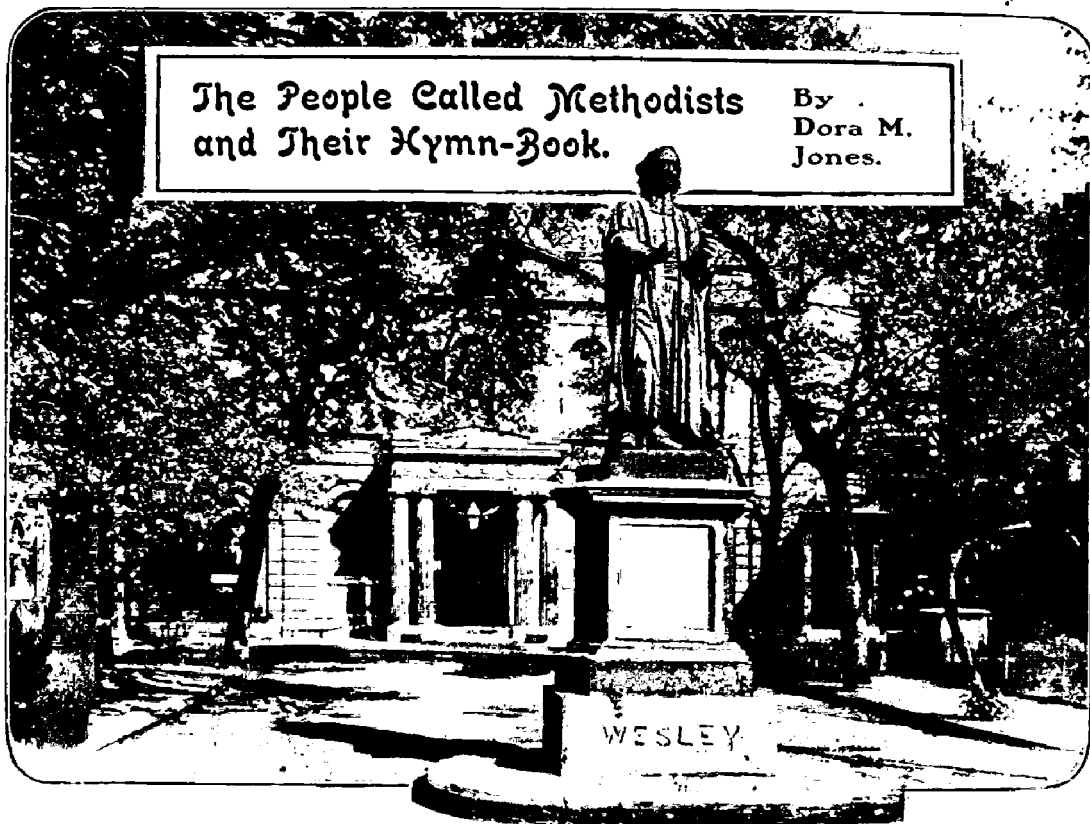
For **NOVEMBER.**

Is the Best, Brightest, and
most fully Illustrated Religious
Magazine in this Country.

ROLAND TREVOR'S SECRET. Serial. By L. T. MEADE.
'ARIA. A Complete Story. By ATHOL FORBES.
A YELLOW DOG. A Story of Canine Devotion. By DALLAS LORE SHARP.

The People Called Methodists
and Their Hymn-Book.

By
Dora M.
Jones.



[Photo.]

CITY ROAD CHAPEL, WITH BRONZE STATUE OF WESLEY BY JOHN ADAMS-ACTON. [George Newnes, Ltd.]

BIBLE TALKS. By W. L. WATKINSON.
A CHAT ABOUT PULPITS. Fully Illustrated. By Rev. FRED. HASTINGS.
THE NEW GOSPEL OF WEALTH.
An Interview with SIR ALFRED LEWIS JONES, K.C.M.G.
IN SEARCH OF "COPY." A long Complete Story. By A. B. COOPER.
PARSON RUTH.

By FRED. M. WHITE.

THE PENNINGTONS.

A Story for Children. By E. M. JAMESON.

ALL IN . . .
THE SUNDAY
6^D STRAND

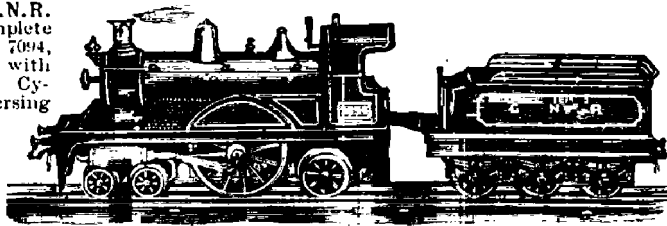
GEORGE NEWNES, LTD.,

7-12, Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.

For NOVEMBER.

RICHFORD'S EXPRESS ENGINES

SCALE MODEL G.N.R. LOCO. Tender, and complete set Coal Rails. No. 7094, (Oxydised Brass Boiler with Water Gauge, D.A.S.V. Cylinders, fitted with Reversing Eccentrics, Safety Valve, Whistle, Steam Dome, &c. The whole splendidly finished and Lined Correct Colours.



We hold a Large and Assorted Stock of Locomotives, Stationary Engines, and Electrical Goods, and can show better value for money than any other firm in the trade. Our New Catalogue will be ready shortly, and will surprise you. Send us your name and address and we will post you on a Copy when ready Post Free.

Price complete, 63/- Carriage Paid.

Length of Engine and Tender, 21 inches.

RICHFORD & CO., 153 Fleet Street, London, E.C. Established 1876.
BRANCH DEPOT: 52a High Holborn, W.C.

Correct Solution of "Hidden Boys" Names Competition, September, 1903.

See Competition Results on page 194.



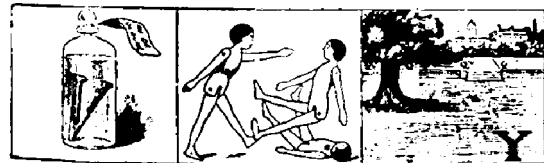
Fred. Raymond. Basil.



Emanuel. Claud. Matthew.



Reginald. Noel. Patrick.



Vincent. Adolphus. Trelawny.



MAKING FACES

In plastic modelling material is great fun for the young in the long winter evenings. Use

HARBUTT'S PLASTIGINE

It's clean, easy to handle, and can be used over and over again.

Fitted Boxes, 8d., 1/3, 2/10, 3/4, 3/11. The Complete Modeller, fitted with Plasticine and all requisites, 2/10. All post free.

WM. HARBUTT, A.R.C.A., Lond.
Dept. C., Plasticine Works, Bathampton, BATH.

JOURNALISM.

Newspaper work, writing short stories, magazine articles, etc., Taught by Correspondence. Short stories and magazine articles bring high prices. Thousands of good stories, defective in some easily remedied particular, are rejected every week by editors, who would otherwise gladly accept and pay for them. Our course of lessons, the cheapest in the world, will show you how to develop your genius.

Send 1d. stamp for FREE book, "Practical Journalism."

APOCALYPTIC PUBLISHING CO.,

Dept. C, 15, Tothill Street, Westminster, London

Brutus: "Peace! Count the clock."

Cassius: "The clock has stricken three."

Tribonius: "It is time to part" with

5/6

and receive Post Free a

CAPTAIN WATCH.

It keeps better time than many a watch costing ten times the money. It has an enamelled and gilt case, keyless action, bevelled glass, and a clear face.

THE PRINCESS, a girl's watch, with oxydised case and ornamental face. Post Free 6s.

During November, we will send **FREE** with each Watch a Rolled Gold Guard or Albert.

SPECIALITY SUPPLY CO.,
600 Holloway Rd., London. N.

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.)

A VERY HAPPY

suggestion—get your bicycle fitted with
THE EADIE COASTER HUB
(Free Wheel and Brake combined).

THEN you will know and experience the real pleasure of cycling. The Eadie Coaster is always reliable—therefore always safe. Steep hills and heavy traffic need never more alarm you.

Interesting Booklet free from

THE EADIE MFG. CO., LTD.,
Dept. 3. REDDITCH.

By Royal



Warrant.

PAIN'S IMPERIAL FIREWORKS.

Sole Pyrotechnists to H.M. THE KING, ALEXANDRA PALACE, &c., &c.

JAMES PAIN & SONS, DEPOTS:— 121 WALWORTH ROAD, S.E., AND AT 9 ST. MARY AXE, E.C. } LONDON.

Telegraphic Address: "PAIN, LONDON."

WORKS: MITCHAM.

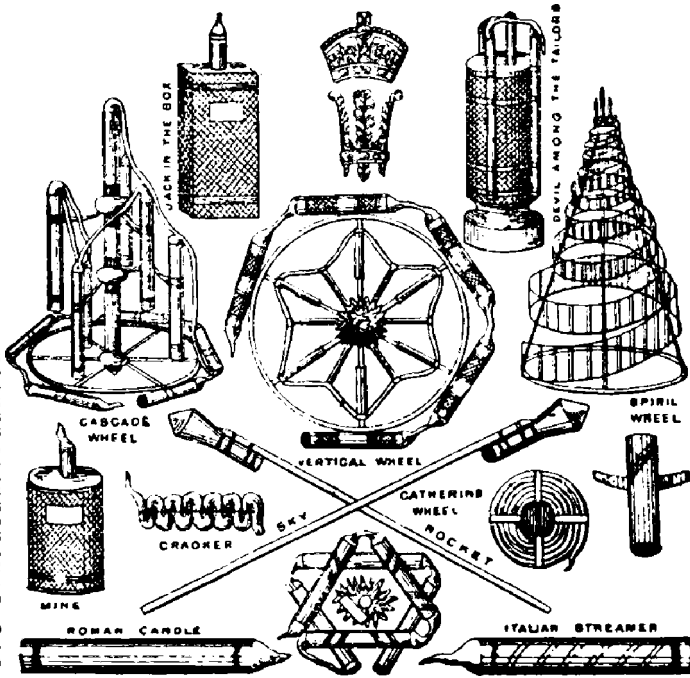
Assorted Boxes, 6d, 1/-, 2/6, 5/-, 10/-, 21/-, 63/-, 105/-, 210/- and upwards.

2s. 6d. BOX.

12 Squibs with loud reports	0 6	
6 Gold n Roms	0 3	
6 Crackers	0 3	
6 Catherine Wheels	0 3	
6 Starlights	0 3	
1 Roman Candle	0 4	
1 Golden Flower Pot	0 4	
1 Packet Crimson Fire	0 4	
1 Golden Fountain	0 6	
1 Italian Streamer	0 6	
1 Packet Chinese Crackers	0 4	
2 Large Wheels	0 2	
Less Discount added in Fireworks		1 6
Nett		2 6

5s. BOX.

2 Electric Wheels	0 0	
12 Squibs with loud reports	1 0	
12 Golden Rain	1 0	
6 Crackers	0 6	
6 Catherine Wheels	0 6	
1 Catherine Wheel, extra large	0 6	
1 Packet Crimson Fire	0 4	
1 Green Fire	0 4	
1 Blue Fire	0 4	
1 Mount Vesuvius	0 6	
1 Golden Fountain	0 6	
3 Roman Candles	1 0	
1 Jack-in-the-Box	0 6	
1 Packet Chinese Crackers	0 4	
1 Silver Fountain	0 2	
Less Discount added in Fireworks		3 0
Nett		5 0



10s. BOX.

1 Pain's Electric Sparkler	0 3	
1 Torch	0 3	
1 Wheel	0 6	
12 Squibs with loud reports	1 0	
12 Golden Rain	1 0	
12 Starlights	0 6	
12 Crackers	0 6	
12 Catherine Wheels	1 0	
3 Catherine Wheels, extra size	0 6	
1 Mount Vesuvius	0 6	
1 Chinese Tree, with Silver Fire	1 0	
1 Box Crimson Fire	0 9	
1 Green Fire	0 9	
1 Blue Fire	0 9	
1 Roman Candle, large size	1 0	
1 Roman Candle, Red, Green, and Purple Stars	1 0	
1 Jack-in-the-Box (great explosions)	1 6	
1 Triangle Wheel	2 4	
1 Packet Chinese Crackers (loud reports)	0 6	
1 Fairy Fountain	0 6	
12 Port Fires for Lighting	0 6	
Less Discount added in Fireworks		6 3
Nett		10 0

ONE GUINEA CASE.

1 Electric Wheel	0 6	
1 Torch	0 6	
1 Sparkler	0 6	
5 Roman Candles, assorted colours	5 0	
3 Coloured Lights, do.	3 0	
1 Jack-in-the-Box	1 0	
1 Mount Vesuvius	1 0	
1 Triangle Wheel	3 0	
1 Chinese Flyer	1 6	
1 Bouquet of Gerbes	2 6	
1 Golden Fountain	1 0	
12 Squibs	1 0	
1 Chinese Tree, Silver Flowers	1 0	
12 Starlights	1 0	
12 Crackers	1 0	
12 Catherine Wheels	1 0	
3 Large Catherine Wheels	1 0	
12 Golden Rain	1 0	
1 Pilot Balloon	1 0	
1 Italian Streamer	1 0	
1 Golden Tourbillion	1 6	
8 Coloured Torches	0 6	
1 Lane Rocket	1 6	
12 Port Fires	1 0	
Less Discount added in Fireworks		£1 13 0
Nett		£1 10 0

THREE GUINEA CASE.

Special Assortment Pain's Electric Fireworks

6 Roman Candles, assorted colours (large size)	10 0	
6 Catherine Wheels, with Magnesium Light changing colour four times while sailing through the air	5 0	
1 Packet of Chinese Fire Crackers, consisting of 80 reports	1 0	
1 Double Triangle Wheel, illuminated with beautiful flints	6 0	
1 Mount Vesuvius, discharging at frequent intervals myriads of Coloured Stars	2 0	
4 Prismatic Lights of great brilliancy, changing colour 3 times	8 0	
1 Bouquet of Golden Gerbes	4 0	
4 Rockets with Brilliant Stars	4 0	
2 Rockets with Variegated Stars	5 0	
3 Rockets with Peacock's Plumes	12 0	
1 Large Jack-in-the-Box, 5s.; 2 Fountains of Golden Fire, 3s.	8 0	
1 Chinese Tree of Silver Fire	2 0	
1 Devil among the Tailors, a most exciting piece of pyrotechny	5 0	
1 Italian Streamer, 3s.; 1 Cracker Mine, 3s. 6d.	6 6	
1 Shell of Laburnum Blossom	4 0	
1 Doz Port Fires for Lighting	2 0	
4 Oriental Shells with Aerial Wonders and Mortar, complete	1 0	
Less Discount added in Fireworks		£4 16 6
Nett		£3 3 0

FIVE GUINEA CASE.

Special Assortment Pain's Electric Fireworks

1 Jewelled Fountain	2 4	
2 Golden Tourbillions, forming Cascades of Fire in ascent and descent	5 0	
1 Large Balloon, with Magnesium Light	5 0	
1 Double Triangle Wheel, forming a Radius of Silver Fire, centred with Crimson Flame	6 0	
6 Roman Candles with Brilliant Stars and Turquoise colours	12 0	
1 Jack-in-the-Box, with Eruptions of Varied Amusing Fireworks	5 0	
3 Prismatic Lights, giving Varied and Charming Effects	9 0	
4 Rockets, with Pearl Stars	12 0	
3 Asteroids, with Variegated Stars	12 0	
2 Aeroids, changing colours while sailing through the air	8 0	
1 Bouquet of Gerbes, producing Blossoms of Golden Fire	6 0	
1 Magnesium Light	5 0	
1 Mine, with Bengal Light, giving a Moonlight Effect, and discharging a Cloud of Fiery Serpents	7 0	
1 Devil among the Tailors, a most exciting piece of pyrotechny	5 0	
1 Rainbow Wheel, with circles of Beautiful Colours, intersecting each other with pleasing effect	6 6	
1 Congreve Mortar, containing a Shell of Stars	5 0	
1 Huge Fountain of Golden Spray, forming an Immense Column of Fire, upwards of 20 feet in height	5 0	
1 Italian Streamer	1 0	
1 Doz Port Fires for Lighting, complete	12 0	
6 Oriental Shells, with Mortar, complete	1 0	
1 Magnesium Flash	1 0	
1 Packet Cannon Crackers	5 0	
6 Doz Small Fireworks for Children	1 0	
Less Discount added in Fireworks		£17 6
Nett		£12 6

25 per cent. discount off Loose Goods, for those who wish to choose their own selections. Write for Illustrated Catalogue, post free.

Boxes of special assorted ROCKET ONLY with stick and portfires complete, 2/6, 5/-, 10/-, 21/-, 42/-. All the above prices are strictly nett. In every case we have added upwards of 50 per cent. in Fireworks, and our selections consist of only high class goods. Our customers will at once notice that the above method is cheaper than if they purchased goods to their own selection.

Write for Illustrated Price List, post free. Prompt attention given to all orders sent by post accompanied by remittance.



C. B. Fry.
Athletic Editor.

THE CAPTAIN.



The Old Fag.
Editor.

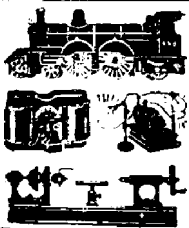
A Magazine for Boys and "Old Boys."

(With which is Incorporated the "Public School Magazine.")

Contents for November, 1903.

	PAGE
WHY THE WILD WAVES LAUGHED. TOM BROWNE, R.I.	<i>Back of Frontispiece</i>
ETAPA STRUCK THE ASTONISHED FOUR-FOOT A HARD RAP WITH HIS BOW	<i>Frontispiece</i>
ACROSS THE WILDERNESS. (CHAPS. VII.-XI.)	FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS 101
Illustrated by E. F. SKINNER.	
THE BOYS' AVIARY AT STONYHURST	A. E. JOHNSON 116
With Illustrations from Photographs.	
THE TERROR OF CARMUNDOOR	H. HERVEY 121
Illustrated by GEORGE SOPER.	
THE BUILDER OF THE EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE	CHARLES F. SHAW 128
With Illustrations by F. G. KILTON and from Photographs.	
POOR, DEAR HARRY! (A REAL SCHOOL STORY.)... ..	GUY N. POCOCK 132
Illustrated by GORDON BROWNE, R.I.	
THE SECRET OF SERENITY. (POEM.)	REV. R. L. BELLAMY, B.D. 138
THE CYCLING CORNER. (THE CARE OF A CYCLE.)	C. H. LARRETTE 139
MEMORIES	Photo Study by JENNINGS and HUNTON 142
"THE CAPTAIN" PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERY	143
THE MAGNANIMITY OF BRINDLE	W. SNOW 146
Illustrated by REX OSBORNE.	

(Further contents on next page.)



"THE MODEL ENGINEER AND AMATEUR ELECTRICIAN"

is a splendid paper for those interested in Model Engines, Railways, Locomotives, Steamboats, Sailing Yachts, Lathes, Tools, Dynamo, 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, 3d., 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 Woodworking.

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.

Army (ALL BRANCHES), Higher Civil Service, & University. SPECIAL PREPARATION.



JOHN GIBSON, M.A. (First Class, Cambridge, Late of Uppingham and Westminster, Educational Metallist at Antwerp, Bordeaux, and Brussels International Exhibitions.

G. LELY, B.A. (First Class, London), Author of "The Illustrated French Grammar, etc." Spanish and German Examiner at the City of London College.

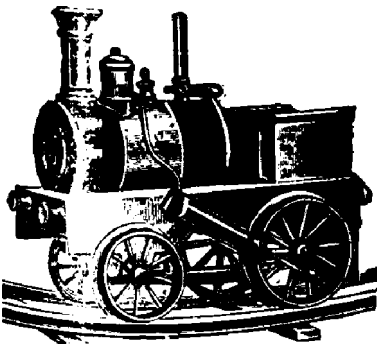
LARGE STAFF OF SPECIALIST TUTORS. SMALL CLASSES. INDIVIDUAL ATTENTION.

Over 2,000 successes to date in Competitive and Per. 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. Faulks 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.

HAMLEY'S LOCOMOTIVES, NOVELTIES, TOYS, &c.



SPLENDID WORKING STEAM LOCOMOTIVE.
Complete with Rails.
Price 17/6, 22/6, 32/6.

Case & Carriage extra.

Write for complete illustrated list of Model Engines, Locomotives, Clock Trains, &c., post free 4 stamps.

LATEST ELECTRICAL NOVELTIES.

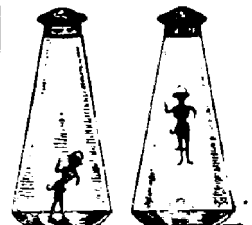
Electrical Scarf Pin, very pretty, well finished. Price 3/9, post-age 3d. extra.

Write for List of Hamley's Outdoor Games, Toys, Jokes, Novelties, Conjuring Tricks, &c., &c., post free.



ELECTRIC ROSE.

Price 3/9, post free 4d.



THE OBO. A strange and mysterious figure, hermetically sealed in a bottle of water. It can be made to do all kinds of funny antics. Very novel and amusing. Price 1/3, post free 1/8.

510a & 512 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

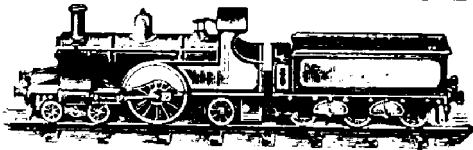
Contents—*continued.*

THE ATHLETIC CORNER. (MORE LETTERS TO JOHN.)	C. P. FRY	150
And Answers to Correspondents.		
SOME EASY SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENTS... ..		156
Illustrated.		
THE GOLD BAT. A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY. (CHAPS. V.-VIII.)	P. G. WOODHOUSE	157
Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.		
THE STAMP COLLECTOR. (THE STAMPS OF CHILL.)	E. J. NANKIVELL	168
With Illustrations.		
A MEMORY OF THE HOLIDAYS	TOM BROWNE, R.L.	172
A BATTLE ROYAL... ..	ERNEST RICHARD	173
Illustrated by COLBRON PEARSE.		
THE NATURALISTS' CORNER	EDWARD STEE, F.L.S.	179
With Illustrations.		
THE CAMERA CORNER	THE PHOTOGRAPHIC EDITOR	181
"CAPTAIN" CLUB CONTRIBUTIONS		183
"THE OLD FAG." (EDITORIAL.)		189
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS		191
"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR NOVEMBER		193
RESULTS OF SEPTEMBER COMPETITIONS		194

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., VIII., and IX. 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, 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.

PRESENTS FOR BOYS



Engines, Trains, and all kinds of Rolling Stock, in English designs and Colours, for steam and clockwork. Rails, Switch Points, Signals, Stations, &c. Complete railway systems can be gradually acquired. Stationary Engines, Hot Air Engines, Gas Engines, Engine Fittings, Magic Lanterns, Air Guns, and Carpenters' Tools.

Engines made to customers' own drawings, and repairs to steam and clockwork toys undertaken. ESTIMATES FREE.

Send 6d. for large Illustrated Catalogue which will be allowed on all purchases of over 10s.

WILES' BAZAAR, 32 Market Street, MANCHESTER.

Telegraphic Address—"Models, Manchester." National Telephone, 09062.

IDEAL HEALTH



SUCCESS

IN THIS LIFE is for the strong and healthy. If weak—don't be handicapped any longer. Throw physic to the dogs and send 13d. for our book, which tells you how to get strong. Sent post paid by

C. HIGHWATER & CO.,

No. 24 The Exchange, Southwark, London.

FOOTBALL AT HOME.

If **C. P. FRY** says: "I can strongly recommend **BNICK-KICK**," you may rely on the new Table Football game being genuine.

Over 1,100 sold last Xmas.

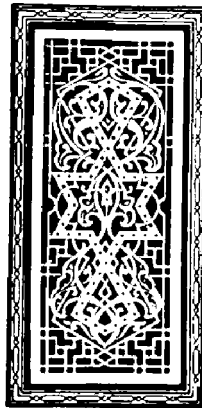
Unrivalled for working out **FOOTBALL PROBLEMS.**

We guarantee it to be the nearest approach to Association Football in miniature yet invented.

3s. 10d. Send this amount to the **BNICK KICK CO.,** Nightingale Works, Hornsey Road, London, N., and we will surprise you with this latest game of **SKILL.**

FRETWORK.

£100 IN CASH PRIZES.



COMPETITION PANEL.

With **HOBBIES SIXPENNY CATALOGUE** (just published) are presented **TWO** very handsome **FRETWORK DESIGNS**, one for a **JAPANESE MUSICAL HOUSE**, and the other for an **INDIAN WALL CABINET** with double-door Cupboard. In addition to these attractive patterns we also give away a **third Design** for an **ARABIAN PANEL**; and for the best Fretted Specimens of this we are arranging a

GREAT FRETWORK COMPETITION.

£100 in Cash Prizes.

Full particulars of this Competition together with a **Free Entry Coupon** will be found in our new Catalogue.

Send a **SIXPENNY POSTAL ORDER** for Catalogue with Presentation Designs.

HOBBIES Ltd., (C. Dept.) 12 PATERNOSTER SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.
And at **DEREHAM, NORFOLK.**

29
YEARS SUCCESS.
THE
UNIVERSAL REMEDY FOR
Coughs, Colds,
Asthma, Bronchitis,
Influenza, Whooping-
Cough, Hoarseness, &c.

Owbridge's Lung Tonic

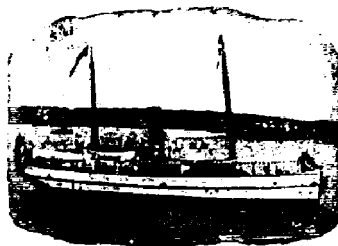
IMPORTANT NOTICE:
SUBSTITUTION. — There are so many imitations of this successful, and therefore popular, remedy that it is of the utmost importance you should use the word "OWBRIDGE" when buying Lung Tonic, and **TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE.**

Sold everywhere in bottles at
1s. 1½d., 2s. 3d., 4s. 6d., & 11s.

- COPYRIGHT.

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 Mer-
cantile 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.

**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.**

ELECTRIC NOSES Post free
ROSES and SCARF PINS. **3/6**
Complete with pocket battery, each.
silk-covered wire, and push.

POCKET ELECTRIC LAMPS.
Best quality, with BULLSEYE, 3s. each.
Without Bullseye, 2s. each, post free.
Ditto, in Leatherette Case, 2s. 6d.

P. J. HOLDEN & Co., (Dept. C.), New Malden.

**1/- "ALL ABOUT
POSTCARDS" 1/-**

By **W. J. SCOTT.**

An interesting Handbook. Invaluable for Collectors.
Illustrated—over 100 Pages.

SCOTT & WILSON, Reginald Mount, LEEDS.

A Marvellous and Unique Work.

The Ordnance Survey of the British Isles in Miniature.

**THE HANDY TOURING ATLAS
OF THE BRITISH ISLES.**

120 COLOURED MAPS.

Special: Prepared by

J. G. BARTHOLOMEW, F.R.G.S.,

For **CYCLISTS, MOTORISTS, and TRAVELLERS.**



Showing all Roads, Villages, Hamlets, with Topographical and Orographical Features.

Reduced, by Permission, from the Ordnance Survey.

Price 1s. Net, bound in cloth; and 2s. in Limp Lambskin. Postage 2d. extra.

GEORGE NEWNES, Ltd., LONDON, W.C.

BENEFINK & Co.

THE GREAT ATHLETIC OUTFITTERS FOR COLLEGES, SCHOOLS, CLUBS & C.
EVERY REQUISITE FOR FOOTBALL, HOCKEY, LACROSSE, & C.



HOCKEY STICKS.

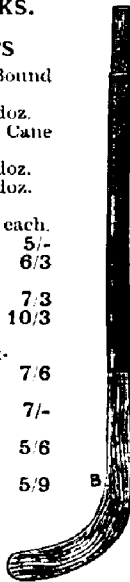
BENEFINK'S

Regulation Ash, Bound Handle.
2/7 each, 30/- doz.
Do., do., Bound Cane Handle,
3/- each, 33/- doz.
4/- each, 45/- doz.

SLAZENGER'S, each.
Fletcher ... 5/-
Cork Handle ... 6/3
BATTERSBY (as Illustration) ... 7/3
"Boodie" ... 10/3

Wisden's Pat. "Ex-celler" Handle 7/6
Ayres "Inter-national" 7/-
Prosser's "Spring-light" 5/6
Bryan's "Grass-hopper" 5/9

CATALOGUES
POST FREE.



FOOTBALL and HOCKEY SHIRTS.

	Boys' 1/8	each	18/-
Special Quality Flannelette, Stripes, Halves or Plain Colours	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	Boys' 4/9	"	54/-
or Plain with Coloured Facings	Men's 5/6	"	63/-

For other designs see large catalogue.
Postage, single shirt, 3d.

FOOTBALL or HOCKEY KNICKERS.

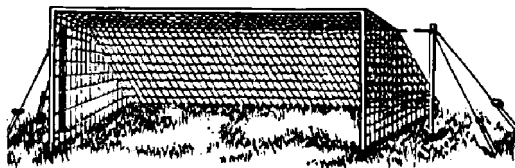
	Boys'.	Men's.
White Swansdown	1/4	1/8
White Lambskin	2/1	2/3
Blue Serge	1/5 1/9 2/4	1/6 1/10 2/6
Ditto, all Wool	3/3 4/4	3/11 4/11
Best Navy Flannel	...	5/11

N.B.—Allowance on taking 1 dozen knickers, 2/-
Postage, 3d. single pair.

CATALOGUES

and Patterns, Post Free.

Please mention "THE CAPTAIN."

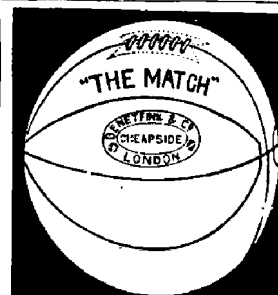


BRODIE'S PATENT ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL GOAL-NETS.

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/- ..
No. 8.—Cheaper Fittings, ditto, 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 ... 36/8 ..
Carriage Paid to any goods station within 50 miles.
CHEAPER GOAL POSTS ... 12/- 18/- net.



BENEFINK'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.

BENEFINK'S "SPECIAL," Best White Chrome, Latest Pattern (as Illustration), Men's 10/6
BENEFINK'S "LEAGUE," Scotch Chrome, Very Light, Waterproof Sole (as Illustration) ... 7/11
BENEFINK'S Scotch Chrome with Ankle Pad 7/11
BENEFINK'S "FORWARD," Scotch Chrome, Spring Heel (as Illustration) ... 7/11
BENEFINK'S "LEADER," Scotch Chrome, Waterproof, Special Value.
Boys', 5/11. Men's, 6/11.
Postage, under 10/-, 5d.



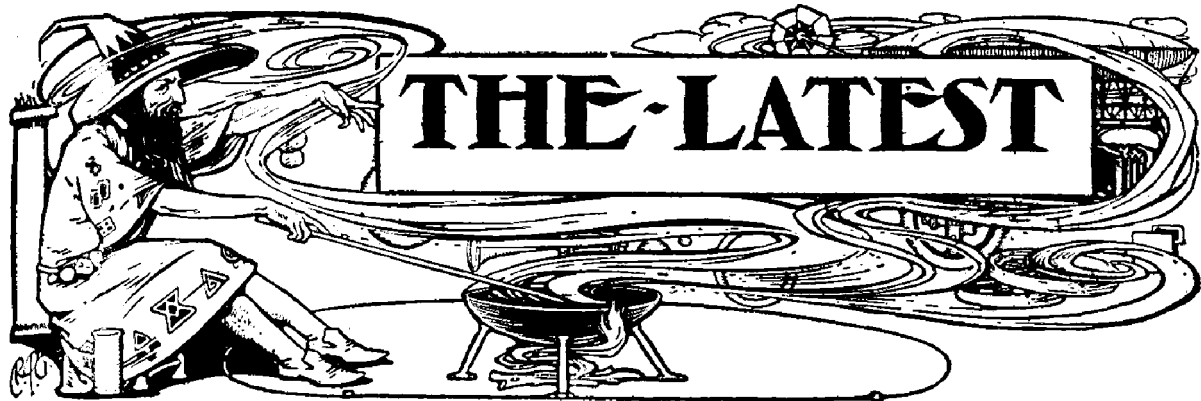
"SPECIAL" and "LEAGUE."



"FORWARD."

89, 90,
107 & 108,

CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.



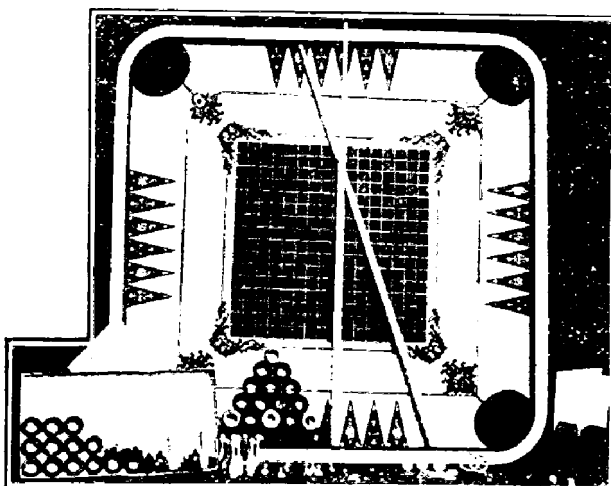
Motor Hansom Cabs.

The accompanying photograph shows a motor hansom cab, fifty of which will shortly be placed on the streets of London by the London Express Motor Service Company, Ltd. There is plenty of accommodation provided for luggage, which is carried at the rear, and there is also room for extra luggage on the floor of the cab in front of the passenger. The cab is worked by a 2-cylinder 12 h.p. petrol engine, capable of running up to twenty-five miles an hour. As will be seen, the actual cab itself is somewhat larger than its prototype, the ordinary horse-cab, and there is an additional folding seat for a third passenger beside the driver. The cabs can be seen at the offices of the company, 37, Walbrook, E.C.

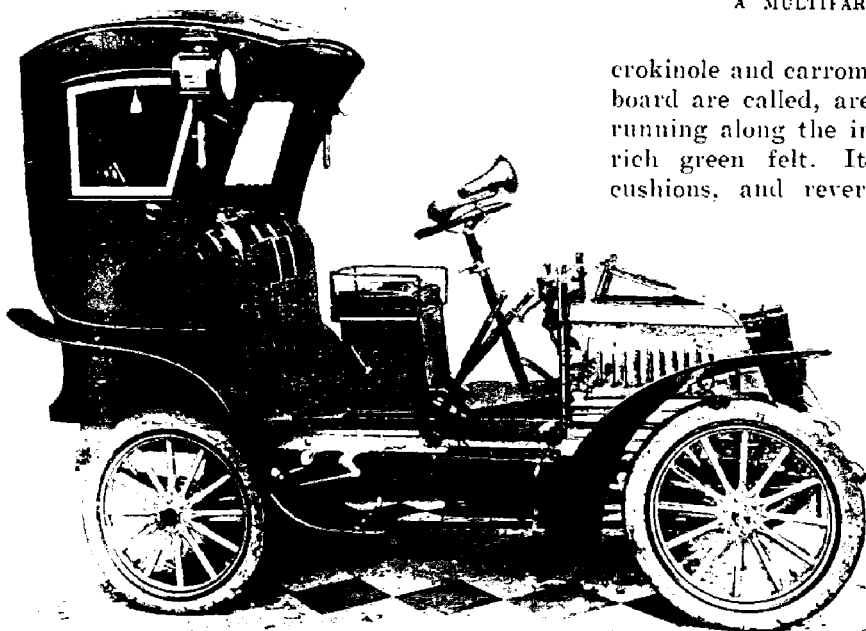
Sixty-five Games for £1.

Sixty-five games, all of which are played on one board, for the modest sum of £1, is, the most inveterate bargainer must admit, not a bad purchase. The "De Luxe" Crown Combination

Game Board, which is now being sold in this country by the American Importing Company, of 8, Long Lane, Aldersgate, E.C., is a marvel of ingenuity, beauty, and entertainment. The



A MULTIFARIOUS GAME BOARD.



AN ELECTRIC HANSOM CAB.

crokinole and carrom, as the reverse sides of the board are called, are of mahogany, the ditches running along the inner sides being lined with rich green felt. It is fitted with patent felt cushions, and reversible net pockets, and is

adapted for the playing of no less than sixty-five different highly diverting and skilful games, the attractiveness of which is well evidenced by the fact that in America they have become one of the necessities of every household. Readers of THE CAPTAIN who are seeking some new form of amusement for the long winter evenings should write to the American Importing Co. for one of their

catalogues of board games, from which a large and varied selection can be made.

The Latest in Fireworks.

The "fifth of November" will soon be with us again, and we would remind our readers not to delay ordering the fireworks with which they intend to commemorate "Guy Fawkes' Day" this year. As a glance through their catalogue assures us, many novelties in pyrotechnics have been introduced this season by Messrs. James Pain and Sons, 121, Walworth-road, London, S.E., the principal of these being their "brilliant silver" fireworks, which are greater in brilliancy than even electric light. Electric catherine wheels, and many other specialities suitable for garden displays are also included. Much trouble is saved their customers by the selected cases, varying in price from half-a-crown to five guineas, which Messrs. Pain have arranged with their expert knowledge of what constitutes a varied display exhibition. For those, too, who require rockets only, selected boxes of them, in position ready for firing, have been introduced. There are dozens of varieties of "loose" goods, and set-pieces galore, and the makers' long association with the Alexandra Palace is sufficient guarantee of their excellence. In addition to having the honour of being pyrotechnists by special appointment to his Majesty King Edward, Messrs. Pain manufacture two-thirds of the fireworks used in Europe, and supplied all the fireworks used at the welcomes accorded to their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York, during their Colonial tour in 1901, while nearly every ship that leaves the Thames, Mersey, and Avon, carries a large quantity of Messrs. Pains' rockets for signalling purposes at night-time, and in case of distress.

The Latest in Fire Escapes.

Amongst the many interesting exhibits at the Earl's Court Fire Exhibition was a model of a new type of fire escape, of truly remarkable conception and utility, and quite unlike anything of the kind ever before devised. Instead of the long and unwieldy ladder which has stood service for so many years, this clever invention consists of a series of platforms which are raised by mechanical means to any height required, so that the occupant whose exit is cut off by the staircase can step on to the nearest platform, and descend easily by means of light steel ladders to the ground. One of the most novel features of the appliance is the device by which the platforms are capable of being extended, not only longitudinally, but also lengthways, in accordance with the width of the house on fire. In addition to its value as an escape, it serves as

well as a pumping machine, and a large water tower is provided for this purpose on the motor-car on which the whole apparatus is carried.

"All About Post-Cards."

This little book is sure to be welcomed by all those who have become bitten by the craze for collecting pictorial post-cards, or, in other words, by all "Cartophilists," as the author says they may be called. It gives a mass of information concerning this popular subject, and, being written in a bright and chatty style, is both readable and useful to the average and advanced collector. At the end of the volume is a long list, together with prices of post-cards, pictorial and other, issued by the various countries of the world. The price is only 1s., and the publishers are Messrs. Scott and Wilson, 4, Reginald Mount, Leeds.

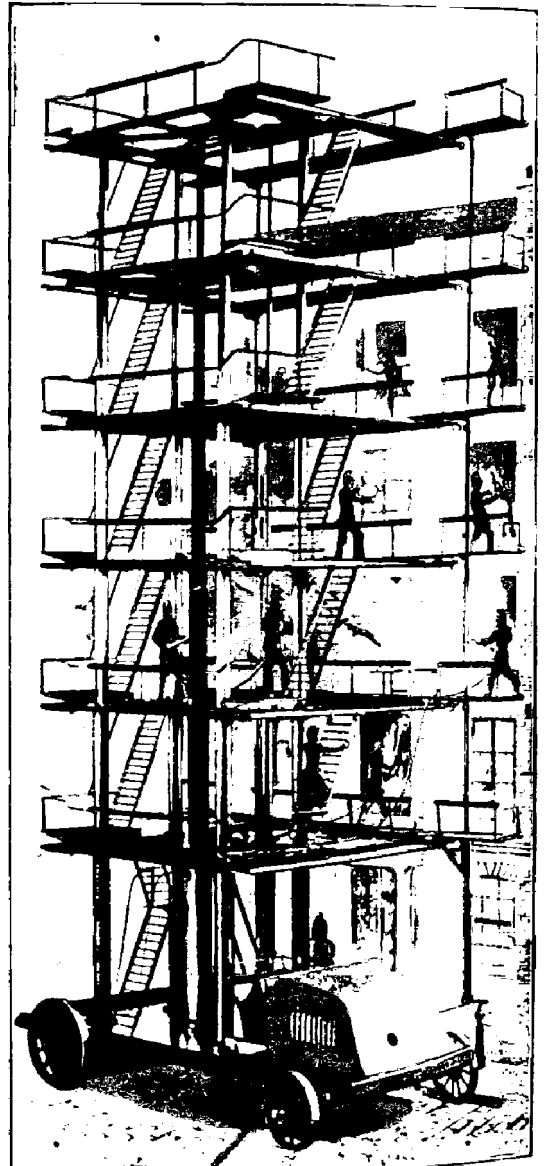
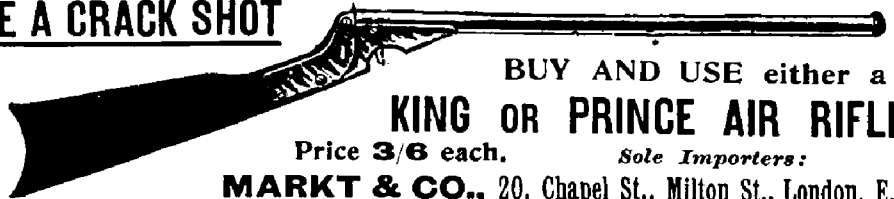


Photo by] A UNIQUE FIRE ESCAPE.

[Bolton

HOW TO BECOME A CRACK SHOT

SHOOTS
DARTS
or
BB SHOT.
Write for Booklets.

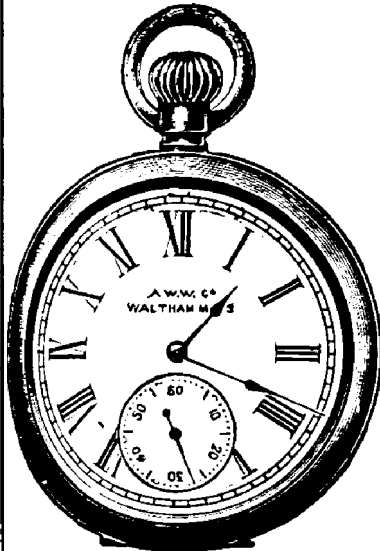


BUY AND USE either a
KING OR PRINCE AIR RIFLE.

Price 3/6 each. Sole Importers:
MARKT & CO., 20, Chapel St., Milton St., London, E.C.

E. B. DENNISON, JEWELLER,

6 CHEAPSIDE (Near St. Paul's Cathedral), LONDON, E.C.



All grades of **WALTHAM WATCHES** kept in stock from £1 5s. to £50.

WALTHAM WATCHES repaired, only genuine materials used. High-class Jewellery, Silver Ware, and Clocks.

Sole Agent in Great Britain for **TOLEDO WORK** made by Felipa of Madrid.

Send for **Price List of Watches** (Dept. C.)

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 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.

PICTORIAL POSTCARDS.

Collectors and others write for our **SHILLING** assortment, comprising: 25 high-class Cards, Assorted Actors and Actresses, Views, Topical Sketches, Artistic Japanese Series, "Doggy" subjects, &c., &c., in Colour and Photogravure.

Selection of thousands and new subjects arriving Daily. Send 13d. Stamps to

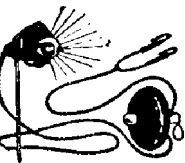
PICTORIAL PUBLISHING CO., PARSONAGE, MANCHESTER.

ELECTRIC SCARF PIN.

Latest Novelty Out! Handsome Pin, together with Connections, Push, and Battery complete. Best Three-Cell Batteries only used. Will last for months.

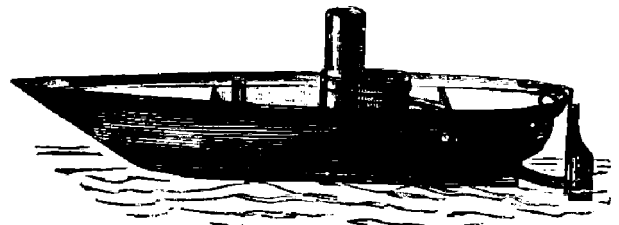
Price complete and post free, 3/6 ea. Extra Batteries, 1/2 each, post free.

FRANK CLARKE, Gothic Arcade, Snow Hill, Birmingham.



THE MOST MARVELLOUS OF MODERN INVENTIONS. NEW PATENT THERMOSTATIC BOAT

NO DIRT. NO SMOKE. NO DANGER.
SELF-FEEDING. NEVER FAILS TO WORK.



It is only necessary to light the lamp and place the boat upon the water, when it will immediately start off at full speed, drawing up its own supply automatically as it goes along.

SIZES and PRICES, neatly packed in Boxes:

Size	Price	By Post
5 inches long, suitable for basin or bath. Goes for 40 minutes each time the lamp is filled	1/6	1/8
9 inches long. Goes for 3 hours	2/6	2/9
Do. Do. With Deck	3/6	3/9
14 inches long. Decked	5/6	5/10
16	7/6	8/-

"DINGLE DANGLE"

A HIGHLY AMUSING GAME FOR OLD AND YOUNG.



A little cork ball balanced on a hooked wire is blown upwards and floats in mid-air as long as one's breath lasts. The object of the game is to hook the ball on a loop overhead. The loop can be adjusted higher or lower to make it more or less difficult as desired.

Beautifully made, nickel plated, complete in box, with instructions, 1/-, by post, 1/1.

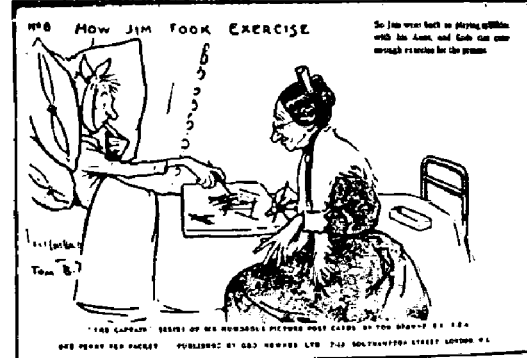
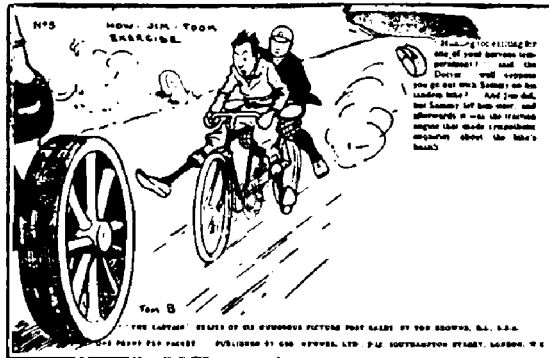
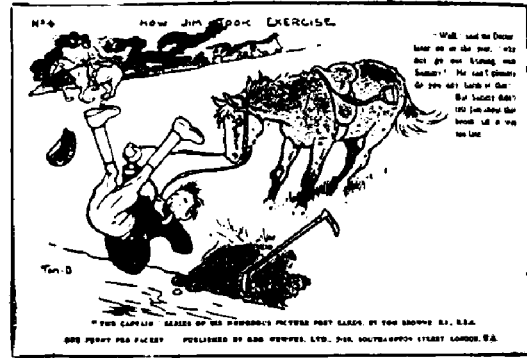
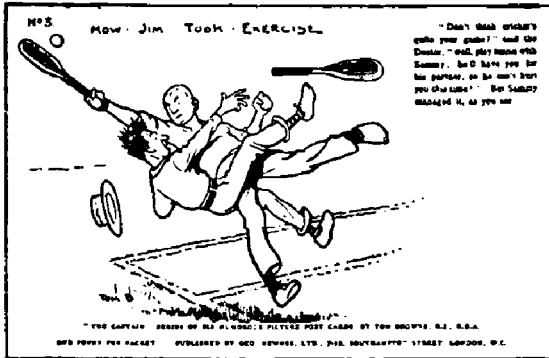
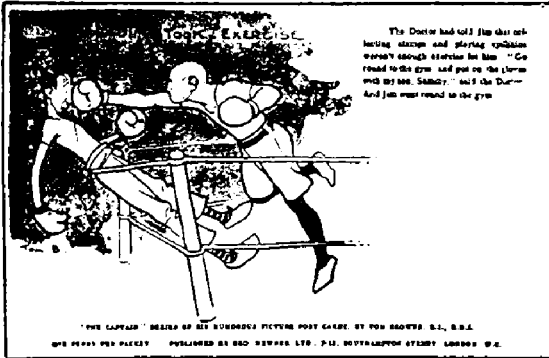
Only to be obtained from the Sole Makers,

H. J. REDDING & CO., Makers of Scientific Novelties.
3 ARGYLL PLACE, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

New Illustrated Catalogue of all the Latest Amusing and Scientific Novelties sent on receipt of 1d. stamp.

"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 CHRISTMAS CAPTAIN

Ready **NOVEMBER 21st.**
CHRISTMAS STORIES, CHRISTMAS ARTICLES, and PICTURES.
 READ **THE GOLD BAT. POOR, DEAR HARRY!**
ACROSS THE WILDERNESS. A STOLEN "HALF."
THE PICKED SEVEN AT HAT BAND.
EVENTFUL CHRISTMASSES.
CHRISTMAS WITH "A. P." (Alf. Pearse, the Artist.)
CHRISTMAS PICTURES BY TOM BROWNE, R.I.

6^{d.}

So Look out for The CAPTAIN on **NOVEMBER 21st.**

THE BRIGHTEST THING IN THE HOME

Entrances the Children. Delights the Young, Intelligently diverts the Aged.

The No. 1. Crown Combination Game Board



Sixty-five games on one Board for the one price **PRICE 15/-**

80 pieces of equipment and complete easy Book of Rules with each Board.

New Games, Old Games, Games of Skill, Games for Fun, including Carroms, Crokinole, Draughts, Backgammon, &c.

The Board measures 2 ft 5 ins square, and is handsomely finished in mahogany and white maple. Both sides are used.

Sold by all Dealers in Toys and Games.
Sole Agents: A I Co., 8, Long Lane, London, E.C.

I last used a Swan Fountain Pen since then I have used no other.



THE "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN

Sold by Stationers and Jewellers.

FIRST & BEST. Made in 3 sizes, 10/6, 16/6, and 25/- up to £20, post free.

Complete Illustrated Catalogue sent post free on application.

MABIE, TODD & BARD, 83, Cheapside, E.C.; 85a, Regent St., London, W.; 3, Exchange St., Manchester; Brestano's, 37, Ave. de l'Opera, Paris.

Nos. 60 to 64. Reversing Vertical Engines with Oscillating Cylinders, Brass Boiler, and all Fittings Complete, 3/6, larger with Water Gauge, Whistle, &c., 5/6, 6/6, and 10/6, Carriage Paid.

Nos. 101 to 104. Slide Valve Vertical Engines with Force Pump, Governors, Boiler with Water Gauge, Whistle, all Best Fittings, and Lamp, &c., complete, 11 ins high, 13/6, 12 ins high, 20/6, 13 ins high, 30/6, 14 ins high, 40/6, Carriage paid.

Nos. 60 to 64. High-class Dynamamos. These Dynamamos are of the Kapp type, and specially designed for Electric Light Installations, charging Accumulators, Electro Plating &c. They are fitted with adjustable Rocker Brushes, extra bearings, Oil Cups, &c., and are the best small Dynamamos procurable, where real and constant work is required.

No. 1	To light 12 C.P. Lamps,	10/6	Carriage Paid.
2	45	25/-	
3	48	37/6	
4	88	70/-	
5	5 1/2	110/-	
6	10 1/2	155/-	

Nos. 1 and 2 have H. Armatures, all others have Drum Armatures. Materials with wire and full instructions for constructing same can be supplied at: No. 1, 9/6; No. 2, 13/6; No. 3, 19/6; No. 4, 21/-; No. 5, 35/-; No. 6, 49/6 Carriage Paid.

See Catalogue for other designs of Dynamamos and Steam, Gas, and Oil Engines for driving same, Lamps, Wire, Fittings, &c.

Battleship. Gunboat. Ocean Liner.

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 65/6, 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. Carr. Abroad, 3/6 extra. **Model Passenger Ships and Ocean Liners** Finished and Equipped in best style. Fitted with Strong Steam Engines, boilers, Fittings, Masts, and Funnel, &c., no showy. 22 ins. long, 28/6, 26 ins. long, 38/6, 24 ft. long, 60/6, Carriage Paid. Carr. Abroad, 10/6 and 12/6 extra. **Gunboats** with Steam Engine and Boiler, Life-boats, Quick Firing Guns, &c., complete, 29 ins. long, 20/6, 25 ins. long, 25/6, large size, 2 ft. long, 37/6, Carriage Paid. Carr. 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. Carr. Abroad, 2/- and 3/- extra.

High Class Model Steam Locomotives.

No. 44. **No. 32.**

No. 50b. **No. 45.** **No. 42.**

Torpedo Boats with Steam Engine and Boiler, Guns, &c. complete, 15 ins. long, 8/6, 20 ins. long, 10/6, Carriage Paid. Carr. Abroad, 2/6 & 3/6 extra. See Catalogue for Model Marine Engines and Boilers all kinds, Petrol Motors for Boats from 12 to 30 feet long.

Send for our Splendid New Enlarged Catalogue, nearly 500 Illustrations, of a useful 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, Patent Motors for River Boats and Bicycles, Castings of some Brass Copper, and Steel Boilers, Oil and Gas Engines, Dynamamos, Electro Motors, &c., post free 6d.

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. & 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, 70/6, 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. Fin. Finish. Guaranteed. Length 10 1/2 ins. Price 67/6, Carr. Abroad, 5/- 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/- extra. Gauge 2 ins., 17 ins. long. Price 30/6, 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, 50/6, Carr. Paid. Carr. Abroad, 5/- extra.

W. MACMILLAN & CO., Engineers and Modellers, Mar Street, Alloa, N.B.

JOHN PIGGOTT LTD.

ATHLETIC OUTFITTERS.

Gymnasium Outfits.



Football Outfits.

WORLD-RENOUNDED FOOTBALLS.

The Crown..... 5/6
 The Club..... 5/9
 The Goal..... 6/8
 The Briton 7/6
 The Kick-off..... 8/11
 The Cup Tie..... 9/9
 Postage, 3d.

FOOTBALL BALLS

12in.	14in.	16in.	18in.
3/8	4/1	4/9	5/4

Postage, 6d.

BOOTS

Russet Galf. Single Pad.
 4/11, 5/11, 7/3, 7/11, 8/6
 Scotch Chrome, Feather weight
 Spring Steel, 8/6, 9/11. Postage 6d.

FLANNELETTE SHIRTS

Harpum or Stripes, 1/10 each
 For quantities of 1 doz.,
 2/- reduction.
 Ditto, 2/6 each. For quantities
 of 1 doz., 3/- reduction.

STRONG NAVY SERGE

BELTLESS KNICKERS

With Elastic and Patent
 Clip, 2/3

Ordinary makes, 1/4, 1/9,
 2/9, 3/9. White Swans-
 down, 1/4, 2/2, 3/3.
 Postage, 3d. 2/- reduction
 on 1 doz.

SEND
 FOR
 OUR
 GENERAL
 PRICE
 LIST
 SENT
 POST
 FREE.

WHITE GYM. KNICKERS
 1/4, 2/2, 3/10, 4/10
 BOYS' WHITE TROUSERS
 4/6, 5/3, 6/6

WHITE GYM. VESTS
 1/- & 1/6
 Trimmed round
 neck and arms, 1/6

SELF COLOURS
 1/5. Postage, 3d.
 WHITE GYM. SHOES
 1/11 per pair.
 Postage, 3d.

POLISHED INDIAN CLUBS
 1lb. 2lb. 3lb. per
 9d. 1 - 1/3 pair

POLISHED SCEPTRES
 No. 1 No. 2 No. 3 per
 1 - 1/4 1/9 pair.
 Carriage extra.

BOXING GLOVES
 Youths' Chammois,
 3/6 per set.
 Youths' Superior Do.
 Stuffed Hair, 4/6 set
 Men's Chammois
 Stuffed Hair, 5/6 set
 Postage, 5d.

DUMB BELLS
 2lb. each (4lbs.) 6d.
 3lbs. " (6lbs.) 9d.
 4lbs. " (8lbs.) 1/-
 Carriage extra.



(Dept. J.) 117 & 118, CHEAPSIDE & MILK ST., LONDON.

Cadbury's Cocoa

Absolutely Pure - therefore Best

REFRESHING AND SUSTAINING.

Dr. ANDREW WILSON says:
 "The practice of adding to cocoa foreign substances should be condemned. . . . Cocoa in itself is an excellent and nutritious food, and it should be used in a perfectly pure state."

The MEDICAL ANNUAL says:
 "Cadbury's is a perfectly pure Cocoa of the highest quality."

PITMAN'S

PRACTICAL TRAINING FOR BUSINESS LIFE,
 For Private Secretaryships; for the Merchant's Office;
 for posts as Foreign Correspondents, Book-keepers,
 Clerks, &c., for Civil Service and other Exams.

Open Daily 10 to 9,
 for Individual and
 Personal Instruc-
 tion.

METROPOLITAN

New Students may
 join any day.
 Fees strictly according
 to subjects taken.
 Permanent Staff of
 SEVENTY Teachers.

Parents and Guardians should call and see the unique arrange-
 ments made for the comfort and training of Students.
 Prospectus (60 pages, illustrated, on application to the Secretary,
 gratis and post free
SOUTHAMPTON ROW, LONDON, W.C.

SCHOOL

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., Bread Street Hill, E.C. and Bungay, Suffolk.

CEMBER.

CHRISTMAS

NUMBER.

THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE
FOR BOYS & "OLD BOYS."


EDITOR, "THE OLD FAG." ATHLETIC EDITOR, C. B. FRY.

6d.

Vol. X. No. 57.

DECEMBER, 1903.

By Appointment



To H.M.
THE KING.

THE GRADE ONLY—THE BEST
PREMIER
"JUVENILE"
BICYCLES.

Price:
£8 8s. Net, or
£1 1s. Monthly.

Catalogue Free from
PREMIER CYCLE CO., LTD.,
COVENTRY.

Address:
20 Holborn Viaduct, E.C., and
133 Hammersmith Road, W.



"MY IDEAL CHRISTMAS."

By Fred Swainson, Gordon Browne, R.I., Tom Browne, R.I.,
E. J. Nankivell, E. S. Hodgson, P. G. Wodehouse,
T. M. R. Whitwell, Cockburn, Reynolds, Felix Leigh,
Arthur Stanley, A. E. Johnson, H. Hervey, &c.

Published Monthly by **GEORGE NEWNES, Ltd.**, 7-12, Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

GAMAGE'S GREAT BAZAAR

NOW OPEN.

We shall be

GLAD TO SEE YOU whether you buy or not.

ADMISSION QUITE FREE.

ONE OF THE SIGHTS OF LONDON.

Wonderful Working Models.

Thousands of presents for old and young from one penny to £1,000.

The Grandest Bazaar ever held.

OVER TWO ACRES OF DELIGHTS.

Free Exhibitions and Demonstrations all day long—Marionette Shows, Punch and Judy, Miniature Theatres, Ventriloquial Entertainments, Conjuring, &c., &c.

WORKING MODEL OF THE GREAT MONO-RAILWAY.

WORKING MODEL OF THE ELEVATED STEAM RAILWAY.

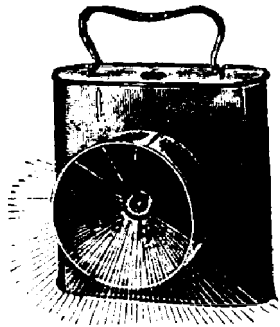
WE SHALL BE SHOWING THE WORLD-FAMED "DECAPOD" ENGINE.

GIGANTIC LAKE CROWDED WITH MODELS, SUBMARINES, &c.

Printers' Rubber Stamps.
 Conjuring Tricks.
 Phonographs.
 Gramophones.
 Ship's Parts.
 Parts for Models.
 Diving Fishes.
 Submarine Boats.
 Rubber Stamps.
 Felt Animals.

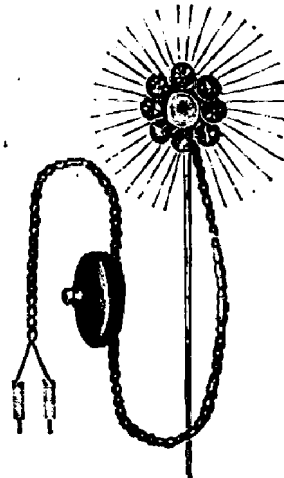
Felt Birds.
 Unbreakable Toys.
 Celluloid Dolls.
 Ugly Dolls.
 Wooden Dolls.
 Xmas Tree Boxes
 Dolls' Bedsteads.
 Cooking Stoves.
 Toy Greenhouses.
 Toy Bonnet Shops.

Soldiers in Uniform.
 Switchbacks.
 Wibbly-Wob.
 Xmas Tree Parcels.
 Funny Clockwork Tumblers.
 Looping the Loop.
 Books for Boys.
 Books for Girls.
 Thousands of others too numerous to mention.



ELECTRIC HAND LAMP.

Can be used as a dark room lamp by putting on Ruby Cup supplied with each one. Complete with 4½ volt Battery. Price 2/11. Postage 4d. Extra Batteries, 1/3.



ELECTRIC SCARF PIN.

Complete with push cord and 4½ volt Dry.

Price 2/11.
 Postage 2d.

Extra Battery, 9d, all ready for use.



THE "ORIGINAL" ELECTRIC POCKET LAMP.

Strong White Light. 4½ volts. Best Battery. Price 11½d. Postage 2d. Extra Batteries, 7½d. Postage 2d. Extra Bulbs, 4½d.

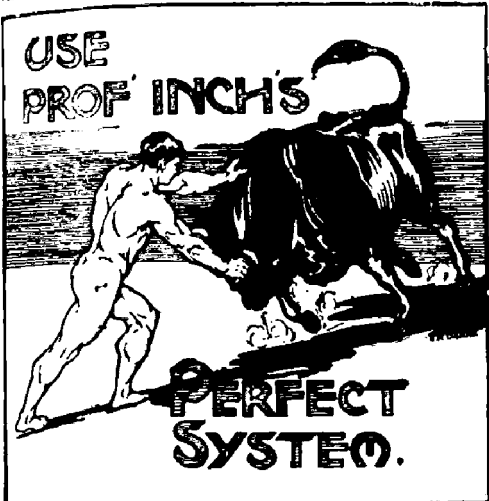
Write for our SPECIAL BAZAAR CATALOGUE, post free.

If you are arranging an Evening Party, write first to our Entertainment Department for terms.

We supply Entertainments and Artistes of every description.

A. W. GAMAGE, Ltd., Holborn, London, E.C.

**USE
PROF INCH'S**



**PERFECT
SYSTEM.**

I CAN MAKE YOU STRONG!!!

SEND AT ONCE
for my best Developer, and New Anatomical Chart of

HOME TRAINING
10s. 6d.

State height and weight. Each Developer best Paris Rubber, Detachable Spring Couplings, Nickel-plated Handle, packed in neat box, post free. *Exercise 20 minutes per day, and double your strength in three months.*

**THE WAY THAT MADE
ALL STRONG MEN
STRONG WILL MAKE
YOU STRONG.**



Send now and become a Competitor for my Massive Cup (as Illustration) and Medals with

200 OTHER PRIZES.

PROF. INCH,
PHYSICAL CULTURE EXPERT.
(Dept. "C.") 160 Bishop's Road,
Fulham, LONDON, S.W.

H.M.S. "CONWAY" SCHOOL SHIP
MOORED IN THE MERSEY.

Designed to give a sound TECHNICAL and GENERAL EDUCATION to boys desirous of entering the MERCANTILE MARINE and other professions. SEVERAL NOMINATIONS TO ROYAL NAVAL CADETSHIPS. Physical culture a special feature.

For full particulars and prospectus apply to the Commander, Lieut. H. W. BROADBENT, R.N.R., Rock Ferry, Cheshire.

An admirable Food for
Cyclists, Footballers, Oarsmen,

EPPS'S
IS THE BEST
COCOA
and all engaged in outdoor
sports and pursuits.

Army (ALL BRANCHES), Higher Civil Service, &
University. **SPECIAL PREPARATION.**



JOHN GIBSON, M.A. (First Class, Cambridge), Late of Uppingham and Westminster, Educational Medallist at Antwerp, Bordeaux, and Brussels International Exhibitions.

G. LOLL, 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) 21, 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.

**AN IDEAL
XMAS GIFT.**



**WATERMAN'S IDEAL
FOUNTAIN PEN.**

No happier gift can be given for Christmas and New Year to lady or gentleman. It is a treasure in use, and a Waterman Ideal is constantly valued for its ready writing qualities. Send for our Dainty Illustrated Brochure on pens, post free. From 10/6, of Stationers, Jewellers, etc. In Silver and Gold for Presentation.

L & C. HARDTMUTH,
12 GOLDEN LANE, LONDON, E.C.
NEW YORK: 173 BROADWAY.

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

4½^{d.}
2

QUEEN VICTORIA PACKET.

We are offering for a short time an interesting collection of stamps, all bearing portraits, of various types, of the late Queen Victoria. The great demand for Queen Victoria Stamps and the rapidly increasing prices make this **YOUR OPPORTUNITY; DO NOT MISS IT.** The stock will not last long and the offer may never be repeated. The packet contains **40** different Queen's Head British Colonial Stamps, and the price is only **4 d.** post free (abroad 7d.). We include late portraits, as on Newfoundland, New Zealand, Canada, &c., and earlier types, as on Queensland, Hong-Kong, Malta, Tasmania, New South Wales, Gold Coast, Mauritius, Ceylon, Gibraltar, Jamaica, South Australia, &c., &c.

NOTE.—For one penny we will send (in the United Kingdom only) a packet of 50 stamps, including King's Head Colonial, New Zealand, Trinidad, Sweden Service, Japan, Turkey, Argentine, Spain, Portugal, Russia, Ceylon, Indian Native State, Brazil, Venezuela, &c., &c.

ALFRED GILBERT & CO., WESTON-SUPER-MARE.

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.

ARE YOU IN WANT

Of a good Packet of Genuine Stamps? If so, send for the Europa, which contains 100 different free for 4d. We are giving to each purchaser a fine set of 9 New South Wales. Sheets sent on approval. Big discounts. Price list of 75 Different Packets sent free.

CUTHBERTSON & CO., 14 Exchange St. East, Liverpool.
STAFFORD SMITH'S ALBUMS always give satisfaction.
Send for 36-page Stamp Circular, post free. Permanent Stamp Albums, 4s. and 5s.; 9,000 stamps described, 12,000 extra spaces.
H. STAFFORD SMITH & CO. STAMP IMPORTERS, BRIGHTON.

UNUSED BRITISH COLONIALS
(King Edward Issues).

BLOCKS, SINGLES, AND SETS.

R. PITTLIO, Jun., Kirkgate, Burntisland.

The Invincible Packet (No. 146).

Worth 5/- Our Price 7d. (Post-free.)

Our December Packet contains 30 rare and genuine Colonial and Foreign Stamps, as follows:—

- NEW BRUNSWICK, 1860 (Queen's Head), MAURITIUS, 1870, Rare 1d. on 10d. NORTH BORNEO, 1890. GOLD COAST (Old Issue), West Australia (2d. yellow), Barbados, British Guiana, New Zealand (Pictorial), Lagos (Queen's Head), Sarawak (Rajah Brooke), Queensland Sixpence, Great Britain 1/2 (Civil Service), Dutch Indies (rare provisional), New South Wales Jubilee, United States (Ironclad), Ceylon, India, Set of 5 Jamaica (including picture issues and surcharged Official), Egypt Service, Natal, Bolivia Republic (old), Japan, Sierra Leone (Revenue), Persian Empire, Cartagena Provisional, and Guatemala Provisional 1895.

GIVEN FREE to all purchasers of the above Packet who apply for a selection of our Approval Sheets (Discount 5d. in the 1/-), a very fine set of **10 Different King's Head British Colonials** from Orange River Colony, Grenada, Gold Coast, Hong Kong, Straits Settlements, Natal, Canada, &c., &c.
J. STUART & CO., SPRING GROVE, ISLEWORTH.

FREE. FREE. FREE.

**- FIFTY DIFFERENT -
BRITISH COLONIALS.**

This Packet will be sent absolutely free to every applicant for my "Onkaparinga" Approval Books (new series), but a penny stamp must be sent for return postage. My New Price List of sets, packets, and cheap stamps ready at end of November. **Some Cheap Sets:—**

s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
20 Argentine, Various Issues	6	17 Portugal, current 2/1r. to 3/0R. .. .
6 " " Official" 1903, complete .. .	1 6	12 Queensland
10 Borneo " Protectorate," 1 to 24 c. .. .	1 3	8 Philippines, unused
4 " " " 10, 16, 25, 50 c. .. .	1 3	50 Spain 1835-1900
28 BULGARIA, VARIOUS ISSUES	1 0	7 Peru 1896-1900
8 " " 1901, Head of Prince	4	12 " " All unused and obsolete
9 " " 1892-1896, 1s. to 50c.	8	16 Switzerland 2c. to Fr. 3
7 Ecuador Jubilee, complete	8	50 Sweden, a fine set
40 German Empire, including 1900 2 pf. .. .	1 0	6 Jamaica, including 2 Official
1 to 1 Mark - 1902 2 pf. to 80 pf. .. .	1 0	11 Bavaria 1888-1900 2 pf. to 1 Mk. .. .
8 German Official 1903, COMPLETE	1 6	11 Greece 1901, 1 i. to 1 Dr.
6 Holland Unpaid	6	2 Wurtemberg 1900, 30 and 40 pf. .. .
		8 Chile, 1 c. to 20 c.
		2 " " 1900, 30 c and 50 c
		3 South Australia 1903, 5d., 4d., 6d. .. .
		8 Tunis, 1 c. to 25 c.
		3 Congo, Fr. 3.50, red and black, used, each .. .
		5 Canada Jubilee, 2 dol. used
		" " 5 dol. used
		" " 5c. bronze scarce
		" " 50 c. blue
		3 B. C. Africa on B.S.A. 1d on 2d Miss .. .
		10 Sth. Australia, 1d., 5 A & Cr. work .. .
		3 Austrian Levant 1896, 10 & 20 pf., the pair .. .

Cash with Order.

POSTAGE EXTRA.

PLEASE NOTE CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

L. S. CHARLICK (Late of 55-56 Chancery Lane, W.C.) 26 Glenroch Road, Hampstead, London, N.W.

IT COSTS YOU NOTHING!

Send me a postcard stating your name and address and I will forward to you, post free, a fine new copy of

"POOLE'S MONTHLY PHILATELIST."

It contains particulars of hundreds of genuine-stamp BARGAINS, so do not miss this opportunity. Let us forget send me a postcard NOW.

B. W. H. POOLE, 6 Rock Terrace, STAMFORD LINES.

GRATIS! My Approval Selections abound with cheap Colonials at bed-rock best prices. Intending purchasers enclosing stamp for postage, receive gratis a rare postally used

4d. Victoria (February 1901) catalogued is.

This stamp will become very rare, only being in use 3 months. It was superseded in May 1901 by that inscribed "Postage." Secure it now.

GRAHAM MORRIS, The Avenue, St. Margaret's, TWICKENHAM.

The "BULGAR" 4d.
65 DIFFERENT STAMPS 65

Including Antigua, Transvaal, Shanghai, Sardinia, Natal (King), Cuba, Hyderabad (Deccan), Turkey, Mexico, Roumania, Argentine, Cape Colony (King), Luxemburg, Chili (new issue), Spain (War Tax), Japan, Nicaragua, Portugal, Egypt, Greece. **Grand Set of 20 British Colonials, &c., &c. Price 4d. Only One Packet supplied to each Person.**

IN ADDITION.—Every purchaser asking to see our "Ideal" Approval Sheets will receive a handsome

Set of 10 BULGARIA, gratis.

Illustrated Price List, 84 pages, full of Bargains in Sets, Packets, and Albums; also including a "Guide to Stamp Collecting." Post free and gratis.

ERRINGTON & MARTIN,
SOUTH HACKNEY, LONDON.

10,000 GENUINE STAMPS of the world, collected abroad and from the Colonies; guaranteed as received; a remarkably cheap lot; bargain. Price to clear, **4s.** per parcel, from the Agent for the Vendor—**N. T. HILLIER, Horsmonden, Kent.**

FREE CHRISTMAS GIFT.

70 splendid varieties including Hanover, Chile, Comoro Islands, Jamaica, Ceylon, Venezuela, Barbados, Guadeloupe, Trinidad (British), Montenegro, Nyassa, Cartagena, Martinique, Brazil, Monaco, Queensland, Canada, Borneo, Sarawak, Labuan. Post Free 6d. To all purchasers of the above packet asking to see my cheap Approval Sheets (50 per cent. discount), I will give Free a fine Set of 3 Shanghai.

C. HEATHER, 58, Campden Bldgs., Hampstead, N.W.

3d. "India" Packet contains 100 stamps, including:—scarce Set of **3d.**

6 INDIA (O.H.M.S.)
(½ anna—1 Rupee)

With new issue and high values, set of 10 Bulgaria with new head issue and old, set of 5 Turkey (old and new), 2 Serbia, Roumania, Montenegro, Russia (eagle), set of Greece (heads, pictorial, etc.), Egypt, Russia, Japan, U.S.A. (war), Chili, Cape, S. Australia, set of 3 Victoria, Argentine (Liberty), 2 Canada, Brazil, etc. Price **3d.**, Postage 1d. extra.

In addition every purchaser applying for our renowned Approval Sheets will receive Free a superior set of

6 CHILI,
with 1908.

PERRIN BROS.
57 Fortune Gate Rd., Harlesden, N.W.

THE FOURTH EDITION OF THE UNIVERSAL
- - STANDARD CATALOGUE OF THE - -

1903-4
EDITION.

POSTAGE STAMPS

OF THE WORLD - - - IS NOW READY

It includes all stamps known to be issued up to date of publication,
with the price of each.



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.

1s. ASTONISHING VALUE 1s.

The following 52 different stamps for 1/-: Northern Nigeria, Niger Coast, Montserrat, St. Christopher, St. Vincent, Bermuda, 3 Barbados, 4 Guiana, 8 Cape, Sierra Leone, Grenada, 2 Ceylon, Gold Coast, 5 Jamaica, 3 Hong Kong, Leeward, 4 Mauritius, Newfoundland, Orange State, Perak, Selangor, 3 Straits, Transvaal, 5 Trinidad. The entire lot 1/- post free.

A. MYERSCOUGH & CO.,

3, Broadway, Ludgate Hill, London.

Price List of Colonials Post Free
Prices are very low, wholesale and retail.

"CAPTAIN" EYE OPENER December. (Quote December when ordering) 100 different, 6d., including Argentine, Cyprus, China, Gibraltar, U.S. Omaha (1 and 2c), Venezuela, Jamaica 3d. green, 2 Old Mexico, Servia, GRATIS Large List Sets, SHEETS 4d. Stamps upwards, 25s. Mounts and set of 3 U.S. different 10c. good to all who apply for sheets. 500 different Stamps and Album, 6s. 6d. free inland, abroad 1s. extra; 1,000 for 15s.
A. C. McAUSLAN & CO., 95W Bath Street, Glasgow.

STAMPS. 1s. War Packet contains 100 Stamps, all different, including Transvaal, Orange River Colony, Natal, Cape Colony, India Service, Portuguese India, U.S.A., Peru, Java, St. Lucia, British Guiana, Leeward Isles, Morocco, Brazil, Argentine, Mexico, Straits Settlements, Tasmania, Victoria, New South Wales, New Zealand, Philippines, Cuba, British South Africa, Bermuda, Gibraltar, Grenada, and South Australia. 2 6 packet contains 150 good Colonials. Including many rare specimens. Postage Free.
ERNEST SMALL, 39, ORFORD ROAD, WALTHAMSTOW, ESSEX.

(STAMPS) HOW TO COLLECT STAMPS (STAMPS)

Don't buy rubbish. Buy only stamps in good condition, lightly cancelled. For really fine copies of all countries, write

J. W. JONES, 444 Strand, London (opposite Charing Cross).

Orders executed from any catalogue.

SPECIAL BARGAINS FOR DECEMBER.

Great Britain 2/6, 5/-, & 10/- King's Head, 4/3. Porto Rico "War" provisionals set 15 used, 4/-; Transvaal Republic 24 varieties 5/-; Orange Colony 10 varieties provisionals, including thick V's and rare 4d., 6/-.

CATALOGUE OF NEW SPECIAL SETS, ALBUMS, &c., FREE ON APPLICATION.

J. W. JONES, Sole Address, 444 Strand (Opposite Charing Cross), London.

EVERY COLLECTOR MUST HAVE

The Stamp Collectors' Annual

and Year-Book of Philately, 1904.

OVER 100 PAGES, ILLUSTRATED. PRICE ONE SHILLING POST FREE.

Compiled and edited by Mr. Percy C. Bisson, of the "Stamp Collectors Forthrightly" Full of interesting articles, interviews, and information unobtainable to philatelists. Published by

CHARLES NISSEN & CO.,

77, 78, High Holborn, London, W.C.



EXCELSIOR STAMP ALBUMS.

No. 1 consists of 144 pages (size 7 by 8 1/2 inches), with spaces for 3,000 stamps, and illustrated with 100 engravings of full size stamps. Handsomely bound in cloth, price 1/- post free.

A Packet of 100 Stamps is given with each 1/- Album.

No. 2, 1904 EDITION, consists of 205 pages (size 11 by 8 1/2 inches), beautifully bound in cloth, with spaces for 7,000 specimens. Hundreds of illustrations at the heads of various pages. Price 2 6 post free.

NEW EDITIONS of Nos. 3, 4, and 5 are now in the Press, and will be ready early in December. Full particulars upon application.

OBLONG DJIBOUTI FREE.

No. 33 EXCELSIOR PACKET contains 80 different Stamps, including Antigua, Set of 4 Brazil, Queensland, Gold Coast, Britrea (1903), Malaya States, Gibraltar, Set of 5 Philippines, Montenegro (1903), Austria 1 Kroner, Malta, Set of 8 India, including Emperor's Head, &c. &c. post free. 6d. (Abroad 8d.)

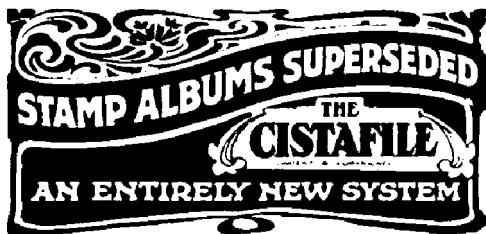
AND FREE to every purchaser of No. 33 Excelsior Packet A Set of Two Oblong Djibouti, each view of Harbour, a strikingly handsome set.

FOR We will send for one penny (abroad 3d.) a Packet of 50 Stamps, including several picturesque and King's Head British Colonials, such as Transvaal, Malta, Cape of Good Hope, Jamaica, British Guiana, &c. and our 74 page Illustrated Price List, the finest list of Stamps ever published.

APPROVAL SELECTIONS UPON APPLICATION.

BUTLER BROS.,

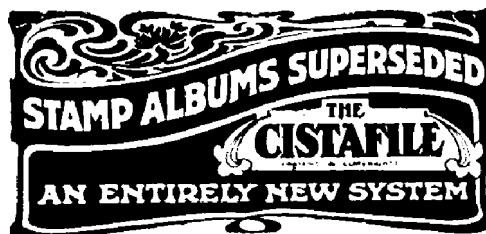
Clevedon.



FOR HOLDING STAMP COLLECTIONS.

The Cistafle is not a book. In two weeks over 1,500 Cistafles were sold to Stamp Collectors who have adopted the new system in preference to albums. The Cistafle will protect stamps for an indefinite period. It will never wear out and is always up-to-date. Additions and withdrawals of stamps can be made at will. Collections can be rearranged to any new order desired in a few minutes, at no extra cost whatever, and without touching a single stamp. Stamps issued in the future can always be immediately inserted in their correct places. There are no leaves to get crumpled and no unsightly blank spaces. The Cistafle is a 1903 idea and the only one suitable for present day requirements. There are only a few of the advantages, there are dozens more, and to enumerate them all would require many pages of this magazine. Our Full Catalogue, which is gratis and post free to readers of "The Captain," can be had on application to **LAWN & BARLOW, Stamp Experts, and Sole Manufacturers of the Cistafle, 99, Regent Street, London.**

The Cistafle is inexpensive and equally suitable for small, medium or large collections. It always exactly fits.



40 DIFFERENT AUSTRALIANS GRATIS

With Packet No. 154. Contains scarce provisional Servia, 10 on 20 paras, Jamaica (View), Dutch Indies surcharged on Holland, Deccan (Native Indian State), obsolete Argentine, old unused Colombia, Chinese Imperial Post, Egypt "Service de l'Etat," Greece new issue, Guatemala large picture, new Holland 10c., old Roumania, Spain War Stamp. Price 4d. Postage extra. No Deadheads supplied.

THE PREMIER STAMP COMPANY, BRIGHTON.

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.

50 STAMPS 6½d. Post Free. Comprising **B. Colonials** (Kings and Queen's Heads), new issues, &c. **50%** off marked prices.

50% APPROVAL SHEETS AND BOOKS Old Collections bought. A fine Selection of Picture Post-cards, local views, 1d. each, 13 for 1s.; Foreign from 1d. each. off marked prices.

PEARCE & STAMFORD, 7 Katharine St., Croydon.

BEFORE ORDERING Foreign Stamps from elsewhere, write for our Approval Sheets and Books of "British Colonials" and "Officials." Unrivalled for variety, extent, and cheapness. State references and class desired. Stamps bought or sold in all parts of the world.
JAGGARD AND COMPANY, LIVERPOOL.

50 BRITISH COLONIALS, POST FREE 1/-

This Special Colonial Packet contains 50 different British Colonial postage stamps, including Cape (King's head and high value), British South Africa, Barbados, India (King unused and scarce Service), Transvaal (set of King's heads and provisional), Straits, Victoria (set), Trinidad (set), West Australia (set), Malta (King's head), Malaya, Tasmania, Queensland, Orange Colony (King), scarce Orange River Colony (provisional), &c., &c. some unused; price 1/- post free, and, in addition, all purchasers of this packet asking to see my Approval Sheets will receive free a pair of Orange Free State stamps, surcharged V.R.I. 1d. and 1d. Selections sent on approval. All collectors should see my Approval Sheets, write for a selection to-day. Fine variety, low prices, large discount. Exchange desired. Collections and scarce stamps purchased.
F. G. ROWE (formerly of Bath), 22 Desborough Rd., PLYMOUTH.

STAMP COLLECTORS! NOTE THIS!!

EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS IN PACKETS.

2s. 6d. worth of Stamps for 3d.

This Packet, No. 76, contains 160 well mixed Stamps, including following:—Bolivia (rare, catalogued 1s.), States of Columbia (new issue), Cape Colony (King's Head), Ecuador Jubilee (scarce), Borneo (native), Cuba (baby King), Brazil (old issue), Deccan (Native Indian States), Turkey (obsolete), Greece (latest issue), Argentine, Roumania (old issue), Canada (maple leaves), Spain, India, New Zealand (Universal), Costa Rica (1892), &c., &c. Post free, 3d.

5s. worth of Stamps for 5d.

This Packet, No. 77, contains 100 well mixed Stamps from all parts of the World, and includes Borneo (monkey, rare), Hayti (large stamp), Peru (obsolete), Travancore (Native Indian State), Mexico (obsolete issue), Queensland, New South Wales, Victoria, China (rare), Persia (ol 1 issue), Egypt (unpaid issue), Roumania (latest issue), Bulgaria, Canada Jubilee (rare), Porto Rico (obsolete), Ecuador (1896, rare), Trinidad (old head issue), United States (Buffalo Exhibition Stamp), Jamaica (Waterfalls, obsolete), Portuguese Indi scarce), Nicaragua (old issue), Reunion (scarce), &c., &c. Post free, 5d.

Special Collections of Stamps.

The Cheapest in the World. 500 all different, price 3s. 9d. 250 all different, price 1s. 6d. 1,000 all different, price, post free, 12s. 6d. 2,000 all different, price 2 guineas. 100 British Colonials all different, and including many scarce, post free, 2s. 9d.

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. Our Price List, Post Free on Application. Undoubtedly the Cheapest List in the Trade.

EDWARD COOPER & Co.,
14, Archway Road, Highgate, London, N.

GOOD NEWS for STAMP COLLECTORS!



We have succeeded in obtaining a stock of Borneo and Labuan, 4 c. (Gorillas), at half usual prices and now offer them to our numerous clients and prospective clients in a **NEW BARGAIN PACKET**. As the supply is limited we can sell this packet only to applicants who ask to see our Approval Sheets. These Sheets have received the praises of thousands of satisfied customers, and we are confident they will please you.

If you are a Stamp Buyer, you need our **price list**, a handsome book of **64 pages, 150 illustrations**. Thousands of Bargains. Sent Gratis and Post Free on application.

COLONIALS GIVEN AWAY.

In order to advertise more fully our Approval Sheets and Books of Sets, we will give free to all enclosing 1d. stamp for postage, a Set of 25 Colonials, all different, including several King's Head issues.

W. & A. PRINCE, 79 Edward Street, West Bromwich.

MIDLAND STAMP CO., CASTLE BROMWICH.

CHEAP SETS, ALL DIFFERENT.

30 Argentine	8	20 French Colonies	5	25 Cuba	6
33 Hungary	8	25 Germany	7	29 Switzerland	6
15 Bolivia	9	21 Wurtemberg	6	20 Turkey	5
50 Belgium	9	24 Greece	6	40 United States	5
20 Brazil	6	20 Mexico	5	20 Salvador	7
20 Bulgaria	6	20 Nicaragua	6	20 Venezuela	7
16 Chile	6	15 Peru	6	10 Borneo	9
15 Colombia	6	16 Luxembourg	6	20 Canada	9
13 Costa Rica	6	24 Portugal	6	16 Cape Good Hope	9
12 Guatemala	6	30 Roumania	6	25 India	6
30 Holland	4	15 Finland	5	10 Newfoundland	10
20 Honduras	8	20 Servia	6	10 Labuan	9
19 Ecuador	6	150 Spain	9		

CAPTAIN PACKET.—200 varieties, including Newfoundland, Borneo, Labuan, Guatemala, Peru Lima, Honduras, Malay Tiger, Bolivia, Nicaragua, Nyassa, Cape Verde, Mozambique, Zambesi, Congo, Reunion, Morocco, Senegal, Salvador rare surcharge, Ecuador official, Servia surcharge, Montenegro, Paraguay, Dominica, Uruguay, Persia surcharged, Venezuela, New Granada, Costa Rica 20c., Brazil, Set of 5 Cuba, Bulgaria, Philippine, India King, Patiala, Gwalior, Tunis, Argentine, Cape, Barbados, Jamaica, Deccan, Java, free 1/1. List of hundreds sets, packets, cheapest in the trade, free. Wonderful value, 500 varieties Foreign Colonials, 2/6, 100 different Colonials, 1/- 100 different South America, 2/- 130 varieties African stamps, 3/- 130 varieties West India stamps, 5/6.
Only Address—Midland Stamp Co., Castle Bromwich, Birmingham.

Gorilla Packet 4d. POST FREE

Contains **50** different stamps, including rare set of **THREE** different **BORNEO** and **LABUAN** (all with **GORILLAS** design, usually sold at 2d. and 3d. each), **SOMALILAND (fort)**, **COLOMBIA**, Jamaica, Korea, Senegambia and Niger, Chili, Port Congo, Cape, Borneo (Dyak), rare set of **7** different **PHILIPPINE ISLES**, &c., &c. **MONEY BACK** if not satisfied. Postage abroad extra.

ERNEST WOOD & CO.,
Importers,
Chorlton-cum-Hardy, MANCHESTER.

PACKET EXTRAORDINARY!

25 DIFFERENT STAMPS worth six times the price, including obsolete and present issue Colonials, New 5 or 8c. American, Bulgaria, Bolivia 1897, 5 or 10c. **NO Stamp Catalogued less than 1d.**
Send for Price List. Approval Sheets on application:—
East Dulwich Stamp Co., 3 Henslowe Road, London, S.E.

SPECIAL DECEMBER PACKET

Contains **75 GOOD Stamps**, no rubbish, all different, and nearly all obsolete.

Price only 9d. POST FREE.
This is simply an advertisement packet to get better known our world renowned Approval Sheets. Discount 6d. in 1s. Only one packet supplied to each Applicant.

We want to buy loose stamps and collections, best prices given.
J. W. SPOWART & CO., Nevill St., SOUTHPORT.

ABSOLUTELY FREE!

For a short time only I will **GIVE AWAY**
3 SHANGHAI Including an entire unused wrapper and correspondence card
5 U.S.A. Ironclad series with rare \$1 stamp Figure of Justice.
10 ROUMANIA A very fine set, including new and obsolete issues. Catalogued at 10d.
The 18 stamps mentioned above will be given away only on condition that you ask to see my approval sheets, enclose 1d. stamp for postage, and show this advertisement to at least two other stamp collectors.
H. C. WATKINS, 86 Lordship Lane (3510), Wood Green, N.

FOREIGN STAMPS.

Terms, net cash with order, postage extra.

PACKETS OF GENUINE VARIETIES:—

100 different, 3d.; 150, 6d.; 200, 10d.; 250, 1s. 6d.; 500, 5s.; 1,000, 15s.

STAMPS FOR DECORATIVE PURPOSES:—3d. per 1,000; 2s. for 5,000.

STAMPS FOR COMPETITIONS:—2d. per 1,000; 10s. per 100,000.

Special Offer for Beginners.—An Illustrated Album and 500 assorted Stamps, 1s. Superior Album and 1,000 different Stamps, 17s. 6d.

Bargains in Stamp Sets (every stamp different).—15 Argentine, 6d.; 20 Turkey, 6d.; 50 Colonials, all Queen's Heads, 1s.; 20 Persia, 1s.; 12 Gold Coast, 2s.; 6 Nigeria, 9d.; 8 Egypt, 3d.; 20 Greece, 7d.; 4 St. Helena, 6d.; 20 Finland, 9d.; 12 Java, 8d.; 25 Denmark, 9d.; 50 Australian, 1s.; 100 Australian, 4s.; 40 South Australian, 6s.; 4 Tonga, 1s. 6d.; 35 Norway, 1s.; 40 Sweden, 6d.; 10 Iceland, 9d.; 12 Mauritius, 1s.; 3 Montenegro, 2d.; 20 Bulgaria, 6d.; 20 Levant, 1s.; 6 Sarnwak, 9d.; 5 Barbados, 3d.; 9 British Guiana, including Jubilee, 8d.; 4 St. Vincent, 4d.; 6 St. Lucia, 6d.; 5 Sierra Leone, 6d.; 5 Trinidad, 2d.; 100 Colonials, 2s.; 4 Bermuda, 3d.; 2 Virgin Islands, 3d.; 5 Jamaica, 2d.; 14 Nicaragua, 6d.; 14 Salvador, 6d.; 6 Ecuador, 3d.; 6 Honduras, 3d.; 4 Panama (inap), 3d.; 4 Fiji, 6d.; 4 Gambia, 6d.; 12 Servia, 6d.; 18 Roumania, 6d.; 5 Lombardy Venetia, 3d.; 10 Montenegro, 9d.; 5 Travancore, 4d.; 50 Spain, 1s.; 20 Japan, 6d.; 12 Tunis, 9d.; 20 Brazil, 6d.; 7 Newfoundland, 9d.; 5 Orange River Colony, 6d.; 8 Transvaal, 6d.; 7 Bolivia (1894 complete), 6d.; 7 Uruguay, 4d. Album Circular and Stamp Bargain List free on request.

All kinds of Foreign Stamps bought for cash or taken in exchange for others.

THE MIDLAND STAMP CO., CHEYLESMORE, COVENTRY.



"GREATLY PLEASSED"

WITH THE STAMPS. Will tell all the collectors I know of the reasonable prices of your packets.—Extract from letter received by last mail from New Zealand.

CHEAP SETS. Every Stamp different. 50 Australia, 1s.; 36 Austria, 8d.; 10 Barbados, 8d.; 3 Belgium Exhibition, 2d.; 20 Canada, 6d.; 16 Cape, 9d.; 8 Columbia, catalogued 3s. 10d., for 1s. 3d.; 30 Holland, 4d.; 16 French Colonies, 4d.; 40 France, 8d.; 6 British Official, 2d.; 100 different Plate numbers, 2s. 6d.; 25 Greece, 1s.; 80 Greece, 5s. 6d.; 8 Hong Kong, 5d.; 9 Orange River Colony, 1s.; 25 India, 6d.; 14 Transvaal, 1s.; 10 Newfoundland, 9d.; 17 Newfoundland, 2s. 4d. Approval sheets upon application. Lowest prices, 50% discount. Lists, Colonials, Packets, Sets, &c., free. Wholesale Lots for Dealers. Telephone No. 05320.

F. W. FRANKLIN, Exchange Buildings, Birmingham.

ESTABLISHED SAME ADDRESS, 1893.

COLLECTIONS WANTED.

I buy collections and loose lots of postage stamps and pay the very highest prices. Fiscal and Revenue stamps also wanted. Selections of stamps on approval at 50 per cent. discount to responsible applicants. Deposit or references required.

JOHN JAMES COATES,

4 Southwark Street, London Bridge, London.

Established 1879.

CANADA ONE DOLLAR.

Canada 50 c. and 20 c. (Queen in widow's weeds) are included in our December packet of Used British Colonials.

DECEMBER packet of 30 British Colonials, including Six Canada. 5c., 6c., 10c., 20c., 50c. and one dollar.

PRICE 6d. Postage 1d. extra. The Value of this set alone is considerably more than the Price Charged for the Whole Packet.

Contents of December Packet.

St. Lucia. Obsolete and rare.
St. Kitts and Nevis.
Sierra Leone.
Lagos. Old Queen issue.
Gold Coast. Rare old red issue.
Cape Colony. 1s. yellow.
New Zealand. Rare 2s.
Straits Settlements. 10c.
Great Britain. 2d. blue, 1858.
Jamaica. 1d. and 1d. official.
India. 1, 1, 2 annas. King's Head.
Natal. 1d., 1d. King's Head.
Orange Free State, and the magnificent set of 6 Canada, including 20c., 50c. and 1 dollar.
Price 6d., Postage 1d. extra.

WANTED.—A Good Collection of Stamps. High Price Given.

Price List of British Colonials, Now Ready: Selections of Colonials sent on approval.

FRANK MOORE & CO., 3, Villiers St., Strand, LONDON.

1904. NEW ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST of over 700 Cheap Packets, Sets, and Albums, gratis.

Imperial Stamp Albums (new edition) GRATIS, see special offer.

WINCH BROS., Colchester.

Established 1870.

USED KING AND QUEEN COLONIAL Packet No. 31 contains choice King's Head and mint Victoria, 10 of the following: Bermuda, Lagos, Transvaal, Malta, Gambia, Barbados, Niue, New Guinea, Ceylon, Grenada, St. Vincent, Natal, Mauritius, India, Penrhyn, Leeward, O.F.S., Seychelles, Nigeria, Belgaugur etc. Also 40 other selected stamps. No Rubbish. Price 1s. THE EMPIRE STAMP CO., Hornsdown.

FREE GIFTS FOR XMAS.

200 Genuine Stamps, including Travancore, Greece, Japan, Cuban, Western Australia, British Guiana, India, Chilean, &c. &c. GIVEN ABSOLUTELY GRATIS to EVERY APPLICANT who encloses 2d. for postage and packing, and asks to see my Approval Sheets, which are the BEST AND CHEAPEST in the world.

W. LACEY, 65a, London Road, Brighton.

BARGAINS.

Sets (Postage extra):—40 United States, 4d.; 100 United States, 1/-; 25 Greece, 5d.; 20 Ecuador, 6d.; 15 Cape of Good Hope, 8d. Packets of 100 varieties, 3d.; 150 varieties, 8d.; 200 varieties, 1/-; 250 varieties, 1/4; 300 varieties, 2/-; 1,000 varieties, no Bill Stamps, 15/-. Fine Collections of 100 English Colonials (no English), 1/-; and 50 varieties of Australia (Postage only), 1/-.

J. RUSSELL,

64 Northumberland Park, Tottenham, London. N.

"PREMIER" INTERCHANGEABLE ALBUMS.

No.	Description	EACH.		DOZ.	
		s.	d.	s.	d.
No. 1.	8vo, 9 3/4 by 6 1/2 in., holds about 600 stamps ...	0	11	...	9 6
" 2.	4to, 10 by 8 in., holds about 725 stamps ...	1	0	...	11 6
" 3.	As No. 2, but stouter cover, &c. ...	1	2	...	13 0
" 4.	Folio, 11 1/2 by 9 1/2 in., holds about 1000 stamps ...	1	6	...	18 0
" 10.	4to, 10 by 8 1/2 in., 50 leaves, holds about 1800 stamps, bound in leatherette, gilt lettered, &c. ...	4	6	...	48 0

EVERY LEAF IS REMOVABLE, and all the above Albums will admit of extra leaves being inserted. Additional leaves can be supplied at prices ranging from 2/9 to 3/6 per 100.

THE "A B C" CATALOGUE OF STAMPS, ENVELOPES, POST-CARDS, &c., is the only complete Catalogue published in the English Language; nearly 900 pp., post free, 2/10. All others are incomplete or misleading.

BRIGHT & SON, 164 Strand, London, W.C.

FREE!! FREE!!! DON'T

A ONE SHILLING PARCEL GIVEN AWAY to all Stamp Collectors. We are making this wonderful offer to bring before the notice of readers of the "Captain" our 1903 CATALOGUE (full of bargains). THE PARCEL contains the following:

- 100 FOREIGN STAMPS SEND
- (Used and unused), including many scarce varieties.
- A PACKET OF STAMP MOUNTS. Best quality. AT
- A Perforation Gauge, with full instructions.
- THE WHOLE LOT
- ABSOLUTELY FREE.

Send your name and address, with 1d. stamp for postage, and we will send the above PARCEL per return. This is a GENUINE OFFER. Only one lot given away to each applicant. ONCE

KING BROTHERS, Stamp Importers, Bilston.

Colonial Postage, 1d. extra.

**GRAND PRIZE COMPETITION FOR STAMP COLLECTORS.
OVER 700 PRIZES. TOTAL VALUE £124.**

1st PRIZE value £15. 3rd & 4th PRIZE value each £5.
2nd PRIZE value £10. 5th to 10th PRIZE value each £2.

NO GUESSING NO SKILL REQUIRED **YOU CAN WIN ONE OF THESE PRIZES.**

This Gigantic Prize Distribution is being organised by the publishers of the high class and well-known Journal "THE STAMP COLLECTOR" now concluding its 7th year. The "Stamp Collector" is a paper of 40 pages and photographic plates. Profusely illustrated and full of most useful articles and notes helpful to Stamp Collectors.

IF YOU DON'T WIN the £15 Prize YOU CAN CERTAINLY secure one of the 700.

In reviewing the "Stamp Collector" the "Philatelic Journal of India" says: "It should certainly be upon the shelves of all whose aim is the possession of a well selected library. Edited with taste, and evidencing considerable philatelic sagacity, it is a magazine to be looked forward to with pleasure and studied with profit."

Another Journal says: "The 'Stamp Collector' is the most interesting, instructive and useful Philatelic Journal on the market. Far more reading matter in proportion to advertisement pages than any other paper. And it's all good."

12 Monthly Parts sent to any address for 2/-

The best two issues, each containing 40 pages, will be sent to any Collector for 4d. The publishers do not send free copies but will forward "Specimen" for 1d stamp. All the leading dealers advertise in it. 1,500 ardent collectors subscribe to it. **WHY DON'T YOU?** Address letters—**THE EDITOR, "STAMP COLLECTOR,"** Constitution Hill, Birmingham.

FREE. Packet of 50 varieties (usually sold at 6d.) if you enclose stamp and ask for our **Grand New Season's Approvals.** 25 per cent. discount and Great Bonus.

E. JAMES & CO., 28 Cranbrook Park, Wood Green, N.

INDIAN NATIVE STATES STAMPS.

25 varieties for 1/4; 50 for 4/-; 75 for 8/-; 100 for 12/-; 125 for 17/6. Money order or unused English stamps with order.

G. S. IYER, ATTUNGAL, TRAVANGORE, INDIA.

STAMPS GIVEN AWAY

To all Bona-fide purchasers sending for our Approval sheets, with stamp for return, we will give a handsome set of 4 Nyassa (2 Giraffe Series). Mention "Captain."

The Imperial Stamp Co., Hoe Street, Walthamstow.

BARGAINS!

from many old collections. Write to-day for

**APPROVAL SHEETS 50 %
DISCOUNT**

PACKETS.—100 Foreign, 4d. 50 British Colonial, 1s. post free.

J. S. BREEZE,

18, Crosby Road, Birkdale, Southport.

FUN FOR 'XMAS.

WRIGHT'S PARLOUR FOOTBALL

is admitted the best Association Game of Skill. Board, Men, and Ball complete 1/3. Rugby Championship, complete with board, rules, &c., 7½d.

CYCO. the game of circles. Price 1/2.

"Cyco is really capital amusement. Quite above the ordinary parlour game."—*Scottish Sport.*

BOYCOTT. A merry round game for any number of players. Price 1/3.

TRIPLIKO. The best modern game for two players. Price 1/1½.

"We can honestly recommend this game."—*Irish Figaro.*

Other Games to suit all tastes.

WRIGHT & CO., 2 Amen Corner, London.



**THE
BEST
PRESENT**

for a father to give his son is surely an Atlas.

The four **BEST** Atlases are:

**THE TWENTIETH CENTURY
CITIZEN'S ATLAS.**

By J. G. BARTHOLOMEW, F.R.G.S. 156 Maps, Introductory Text, Statistical Tables, Descriptive Gazetteer and General Index Extra crown folio, art canvas, 21s. net; half morocco, 25s. net.

**THE INTERNATIONAL
STUDENT'S ATLAS**

OF MODERN GEOGRAPHY. A series of 105 Physical, Political, and Statistical Maps, compiled from British and Foreign Surveys, and the latest results of International Research. Under the direction of J. G. BARTHOLOMEW, F.R.S.E., F.R.G.S., etc. Royal 4to, cloth, 6s. net.

DAILY TELEGRAPH.—"The moderate price of this publication, the clearness of its printing, and the vast amount of detailed information, physical, political, and statistical, make it a boon to all students of the world's contemporary history."

THE HANDY SHILLING ATLAS.

Containing 120 fully coloured Maps. By J. G. BARTHOLOMEW, and a Gazetteer of the World with 10,000 entries. 6 ins. by 4 ins., cloth, 1s. net.

THE HANDY TOURING ATLAS

OF THE BRITISH ISLES. 120 fully coloured Maps. By J. G. BARTHOLOMEW. 6 ins. by 4 ins., cloth limp, 1s. net; leather limp, 2s. net.

. Complete Illustrated Catalogue post free on application.

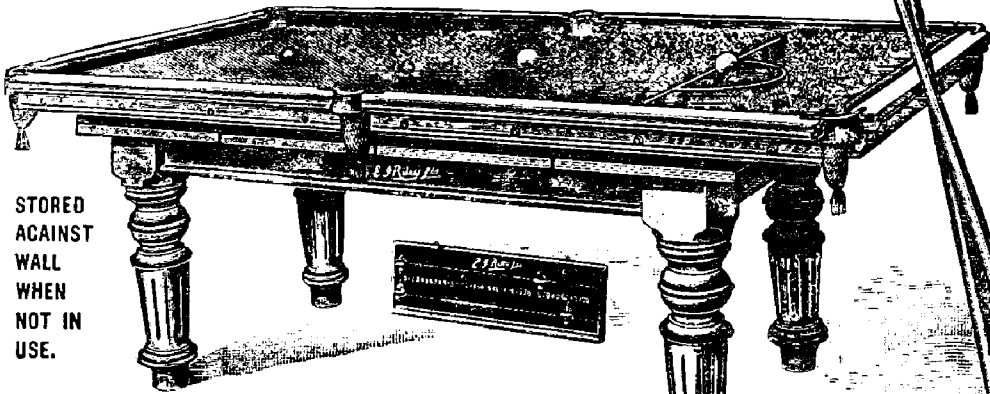
GEORGE NEWNES, Ltd.,
Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.

BILLIARDS AT HOME.

A Billiard Table ready to place on any Dining Table, and instantly removable.

CASH or EASY PAYMENTS.

BILLIARD TABLE WHEN RESTING ON DINING TABLE.



STORED AGAINST WALL WHEN NOT IN USE.

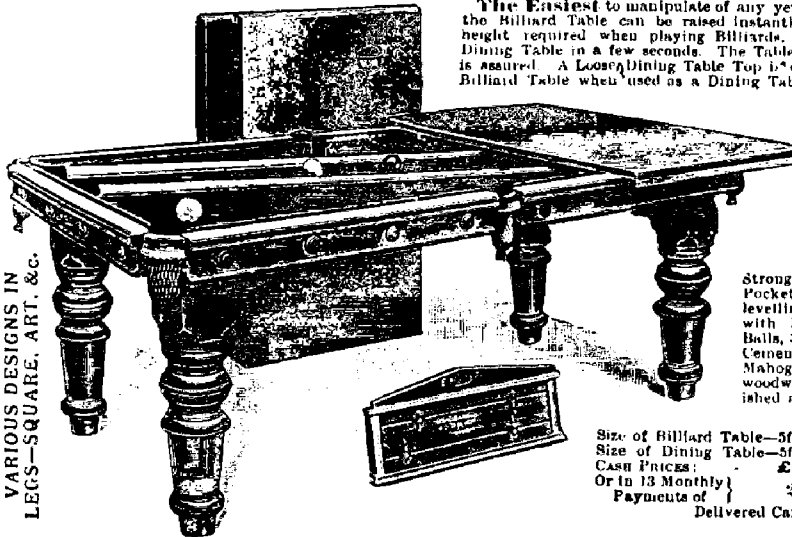
WILL FIT ANY SIZE OF DINING TABLE.

SIZE.	CASH PRICE.	OR IN 13 MONTHLY PAYMENTS OF	Special Quality (very superior).	OR IN 13 MONTHLY PAYMENTS OF
3ft. 4in. by 2ft. 4in.	£317 6	6/6 per month.	5ft. 4in. by 2ft. 10in.	10/- per month.
5ft. 4in. by 2ft. 10in.	5 2 6	9/- per month.	8ft. 4in. by 3ft. 4in.	12/6 per month.
6ft. 4in. by 3ft. 4in.	6 0 0	10/9 per month.	7ft. 4in. by 3ft. 10in.	16/6 per month.
7ft. 4in. by 3ft. 10in.	8 0 0	12/6 per month.		

Delivered Carriage Paid at Our Risk.

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.



VARIOUS DESIGNS IN LEGS—SQUARE, ART. &c.

SPECIFICATION.

Combined Billiard and Dining Table. Solid Thick Mahogany Legs Solid Mahogany Low Billiard Cushions fitted with Frost-Proof Rubber, best slate Bed covered with Superior Billiard Cloth. 6 Strong Natted Pockets. Invisible Brass Pocket Plates. Brass Adjustments for levelling. Mahogany Marking Board with Ebonite Pointers. Set of Ivory Balls, 3 Cues, 1 Rest, Spirit Level, Tapes, Genuet, &c. Prices include Packed Mahogany Dining Table Top, and all woodwork is handsomely French Polished and Table warranted.

Size of Billiard Table—5ft. 4in., 6ft. 4in., 7ft. 4in., 8ft. 4in.			
Size of Dining Table—5ft. 8in., 6ft. 8in., 7ft. 8in., 8ft. 8in.			
Cash Prices:	£13 10.	£15.	£18 10. £24 10.
Or in 13 Monthly Payments of	24/-	26/6	32/6 43/-

Delivered Carriage Paid at our Risk.

CHAMPIONSHIP SOUVENIR, with Photographs of C. Dawson and H. W. Stevenson, 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.

London Showrooms: 147, ALDERSGATE STREET, E.C.
ALL CORRESPONDENCE TO WORKS, ACCRINGTON.

REPAIRS.

Old Tables converted and fitted with the New Championship Cushions as used in 1903 Championship—

STEVENSON & DAWSON.

E. J. RILEY, LTD., Billiard Table Builders. **ACCRINGTON.**

CARROM-ARCHARENA

100-Game Board.

Carroms, Crokinole, Backgammon, Twelve Men Morris, Billiardette, Draughts, Sixty-six, Pocket Bagatelle, Chess, Pin-a-four, and Ninety other separate and distinct games played on this board.

**4-Surface
Combination
Game-Board.**

Price 20/-

The only board of its kind in the world. Any number from 2 to 8 can play.



This board is made of beautiful white Maple, natural wood finish, highly polished. Diagrams in beautiful colours. Centers 3-ply veneer light and very strong. **SOLD BY ALL DEALERS IN TOYS AND GAMES.** Send postcard for Descriptive List, attractively printed in colours, to the **SOLE AGENTS:—** A.I. CO. (Dept. C.), 8 Long Lane, London, E.C.

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, Eastham.



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. Dept. G. 89, Aldersgate St., London.

6/-

Post
Free.



PRINTING OUTFIT 2/- POST FREE.

Containing 3 alphabets of Capitals, 4 alphabets small letters, 4 sets Figures, Commas, Stops, & Signs, &c. Over 240 movable types. 3-line knob holder, tweezers, and self-inking pad. Useful to everybody. Smaller outfits at 5/-, 8/-, and 1/3. Illustration shows 4 1/2 size.

Cheapest firm for all kinds of Rubber Stamps. Booklet of specimens free. Agents wanted.
ERNEST WOOD & CO.,
Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester.

THE 20TH CENTURY DAISY AIR RIFLE.



**SHOOTS B.B. SHOT OR DARTS.
ACCURATELY SIGHTED.
OF HANDSOME APPEARANCE.
AN IDEAL PRESENT FOR A BOY.**

Length, 30 inches; Weight, 2lbs.

**NO POWDER,
SMOKE,
DANGER,
NOISE.** Price 4s. each.
**SOLD
EVERYWHERE.**

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.

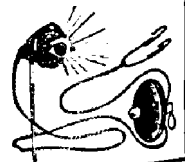
J. T. CROCKETT & SONS,
7a, Princes Street, Cavendish Square.
(Close to Oxford Circus, W.)

ELECTRIC SCARF PIN.

Latest Novelty Out! Handsome Pin, together with Connections, Push, and Battery complete. **Best Three-Cell Batteries only used.** Will last for months.

Price complete and post free, 3/6 ea.
Extra Batteries, 1/2 each, post free.

FRANK CLARKE, Gothic Arcade,
Snow Hill, Birmingham.



See "TIT-BITS" for
GREAT COMPETITION.

PRESENTS FOR BOYS



Engines, Trains, and all kinds of Rolling Stock, in English designs and colours, for steam and clockwork. Rails, Switch Points, Signals, Stations, &c. Complete railway systems can be gradually acquired. Stationary Engines, Hot Air Engines, Gas Engines, Engine Fittings, Magic Lanterns, Air Guns, and Carpenters' Tools.

Engines made to customers' own drawings, and repairs to steam and clockwork toys undertaken. **ESTIMATES FREE.**

Send 6d. for large Illustrated Catalogue which will be allowed on all purchases of over 10/-.

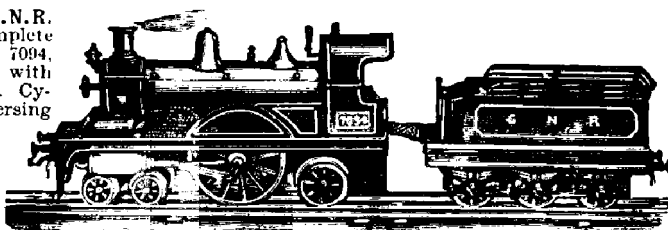
WILES' BAZAAR, 32 Market Street, MANCHESTER.
Telegraphic Address—"Models, Manchester." National Telephone. 09062

TOM SMITH'S CRACKERS

CAUTION! SEE TOM SMITH'S NAME ON EVERY BOX.

RICHFORD'S EXPRESS ENGINES

SCALE MODEL G.N.R. LOCO, Tender, and complete set Oval Rails. No. 7094, Oxidised Brass Boiler with Water Gauge, D.A.S.V. Cylinders, fitted with Reversing Eccentrics, Safety Valve, Whistle, Steam Dome, &c. The whole splendidly finished and lined Correct Colours.



Price complete, **62/6** Carriage Paid.

Length of Engine and Tender, 21 inches.

NON-RACING CLOCK-WORK RAILWAYS.

No. 1. — With Engine, Tender, Two Carriages, Guards Van, and Oval Set of Rails, 10/9 post free.

No. 2. — Ditto, larger, 16/6 post free.

No. 3. — Ditto, but reversing, 21/6 post free.

SPECIAL LINES IN LOCO SETS.

SCALE MODEL L & N.W.

Magnificent Model, No. 2 Gauge, Length 22 in., with Tender and Rails, **62/6** post free.

No. 3 Gauge, Length 25 in., **75/6** post free.

S.E. & C. Rly. EXPRESS ENGINE.

Beautiful Model, Tender and Rails, Reversing and all latest improvements, 21 in. long. Price **67/6**

G.C.R. SCALE MODEL LOCO.

Tender and Rails, inside Cylinders. Length 21 in. Price **52/6** complete.

No. 696. — **BRASS LOCO.**

Water Gauge, Whistle, &c., with Circle of Rails. **10/6** post free.

No. 695. — Ditto, larger, **16/6** post free.

No. 694. — Ditto, with Tender, **22/6** post free.

SEND FOR NEW ENGINE AND ELECTRICAL LIST POST FREE PER RETURN.

SPECIAL GREEN LOCO.

Good Value, **3/6**, with Whistle, **4/6**

BRASS LOCO.

With Whistle, Starting Lever, &c., **6/10** post free.

No. 13264. — **HIGH-CLASS TRACTION ENGINE.**

With Water Gauge, Chain Gearing, Feed Pump, Slide Valve Cylinder. Will run straight or circular. Price **67/6** post free.

No. 13097. — **STATIONARY HORIZONTAL ENGINE.**

Similar to Traction Engine above. Very Powerful and a fine Model. Price **60/-** post free.

No. 66. — **CRANE ENGINE.**

Solid Brass, with Cast Bed Plate, Reversing Gear, and can be used as ordinary Donkey Engine. Price **13/-** post free.

RICHFORD & CO., 153 Fleet Street, London, E.C. Established 1876.

BRANCH DEPOT: 52a High Holborn, W.C.

The "BADEN POWELL" Pocket Knife.



2/-

Length open, 6 1/2 inches. White polished handle, three blades, nail file, cigar probe, and pipe cleaner. Price 2/-; your name engraved on it, 6d. extra. **PUZZLE BOX**, polished nickel silver, price 7d. Suitable for matches or cash. Easily opened when you know how, but a veritable puzzle to your friends; we will engrave your name on and send one by post for 1/6, with catalogue of watches, &c.

J. N. MASTERS, Ltd., 330 High Street, Rye, England.

PERIL of the SWORD

6/-

(CONCERNING HAVELOCK'S RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.)

By Colonel A. F. P. HARCOURT,
Author of "Jenetha's Venture."

King's Navy and Army. — "Should find a place on every boy's bookshelf—a fascinating book."

Globe. — "Very interesting—a notable book."

Morning Post. — "Boys would delight in it."

St. James's Gazette. — "Impresses by its realism, and attracts by its sustained interest."

Literary World. — "As accurate as it is vivid and interesting."

SKEFFINGTON & SON.

50 1d. Picture Post Cards 1/6

Printed in art colors on thick card, delightful variety. Stock limited. Write at once. Money back if not satisfied.

Nevill Novelty Co., 28 Mill Road, Eastbourne, N

HOME HANDICRAFTS

**F
R
E
T
W
O
R
K**

**C
A
R
V
I
N
G**

NEW DESIGNS.

GOLD MEDAL
FOR TOOLS

HIGHEST TESTIMONIALS.

Catalogue with Presentation
Design, 6d. post free.

HARGER BROS., SETTLE

COOK'S ATHLETIC CO.

BARBICAN COURT LONDON E.C.

Actual Manufacturers and Patentees of all British Sporting Goods and Athletic Specialities—INDOOR AND PARLOUR GAMES.

FOOTBALLS.

Practice	4/6
Match	5/-
Club Royal	6/-
Matchless	7/6
Kikeesi	8/6
Goalfinder	10/6

HOCKEY STICKS.

Koochah	5/9 each
Reliance	5/9 "
Defiable	5/9 "
Anglo-Saxon	5/9 "
All Cane, selected	4/6
Solid Cane	3/-
Ash Bound	2/6 "

HOCKEY BALLS.

Barcoo	7d.
Marvel	2/-
Premier	2/6
Magic	3/6

SHIN GUARDS.

6d., 1/-, 1/3, 1/6,
1/9, 2/- pair.

INDOOR GAMES.

Draughts	6d., 1/-, 2/-
Draught Boards	6d., 1/-, 2/-
Ring Boards,	6d., 1/-, 2/-, 3/-, 5/-
Dart Boards	6d., 1/-, 2/-
Peg Quoits	1/-
Puff Cricket	6d., 1/-, 3/6, 5/-
Puff Football	6d., 1/-, 2/6
Compendiums,	6d., 1/-, 2/-, 5/-
Race Game	6d., 1/-
Magnetic Fishing,	6d., 1/-, 3/6
Motor Race	6d., 1/-
Table Quoits	6d., 1/-
Table Croquet	6d., 1/-, 2/6
Table Bowls	6d., 1/-, 2/6, 5/-
Penalty Kick	1/-
Soccer	1/-, 3/-, 5/-
Hockaball	5/-, 10/6, 21/-

Special for "CAPTAIN" Readers.

"FLUFF-FLUFF" Ping-Pong's Rival.

The latest and most exciting and fascinating Game ever invented. 5/-, 7/6, and 10/6 per set.

BOXING GLOVES.

Men's	5/-, 6/-, 8/6
Youths	3/6, 4/-
Special Youths	5/6

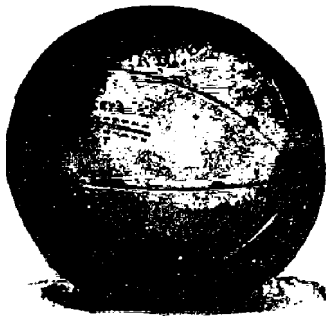
PUNCHING BALLS.

Koochah	10/6, 12/6
Special	8/6

Send for our beautifully illustrated Catalogue of all Games, &c., and SEE WHAT YOU SAVE.

BOWLETT, the latest practical Indoor Cricket, quite original, 5/-

ALL GOODS ARE SENT POSTAGE PAID.



SUCCESS

IN THIS LIFE is for the strong and healthy. If weak—don't be handicapped any longer. Throw physic to the dogs and send 13d. for our book, which tells you how to get strong. Sent post paid by

C. HIGHWATER & CO.,
No. 84 The Exchange, Southwark, London.

GOOD NEWS

for your Xmas holidays.
THE FAGAN TWO-SPEED HUB

makes cycling so pleasant. With a Fagan hub fitted to your Bicycle hard work up hill or against wind is a thing of the past. The low gear sees to all that. Free wheel on both gears. Simple, reliable, and so impossible to get out of order.

Booklet free from

EADIE MFG. CO., LTD.,

Dept. 3.

REDDITCH.

THE VERY LATEST.

Magical & "Surprise" Novelties.

For Drawing-room Parties, Smoking Concerts, Bazaars, or when travelling by motor, rail, bus, or tram, our Magical, "Surprise," and other unique novelties cannot be surpassed, and can as a rule be carried in the waistcoat pocket without causing the slightest inconvenience to the wearer. Our A B C system of Printed, and where necessary Illustrated, tuition enables any one, no matter how awkward they may consider themselves, to exhibit our novelties to the greatest advantage. Send stamp for "Surprise" List to

ORNUM'S MAGICAL DEPOT,

4 Duke Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.



FOOTBALL AT HOME.

If **C. B. FRY** says: "I can strongly recommend 'BNICK-KICK' you may rely on the new Table Football game being genuine. Over 1,100 sold last Xmas.

Unrivalled for working out FOOTBALL PROBLEMS

We guarantee it to be the nearest approach to Association Football in miniature yet invented.

3s. 10d. Send this amount to the **BNICK KICK CO.**, Nightingale Works, Hornsey Road, London, N., and we will subscribe you with this latest game of SKILL.

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 Tissues. 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.

ELECTRICAL NOVELTIES.

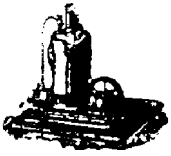
All the latest electrical novelties of the best quality. Scarf Pins 3/9, Pocket Lamps 2/6, 3/6, 4/3, & 5/6, Torches, nickel plated 6/6, black 7/6. Hand Lamps 6/9, Magic Lanterns 3/6. All best 3 cell batteries which will last for months. Postage 3d. The cheapest and best house in the trade.

N. FIELD.

8 Esplanade, Whitley, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Scale Model Locomotive Engines, Coloured and Lined in correct Companies' Colours. Fitted with Reversing Gear, Glass Water Gauge, Steam Pressure Gauge, Steam Whistle, Model Ramsbottom Safety Valve, &c., as illustrated.

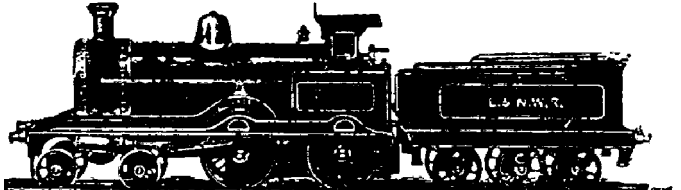
A Few of our Latest Designs of **WORKING MODEL STEAM ENGINES.**
ENGINES MADE IN BRITAIN BY BRITISH WORKMEN. TESTED UNDER STEAM, AND GUARANTEED.



No. 82.—SCALE MODEL D.A.S.V. HORIZONTAL ENGINE, with 3 Cross Tubes to Boiler, Flues, inside Fire Box, Steam Pressure Gauge, Glass Water Gauge, &c., runs at 950 revolutions per minute. Price £5 5s. Carriage Free.
 Complete Set Castings, including Boiler Materials for constructing above Engine with full detailed Scale Blue Print Drawings, &c. Price 9 6s. Carriage Free.



No. 23c.—REVERSING COPPER BOILER VERTICAL ENGINE, with Steam and Water Taps, Reversing Lever, Safety Valve, &c. Price 10 5s. Carriage Free.
 DITTO, not Reversing, otherwise same. Price 6 9s. Carriage Free.
 No. 83.—NEW MODEL REVERSING D.A.S.V. VERTICAL ENGINE, with Eccentric, Glass Water Gauge, Steam and Water Cocks, &c. Price 12 6s. Carr. Free.



No. 1.—SCALE MODEL OF L. & N. W. RAILWAY EXPRESS ENGINE, JUBILEE CLASS, with Cross Tubes, Flues, Fire Box, &c. Spirit Tank fitted to Tender, &c. Length, 25 in., Gauge, 2 1/2 in. Price £4 10s. 6d. Carriage Free.
 DITTO.—"MARE, 1877."—Length, over 2 1/2 ft., Gauge, 3 1/2 in., with Link Motion Reversing Gear, Pump for filling Boiler, and Fittings as above, with Large Tender. Price £12 10s. Carriage Free.
 SCALE MODEL, 1620 CLASS, N.E.R. FAMOUS EXPRESS ENGINES. Boiler fitted as above, with Flues, Cross Tubes, Smoke Boxes, &c. Spirit Tank in Tender, &c. Gauge, 3 in. Price £10.



No. 36.—IMPROVED REVERSING SCALE MODEL OF CALEDONIAN RAILWAY CO'S FAMOUS EXPRESS ENGINE "Dunalastair," Brass Tubular Boiler, Steam Pressure Gauge, Glass Water Gauge, &c. Spirit Tank in Tender, &c., exactly as illustrated. D.A.S.V. Cylinder with Eccentric, &c. Length, 22 1/2 in. No. 111. Gauge, 2 1/2 in. Price 50 5s. Carriage Free.
 With 30 ft. splendid Oval Railroad. Price 60 6s. Carriage Free.

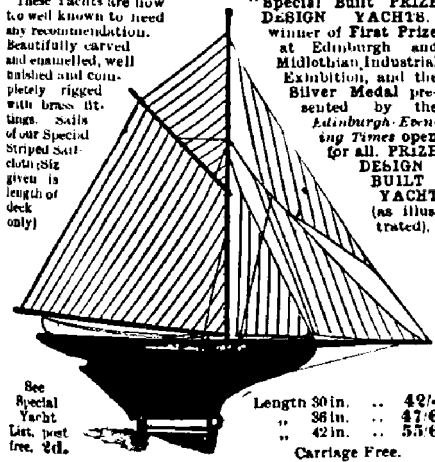


MAGNIFICENT SCALE MODEL OF G.E.R.—Length, 2 1/2 ft., Gauge, 3 in., with Link Motion Reversing Gear, Steam Pressure Gauge, Pump for Filling Boiler, Spirit Tank in Tender, &c. Price £12 10s. Carriage Free.



No. 81.—G.E.R. SCALE MODEL, 3/4 in. to 1 ft., of well-known EXPRESS ENGINE "Claud Hamilton," with 4 Tubes to Boiler, Smoke and Fire Boxes (internal flues), Steam Pressure Gauge, &c. Length, 1 ft. 8 in., Gauge 1 1/2 in. Price £3 10s. 6d. Carriage Free.

MODELS OF M.R., G.N.R., and N.E.R. of similar design to "Dunalastair," but with Brass O.S. Cylinders and Glass Water Gauge, Whistle, Tender, fitted with Spirit Tank, &c. Gauge, 2 1/2 in. Length, 22 in. Enamelled and lined in correct Colours of the Railway Company they represent. Price 37 6s. Carriage Free.
 With 30 ft. of Rails, forming a splendid Oval Railroad. Price 47 6s. Carriage Free.
 For extra Rail's, Points, Signals, Stations, Bridges, Cars, Trucks, &c., see our New List.

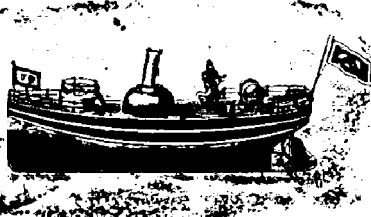


"Special Built PRIZE DESIGN YACHT," winner of First Prize at Edinburgh and Midlothian Industrial Exhibition, and the Silver Medal presented by the Edinburgh Evening Times open for all. PRIZE DESIGN BUILT YACHT (as illustrated).

Length 30 in. .. 42/-
 " 38 in. .. 47 6s
 " 42 in. .. 55 6s
 Carriage Free.

No. 1. Length 16 in. 7 6s
 No. 2. " 18 in. 9 6s
 No. 3. " 20 in. 12 6s
 No. 4. " 21 in. 14 6s

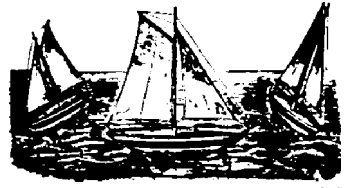
No. 1 Size is Bermuda rigged, the others are Cutter rigged as per Engraving. Nos. 4, 5, 6, and 7 have beautifully varnished Spars and Flying Jib extra.



NEW FIRE BOAT. Beautifully Enamelled and fitted with extra Strong Mechanism, fitted with Pump, Hose with Nozzle, &c., as shown. FIRE HOSE PLAYING as Boat sails along the Water. Very amusing and instructive. Length, 12 1/2 in. Price 9 6s. Carriage Free.

LATEST SENSATIONAL NOVELTY, 7443—WIND TOBSED BOATS. Well made beautifully Enamelled and lined, and fitted with an ingenious arrangement in connection with the Clockwork by which the Boat, as it sails through the water, is tossed from side to side making it appear as if Boat was in Storm or very Rough Sea. Exactly as Illustrated. Tested and Guaranteed. Go for a considerable time.
 No. 1. Length 11 in. Price 3 3s. Carriage Free.
 No. 2. " 13 in. " 4 5s
 No. 3. " 16 in. " 5 5s

NOW READY.—Our Illustrated Catalogue of above, and many other Scale Model Engines, Train Sets, Model Yachts, Ship and Engine Fittings, Dynamos, Motors, Electric Light Sets, Coils, Bells, Accumulators, Submarine Boats, Steam Boats, Scientific and Electrical Experiments &c. Contains over 600 Engravings of above, and Castings of Engines (separate parts), Dynamos, Launch Motors, &c. Post Free. 6d.



Model Yacht Builders, **ARGYLL ARCADE, GLASGOW, N.B.**
 CLYDE MODEL DOCKYARD & ENGINE DEPOT, Engineers and Electricians.

Fruy's "FIVE BOYS" MILK CHOCOLATE.

"Unrivalled as a Chocolate Confection."

MEDICAL MAGAZINE.



Desperation | Pacification | Expectation | Acclamation | Realization

BRITAIN'S BEST BOY'S CHRISTMAS BOX.

7/6
POST FREE.

IS manufactured by the most up-to-date firm of Watch Manufacturers in the World, with a world-wide reputation for good workmanship, and is only produced at the price by perfect organisation, the employment of a huge capital, and the use of the most magnificent automatic machinery. It is not a toy, but a strong, reliable timekeeper, goes 30 hours with once winding, is keyless short-wind, stem-set hands, has hard enamel dial, with seconds, and an accurate horizontal escapement, the movement being fitted into a practically dust-proof highly polished nickel case. Send a P.O. 7/6 to the **SWIFT WATCH CO., Coventry**, who will then send a "Britain's Best Boy's Watch," registered post free, at their own risk, to any address in the United Kingdom. Money willingly refunded if not satisfactory.

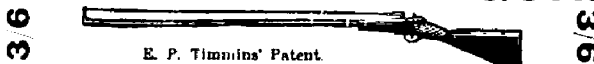
7/6
POST FREE.

**THE SWIFT WATCH CO.,
COVENTRY.**

THE LOCOMOTIVE PUBLISHING COMPANY, LTD.,
3 Amen Corner, Paternoster Row, London.

- BRITISH EXPRESSES 3/6
 - LOCOMOTIVE PORTFOLIO, 12 coloured plates 3/6
 - RAILWAY VIEWS, 100 PICTURES 2/6
 - LOCOMOTIVE MAGAZINE, Vol. VIII., 450 pp. 7/6
- Send for list of books and photographs.

THE CATAPULT GUN.



E. P. Timmins' Patent.

This Gun occupies a position intermediate between the air-gun and the ordinary shot-gun. It is absolutely silent, and has no equal for clearing gardens of cats, rabbits, and other vermin, or for shooting practice. Mr. F. Wignard, The Rectory, Gt. Shefford, says: "The walking-stick gun which I had from you a year ago still gives satisfaction." In Walking-stick form, price 2/6; in Gun form, 3/6. Illustrated Price List post free on receipt of 1d. stamp.—K. P. TIMMINS, 5 COPTIC STREET, W.C.

By Royal Letters Patent.

"SOCKER" INDOOR FOOTBALL.

The Real game, played with mechanical life-like figures. Field, goal-posts, and balls. Real passing, kicking, dribbling, throwing-in and goal defending. Nothing to equal it. To be obtained at all Stores and Sports Depots, 3/- and 5/6 each, or post free from **DAVIES & CO., Manufacturers & Patentees,** 11 Skipton Street, London, S.E.

29
YEARS' SUCCESS.
THE
UNIVERSAL REMEDY
FOR

*Coughs, Colds,
Asthma, Bronchitis,
Influenza, Whooping-
Cough, Hoarseness, &c.*

Orbridge'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., 2s. 9d.,
4s. 6d., & 11s.

COPYRIGHT.

FUN FOR PARTIES, FANCY DRESS BALLS, &c.

Electric Noses, Roses, and Scarf-Pins. Complete with pocket battery, silk-covered wire, and push. Post free. 3/6 each.

POCKET ELECTRIC LAMPS.

The Gem, 1/-. The Standard, 1/6. The Ecksraiz, 2/-. The Bijou (leatherette case), 2/6. The Maybow No. 1, 2/6. The Maybow No. 2, 3/-. The Elite, 3/6. Refills, 1/- each.

P. J. HOLDEN & CO. (Dept. C.), NEW MALDEN.



MAKING FACES

In plastic modelling material is great fun in the long winter evenings. Use

HARBUTT'S PLASTICINE

It's clean, easy to handle, and can be used over and over again.

Fitted Boxes, 8d., 1/3, 2/10, 3/4, 3/11.
The Complete Modeller, fitted with Plasticine and all requisites, 2/10. All post free.

WM. HARBUTT, A.R.C.A., Lond.
Dept. C., Plasticine Works, Bathampton, BATH.

10/6 FOUNTAIN PEN 3/6 FOR

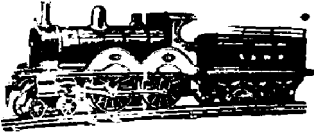
WHY PAY MORE?

You cannot have a better Pen, but you can pay higher prices. **The St. Paul's Pen** is for the public an ideal pen at a modest price. Medium Size, Best Chased Vulcanite, Perfect Feed, 14 carat Gold Nib of everlasting wear, Fine, Medium, or Broad Point. In Box, with filler, etc., complete, post free. 3/6.

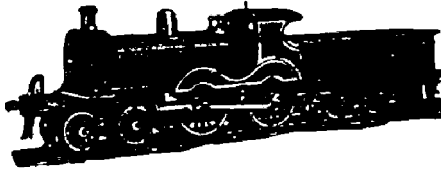
Y. BLOSSOM & CO., 61, PATERNOSTER ROW LONDON, E.C.

HAVE YOU SEEN OUR NEW CATALOGUES ???

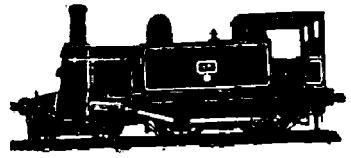
We are in a position to deal with every Branch of the Model Engineering Business, having an immense variety of new lines for this Season, and have improved all our last Season's Goods.



Our L. & S.W. Loco 593, and L. & N.W. Loco "Black Prince," can now be supplied in all gauges; also G.N.R. and M.R. Locos. We are now fitting the large sizes with cross head and guide bars.



South-Eastern and Chatham Locomotives, in 2 in., 2½ in. and 3 in. gauges.

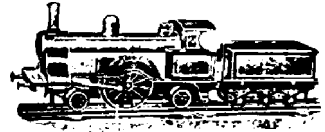


Our Celebrated North London Loco No. 88, can be supplied in 1½ in. and 2 in. gauge.



G.N.R. Locomotive, No. 776, 2½ in. gauge. Built entirely of Castings. A splendid Model.

**PLEASURE
AND
PROFIT
FOR THE
LONGWINTER
EVENINGS**

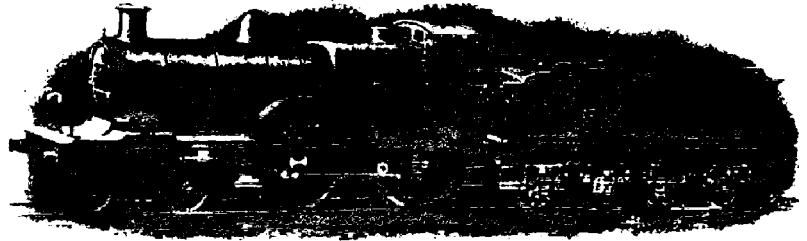


L. & N.W. Ry. Locomotive, "Lady of the Lake" 1½ in. gauge. Fitted with Reversing Motion, 32/6

**OUR PRICE
IS RIGHT.**

**OUR QUALITY
IS RIGHT.**

**REVOLUTION
IN SCALE MODEL
LOCOMOTIVES.**



THIS Loco is the very latest production, and is the only article of its class on the market. It is ¾" scale, 3 ft. 1 in. long, 3¼ in gauge, and will pull over 1 cwt.

We supply full sets of Castings and Drawings for this Loco, consisting of over 130 Castings, being the most complete sets ever produced, as every portion of the Loco is included. All Model enthusiasts should build this Loco.

The design is the result of years of practical experience in this class of work, and to use a customer's own words:— "It embodies all the improvements, and abolishes all the disadvantages that have troubled Model Loco Builders for years past."

FULL PARTICULARS IN 12-PAGE PAMPHLET. POST FREE, 2d.

**SEE OUR NEW
CATALOGUES.
NOW READY**

Section A, over 100 pages, post free, 4d.

Locomotives of all Railways and Gauges, Coaches, Rails, Points, Signals, Electric and Clockwork Locomotives, Stations, and every-thing for laying a complete Model Railway System.

Section B, over 80 pages, post free, 3d.

Gun-Metal Engine and Boiler Fittings, Injectors, Cylinders, Bolts and Nuts, Brass and Copper Tubing, Rivets, Tools and every description of sundries for Model Engineers, &c.

Catalogue of Racing Yachts and Ships' Fittings, &c., post free, 1d.



We have this season built additional workshops and put down new and modern machinery for the manufacture of the above goods, and can honestly say our works are the best equipped for this class of work in the country. Being actual Manufacturers, Our Prices are right, Our Quality is right, and we defy competition.

W. J. BASSETT-LOWKE & CO., CENTRAL WORKS, NORTHAMPTON.

"CAPTAIN" Competition PRIZES

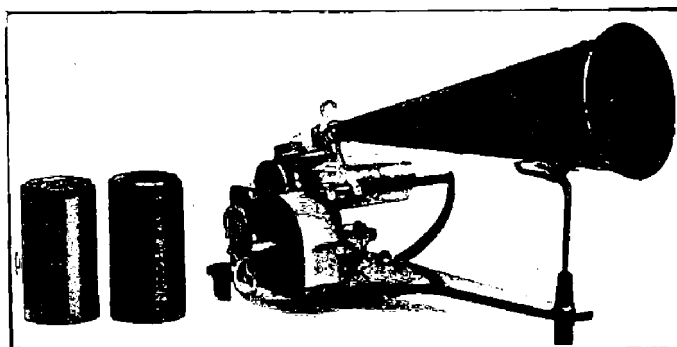


See Competition No. 2, if you want to win one of these Footballs, made by Messrs. H. Cradidge & Sons.

See "HANDWRITING" Competition, if you want to win one of these Footballs, by Messrs. Benetfink & Co.

Awarded as Prizes in "DRAWING OF A LOAF." See Competition No. 2.

See Page 284.



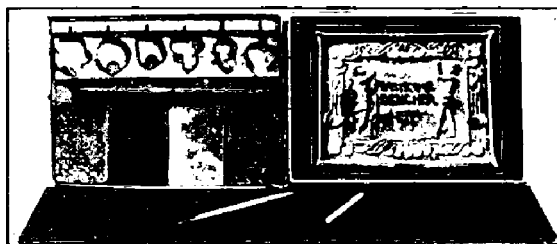
See Page 284.

Three of these New Columbia Graphophones are awarded as Prizes to the winners of "MY FAVOURITE COMPETITION." See page 284.



Three of these 106 "Swan" Fountain Pens are awarded as Prizes to the Winners of our "PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION."

WE ALSO GIVE NUMEROUS CONSOLATION PRIZES IN ALL COMPETITIONS.



These Hockey Sticks, by Messrs. Benetfink and Co., are awarded in Competitions No. 2 and No. 3.

See Competitions, "MY FAVOURITE COMPETITION" and "HANDWRITING," on page 284, if you want to win a set of Harbutt's "Plasticine Designer."

See Competitions No. 2 and No. 3, if you want one of these Hockey Sticks.

H. GRADIDGE & SONS,

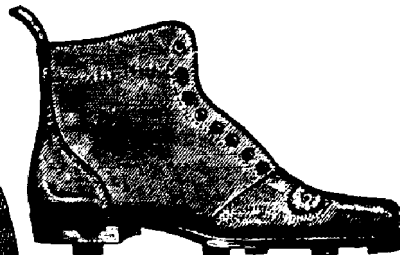
Manufacturers and Exporters of all articles used in FOOTBALL and HOCKEY.

A very large assortment of all kinds of STICKS, BOOTS, SHIRTS, SHINGUARDS, BALLS, &c., &c.



Shirts from 2/3.

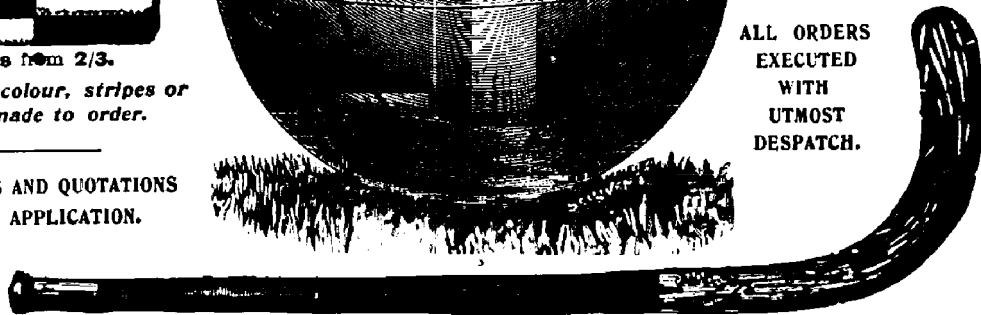
Shirts, any colour, stripes or halves, made to order.



All Chrome Boots, 8/6, 10/6, and 12/6.

ALL ORDERS EXECUTED WITH UTMOST DESPATCH.

PRICE LISTS AND QUOTATIONS FREE ON APPLICATION.



Factory:—Artillery Place, Woolwich, S.E.

New Columbia Graphophone.

A GENUINE COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE FOR 15/-

Plays the "X.P." or any small cylinder Records with remarkable clearness and brilliancy. Not a cheap toy, but a well-made musical instrument, that will afford unending entertainment in the home.

HAS
FEED SCREW
LEATHER
BELT
SPEED
REGULATOR



PRICE,
15/-

Columbia
"X.P."
Records,
now 1/3 each.

GRAND
PRIX,
PARIS,
1900.

Write for Price Book 40 to

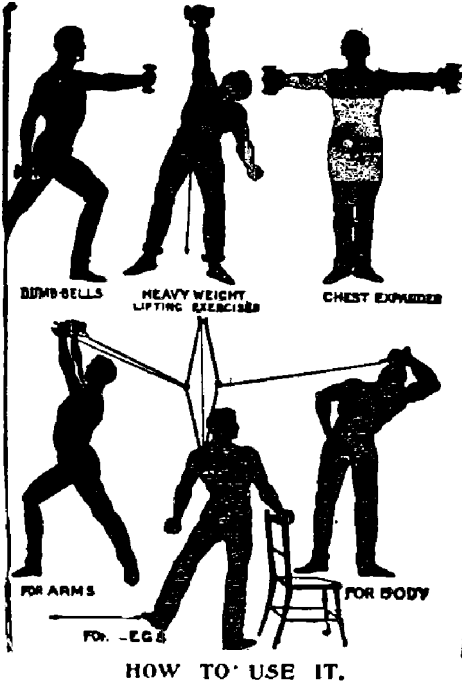
Don't send stamp if you mention this Advertisement.

COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH Co., Genl.,

89, GREAT EASTERN STREET, LONDON, E.C.

NEW YORK, PARIS, BERLIN, CHICAGO.

SANDOW'S OWN COMBINED DEVELOPER.



PHYSICAL CULTURE AT HOME.

This is one of the Grandest Xmas Presents obtainable.

Why ? ?

Because it will afford you infinite pleasure, amusement, and benefit for years to come.

Man, Boy, or Girl can use the same developer.

Price 12/6

OBTAINABLE at all USUAL SHOPS & STORES, or DIRECT from :—

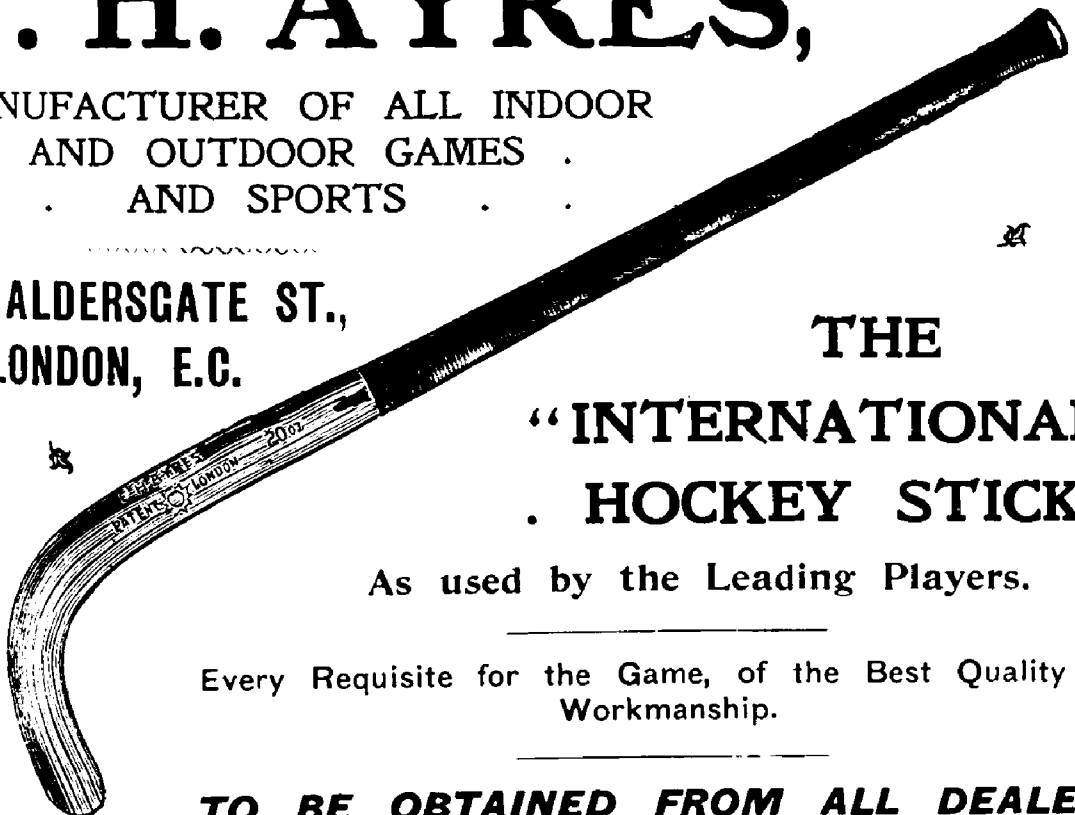
SANDOW'S,

17 & 18 BASINGHALL STREET, LONDON, E.C.

F. H. AYRES,

MANUFACTURER OF ALL INDOOR
AND OUTDOOR GAMES
AND SPORTS

111 ALDERSGATE ST.,
LONDON, E.C.

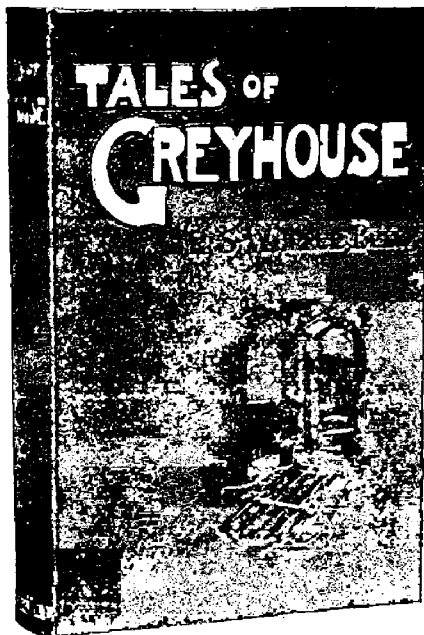


THE
"INTERNATIONAL"
HOCKEY STICK.

As used by the Leading Players.

Every Requisite for the Game, of the Best Quality and Workmanship.

TO BE OBTAINED FROM ALL DEALERS.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS FOR BOYS.**TALES OF GREYHOUSE.**

By R. S. WARREN BELL,

Author of "J. O. Jones," "The Long 'Un," "Love the Laggard,"
"Bachelorland." &c., &c.*With 12 full-page Illustrations by T. M. R. WHITWELL.***Price 3/6.**

The Series consists of fourteen tales, the majority of considerable length, which have been arranged in such a manner as to form a history of Greyhouse School during a period of eighteen months.

THE HEART OF THE PRAIRIE.

An exciting Romance of North-West Canada.

By JOHN MACKIE,

Author of "The Rising of the Red Man," "The Man who Forgot,"
"They that Sit in Darkness," &c., &c.*With 12 Illustrations by STEWART BROWNE.***Price 3/6.****ACTON'S FEUD**

A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY.

BY FRED SWAINSON

ACTON'S FEUD.

A Public School Story with a Strong Plot.

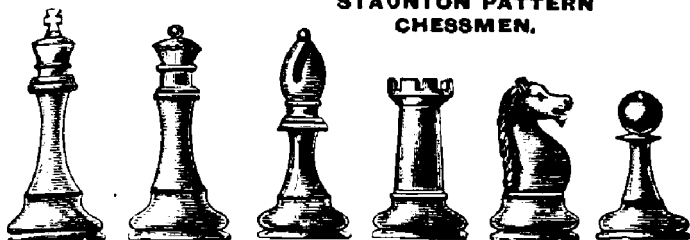
By FREDERICK SWAINSON,

Author of "Smith's House," "Tales of Eliza's," &c.

*With 12 Illustrations by T. M. R. WHITWELL.***Price 3/6.**Published by GEORGE NEWNES, LTD.,
7-12 Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.

City Sale & Exchange

STAUNTON PATTERN CHESSMEN.



Boxwood and Ebonised, Boxed.

Sizes 0	1	2	3	4	5	6
2/1	2/4	2/7½	3/-	3/6	3/11	4/6

Ditto, every piece Draped with Green Cloth, in Polished Boxes.

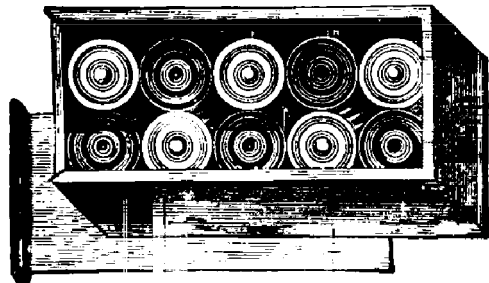
Sizes	3	4	5	6
	3/6	4/6	4/11	5/9

Ditto, Loaded, Best Quality.

Sizes	4	5	6
	6/6	7/-	7/6 and 10/6

Postage, 4d. per set under 10/.

DRAUGHTS.



Ebonised and Boxwood, in Cedar Boxes.

1 in., 10½d.; 1½ in., 1/1¼d.; 1¾ in., 1/4¼d.

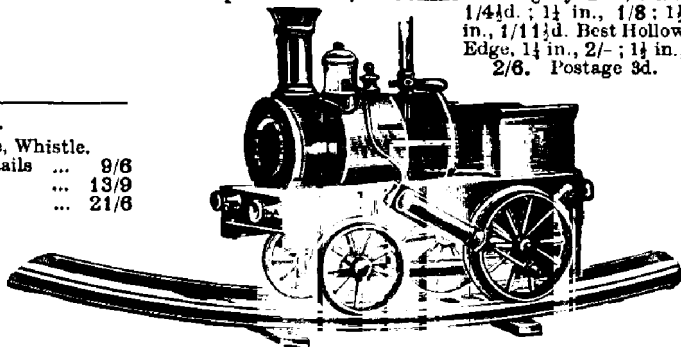
Superior Finish, in Polished Mahogany Box, 1 in., 1/4¼d.; 1½ in., 1/8: 1½ in., 1/1¼d. Best Hollow Edge, 1½ in., 2/-; 1¾ in., 2/6. Postage 3d.

STEAM LOCOMOTIVE, as Illustration.

All Brass, Copper Guards, Water Gauge, Safety Valve, Whistle.

Length over all, 7½ in., complete with 12½ ft. of Circular Rails	... 9/6
Ditto, 9½ in., ditto 15 ft. ditto	... 13/9
Ditto, with Tender, 17½ in., ditto 22 ft. ditto	... 21/6

Post Free.



SPECIAL CHRISTMAS CATALOGUE POST FREE. Mention "The Captain."

90, 91, 93, 94,

FLEET ST., LONDON, E.C.

CHRISTMAS GIFT BOOKS.

Adventures of Gerard.

A. CONAN DOYLE has created a hero who, in his dashing bravery, quickness of wit, and eagerness for adventure, is own brother to Dumas' redoubtable D'Artagnan.

Gerard is a Brigadier in Napoleon's army, with a burning thirst for glory, and ready for any hazardous service that will bring him military distinction. Opportunities come to him thick and fast, but not faster than he is ready to take advantage of them. A wonderful man is Gerard. He tells you frankly how he saved the honour of France; how he rescued the army from defeat, fed the starving soldiers, captured cities, and directed whole campaigns. He retails these stories of his marvellous accomplishments with tremendous snap and gusto. His tales, told in a soldier's direct, bluff way, rush swiftly to climaxes that leave the reader almost breathless. He had some experiences in love as well as in war, and he tells these with quite as much zest as he tells of the others.

Gerard's very egotism makes him lovable, and he is sure of no fewer friends than Sherlock Holmes.

Sixteen Illustrations. **6s.**

A. CONAN DOYLE.

Odd Craft.

Another series of breezy, genial sketches of the coasting sailor-man, with 16 full-page illustrations by WILL OWEN.

The characters are drawn from the same class of rough sea folk with which readers of "AT SUNWICH PORT," &c., are familiar, and are sketched from the life by a man who has been amongst them.

Crown 8vo, cloth. **3s. 6d.**

W. W. JACOBS.

COMPLETE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE POST FREE ON APPLICATION.

GEORGE NEWNES, Ltd., Southampton Street, Strand, LONDON, W.C.

READ THE
FRETWORKER'S PAPER,

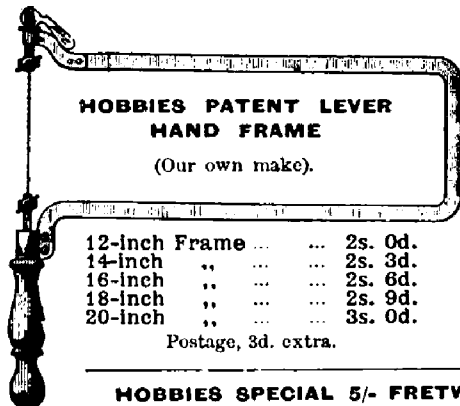
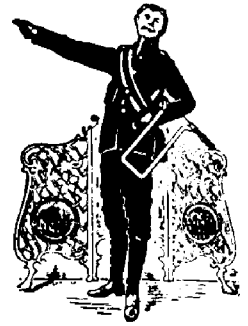
Hobbies

EVERY SATURDAY,
ONE PENNY.

With each Copy is given away a full-sized Design.

FRETWORK

THE BEST HOBBY
FOR
BOYS OF ALL AGES.



**HOBBIES PATENT LEVER
HAND FRAME**

(Our own make).

12-inch Frame	...	2s. Od.
14-inch	"	2s. 3d.
16-inch	"	2s. 6d.
18-inch	"	2s. 9d.
20-inch	"	3s. Od.

Postage, 3d. extra.

There is no better or more attractive Home Occupation than **FRETWORK**. It is a form of recreative work suitable for all lads; and a moderate amount of skill having been acquired, the home may be decorated with beautiful and artistic articles of ornament and of furniture. Expensive tools are not necessary, but those which are used must be good. **HOBBIES LIMITED** are the largest Manufacturers and Dealers in Fretwork Materials in the world. All Treadle Fretsaws, Hand Frames, &c., sold by **HOBBIES LIMITED** are made entirely at their Engineering Works at Dereham.

The Hobbies Patent Lever Hand Frame has no rival. Every part of it, except the polished wood handle, is made of fine Steel. The Saw blade is tightly fixed by a single turn of the thumb and finger. The tension of the Saw is secured in an instant by a simple lever arrangement.



**HOBBIES
SIMPLEX
DRILL**

9½ in. (Our own Make)
Price, with 4 Bits, 9d.
Post Free, 11d.

Patent Rapid-Action Drill,
1/6.
Post Free, 1/8.

HOBBIES SPECIAL 5/- FRETWORK OUTFIT.

THE OUTFIT CONTAINS:—

A Superior Fourteen-inch Hobbies Patent Lever Hand Fretsaw Frame. (Our own Make.)

Hobbies Patent Simplex Drill with Four Bits. (Our own Make.)

Hobbies Patent Iron Cutting-Table with Cramp. (Our own Make.)

Two Dozen Fretwork Saw Blades, Glass paper for Fretwork, and Hobbies Illustrated Catalogue.

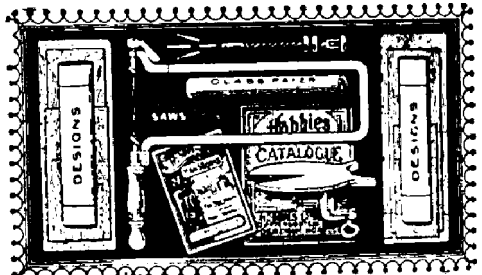
Hobbies Illustrated Handbook, containing full particulars of Tools, Materials, &c., and clear Instructions for Beginners.

Six Gem Fretwork Designs, with sufficient Planed Fretwork of suitable thicknesses for making all the articles. The Designs include Double-shelf Bracket, Photograph Frame, Table Stand, "Home, Sweet Home" Wall Motto, Small Bracket, and Pipe Rack.

The Complete Outfit is supplied in a serviceable Cardboard Box.

Price **FIVE SHILLINGS**, or Post Free for 5/8.

We recommend this Fretwork Outfit as the most useful for Beginners, or for those who have only had a limited experience of the work. All the Tools included in the Outfit are the very best of their kind, and will be found serviceable for all classes of work.



Hobbies 5/- Outfit. Better Outfits at 7/6 and 10/8. Cheaper from 6d. to 4/6.

WRITE FOR HOBBIES GREAT CATALOGUE FOR 1904.

All Amateur Wood-workers should send at once for our New Catalogue of Tools, Materials, and Designs, for Fretwork, Wood-Carving, Bent Iron Work, Poker Work, &c. The Catalogue is a fully illustrated book of 128 pages, and is as usual published at **SIXPENCE**. With each copy, however, we present **Two** very handsome **Fretwork Designs**, one for a **Japanese Musical House** (for holding a Clockwork Disc Movement), and the other for an **Indian Wall Cabinet** with double-door Cupboard. In addition to these attractive patterns we also give away a **third Design** for an **Arabian Panel**; and for the best Fretted Specimens of this we are arranging a

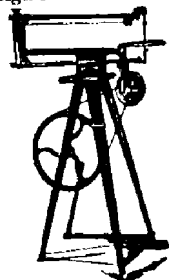
GREAT COMPETITION,

in which Cash Prizes to the value of **£100** will be offered. Full particulars of this Competition, together with a **FREE Entry Coupon**, will be found in the Catalogue.

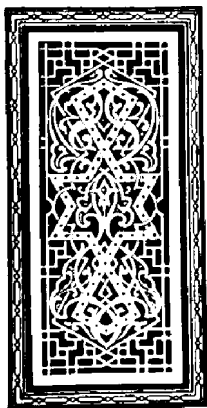
The Hobbies 6d. Catalogue gives full descriptions of Treadle Fretsaws, from 14s. 6d. to £5; Lathes, from £1 7s. 6d. to £4 4s.; Fretwork Outfits, from 6d. to 10s. 6d.; Hand Fretsaws, from 5d. to 4s.; Drills, from 6d. to 7s. 6d.; Cramps, Vices, Planes, Files, and Miscellaneous Tools; Tool Outfits, from 5s. to £1 15s.; Carving Outfits, Bent Iron Work Outfits, Soldering Outfits, Stock and Die Outfits, Poker-work Outfits, Fretwoods and Carving Woods in 24 varieties, Wood Turnings and Mouldings, Ivory, Brass, &c. Seventy pages in the Catalogue are devoted to the famous **HOBBIES Designs** for Fretwork, &c.

Many of these Designs may be cut from waste pieces of wood, such as old Cigar Boxes, &c.

Send a Sixpenny Postal Order for Catalogue with Presentation Designs.



Hobbies A.1 Fret-saw. Price One Guinea.



Competition Panel for £100 Prize Competition.

HOBBIES LIMITED, 12c Paternoster Square, London, E.C., and at Dereham, Norfolk.

Also at the
HOBBIES SUPPLY STORES:

LONDON:—166 Aldersgate Street, E.C.
LONDON:—153 Bishopsgate St. Without, E.C.
LONDON:—79 Walworth Road, S.E.
LONDON: 118 Powis Street, Woolwich, S.E.

GLASGOW:—326 & 328 Argyle Street
LIVERPOOL:—11 Lime Street.
BIRMINGHAM:—75 High Street.
LEEDS:—21 & 22 Vicar Lane.



A Magazine for Boys and "Old Boys."

C. B. Fry.
Athletic Editor.



(With which is Incorporated the "Public School Magazine.")

The Old Fag.
Editor.

Contents for December, 1903.

	PAGE
AT THE FANCY DRESS-BALL	<i>Back of Frontispiece</i>
"MR. ALFRED PEARSE AT WORK IN HIS STUDIO"	<i>Frontispiece</i>
CHRISTMAS WITH "A. P." (ALFRED PEARSE.)	A. B. COOPER 197
With Illustrations from Photographs by GEORGE NEWNES, LTD., and Pictures by the Artist	
"THE CAPTAIN" PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERY	206
THE GOLD BAT. A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY. (CHAPS. IX.-XII.)	P. G. WODEHOUSE 208
Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.	
POOR, DEAR HARRY! (PART II.)	Guy N. POCOCK 220
Illustrated by GORDON BROWNE, R.I.	
TOBOGGANING IN AUSTRIA	CAROLINE CORNER-OHLMUTZ 225
With Illustrations.	
THE PICKED SEVEN AT HAT-BAND	F. W. CALKINS 227
Illustrated by E. S. HODGSON.	
<i>(Further contents on next page.)</i>	

" and they got more

BOVRIL"

Regd SHB

Contents—continued.

A TALE OF TWO MONKEYS	E. COCKBURN REYNOLDS	237
Illustrated by the Author.		
OLD CIGAR-BOXES AND WHAT TO DO WITH THEM	A. SANDERS	243
With Illustrations by the Author.		
A MARLBOROUGH CHALLENGE TROPHY		245
ACROSS THE WILDERNESS. (CHAPS. XII.-XV.)	FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS	246
Illustrated by E. F. SKINNER.		
THE ATHLETIC CORNER. (A CHRISTMAS ESSAY, AND SOME CHRISTMAS LETTERS TO JOHN.)	C. B. FRY	258
THE SEA-POACHER. (A TALE OF THE ICELAND FISHING GROUNDS.)	A. E. JOHNSON	262
Illustrated by ALFRED PEARSE.		
SCHOOL MAGAZINES REVIEWED		271
A STOLEN "HALF"	STUART WISHING	273
Illustrated by GORDON BROWNE, R.I.		
THE STAMP COLLECTOR. (ON SWOPPING STAMPS.)	E. J. NANKIVELL	278
And Answers to Correspondents.		
"CAPTAIN" CLUB CONTRIBUTIONS		280
"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR DECEMBER		284
"THE OLD FAG." (EDITORIAL.) MY IDEAL CHRISTMAS		285
RESULTS OF OCTOBER COMPETITIONS		289

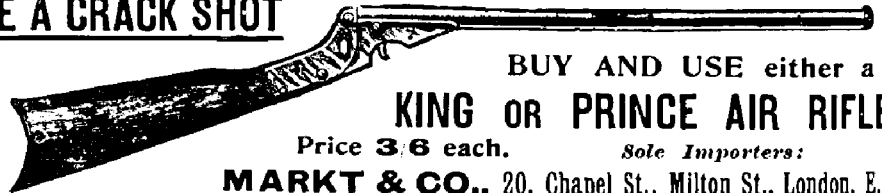
THE CAPTAIN is published monthly by the proprietors, GEORGE NEWNES, Limited, 7 to 12 Southampton Street, Strand, London, England. Subscription price to any part of the world, post free, for one year, 8s. 6d. Cases for binding any Volume may be obtained from Booksellers for 1s. 0d.; or post free for 1s. 9d. direct from the Office. Vols. VII., VIII., and IX. 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, 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.

HOW TO BECOME A CRACK SHOT

SHOOTS
DARTS
or
B B SHOT.

Write for Booklets.



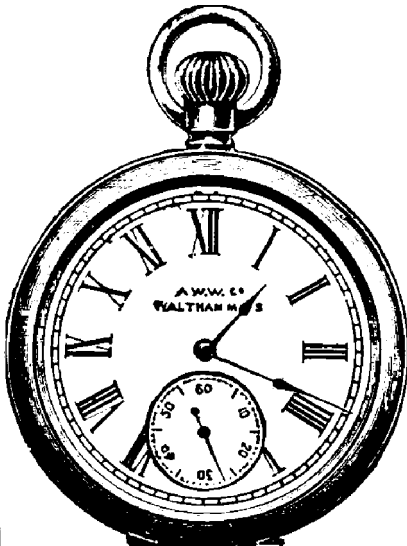
BUY AND USE either a
KING OR PRINCE AIR RIFLE.

Price 3/6 each.

Sole Importers:

MARKT & CO., 20, Chapel St., Milton St., London, E.C.

E. B. DENNISON, JEWELLER,
6 CHEAPSIDE (Near St. Paul's Cathedral), **LONDON, E.C.**



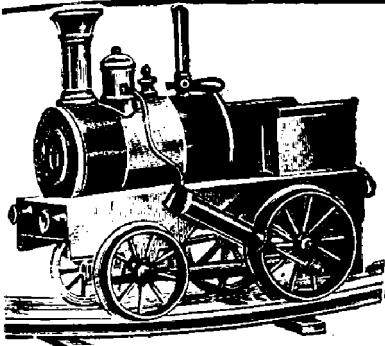
All grades of **WALTHAM WATCHES** kept in stock from £1 5s. to £50.

WALTHAM WATCHES repaired, only genuine materials used. High-class Jewellery, Silver Ware, and Clocks.

Sole Agent in Great Britain for **TOLEDO WORK** made by Felipa of Madrid.

Send for **Price List of Watches** (Dept. C.)

HAMLEY'S NOVELTIES.

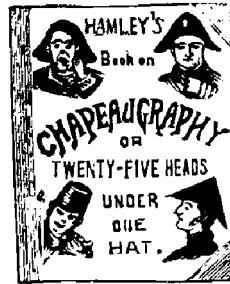


Splendid Working Steam Locomotive.
Complete with Rails. Price 17/6, 22/6, 32/6.
Case and Carriage extra.



The Funny Chinese Tumbler
It won't lie down!
Price 4/6. Post free, 5/6.
Larger size, 9/6. Post free, 10/6.

BOX OF CHAPEAUGRAPHY.



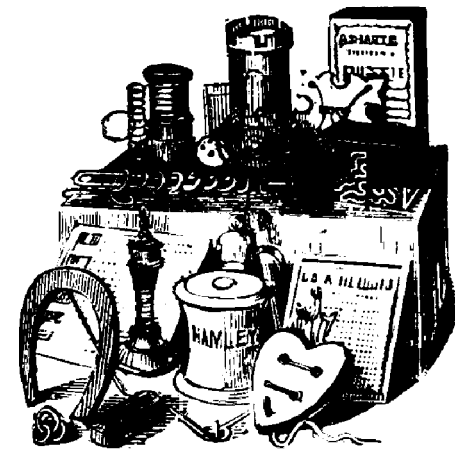
Very clever and amusing.
Price 6/6 & 10/6.
Postage, 6d. extra.



"OBO" The Bottle Mystery.
A fascinating and scientific toy. The most wonderful and mysterious toy ever put before the public. Price 1/3, post free, 1/8.

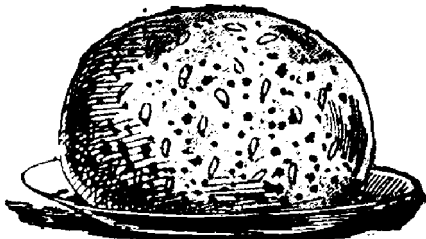
HAMLEY'S LIST OF NOVELTIES.

- Japanese Magic Flowers.**—Very amusing. Drop a seed into a basin of water and it develops into a Flower. Price 7d. per Packet. Post free.
- Spirit Movers.**—Place them under a dish or glass, &c., and it makes a move most startling. Price 3d., post free, 4d.; and 9d., post free, 10/6.
- Magnetic Wanders.**—An amusing toy for a boy; each box contains numerous experiments. Price 1/6, post free, 1/3; Larger size, 2/6, post free, 2/4.
- The Wonderful Complete Modeller.** Each box contains a cake of modeling paste moulds, knives, &c. Price 1/6; post free, 1/4.
- Harmless Pistol,** with arrow and target. Price 1/6, post free, 1/4.
- Very strong Iron Crane.**—To wind up and down. Price 1/6, post free, 1/4.



- Boxes of Puzzles.**—Price 2/6, 3/6, 11/6, 22/6. Post free.
- Boy's Printing Outfit.**—Complete, 1/6, post free, 1/4. Smaller sizes above, 6d., post free, 9d.
- Crystal Gazing Ball (Society's Craze).**—The Crystal Ball enables one to look into the future. It tells future events and things that are going to happen in one's life. Price 2/6, post free, 2/11. With book complete, 2/9, post free, 3/2.

The De Luxe Crown Combination Game Board.—Sixty Games can be played on this Board. Price 17/6, post free, 18/6.



Skin Xmas Puddings.—For Inflating; very amusing. Price 1/6 each, post free, 1/8.

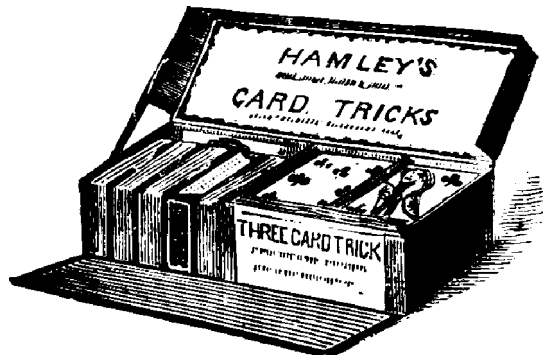
HAMLEY'S ELECTRICAL NOVELTIES.

- Electric Scarf Pin.**—Very pretty and amusing. Price 3/6, post free 3/9.
- Electric Pocket Lamp.**—Very useful. Price 1/3, post free, 2/1.
- Nickel Lamp in Chamols Case** for the Pocket. Price 3/9, post free, 4/6.
- The Latest Electric Novelty.**—A miniature Magic Lantern and Slides, fixed to a Small Electric Pocket Lamp. A very novel idea. Price, with Electric Lamp, complete with 4-doz. slides 3/11, post free, 4/3.
- Lantern and Slides** for attaching to any Lamp. Price, complete with 4-doz. slides 1/9, post free, 2/1.



HAMLEY'S CONJURING TRICKS.

- Boxes of Conjuring Tricks.**—Price 1/3, 2/9, 6/6, 11/3, 16/6, 22/6. Post free.
- Cabinets of Card Tricks.**—Price 2/9, 6/6, 11/3, 22/6, 43/6. Post Free.



- Cabinet of Coin Tricks.**—Containing Eight Tricks. Price 6/9. Post free.
- Cabinet of Amusing Jokes.**—Latest novelty; very funny and laughable. Price 10/10. Post free.
- Catalogue of Conjuring Tricks.**—800 Engravings of latest novelties. Price 6d. Post free.

Ranjit Singhji.—The latest Cricket Game for the Table.
Messrs. HAMLEY BROS. LTD., are the sole manufacturers of the game for England and Europe. It is an amusing and scientific game that is being played by all the leading cricketers.
No. 1 Set, complete 12/6, post free, 13/3. No. 2 Set, complete 21/6, post free, 21/9

Cabinet of Progressive Games.—Each Cabinet contains Eight different Games, and will keep a whole party of people amused a whole evening. They can only be obtained of **HAMLEY BROS., LTD.** Price, complete with full directions, 21/6, post free, 22/6.

BENET FINK & Co.

THE GREAT CITY DEPOT FOR ALL SPORTS AND GAMES.

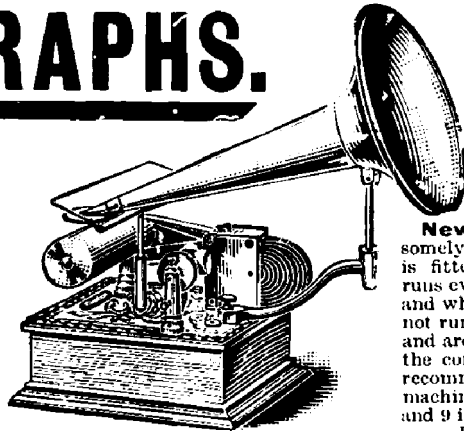
PHONOGRAPHS.

THE "BRITANNIA."

IMMENSE STOCK.

NEW CENTURY PHONOGRAPH, with Stop and Start Lever, Spirit Level, including Nickel-plated Horn, 4/11.
For Postage and Packing, add 9d.

GENUINE EDISON PHONOGRAPHS from £2 2s. to £10 10s.



As Illustration.

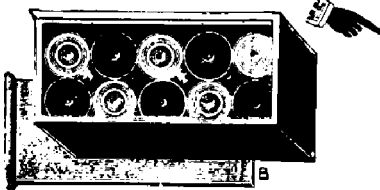
New Pattern Phonograph, handsomely mounted on Oak Case. This machine is fitted with a Loud Reproducer, which runs evenly over the record without a guide, and when once adjusted the reproducer will not run off. All parts are interchangeable, and are finished by experienced workmen; the construction being very simple, we can recommend it as being a very reliable machine. Price, complete with Spirit Level and 9 inch Aluminium Horn, 8s. 6d.
For Postage and Packing, add 1s.

RECORDS.

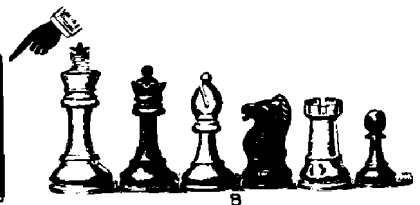
EDISON-BELL 1/- each.
GENUINE EDISON GOLD MOULDED 16 "
PATHE NEW MOULDED 1/4 "
Postage for 1 Record, 3d. Postage for 1 doz., 8d.

FOR MODEL ENGINES (Clockwork or Steam), TRAINS, RAILS, BRIDGES, SIGNALS, BATTLESHIPS, GUNBOATS, SUBMARINE BOATS, BILLIARD TABLES, BAGATTELE BOARDS, and ALL INDOOR GAMES FOR THE WINTER

SEE



CATALOGUE
POST FREE.
Please mention "The Captain," and state goods required.



DRAUGHTS. All London Made.
Polished Ebony and Boxwood, in Mahogany Box.
1 in. ... 1/2 net. 1 1/4 in. ... 1/4 net. 1 1/2 in. ... 1/8 net.
Polished Ebony and Boxwood, in Polished Mahogany Boxes.
1 in. ... 1/6 net. 1 1/4 in. ... 1/8 net. 1 1/2 in. ... 1/11 net.
Postage, 3d.

FOLDING CHESS OR DRAUGHTS BOARDS.
Half Leather ... 12 ... 14 ... 16 inch.
... 1/- ... 1/2 ... 1/4
Postage, 3d.



GEM AIR GUN.
No. 00 Including 100 Slugs, 6 Darts, and 1 pair Pincers, same bore as No. 1 ... 13/6
No. 0.—Size larger (frequently sold as No. 1), same bore as No. 1. ... 16/8
No. 1. ... 18/6
For Postage, add 8d.
Slugs, No. 1 (Lane's) per 1,000 ... 8d. net.
Postage, 4d.

"STAUNTON" PATTERN CHESSMEN.
Polished Boxwood and Ebonized, in Polished Wood Boxes.

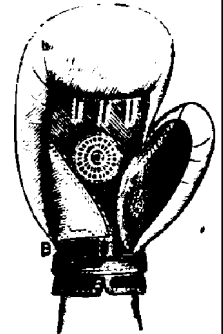
No. 1	2	3	4	5	6
2/3	2/9	3/3	3/9	4/3	5/- net.

For Postage, add 3d. per set.

No. 1.—**BOXING GLOVES**, Buff Leather
Per set of four.
Sateen Palms, Men's ... 5/10 net.
Wool Stuffed, Youths' ... 4/9 "
Do. Boys' ... 4/3 "

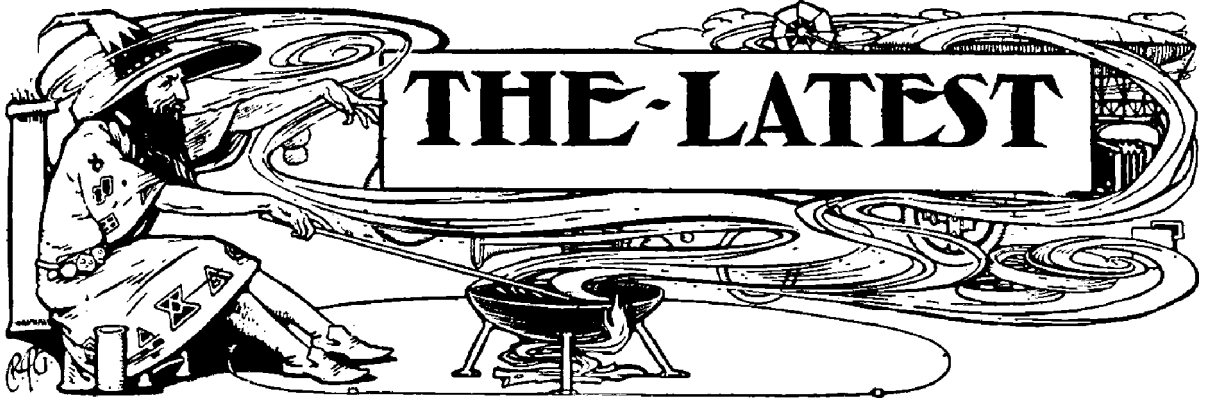
No. 2.—**BOXING GLOVES.**
Buff Leather, with Strong Leather Palms, Ventilated, Stuffed with Horsehair.
Per set of four ... 7/9 net.
Youths' ditto ... 6/8 "

No. 3.—**BOXING GLOVES,** as illustration.
White Leather, Strong Leather Palms, Ventilated, Stuffed with Horsehair.
Per set of four ... 9/- net.
Youths' ditto ... 7/6 "
Postage, 4d. set.



89, 90,
107 & 108,

CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.



THE LATEST

Christmas Conjuring.

In its advanced forms, conjuring is an art which necessitates many years of study and practice; but that need not discourage the would-

of variegated ribbon, until the whole room or platform is covered with it. As this trick is so very mystifying it has proved a great favourite with the professional conjurer as well as amateurs.

In the "Flowers of Enchantment," the performer apparently merely takes a piece of paper, and, making it into a cone before the audience, shows it to be quite empty; but at once, on shaking it over a basket, a shower of beautiful various coloured flowers proceeds from it, filling the basket to overflowing. This is most simply accomplished, as Messrs. Hamley's directions clearly show. The effectiveness of the trick may be much improved by using the best



THE OBO.



THE FAIRY RIBBONS.

be amateur conjurer. There is plenty of scope for both boy and girl CAPTAIN readers, who, by the aid of the "magic art," desire to amuse their friends this coming Christmas season. Messrs. Hamley's, of 231 High Holborn, London, will supply them at a small cost with the properties and directions necessary for the successful performance of scores of clever conjuring tricks. So ingeniously are these arranged that whilst they at once amuse and mystify an audience they are nevertheless quite easy to perform.

Space only permits us to mention three tricks which we recently saw performed at one of Messrs. Hamley's establishments. "The Fairy Ribbons" forms the subject of our first illustration. In this trick a hat is borrowed and shown to be perfectly empty; then while standing in the middle of the audience, the performer commences to draw from the hat yard after yard

paper flowers, such as "De Kolta," or roses, costing one shilling a dozen.

The "Wonderful Card Table" trick is the subject of another of our illustrations. First of all, examination of the table and cover is invited. A



THE FLOWERS OF ENCHANTMENT.

BENEFINK & Co

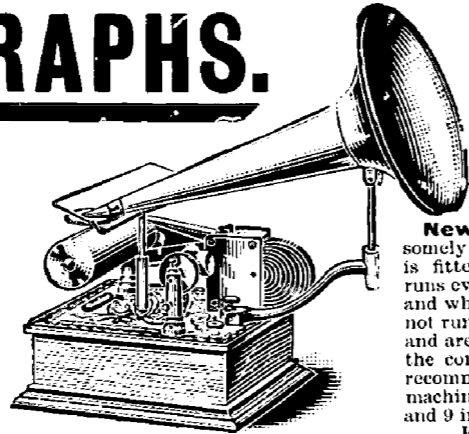
THE GREAT CITY DEPOT FOR ALL SPORTS AND GAMES.

PHONOGRAPHS.

IMMENSE STOCK.

NEW CENTURY PHONOGRAPH, with Stop and Start Lever, Spirit Level, including Nickel-plated Horn, 4/11.
For Postage and Packing, add 9d.

GENUINE EDISON PHONOGRAPHS from £2 2s. to £10 10s.



THE "BRITANNIA."

As Illustration.

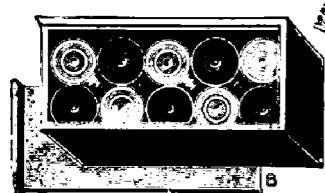
New Pattern Phonograph, handsomely mounted on Oak Case. This machine is fitted with a Loud Reproducer, which runs evenly over the record without a guide, and when once adjusted the reproducer will not run off. All parts are interchangeable, and are finished by experienced workmen; the construction being very simple, we can recommend it as being a very reliable machine. Price complete with Spirit Level and 9 inch Aluminium Horn, 8s. 6d.
For Postage and Packing, add 1s.

RECORDS.

EDISON-BELL 1/- each.
GENUINE EDISON GOLD MOULDED 16 "
PATHE NEW MOULDED 1/4 "
Postage for 1 Record, 3d. Postage for 1 doz., 8d.

FOR MODEL ENGINES (Clockwork or Steam), TRAINS, RAILS, BRIDGES, SIGNALS, BATTLESHIPS, GUNBOATS, SUBMARINE BOATS, BILLIARD TABLES, BAGATTELE BOARDS, and ALL INDOOR GAMES FOR THE WINTER

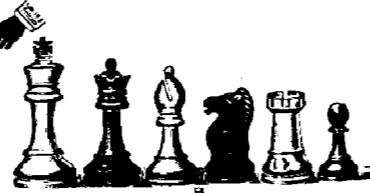
SEE



CATALOGUE

POST FREE.

Please mention "The Captain," and state goods required.



"STAUNTON" PATTERN CHESSMEN.

Polished Boxwood and Ebonized, in Polished Wood Boxes.

No. 1	2	3	4	5	6
2/3	2/9	3/3	3/9	4/3	5/- net.

For Postage, add 3d. per set.

No. 1.—BOXING GLOVES, Buff Leather

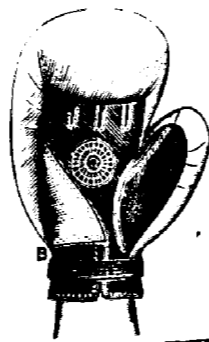
Per set of four.
Sateen Palms, Men's ... 5/10 net.
Wool Stuffed, Youths' ... 4/9 "
Do. Boys' ... 4/3 "

No. 2.—BOXING GLOVES.
Buff Leather, with Strong Leather Palms, Ventilated, Stuffed with Horsehair.

Per set of four ... 7/9 net.
Youths' ditto ... 6/8 "

No. 3.—BOXING GLOVES, as illustration.
White Leather, Strong Leather Palms, Ventilated, Stuffed with Horsehair.

Per set of four ... 9/- net.
Youths' ditto ... 7/6 "
Postage, 4d. set.



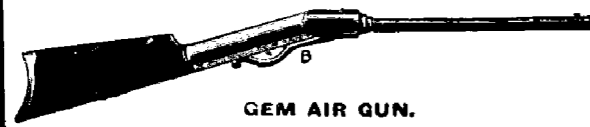
DRAUGHTS. All London Made.
Polished Ebony and Boxwood, in Mahogany Box.
1 in. ... 1/2 net. 1 1/2 in. ... 1/4 net. 1 3/4 in. ... 1/8 net.

Polished Ebony and Boxwood, in Polished Mahogany Boxes.
1 in. ... 1/6 net. 1 1/2 in. ... 1/8 net. 1 3/4 in. ... 1/11 net.
Postage, 3d.

FOLDING CHESS OR DRAUGHTS BOARDS.

	12	14	16 inch.
Half Leather	1/-	1/2	1/4

Postage, 3d.



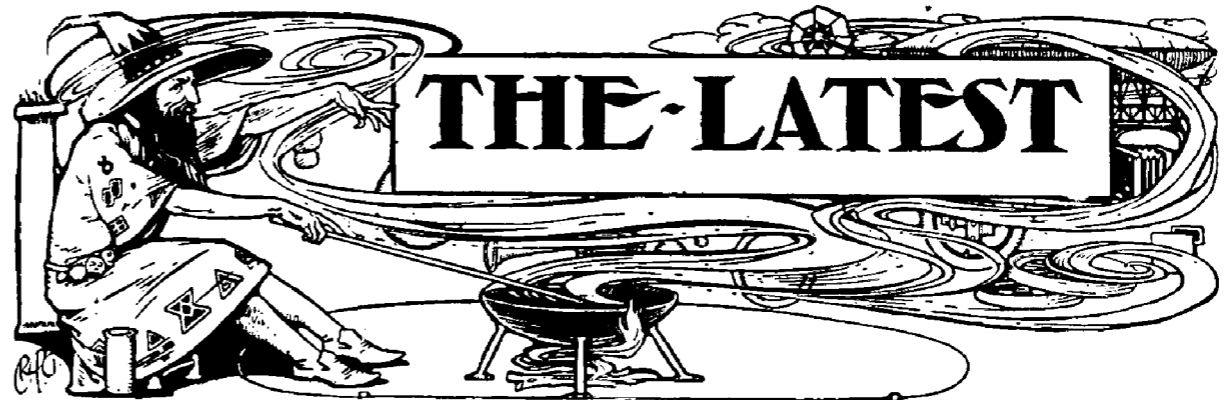
GEM AIR GUN.

No. 10 — Including 100 Slugs, 6 Darts, and 1 pair Pincers, same bore as No. 1 ... 13/6
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 ... 8d. net.
Postage, 4d.

89, 90,
107 & 108,

CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.

To face back of Front.



Christmas Conjuring.

In its advanced forms, conjuring is an art which necessitates many years of study and practice; but that need not discourage the would-

of variegated ribbon, until the whole room or platform is covered with it. As this trick is so very mystifying it has proved a great favourite with the professional conjurer as well as amateurs.

In the "Flowers of Enchantment," the performer apparently merely takes a piece of paper, and, making it into a cone before the audience, shows it to be quite empty; but at once, on shaking it over a basket, a shower of beautiful various coloured flowers proceeds from it, filling the basket to overflowing. This is most simply accomplished, as Messrs. Hamley's directions clearly show. The effectiveness of the trick may be much improved by using the best paper flowers, such as "De Kolta," or roses, costing one shilling a dozen.



THE OBO.



THE FAIRY RIBBONS.

be amateur conjurer. There is plenty of scope for both boy and girl CAPTAIN readers, who, by the aid of the "magic art," desire to amuse their friends this coming Christmas season. Messrs. Hamley's, of 231 High Holborn, London, will supply them at a small cost with the properties and directions necessary for the successful performance of scores of clever conjuring tricks. So ingeniously are these arranged that whilst they at once amuse and mystify an audience they are nevertheless quite easy to perform.

Space only permits us to mention three tricks which we recently saw performed at one of Messrs. Hamley's establishments. "The Fairy Ribbons" forms the subject of our first illustration. In this trick a hat is borrowed and shown to be perfectly empty; then while standing in the middle of the audience, the performer commences to draw from the hat yard after yard



THE FLOWERS OF ENCHANTMENT.



THE WONDERFUL CARD TABLE.

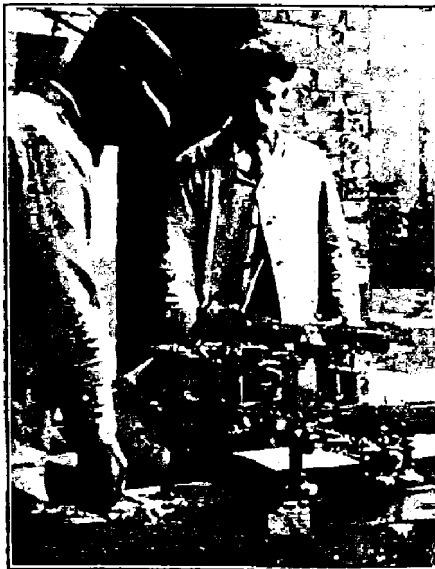
card is then chosen from the pack by one of the audience who is requested to tear it up and place the pieces on the table, with the exception of one, which he is to retain. The pieces are then covered over, and behold! upon removing the cover the card will be found perfectly whole with the exception of the piece retained, which will be found to fit exactly! This really sounds most

magical; surely your curiosity prompts you to discover its secret?

The little demon in the bottle shown in an illustration on the preceding page is one of Messrs. Hamley's latest shilling novelties. The bottle is filled with water with a little air at the top, and by pressing the india-rubber covering, "Obo" dives and performs other queer antics.

Bricklaying by Machinery.

Year by year in almost every trade machinery steadily gains ground on manual labour, and now even the bricklayer is threatened! A short time ago we described in these pages a "mechani-



THE BRICKLAYING MACHINE AT WORK.

cal sculptor"—the "mechanical bricklayer" is scarcely less ingenious. The machine is held in position by means of scaffolding, and works along a girder. Provided it is kept well supplied with

bricks, it can do the work of five or six human bricklayers.

The Latest in Christmas Cards.

Every year Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons publish a host of Christmas novelties, and the enviable reputation which they have gained for themselves in the past bids fair to be further enhanced this season. A paraphrase of the words of a popular saying, "I only want to be a pebble on the beach," may well be imagined as



LISTENERS NEVER HEAR ANY GOOD OF THEMSELVES (FROM "PROVERBS IN PICTURE").

the plaintive appeal addressed by the "Christmas postcard" to the dignified Christmas-card proper, whose unique position it does not for a moment pretend to contest, being fully content if it can but secure some little share in the nobly-earned reputation of its great forbear, the Christmas card. Some 150 series of seasonable Christmas postcards are the means by which this laudable ambition is supported.

Messrs. Tuck make a point of employing many of the best-known artists of the day, and amongst these we note the names of John Hassall, A. Ludovici, Louis Wain, Alan Wright, Victor Venner, Hilda Cowan, and several others whose work is familiar to CAPTAIN readers. Out of this season's new "toy books," *All About the Wallypug*, by G. E. Farrow, and *Proverbs in Picture*, by Victor Venner, are really humorous. Amongst Messrs. Tuck's fine art coloured prints we would call attention to the eight pictures of some of the most interesting scenes from the works of Charles Dickens—"David Copperfield on his Way to School," "The Election at Eatanswill," "Mr. Pecksniff leaves for London," "On the Road to Dingley," etc.

'TWINX' SCHOOL AND BUSINESS.

CLARK'S COLLEGE stands pre-eminent among Educational Establishments for the VIGOUR, THOROUGHNESS, and SUCCESS of its training.

CLARK'S

1. CIVIL SERVICE FOR YOUTHS 15-22.

Hundreds of appointments yearly. In recent examinations Clark's College secured 1st Place in Customs, 1st Place Second Division, 1st Place Excise, 1st Place Boy Clerks, 1st Place Male Learners.

COLLEGE

CLARK'S

2. CIVIL SERVICE FOR GIRLS 15-20.

More students are successful from Clark's College than from all other Colleges combined. 1st Place in the United Kingdom in 19 consecutive examinations.

COLLEGE

CLARK'S

3. COMMERCIAL TRAINING FOR YOUTHS AND YOUNG LADIES.

Special combined courses of Shorthand, Typewriting, Bookkeeping, Handwriting, French, &c., or separate subjects. Remunerative appointments found for students.

COLLEGE

CLARK'S

4. ALL PRELIMINARY EXAMINATIONS.

Expert and individual coaching for Preliminary Medical, Dental, Legal, Veterinary, &c. The percentage of Clark's College successful students averages 82 per cent. at first trial.

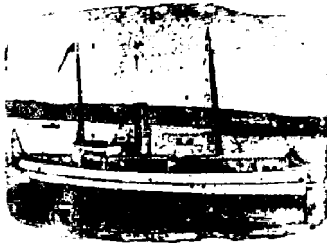
COLLEGE

Fees Modera'e. Prospectus Free.

1, 2 & 3, Chancery Lane, W.C.

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

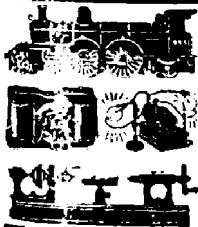
For terms and full particulars apply to—

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.



"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, 3d., to any part of the world.—DAWBARN & WARD, Ltd., 6c, Farringdon Avenue, E.C.

"THE WOODWORKER."

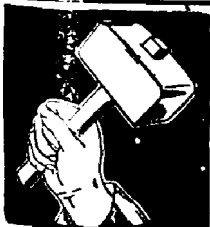
A Journal of Practical Instruction in Carpentry and Joinery, Wood-carving, Firework, Cabinet-making, Inlaying, Turning, Manual Training, and all branches of Woodworking.

Original Artistic Designs and Working Drawings are a Special Feature.

Send for Specimen Copy, post free 3d.

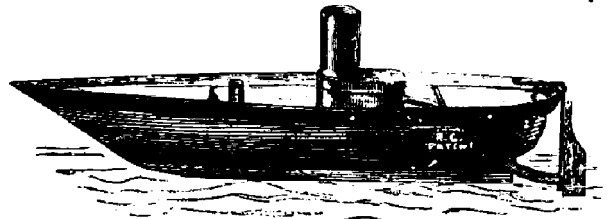
DAWBARN & WARD, Ltd.

6c, FARRINGTON AVENUE, LONDON, E.C.



THE MOST MARVELLOUS OF MODERN INVENTIONS. NEW PATENT THERMOSTATIC BOAT

NO DIRT SELF-FEEDING. NO SMOKE NEVER FAILS TO WORK. NO DANGER.



It is only necessary to light the lamp and place the boat upon the water, when it will immediately start off at full speed, drawing up its own supply automatically as it goes along.

SIZES AND PRICES, neatly packed in Boxes.

	BY POST
5 inches long, suitable for basin or bath. Goes for 30 minutes each time the lamp is filled	16 18
9 inches long. Goes for 3 hours	26 29
Do. Do. With Decks	36 39
14 inches long Decked	56 510
16 "	76 80

"DINGLE DANGLE"

A HIGHLY AMUSING GAME FOR OLD AND YOUNG.



A little cork ball balanced on a hooked wire is blown upwards and floats in mid-air as long as one's breath lasts. The object of the game is to hook the ball on a loop overhead. The loop can be adjusted higher or lower to make it more or less difficult as desired.

Beautifully made, nickel plated, complete in box, with instructions, 1/-, by post, 1/1.

Only to be obtained from the Sole Makers,

H. J. REDDING & CO., Scientific Novelties, 3 ARGYLL PLACE, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

New Illustrated Catalogue of all the late & Amusing and Scientific Novelties sent on receipt of 1d stamp

RICHARDS, J. E., The Lodge, Alford, Lincs.
 RIDGEWAY, S. M., 8 The Square, Fairfield, near Manchester.
 RILEY, F. Norman, Church Place, Swindon.
 RIND, P. T., 30 Marine Parade, Brighton.
 ROBERTSON, David, 1 Huntly Terrace, Kelvinside N., Glasgow.
 ROBERTSON, Gordon, Stationers' Hall, Toowoomba, Queensland, Australia.
 ROBEY, L. E., 43 Upper Baker Street, N.W.
 ROBINSON, A. W., 43 West Van Buren Street, Chicago, U.S.A.
 ROBINSON, C., West Bridgford Rectory, Nottingham.
 ROFE, B., 25 Norman Road, Leytonstone, E.
 ROGERS, Leslie, Lower Somecotes, near Alfreton, Derbyshire.
 ROOK, H. Colwell, 68 London Road, Forest Hill, S.E.
 ROSS, Donald, Cazamir, Dollar, N.B.
 ROSS, James A., 300 Great Western Road, Aberdeen.
 ROVAN, John F., 66 Kenmure Street, Colkshields.
 ROWBOTHAM, E. Mansell, P.O. Box 6, Port Elizabeth, Cape Colony.
 ROXBURGH, Hugh, "Hartville," Charles Street, Kilmarnock, Scotland.
 RUBIE, William C., 2 Luther Terrace, Dover.
 RÜCKER, F. W., Rceves, Chipstead, Surrey.
 RUSSELL, Tom, 5 Linwood Terrace, Hillhead, Glasgow.
 RUSSELL, T. Brian, Dundanon Lodge, Blackrock, Cork.
 RUTHVEN, J. M., P.O. Box 3013, Johannesburg, Transvaal, South Africa.
 RUXTON, MADGE C., Westfield, Bridgnorth, Salop.
 RYLANDS, J., 8 Gore Park Road, Eastbourne.

S

SADLER, W. H., Ashfield Villa, Ross, Herefordshire.
 SALMON, Joseph, Blackrock College, Dublin.
 SAMPSON, R., Glenmore, Alperton, Wembley, Middlesex.
 SANDERSON, Arthur J. D., Antigua Street, Edinburgh.
 SANDFIELD, Henry G., 3, Union Walk, Chester.
 SANDON, G. F., "Jesmond," Sundridge Avenue, Bromley.
 SAUNDERS, Norman D., East Villa, Melbourne, Cambs.
 SAVAGE, S. G., 12 Gardner Road, The Brook, Liverpool.
 SCANLEN, OLIVE, 1 Florence Place, Falmouth.
 SCHINDHELM, MARGUERITE, 4 Maley Avenue, West Norwood, S.E.
 SCHOLFIELD, H., The Thorns, Gardner Road, Prestwich.
 SCHWARZ, K., 4 Mill Lane, N.W.
 SCHWINDT, G., 119 Lothair Road, Harringay, N.
 SCOTT, A. L., 72 Albion Road, Stoke Newington, N.
 SCOTT, Douglas, 24 Queen's Avenue, Muswell Hill, N.

SEVILLE, W. D., Choir House, College Green, Worcester.
 SEWELL, Norman F., Lyndhurst, Iversedge, Yorks.
 SHEARER, R. H., 13 Crown Terrace, Dowanhill, Glasgow.
 SHEARIN, Leslie C. S., 10a Louisville Road, Balham, S.W.
 SHEPPARD, Ethel N., 211 Upper Richmond Road, Putney, S.W.
 SHEPPARD, Mary C., 211 Upper Richmond Road, Putney, S.W.
 SHERWOOD, George, 27 Handsworth Wood Road, Handsworth, near Birmingham.
 SHURLY, Daisy, Alma Lodge, Alma Road, Windsor.
 SIM, W., Schoolhouse, Dalsersf, Netherburn.
 SIMMS, Wilfrid O., 10 Spring Gardens, Disbury, Manchester.
 SIMON, R., The High House, Brook Green, Hammersmith.
 SIMPSON, Harry, 120 Denman Street, Radford, Nottingham.
 SIMPSON, J. A., 117 Union Grove, Aberdeen.
 SINCLAIR, K., 15 Hans Road, S.W.
 SLADE, Percy J., "Stambourne," Calderon Road, Leytonstone.
 SLOUGH, Percy E., Ivy Villa, Dale Grove, North Finchley.
 SMALLPIECE, A., Cross Lanes, Guildford.
 SMART, Tom, Stepney Place, Llanelly, S. Wales.
 SMILES, Ernest V., Chester Lodge, Lambton Park, near Chester-le-Street, Durham.
 SMITH, A. E., 30 Old Dover Road, Blackheath, S.E.
 SMITH, Bertie, 69 Balmoral Road, New Brompton, Kent.
 SMITH, F. L., The Vicarage, Calverley, near Leeds.
 SMITH, H. W., All Saints' Vicarage, Hull.
 SMITH, K. H., 113 Upperthorpe Road, Sheffield.
 SMITH, L., Woodlands, Frizinghall, Bradford.
 SMITH, L., 25 Blomfield Street, Paddington, W.
 SMITH, Reg., 398 St. Helen's Road, Bolton.
 SMITH, Sydney, The Australia, Sydney, Australia.
 SMITH, W. M., 5, Mather Street, New, castle-on-Tyne.
 SOUTH, A. C., 15 Leigham Vale, Streatham, S.W.
 SOWDEN, Herbert, 48 Hargrave Park-Upper Holloway, N.
 SPENCER, E. R., 242 Dalton Road, Barrow-in-Furness.
 SPENCER, Faraday, R.M., 242 Dalton Road, Barrow-in-Furness.
 SPILLER, Alys May, 4 West Elmwood, Belfast.
 SPOONER, Harry G., 38 Grosvenor Road, Ilford, Essex.
 STANBRIDGE, G. E., Osbaldeston Road, Upper Clapton, N.E.
 STANDAGE, H. E., 149 Holland Road, Kensington, W.
 STEAD, William, Jnr., Conon Street, Invercavill, New Zealand.
 STEDMAN, Douglas C., 81 The Grove, Camberwell, S.E.
 STEEL, Nina, 28½ Church Street, Durham.
 STEPHENSON, Henry, 47 Warwick Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

STEVENSON, Beatrice, 29 Queen's Road, Tunbridge Wells.
 STEVENSON, J. W., 21 Overdale Avenue, Langside, Glasgow.
 STEVENSON, Robert A., 47 Torrington Square, W.C.
 STEWART, Edgar E., 11 Barry Street, Kingston, Jamaica, B.W.I.
 STEWART, P. McArthur, Aidenburn Cottage, Kileraggan.
 STEWART, R. M., 24 Dalrymple Road, Brockley, S.E.
 STEYN, Hugh C., 26 Hayter Road Brixton, S.W.
 STIRUM, W. J. H. von Limburg, Parklaan, 10 Haarlem, Holland.
 STOCKWELL, V. G., 20 Hilly Fields Crescent, St. Johns, S.E.
 STOKOE, F. W., 71 Priolo Road, Old Charlton, S.E.
 STONE, John T., King Alfred Place, Winchester.
 STORMONTH, M.B., Ninewells, Chirnside, Berwickshire.
 STUBBS, T. E., 4 Blenheim Terrace, Woodhouse Lane, Leeds.
 STURSBURG, W. A., 46 Spratt Hall Road, Wanstead, Essex.
 SUCH, J., Drayton Lodge, Ninfeld, near Battle.
 SWAN, Donald B., St. Olaf's, Pier Parade, Deal.
 SWAYE, A. P., 25 Malvern Road, Dalston, N.E.
 SWINBURNE, J. C., 117 Park Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

T

TAIT-SCOTT, D., Eagle Hurst, Lymington, Hunts.
 TALENT, F., Lord Byron, Sutton, Macclesfield.
 TAME, H. E., 32, Canbury Avenue, Kingston.
 TATE, G. A., c/o A. H. Evans, Esq., Morris Hill, Nowbury, Berks.
 TAYLOR, A., Ramsill House, Upper Batley, Yorks.
 TAYLOR, Alfred William, Danum House, Hall Cross, Doncaster.
 TAYLOR, Fred. W., 176 Coppice Street, Oldham.
 TAYLOR, W. D., Bank House, Cullen.
 TEANBY, Harold D., 152 Weston Park, Crouch End, N.
 TEAR, H. H., Fender House, Combwich, near Bridgwater.
 TEED, George H., St. Stephens, New Brunswick, Canada.
 TEESDALE, Marguerite, 188 Park Avenue, Hull.
 THERON, John, Jnr., African Banking Corporation, Ltd., Worcester, Cape Colony, S.A.
 THOMAS, E. Watkyn, Calva House, Workington.
 THOMAS, J. H., Church Street, Dulverton, Somerset.
 THOMAS, R. P., 12 Waldemar Avenue, Fulham, S.W.
 THOMPSON, A. T., St. Medard's, Darlington.
 THOMPSON, B. V., 1 Alpine Terrace, Shooburyness, Essex.
 THOMPSON, C. V. H., Cranalagh More, Edgeworthstown, Co. Longford, Ireland.
 THOMPSON, Morris, Brentwood Regent Square, Doncaster.

For an acceptable present there is nothing more agreeable to the recipient than a good book.

The Thin Paper Classics are small enough for the pocket, yet large enough for the bookshelf.

NEWNES' . . .
THIN PAPER CLASSICS.

Printed in large, clear type on extremely thin but thoroughly opaque paper, with Photogravure Frontispiece and Title-page to each Volume, printed on Japanese Vellum, from Drawings by Edmund J. Sullivan and A. Garth Jones. Narrow fcap. Svo (6) by 3 1/2. Gilt Tops, Designed End-papers, Cloth Limp, 3s. net per Volume. Limp Lambskin, 3s. 6d. net per Volume.

Shakespeare's Plays and Poems. In 3 Volumes, with Glossary. Lambskin, in slip case, 10/6 net; Parchment, in box, 12/6 net; or separately in Lambskin, 3/6 net each. (Not published in cloth.)

- The Poems of John Milton
- The Poems of Robert Burns
- Don Quixote
- The Works of Francis Bacon
- The Poems of Percy Bysshe Shelley
- The Diary of Samuel Pepys
- The Poems of John Keats
- Poe's Tales
- The Diary of John Evelyn
- The Works of Charles Lamb
- The Vision of Dante
- The Novels of Thomas Love Peacock

GEORGE NEWNES, Ltd., Southampton St., Strand, W.C.

For Rapid Writing
USE

SWAN

Fountain Pens

Catalogue Free
Mabie, Todd & Bard
93, Cheapside,
London,
-55a, Regent Street, W.
3, Exchange Street,
Manchester
10, Broad Street, Leeds

PRICES
10/6
16/6
25/-
to
£ 20
Post free

ALSO
SOLD BY
STATIONERS
AND JEWELLERS

Nos. 60 to 64.
Reversing Vertical Engines with Oscillating Cylinders, Brass Boiler, and all Fittings Complete, 3.6, larger with Water Gauge, Whistle, &c., 5.6, 6.6, and 10.6, Carriage Paid.

Nos. 101 to 104.
Slide Valve Vertical Engines with Force Pump, Governors, Boiler with Water Gauge, Whistle, all Best Fittings, and Lamp, &c., complete. 11 ins. high, 15 s., 12 ins. high, 20 s., 13 ins. high, 30 s., 14 ins. high, 40 s., Carriage paid.

Nos. 60 to 64.
High-class Dynamos. These Dynamos are of the "Kapp" type, and specially designed for Electric Light Installations, charging Accumulators, charging Accumulators, Electro Plating &c. They are fitted with adjustable Rocker Brushes, extra long Bearings, Oil Cups, &c. and are the best small Dynamos procurable, where real and constant work is required.

No. 1.	To light 43 C.P. Lamps,	19.6 Carriage Paid.
2.	45 ..	25 ..
3.	48 ..	31.6 ..
4.	68 ..	70 ..
5.	51.6 ..	110 ..
6.	10.16 ..	155 ..

Nos. 101 to 104.
Nos. 1 and 2 have H Armatures. All others have Drum Armatures. Materials with wire and full instructions for constructing same can be supplied at: No. 1, 9.4; No. 2, 13.6; No. 3, 19.6; No. 4, 25; No. 5, 35; No. 6, 49.6 Carriage Paid.
See Catalogue for other designs of Dynamos and Steam, Gas, and Oil Engines for driving same, Lamps, Wire, Fittings, &c.

Battleship. **Gunboat.** **Ocean Liner.**

Magnificent Model Battleships fitted up complete with Life-boats, Fore and Aft Barbette, Guns (Quick Firers), Cannons, 8 Guns in Casements, Model Search Lights, &c. Length nearly 3 ft., with Strong Engine and Boiler, price 6.5 s., with Double Marine Engine and Twin Screw Propellers, 7.5 s., 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 Funnels, &c., as shown. 22 ins. long, 28 s., 26 ins. long, 38 s., 24 ft. long, 60 s., 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, 20 s., 25 ins. long, 25 s., 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. and 3. extra.

High Class Model Steam Locomotives.

Torpedo Boats with Steam Engine and Boiler, Guns, &c. complete. 15 ins. long, 8 s., 20 ins. long, 10.6, Carriage Paid. Carr. Abroad, 2.6 & 3.6 extra. See Catalogue for Model Marine Engines and Boilers all kinds. Petrol Motors for Boat from 12 to 30 feet long.

No. 44. **No. 32.**

No. 50b. **No. 45.** **No. 42.**

Send for our **Splendid New Enlarged Catalogue, bearing 500 Illustrations**, of powerful and magnificent Model Locomotives, Vertical, Horizontal, Locomotive, Compound and Triple-expansion Engines, all sizes up to 4 H.P. Steam Engines, and Castings all kinds; Finished Park Steam Turbines, Model Racing Yachts, and Ship Fittings, Engine and Boiler Fittings, Petrol Motors for River Boats and Bicycles, Castings of all kinds, Brass, Copper, and Steel Boilers, Oil and Gas Engines, Dynamos, Electro Motors etc., per free 6d.

No. 44 Scale Model L. & S.W. Locomotive and Tender. 2 8 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. Fuel Pump. Total Length, 2 ft. 4 ins. Price, Carr. Paid, 90 s., Carr. Abroad, 7.6 extra. **No. 32 Splendid Model L. & S.W. Railway Express Locomotive and Tender** with 2 8 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, 7.6 s., Carr. Abroad, 7.6 extra. **No. 50b Splendid Model Traction Engine** with 2 8 V. Cylinders, 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. 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 s., Carr. Abroad, 3. extra. Gauge 2 ins., 17 ins. long. Price 30 s., all Carr. Paid. Carr. Abroad, 4. extra. Well made, Highly Finished, Plated Fittings. **No. 42 Tank Engine "Pilot,"** 2 8 V. Cylinders, Reversing Gear, Gauge 2 ins., Length 11 ins., Price, with Rails, 50 s., Carr. Paid Carr. Abroad, 5. extra.

W. MACMILLAN & CO., Engineers and Modellers, Mar Street, Alloa, N.B.

JOHN PIGGOTT, LTD.

**GRAND
CHRISTMAS
BAZAAR**
Open
Dec. 1.

THOUSANDS
of **CHRISTMAS PRESENTS** to Select From.

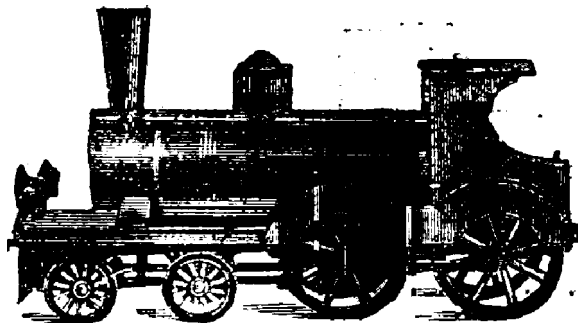
Send for **SPECIAL
CHRISTMAS
LIST.**
Sent Post
Free.

TOY STABLES ... from 1/9	CLOCKWORK	TUNNELS 1/3
.. WAREHOUSES	TRAINS 1/-	STATIONS 1/3
.. THEATRES .. 1/9	.. FARMING 4/11	CLOCKWORK
.. SHOPS 1/11	MODEL SIGNALS 6d.	BOATS 2/3
	RAILWAY BRIDGES 1/-	.. MOTOR CAR 1/9

TOY HORSE AND
CART ... from 3/11
SKIN HORSES .. 1/11
PAINTS 6d.
SETS OF TOOLS .. 2/-

DRAUGHTS.
CHESS.
DOMINOES.
CARROOMS.
TABLE TENNIS.
TABLE GOLF.
PARLOUR CRICKET.

THE J. P. KNIFE, 2/-.
Postage, 2d.



MODEL STEAM LOCOMOTIVE.

No. 7. Light Passenger Engine and Tender to run on No. 0 Gauge Rails, Russian Iron Boiler, Two Cylinders, and Whistle, Safety Valve, and Lamp, 7/6 Postage, 6d.

MAGIC BOX... .. 1/4
LOOPING THE LOOP 1/11
Postage, 3d.

Postage
PILOX 9d & 2/3 ... 3d.
ROYAL LUDO 9d ... 3d.
HALMA ... 9d ... 3d.
SPOOF GOLF 9d ... 2d.
REVERSI ... 9d ... 2d.
STRATEGY 9d ... 3d.
SNAP ... 9d ... 1d.

BOXING GLOVES, 2/6 &
4/6 per Set. Postage, 4d.

Dept. J.—117 & 118 CHEAPSIDE & MILK STREET, E.C.

PITMAN'S

PRACTICAL TRAINING FOR BUSINESS LIFE.

For Private Secretaryships; for the Merchant's Office; for posts as Foreign Correspondents, Book-keepers, Clerks, &c., for Civil Service and other Exams.

METROPOLITAN

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, gratis and post free.

SOUTHAMPTON ROW, LONDON, W.C.

SCHOOL

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., Bread Street Hill, E.C. and Bungay, Suffolk.

NIARY. MODELS AND MODEL MAKING. Illustrated.

"VEGETARIANISM":

OPINIONS PRO AND CON.

THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE FOR BOYS & "OLD BOYS."

"THE OLD FAC." C. B. FRY.

6d.

Vol. X. No. 58.

JANUARY, 1904.

By Appointment To H.M. THE KING.



THE GRADE ONLY—THE BEST
PREMIER
"JUVENILE"
BICYCLES.

Price: £8 8s. Net, or £1 1s. Monthly.

Catalogue Free from
PREMIER CYCLE CO., LTD.,
COVENTRY.

Address:—
20 Holborn Viaduct, E.C., and
133 Hammersmith Road, W.



Published Monthly by **GEORGE NEWNES, Ltd.**, 7-12, Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

GAMAGE'S GREAT BAZAAR

NOW OPEN.

We shall be

GLAD TO SEE YOU whether you buy or not.

ADMISSION QUITE FREE.

ONE OF THE SIGHTS OF LONDON.

Wonderful Working Models.

Thousands of presents for old and young from one penny to £1,000.

The Grandest Bazaar ever held.

OVER TWO ACRES OF DELIGHTS.

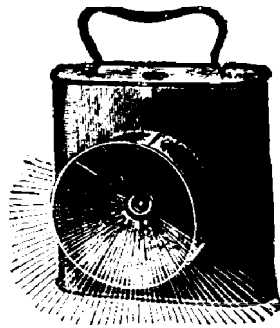
Free Exhibitions and Demonstrations all day long—Marionette Shows, Punch and Judy, Miniature Theatres, Ventriloquial Entertainments, Conjuring, &c., &c.

WORKING MODEL OF THE GREAT MONO-RAILWAY. . .
WORKING MODEL OF THE ELEVATED STEAM RAILWAY.
WE SHALL BE SHOWING THE WORLD-FAMED "DECAPOD" ENGINE.
GIGANTIC LAKE CROWDED WITH MODELS, SUBMARINES, &c.

Printers' Rubber Stamps.
Conjuring Tricks.
Phonographs.
Gramophones.
Ship's Parts.
Parts for Models.
Diving Fishes.
Submarine Boats.
Rubber Stamps.
Felt Animals.

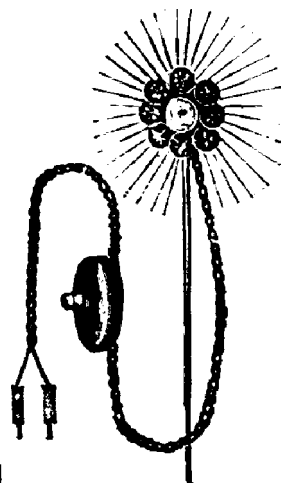
Felt Birds.
Unbreakable Toys.
Celluloid Dolls.
Ugly Dolls.
Wooden Dolls.
Xmas Tree Boxes.
Dolls' Bedsteads.
Cooking Stoves.
Toy Greenhouses.
Toy Bonnet Shops.

Soldiers in Uniform.
Switchbacks.
Wibbly-Wob.
Xmas Tree Parcels.
Funny Clockwork Tumblers.
Looping the Loop.
Books for Boys.
Books for Girls.
Thousands of others too numerous to mention.



ELECTRIC HAND LAMP.

Can be used as a dark room lamp by putting on Ruby Cup supplied with each one. Complete with 4½ volt Battery. Price 2/11. Postage 4d. Extra Batteries, 1/3.



ELECTRIC SCARF PIN.

Complete with push cord and 4½ volt Dry.

Price 2/11.
Postage 2d.

Extra Battery, 9d., all ready for use.



THE "ORIGINAL" ELECTRIC POCKET LAMP.

Strong White Light. 4½ volts. Best Battery. Price 11½d. Postage 2d. Extra Batteries, 7½d. Postage 2d. Extra Bulbs, 4½d.

Write for our SPECIAL BAZAAR CATALOGUE, post free.

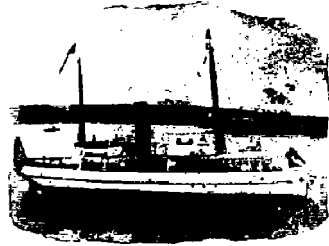
If you are arranging an Evening Party, write first to our Entertainment Department for terms.

We supply Entertainments and Artistes of every description.

A. W. GAMAGE, Ltd., Holborn, London, E.C.

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

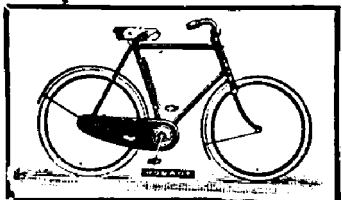
Docks Ironworks & Dock Head Foundry, FALMOUTH.

Approved for the Practical Training of Candidates for the direct entry of Probationary Assistant Engineers in His Majesty's Navy.

SUPREME

in point of

VALUE!



"HOBART"

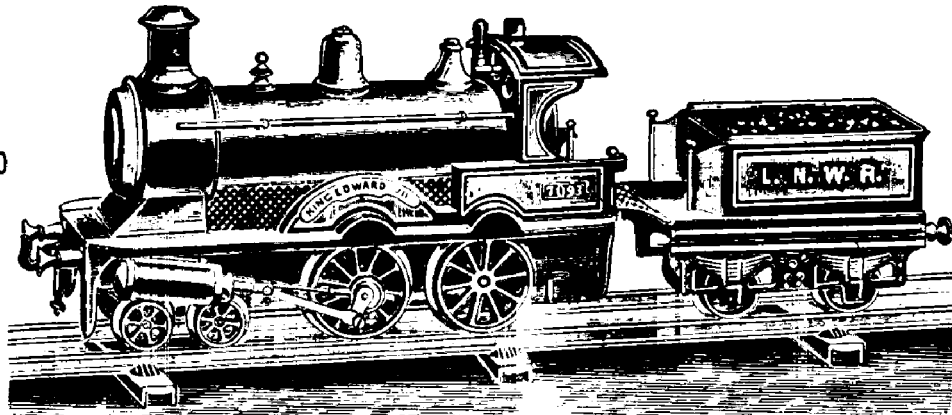
BICYCLES. W.C. LD'S BEST FREE WHEEL.

Ridden by Royalty. Eulogised by Princess Galitzine, The Lord Bishop of Coventry, Lord Northcote, Lord Guernsey, Lord Byron, &c. &c. SEND FOR CATALOGUE, POST FREE. HOBART WORKS, Coventry, & Leading Agents.

BUY DIRECT AT WHOLESALE PRICES

Send for our splendid New Catalogue, post free, containing scores of Blocks of new and powerful Locomotives, Marine Engines, Dynamoes, Electric Locomotors, Gas Engines, and everything connected with Model Work. Prices greatly reduced, and will be found about two-thirds London shop prices. Every article sent out by us is guaranteed.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE POST FREE.



ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE POST FREE.

The above powerful L. & N.W. Ry. Locomotive will be sent packed securely and Carriage Paid to any address in the United Kingdom for the exceptionally low price of **£117s. 6d.** This price includes Tender, complete set of Rails to form oval or circular track, 17 feet in length (can be made shorter by leaving out some of the sections). It is fitted with pair of powerful double action slide valve Cylinders, Driving Wheels, Reversing Lever, &c., and is finished throughout in a very superior and substantial manner from solid brass and steel. All fittings, Whistle, Safety Valve, Water Gauge, Two Domes, Starting Tap with Hand Wheel, Waste Steam up Funnel, as illustration. Total length, 17 inches.

BRITISH MODELLING AND ELECTRICAL CO., LEEK, STAFFS.

50 1d. Picture Post Cards 1/6

Printed in art colors on thick card, delightful variety. Stock limited. Write at once. Money back if not satisfied.

Nevill Novelty Co., 28 Mill Road, Eastbourne, S.



PRINTING OUTFIT 2/- POST FREE.

Containing 3 alphabets of Capitals, 4 alphabets small letters, 4 sets Figures, Commas, Stops, E Signs, &c. Over 240 movable types. 3-line knob holder, tweezers, and self-inking pad. Useful to everybody. Smaller outfits at 4/6, 9/6, and 1/3.

Illustration shows 4 1/2 size. Cheapest firm for all kinds of Rubber Stamps. Booklet of specimens free. Agents wanted.

ERNEST WOOD & CO., Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester.

GENUINE MILK-CHOCOLATE IS KNOWN EVERYWHERE AS

PETER'S THE ORIGINAL MILK-CHOCOLATE

Deliciously 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, E.C.

REFUSE IMITATIONS INSIST ON PETER'S

An admirable Food for Cyclists, Footballers, Golfers,

EPPS'S

IS THE BEST

COCOA

and all engaged in outdoor sports and pursuits.

THE INVINCIBLE PACKET

(No. 147.) Worth 5/- Our Price 7d. Post-free.
Our January Packet contains 30 rare and genuine Colonial and Foreign Stamps, including:—

ANTIGUA (1903),
SOUTHERN NIGERIA (King's Head),
SEYCHELLES ISLANDS (King's Head),
Great Britain Army Official, Cape Colony (old 3d. black), British Guiana, Hong Kong (King's Head), Shanghai, Egypt £1 (Salt Tax), Philippine Islands, Cuba 1878, Set of 5 South Australia (including "On Service"), Set of 6 New South Wales, Spanish Morocco, Korean Imperial Post, Surinam 1902, Ecuador (rare, catalogued 1/-), &c., &c.

GIVEN FREE to all purchasers of the above Packet who apply for a selection of our Approval Sheets (Discount 5d. in 1/-),

A SET OF 8 MAURITIUS, including old and obsolete issues, new black issue, and scarce One Halfpenny surcharged on 10d., 1877, and Perforation Gauge (usual price 3d.)

J. STUART & CO., SPRING GROVE, ISLEWORTH.

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.

SPECIAL for XMAS and NEW YEAR.—Assorted French Stamps, 20,000 for 3/6; to every applicant ordering above packet until 20th January next, will be sent, gratis and post free, Unused British Colonials, Catalogue value 2/-.

Old British, 1d. Reds, assorted .. 16 per 1,000.
Canadian, mixed .. 16 ..
Also Cheap and Medium Approval Books, apply at once to
"PHILATELIST," Bromore, Co. Down, Ireland.



1904 STAMP ALBUMS

No. 2 **EXCELSIOR** consists of 208 pages (size 11 by 8½ inches, beautifully bound in cloth, with spaces for 7,000 specimens. Hundreds of illustrations at the heads of various pages. Price 2/3 post free.

Full Particulars of others in our 74-page Illustrated Price List, Post Free.

No. 55 **EXCELSIOR PACKET** contains 50 different stamps, including New Brunswick, set of 12 Sweden, 3 Costa Rica, Ceylon, Antioquia, set of 7 Egypt, New South Wales, 1903, O.S. Set of 10 Rumania, Orange River Colony (King), Canada, Queensland, &c., &c. Post free. 4d. and FREE to any purchaser.

A SET OF TEN FINLAND.

This set is well worth 6d.

SEND ONE PENNY

to cover cost of postage (abroad, 3/6), and we will send a packet of 50 stamps including Picturesque and King's Head Colonials, such as Malta, Jamaica, Cape, British Guiana, Transvaal, &c., &c., and our large Illustrated Price List of 74 pages with thousands of cheap offers.

BUTLER BROS., CLEVEDON.

FREE. FREE. FREE.

This Packet will be sent **absolutely free** to every applicant for my "Onkaparinga" Approval Books (new series), but a penny stamp must be sent for return postage. My New Price List of sets, packets, and cheap stamps, now ready. **Some Cheap Sets:—**

	s. d.		s. d.
4 Antioquia, 1902	3 1	35 Norway, various issues	1 0
6 Bavaria, 1873-75, 1-18 kr. mint	8 3	3 Panama, 1c. 5c, 10c.	3 2
6 Bolivia, 1902-3	5 4	4 Paraguay, 1902-3	3 1
6 China, 1898, 4c. 1-10c.	4 10	4 Persia, various issues	6 1
5 Canada, King's Head, 1c. to 10c.	6 3	4 Patalia, "Service," unused, 4c., 1a., 2c.	4 4
7 Dominica, 1902, complete	2 6	15 Rumania, 1-93-1903, 1b. to 1 L. w.	1 0
10 Finland	5 10	10 Sweden, unpaid, COMPLETE	1 0
12 France, 1900, 1c. to 1 fr.	7 10	10 "Service"	4
9 Guatemala, 1897, 1902	6 16	12 Spain, 1898, 3c. to 10 Pesetas, pitched 0	1 6
6 Jamaica, including official	4 12	15 Hungary, 1c. to 1 kr., 1900-2	4
6 Luxembourg, 10, 12, 24, 37, 50cets., 1fr.	10 15	3 4 1, 2, 3, 5 kr., 1900, scarce	1 6
5 Luxemburg, 1899, 1c. to 10c.	3 4	4 6 United States, "Omaha," 1c. to 10c.	9
6 Montenegro	4 6		

100 DIFFERENT FOREIGN AND COLONIAL STAMPS.

Cash with Order.

POSTAGE EXTRA.

PLEASE NOTE CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

L. S. CHARLICK (Late of 55-56 Chancery Lane, W.C.)

26 Glenloch Road, Hampstead, London, N.W.

6d. "King's Head" Packet. 6d. 40 Different Good Stamps only.

Including:—St. Vincent (King's Head), British Somaliland (King's Head), 2 Canada (King's Head), Levant (King's Head), 2 Cape (King's Head), Cyprus (King's Head), 3 Straits Settlements (King's Head), Gibraltar (King's Head), Gold Coast (King's Head), Grenada (King's Head), Hong Kong (King's Head), Malta (King's Head), Jamaica (Official), Sierra Leone (King's Head), British Guiana (1903), Patalia (King's Head), Seychelles (King's Head), Leewards (King's Head), Ceylon (Service), Malaysia (Tiger), Newroundland (King's Head), and 15 other superior Colonials. There is no rubbish in this packet whatever, **6d.** Postage 1d. extra.

In addition, applicants asking for our renowned Approval Sheets will receive Free

FIVE PICTORIAL SOMALILAND (Large Handsome Stamps)

PERRIN BROS., 57 Fortunegate Rd., Harlesden, N.W.

PICTURE STAMPS. CONGO FREE STATE GIVEN TO EVERY PURCHASER.

of Valetta Harbour; Malay States, Springing Tiger; Brazil, Volcano; Jamaica, Llandoverly Falls; New Zealand, views of Mount Cook and Lake Tapano; New South Wales, view of Sydney Harbour, also Emu Bird; Greece, Olympic Games Commemoration; Crete, Hermes fastening his wings; Uruguay, Railway Engine; Greece, full length figure of Mercury; United States of America, events illustrating the discovery of America, also present day rapid lake navigation and portrait of America's greatest President, George Washington; Canada, latest and most effective portrait of King Edward VII.; Newfoundland, portrait of Queen Alexandra; Argentine Republic, figure of Liberty; Nyassa, Giraffe; and the interesting and obsolete U.S.A. messenger boy stamp, &c., &c.

NOTE.—All applicants for our Price List who enclose **ONE PENNY** stamp for postage (abroad 4d.), will receive a free packet of 50 stamps, including British Colonial King's Head, New Zealand Pictorial, Sweden Service, Turkey, Argentine, Ceylon, Indian Native State, Brazil, Venezuela, &c.

ALFRED GILBERT & CO., WESTON-SUPER-MARE.

The "VIVID" PACKET 3d. CONTAINS 120 DIFFERENT STAMPS,

including Orange River Colony, 1903 (King Edward), Persia (Lion), Malta, 1903 (King), Labuan (Stag), Ecuador (Jubilee Issue), Colombia Republic (1903), Turkish Empire, Natal 1903 (King), Costa Rica 1892, Great Britain "Army Official" (King), Japan, W. Australia (Swan), Argentine, Victoria, Jamaica (Llandoverly Waterfalls), Brazil, Great Britain "I.R. Official" (Queen), Cape Colony (King), picturesque New Zealand, set of 5 India (including King Issues), Cuba 1878.

Set of 10 U.S. Amer., including Columbus issue, War Revenue (Ironclad), unused Telegram Service, &c.
Set of 10 Canada, including new 1903 issue (King Edward VII) in Coronation Robes, &c., &c. 3d. postage 1d. extra. Postage abroad 3d. extra.

IN ADDITION.—Every purchaser applying for a selection of our "Ideal" Approval Sheets will receive a very picturesque

Set of 10 NICARAGUA, 1c. to 50c., gratis. (Only one packet supplied to each person.)

Grand Price List of Bargains in Albums, Sets and Packets, 24 pages splendidly illustrated. Post free and gratis.

ERRINGTON & MARTIN, SOUTH HACKNEY, LONDON, N.E.

So many collectors write us for Pictorial Issues that we have made up a **SPECIAL PACKET** of 50 different Stamps, including some of the most attractive and interesting of the world's pictorial issues. Amongst others we include, Canada Jubilee, double portrait of Queen Victoria, 187-97; Canada, map of British Empire; Egypt, Sphinx and Pyramid; Tasmania, view of Mount Wellington; Tasmania, view of Hobart Bay; Malta, view of Llandoverly Falls; New Zealand, views of Mount Cook and Lake Tapano; New South Wales, view of Sydney Harbour, also Emu Bird; Greece, Olympic Games Commemoration; Crete, Hermes fastening his wings; Uruguay, Railway Engine; Greece, full length figure of Mercury; United States of America, events illustrating the discovery of America, also present day rapid lake navigation and portrait of America's greatest President, George Washington; Canada, latest and most effective portrait of King Edward VII.; Newfoundland, portrait of Queen Alexandra; Argentine Republic, figure of Liberty; Nyassa, Giraffe; and the interesting and obsolete U.S.A. messenger boy stamp, &c., &c.

NOTE.—All applicants for our Price List who enclose **ONE PENNY** stamp for postage (abroad 4d.), will receive a free packet of 50 stamps, including British Colonial King's Head, New Zealand Pictorial, Sweden Service, Turkey, Argentine, Ceylon, Indian Native State, Brazil, Venezuela, &c.

THE FOURTH EDITION OF THE UNIVERSAL
STANDARD CATALOGUE OF THE

1903-4
EDITION.

POSTAGE STAMPS

OF THE WORLD - - - IS NOW READY

It includes all stamps known to be issued up to date of publication,
with the price of each.



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 of 1,520 different Packets and Sets of Stamps, sent on receipt of
penny stamp for postage. NEW STAMP ALBUMS FOR 1904, from 1s. 6d. to £12.

WHITFIELD KING & CO., IPSWICH.

ABSOLUTELY FREE!

For a short time only I will GIVE AWAY

- 3 SHANGHAI Including an entire unused wrapper and correspondence card.
- 5 U.S.A. Ironclad series with rare \$1 stamp Figure of Justice.
- 10 ROUMANIA A very fine set, including new and obsolete issues. Catalogued at 10d.

The 18 stamps mentioned above will be given away only on condition that you ask to see my approval sheets, enclose 1d. stamp for postage, and show this advertisement to at least two other stamp collectors.

H. C. WATKINS, 86 Lordship Lane (3510), Wood Green, N.

4½^D 2

Our New Year Packet contains a large assortment of rare stamps including RARE CHINA, choice black and red GUIANA. "Darius Petemusque Vietain," 2 obsolete COLUMBUS, very rare INDIAN O.H.M.S. 1874 small issue, Bicoloured Jamaica LANDOVERY FALLS, Ceylon KING'S HEAD, unique INDIAN 3 inches long, PAN-AMERICAN "State Express," CHOICE U.S.A. ONE DOLLAR FIGURE OF JUSTICE, face value 4/2 superb SIERRA LEONE green and blue, OMAHA red Trans-Mississippi Exhibition, Spanish head, rare MALAY STATE Black Tiger and Brown, N.S.W. VIEW OF SYDNEY, CANADA KING ISSUE, very choice CYPRUS high value, and 25 BRITISH COLONIALS, etc., price post free 5/4d. Lists Free.

THE EMPIRE STAMP CO., Horsham, S.O. Kent.

(STAMPS) HOW TO COLLECT STAMPS (STAMPS)

Don't buy rubbish. Buy only stamps in good condition, lightly cancelled. For really fine copies of all countries, write

J. W. JONES, 444 Strand, London (opposite Charing Cross).

Orders executed from any catalogue.

SPECIAL BARGAINS FOR JANUARY.

Great Britain 2/6, 5/-, & 10/- King's Head, 4/3. Porto Rico "War" provisionals set 15 used, 4/- Transvaal Republic 24 varieties 5/- Orange Colony 10 varieties provisionals, including thick V's and rare 4d., 6/-.

CATALOGUE OF NEW SPECIAL SETS, ALBUMS, &c., FREE ON APPLICATION.

J. W. JONES, Sole Address, 444 Strand (Opposite Charing Cross), London.

IT COSTS YOU NOTHING!

Send me a postcard stating your name and address and I will forward to you, post free, a specimen copy of

"POOLE'S MONTHLY PHILETELIST."

It contains particulars of hundreds of genuine stamp BARGAINS, so do not miss this opportunity. Let me forget send me a postcard NOW.

B. W. H. POOLE, 6 Rock Terrace, STAMFORD, Lincs.

UNUSED BRITISH COLONIALS

(King Edward Issues).

BLOCKS, SINGLES, AND SETS.

R. PITTILO, Jun., Kirkgate, Burntisland.

ARE YOU IN WANT

of a good Packet of Genuine Stamps? If so, send for the Europa, which contains 100 different free for 4d. We are giving to each purchaser a fine set of 9 New South Wales. Sheets sent on approval. Big discounts. Price list of 75 Different Packets sent free.

CUTHBERTSON & CO., 14 Exchange St. East, Liverpool.

1904 PRICE LIST.

of Albums, Packets, Sets, etc. Free gifts to everybody.

This List should be in the hands of every collector whether he be a beginner or an advanced collector. Great bargains. No rubbish sold.

Approval Sheets at 6d. in the 1/- discount.

J. W. SPOWART & CO., Nevill St., SOUTHPORT.

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.

AS LONG AS THEY LAST.

To each purchaser of this bargain packet asking for approval sheets I will present a 2d. 6d. and 5d. postage stamp of Great Britain.

The packet alone is worth double the price. 50 different stamps price 3d., postage 1d. extra. It includes Orange River Colony, King's head Provisional Transvaal, Tasmania (picture), unused India (King Edward), Crete, Malta, Trinidad (new), Bermuda, Paraguay, Malaya, &c., &c. A splendid bargain.

Write early for approval sheets. Selections from all Colonies and countries at low prices with large discount. Exchange desired with all Colonies. Collections purchased; good prices paid for scarce stamps.

F. G. ROWE

(formerly of Bath), 22 Desborough Road, Plymouth.

UNDER ROYAL PATRONAGE

The perfect System.



NO LEAVES.
NO BLANK SPACES.
SECURE.
ECONOMICAL.

INEXPENSIVE.
EVERLASTING.
UNBREAKABLE.

LAWN & BARLOW.
STAMP EXPERTS
99, REGENT STREET,
LONDON, W.

Catalogues free.

STAMP COLLECTORS! NOTE THIS!!

EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS IN PACKETS.

2s. 6d. worth of Stamps for 3d.

This Packet, No. 76, contains 100 well mixed Stamps, including following:—Bolivia (rare, catalogued 1s.), States of Columbia (new issue), Cape Colony (King's Head), Ecuador Jubilee (scarce), Borneo (native), Cuba (baby King), Brazil (old issue), Deccan (Native Indian States), Turkey (obsolete), Greece (latest issue), Argentine, Roumania (old issue), Canada (maple leaves), Spain, India, New Zealand (Universal), Costa Rica (1892), &c., &c. Post free, 3d.

5s. worth of Stamps for 5d.

This Packet, No. 77, contains 100 well mixed Stamps from all parts of the World, and includes Borneo (monkey, rare), Hayti (large stamp), Peru (obsolete), Travancore (Native Indian State), Mexico (obsolete issue), Queensland, New South Wales, Victoria, China (rare), Persia (old issue), Egypt (unpaid issue), Roumania (latest issue), Bulgaria, Canada Jubilee (rare), Porto Rico (obsolete), Ecuador (1891, rare), Trinidad (old head issue), United States (Buffalo Exhibition Stamp), Jamaica (Waterfalls, obsolete), Portuguese Indies (scarce), Nicaragua (old issue), Reunion (scarce), &c., &c. Post free, 5d.

Special Collections of Stamps.

The Cheapest in the World. 500 all different, price 3s. 9d. 250 all different, price 1s. 6d. 1,000 all different, price, post free, 12s. 6d. 2,000 all different, price 2 guineas. 100 British Colonials all different, and including many scarce, post free, 2s. 9d.

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. Our Price List, Post Free on Application. Undoubtedly the Cheapest List in the Trade.

EDWARD COOPER & Co.,
14, Archway Road, Highgate, London, N.

FREE!! FREE!!

A ONE SHILLING PARCEL GIVEN AWAY to all Stamp Collectors. We are making this wonderful offer to bring before the notice of readers of the "Captain" our 1903 CATALOGUE (full of bargains). THE PARCEL contains the following:

100 FOREIGN STAMPS
(Used and unused), including many scarce varieties. A PACKET OF STAMP MOUNTS. Best quality. A Perforation Gauge, with full instructions.

THE WHOLE LOT
ABSOLUTELY FREE.

Send your name and address, with 1d. stamp for postage, and we will send the above PARCEL per return. This is a GENUINE OFFER. Only one lot given away to each applicant.

KING BROTHERS, Stamp Importers, Bilston.
Colonial Postage, 1d. extra.

SEVEN BRITISH BORNEO PROTECTORATE

Are included in our grand 1/- Xmas Packet of 50 Different British Colonials.

Xmas packet of 50 British Colonials, including 7 Borneo Protectorate.
1c. Dyak Warrior.
2c. Stag's Head.
3c. Palm Tree.
4c. Gorilla.
5c. Peacock.
6c. Lion and Ship.
8c. War Canoe.
PRICE 1s.
Postage 1d. extra.
A Splendid Packet suitable for a Xmas Present.

Contents of Xmas Packet.
Fiji Islands, Southern Nigeria, British Seychelles, Grenada (King), New Zealand 1, Cape Colony 1, New South Wales 1, Kangaroo, British New Guinea (picture issue), Dominica (picture issue), Jamaica (picture issue), St. Kitts (picture issue), Canada (King), India (King), Johore (King), Lagos, Gold Coast, British Guiana, Barbados, Canada, Cape New Zealand, Mauritius 1877 1d on 10d., Canada 20c (Queen in widow's weeds), Mauritius Victoria, Natal, England 1870 1d red, Trinidad, West Australia, Straits Settlements, Sierra Leone, India, South Australia, Montserrat (picture issue) and a fine set of 7 British North Borneo Surcharged Protectorate 1c to 8c.

Price 1/-, Postage 1d. extra.
Price List of Colonials Now Ready.
FRANK MOORE & CO.,
3 F arcade, Villiers St., Strand, LONDON.

"GREATLY PLEASED

CHEAP SETS. Every Stamp different. 50 Australia, 1s.; 36 Austria, 8d.; 10 Barbados, 8d.; 3 Belgium Exhibition, 2d.; 20 Canada, 6d.; 16 Cape, 9d.; 8 Columbia, catalogued 3s. 10d., for 1s. 3d.; 30 Holland, 4d.; 16 French Colonies, 4d.; 40 France, 2d.; 6 British Official, 2d.; 100 different Plate numbers, 2s. 6d.; 25 Greece, 1s.; 80 Greece, 5s. 6d.; 8 Hong Kong, 5d.; 9 Orange River Colony, 1s.; 25 India, 6d.; 11 Transvaal, 1s.; 10 Newfoundland, 9d.; 17 Newfoundland, 2s. 4d. Approval sheets upon application. Lowest prices, 50% discount. Lists, Colonials, Packets, Sets, &c., free. Wholesale Lots for Dealers. Telephone No. 05320.

F. W. FRANKLIN, Exchange Buildings, Birmingham.
ESTABLISHED SAME ADDRESS, 1893.

COLONIALS GIVEN AWAY.

In order to advertise more fully our Approval Sheets and Books of Sets, we will give free to all enclosing 1d. stamp for postage, a Set of 25 Colonials, all different, including several King's Head issues.

W. & A. PRINCE, 79 Edward Street, West Bromwich.

"PREMIER" INTERCHANGEABLE ALBUMS.

No.	Size	Capacity	EACH	DOZ.
			s. d.	s. d.
No. 1.	8vo, 9 1/2 by 6 1/2 in.	holds about 600 stamps	0 11	9 6
" 2.	4to, 10 by 8 in.	holds about 725 stamps	1 0	11 6
" 3.	As No. 2, but stouter cover, &c.		1 2	13 0
" 4.	Folio, 11 1/2 by 9 1/2 in.	holds about 1000 stamps	1 6	16 0
" 10.	4to, 10 by 8 1/2 in.	50 leaves, holds about 1800 stamps, bound in leatherette, gilt lettered, &c.	4 6	48 0

EVERY LEAF IS REMOVABLE, and all the above Albums will admit of extra leaves being inserted. Additional leaves can be supplied at prices ranging from 2/9 to 3/6 per 100.

THE "A B C" CATALOGUE OF STAMPS, ENVELOPES, POST-CARDS, &c., is the only complete up-to-date Catalogue published in the English Language; nearly 900 pp., post free, 2/10. All others are incomplete or misleading.

BRIGHT & SON, 164 Strand, London, W.C.

PACKET EXTRAORDINARY!

25 DIFFERENT 3d. worth six times the price, including Obsolete and Bulgarian, Bolivia 1897, 5 or 10c. NO Stamp Catalogued less than 1d. Send for Price List. Approval Sheets on application:—
East Dulwich Stamp Co., 8 Henslowe Road, London, S.E.

BIG BARGAINS!

"50 to 60 per cent. off Gibbon's prices.

Unusual Opportunity."

Don't miss it.

J. S. BREEZE,

18 Crosby Road, Birkdale, Southport.



Grand "CAPTAIN" Novelty Packet, 50 Recent Issues Rare Colonial and Foreign Stamps, including many King's Heads: marvellous value; 1s. 1d., post free. New Illustrated Catalogue, 700 cheap packets, sets, and albums, free.

WINCH BROS., COLCHESTER.



STAMPS

Gorilla Packet, 4^d.

POST FREE.

Contains 50 different stamps, including rare set of THREE different BORNEO & LABUAN (all with GORILLAS design, usually sold at 2d. and 3d. each), SOMALLAND (fort), Columbia, Jamaica, Korea, Senegambia and Niger, Chili, Port Congo, Cape, Borneo (Dyak), rare set of 7 different PHILIPPINE ISLES, &c., &c. MONEY BACK if not satisfied. Postage abroad extra.

If you are a stamp buyer, you need our price list, a handsome book of 64 Pages, 150 Illustrations, Thousands of Bargains. Sent Gratis and Post Free on application.

ERNEST WOOD & CO., Importers,
Chorlton-cum-Hardy, MANCHESTER.

SET OF 7 TRINIDAD GIVEN AWAY.

Bona-fide applicants for my Approval Selections, enclosing stamp for postage, receive gratis a Scarce Set of 7 Trinidad including 1883 issue. If you want Cheap Colonials try my sheets. Exchange with Colonial collectors desired.

G. GRAHAM MORRIS, The Avenue, St. Margaret's, TWICKENHAM

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.

EVERY COLLECTOR MUST HAVE

The Stamp Collectors' Annual

and Year-Book of Philately, 1904.

OVER 100 PAGES, ILLUSTRATED. PRICE ONE SHILLING POST FREE

Compiled and edited by Mr. Percy C. Bishop, of the "Stamp Collectors' Fortnightly." Full of interesting articles, interviews, and information indispensable to philatelists. Published by

CHARLES NISSEN & CO.,

77, 78, High Holborn, London, W.C.

50 STAMPS 6^d. Post free —Comprising Principally B. Colonials new issues &c., good value.

APPROVAL BOOKS 50% AND SHEETS. off marked prices. Old collections bought.

50% Picture Postcards 1s. per doz. (Tuck s.) off marked prices. **PEARCE & STAMPFORD, 7 Katharine St., Croydon.**

ACTUALLY BELOW COST.

Packet No. 155 contains scarce British Somalland surcharged on India, Spain "War" stamp, Guatemala (Parrot), U.S.A. President Webster and Sherman, Roumania 1 leu (high value), Greece (Olympic Games), provisional Bulgaria, British Guiana, Chinese Imperial Post, Hyderabad (The Deccan), Jamaica Falls, handsome Chili Telegraphs, Cyprus green and carmine, N.S.W. Jubilee, Dutch Indies or Java, Japanese Corea, new Serbian provisional, Wurtemberg Service, U.S.A. locomotive. Price 6d. Postage extra. **THE PREMIER STAMP CO., 17 Prince Albert Street, BRIGHTON.**

Collector has several sheets of stamps, no rubbish, all good ones, duplicates from his collection, at 1/- each, money returned if not approved.

Will exchange for or buy any small collection or loose lots.

W. HALL, London Street, Whitchurch, Hants.

50 OBSOLETE COLONIALS 7d. Post free.

Send at once for this marvellous packet, also for my approval sheets of common, medium, and rare Colonials. 50 per cent. discount, cheapest in the trade.

JAMES FITZGERALD, 32, Franconia Road, Clapham, LONDON.

COLLECTIONS WANTED.

I buy collections and loose lots of postage stamps and pay the very highest prices. Fiscal and Revenue stamps also wanted.

Selections of stamps on approval at 50 per cent. discount to responsible applicants. Deposit or references required.

JOHN JAMES COATES,

4 Southwark Street, London Bridge, London.

Established 1879.

READ TIT-BITS AND ENJOY LIFE.



FOREIGN STAMPS.

Parents and Guardians will find it much to their advantage to encourage their charges to adopt a hobby. There is no more fascinating or profitable hobby than stamp collecting.

Special offer to beginners.—An Illustrated stamp album and 500 assorted foreign stamps. 1/-

Packets of varieties:—100, 3d.; 150, 6d.; 200, 10d.; 250, 1s. 6d.; 500, 5s.; 1,000, 15s. New Lists free.

SETS.—Queen's Heads, 50 different without English, 1s.; 10 Iceland, 9d.; 35 Norway, 1s.; 6 Montenegro, 4d.; 12 British Guiana, 1s.; 12 Mauritius, 1s.; 12 Tunis, 9d.; 6 Sarawak, 9d.; 5 Barbados, 3d.; 4 Ecuador, 3d.; 15 Persia, 9d.; 8 Egypt, 3d.; 4 St. Vincent, 4d.; 16 Turkey, 6d.; 50 Sweden, 1s.; 18 Greece, 6d.; 20 Bulgaria, 6d.; 5 Trinidad, 2d.; 4 Grenada, 3d.; 50 Australian, 1s.; 50 Colonials, 9d.; 100 Colonials, 2s.; 2 St. Helena, 3d.; 3 Bermuda, 2d.; 5 Jamaica, 2d.; 30 Finland, 9s.; 15 Denmark, 4d.; 12 Java, 6d.; 100 different Australian Colonials, fine collection, price 4s.; 40 different South Australia, including many scarce surcharges, price 6d.

Just published. "The A B C of Stamp Collecting," post free, 1s. 2d.

THE MIDLAND STAMP CO., CHEYLESMORE, COVENTRY.

AN IMPERIAL OFFER.

To all Bona-fide purchasers sending for our Approval Sheets, with stamp for return, we will give a handsome New South Wales, 3d. green (1858-1863) Catalogued 1/3. Mention "Captain."

The Imperial Stamp Co., Hoe Street, Walthamstow.

BEFORE ORDERING

Foreign Stamps from elsewhere, write for our Approval Sheets and Books of "British Colonials" and "Officials." Unrivaled for variety, extent, and cheapness. State references and class desired. Stamps bought or sold in all parts of the world.

JAGGARD AND COMPANY, LIVERPOOL.

MIDLAND STAMP CO., CASTLE BROMWICH.

CHEAP SETS, ALL DIFFERENT.

d.		d.		d.	
30 Argentine	8	20 French Colonies	5	25 Cuba	6
33 Hungary	8	45 Germany	7	29 Switzerland	6
15 Bolivia	9	21 Württemberg	6	20 Turkey	5
50 Belgium	9	24 Greece	6	40 United States	5
20 Brazil	6	20 Mexico	5	20 Salvador	7
20 Bulgaria	6	20 Nicaragua	6	20 Venezuela	7
16 Chili	6	15 Peru	6	10 Borneo	9
15 Colombia	6	16 Luxembourg	6	20 Canada	6
13 Costa Rica	4	24 Portugal	6	16 Cape Good Hope	9
12 Guatemala	6	30 Roumania	6	25 India	6
30 Holland	4	15 Finland	6	10 Newfoundland	10
20 Honduras	6	20 Servia	6	10 Labuan	9
19 Ecuador	6	50 Spain	9		

CAPTAIN PACKET.—200 varieties, including Newfoundland, Borneo, Labuan, Guatemala, Peru Liama, Honduras, Malay Tiger, Bolivia, Nicaragua, Nyassa, Cape Verde, Mozambique, Zambesi, Congo, Rouman, Morocco, Senegal, Salvador rare surcharge, Ecuador official, Servia surcharge, Montenegro, Paraguay, Dominica, Uruguay, Persia surcharged, Venezuela, New Granada, Costa Rica 20c., Brazil, Set of 5 Cuba, Bulgaria, Philippine, India King, Patiala, Gwalior, Tunis, Argentine, Cape, Barbados, Jamaica, Deccan, Java, free 1/1. List of hundred sets, packets, cheapest in the trade, free. Wonderful value. 500 varieties Foreign Colonials, 2/6. 1000 different Colonials, 1/- 100 different South America, 2/- 130 varieties African stamps, 5/- 130 varieties West India stamps, 5/6.

Only Address—Midland Stamp Co., Castle Bromwich, Birmingham.

FREE GIFTS FOR XMAS.

200 Genuine Stamps, including Travancore, Grecian, Javan, Cuban, Western Australia, British Guiana, Indian, Chilean, &c., &c. GIVEN ABSOLUTELY GRATIS TO EVERY APPLICANT who encloses 2d. for postage and packing, and asks to see my Approval Sheets, which are the BEST AND CHEAPEST in the world.

W. LACEY, 63a, London Road, Brighton.

"CAPTAIN" EYE OPENER (Jan.), 6d. (Quote Jan. when ordering) 110 different, 6d., including Argentine, Cyprus, Ceylon, New Cuba, Gibraltar, New Malay, Surcharged Straits, Tasmania 1d. and 2d. (Views), Orange State, W. Australia. GRATIS Large List Sets. SHEETS 4d. Stamps upwards. 250 Mounts and 3 Rare old Mexico gratis to all who apply for sheets. Agents wanted. 500 different stamps, 5s.; 1,000 and album for 15s. post free (abroad postage extra).—List Colonials for 1904, now ready.

A. C. McALESLAN & CO., 95 Bath Street, Glasgow

FOREIGN STAMPS!!

We give you the best value in Britain for money, 150 for 9d.; 200, 1/-; 300, 2/6; 50 Colonial, 11d.; 100, 2/6; all Different Varieties, and post paid. Send for our Approval Sheets. We want your custom, we also want to keep it.

A. & J. ANDERSON,
208 HORNSEY ROAD, LONDON, N.

BARGAINS.

Sets (Postage extra):—40 United States, 4d.; 100 United States, 1/-; 25 Greece, 5d.; 20 Ecuador, 6d.; 15 Cape of Good Hope, 5d. Packets of 100 varieties, 3d.; 150 varieties, 5d.; 200 varieties, 1/-; 250 varieties, 1/4; 300 varieties, 2/-; 1,000 varieties, no Bill Stamps, 15/-. Fine Collections of 100 English Colonials (no English), 1/-; and 50 varieties of Australia (Postage only), 1/-.

J. RUSSELL,

64 Northumberland Park, Tottenham, London, N.

JAQUES' GAMES.

MARK OVER.

A New Indoor Shooting Game.
WITHOUT DANGER.

The pistols are designed to fire rubber bands at rolling discs, representing rabbits and other game. They are started on their course through a line of fire by rolling them from a trap

Prices.

No. 1, with three guns 2/6
No. 2, with five guns 3/6



TIPPITY=WICKET has leapt into Popularity.



A **TIPPITY-WICKET** match is the latest form of indoor amusement. It has become a popular pastime at many schools and colleges. The scoring is often fast and furious. It can be played in quite a small room. All the glorious uncertainty of cricket is brought into play.

Prices: 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., and 12s. 6d.



HENLEY.

A New Boat-Racing Game.

The competitors in this game are able, by a simple and ingenious contrivance, to race the eight-oared boats across an ordinary dining-room table. The system of propelling the boats is quite new: it requires but little knack, and the races are frequently terminated in exciting finishes.

Price: 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.

Full Illustrated Catalogue of Sports and Games sent post free.

JOHN JAQUES & SON, Ltd., 102 Hatton Garden, LONDON, E.C.

BILLIARDS AT HOME

A Billiard Table ready to place on any Dining Table, and instantly removable.

This illustration shows Billiard Table when fixed on Dining Table. It is very popular "at home," and is much appreciated by those who cannot accommodate a full-size Billiard Table. When not in use they can be stored on end or side against a wall. These Tables will stand on Dining Tables 2ft. under their own size.

SPECIFICATION.—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 Boards, Spirit Level, Box of Tips, Wafers, Chalk, and good Rest.

SIZE OF BILLIARD TABLE.	CASH PRICES.	OR IN 13 MONTHLY PAYMENTS OF
4ft. 4in. by 2ft. 4in.	£3 17 6	6/6
5ft. 4in. by 2ft. 10in.	5 2 6	9/-
6ft. 4in. by 3ft. 4in.	6 0 0	10/9
7ft. 4in. by 3ft. 10in.	8 0 0	14/6

SPECIAL QUALITY
(very superior).

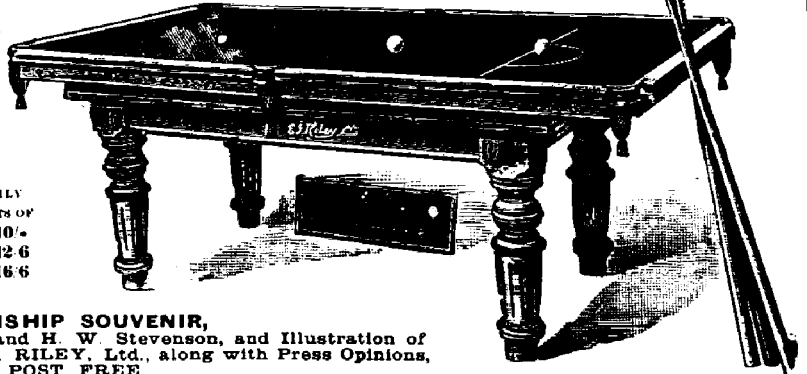
SIZE OF BILLIARD TABLE.	CASH PRICES.	OR IN 13 MONTHLY PAYMENTS OF
5ft. 4in. by 2ft. 10in.	£5 15 0	10/-
6ft. 4in. by 3ft. 4in.	7 0 0	12 6
7ft. 4in. by 3ft. 10in.	9 5 0	16 6

Delivered Carriage Paid at our Risk.

CHAMPIONSHIP SOUVENIR,
with Photographs of C. Dawson and H. W. Stevenson, 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 Cushion as used in 1903 Championship, Stevenson v. Dawson. London Showrooms: 147 ALDERSGATE STREET, E.C. All Correspondence to Works, Accrington.



CASH OR EASY PAYMENTS.

E. J. RILEY, LTD., Billiard Table Builders. **ACCRINGTON.**

GEORGE NEWNES, Ltd.

Write for Complete Illustrated Catalogue, which will be sent to you post free on application.

NEWNES' LIBRARY OF RECREATIONS.

A series of Books of useful and delightful Amusements for Girls and Boys. Profusely Illustrated. Square crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, 6s. net each.

What a Girl can Make and Do.

By LINA BEARD and ADELIA B. BEARD.

The Girl's Handy Book.

By LINA BEARD and ADELIA B. BEARD.

The Boy's Handy Book.

By D. C. BEARD.

The Jack of All Trades.

By D. C. BEARD.

The above series, it is hoped by the publishers, will become the Standard Encyclopædias of useful Crafts and Recreations for British Boys and Girls, from the number of Illustrations no less than the popular style in which the books are written.

7 to 12 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

NEW YEAR'S BOOKS FOR BOYS!



R. S. WARREN BELL.

By R. S. WARREN BELL.

TALES

OF

Sir Billy.
How the Breach was Healed.
The End of a Run.
The Great Rebellion.
The Professor and the Plot.
J. O. Jones.
A Friend's Good Name.
Mr. Kitt's Sweetheart.
The Long White Line.
A Late Call.
Two Sunday Nights.
The Top Room.
Quits.
The Storming of Greyhouse.

3/6

GREYHOUSE.



JOHN MACKIE.

By JOHN MACKIE.

THE HEART OF THE

"Frank, manly, and intensely interesting."—*Daily Mail*.

"Has sterling qualities. . . . A blood-stirring story of adventure. . . . Useful educationally and geographically."

—*Newcastle Leader*.

"Well conceived, ingeniously worked out, arouses the keenest interest."

—*Glasgow Herald*.

3/6

PRAIRIE.

By FREDERICK SWAINSON.

ACTON'S

"From the school stories which crowded our shelves we select 'Acton's Feud' as the best. Mr. Swainson has written a thoroughly good story of a public school and its complicated inner life. . . . We are willing to recommend this story as the premier school-boy story of the season."

—*Daily Chronicle*.

3/6

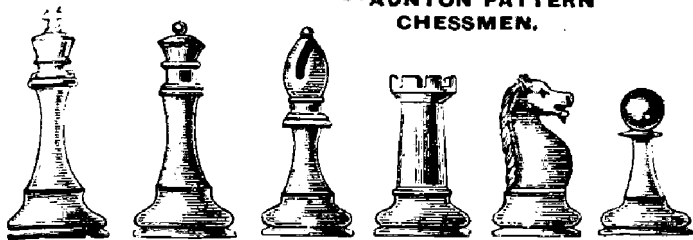
FEUD.



FREDK. SWAINSON.

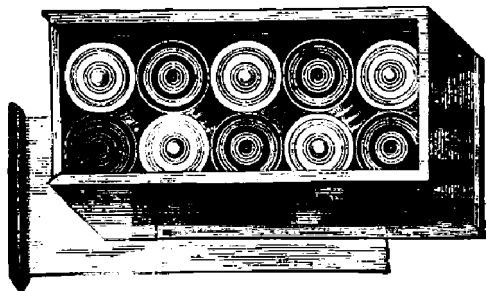
City Sale & Exchange

STAUNTON PATTERN CHESSMEN.

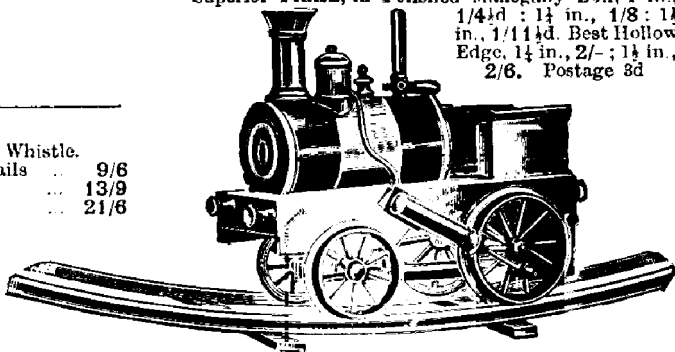


Boxwood and Ebonised, Boxed.		Polished Boxes.	
Sizes 0	1	2	3
2.1	2/4	2/7	3/-
Ditto, every piece Draped with Green Cloth, in Polished Boxes.			
Sizes	3	4	5
	3/6	4/6	4/11
Ditto, Loaded, Best Quality.			
Sizes	4	5	6
	6/-	7/-	7/6 and 10/6
Postage, 4d. per set under 10/-.			

DRAUGHTS.



Ebonised and Boxwood, in Cedar Boxes.
 1 in., 10/6; 1 1/4 in., 1/11d.; 1 1/2 in., 1/4d.
 Superior Finish, in Polished Mahogany Box, 1 in.,
 1/4d; 1 1/4 in., 1/8; 1 1/2 in., 1/11d. Best Hollow
 Edge. 1 1/4 in., 2/-; 1 1/2 in.,
 2/6. Postage 8d



STEAM LOCOMOTIVE, as Illustration.

All Brass, Copper Guards, Water Gauge, Safety Valve, Whistle.
 Length over all, 7 1/2 in., complete with 12 1/2 ft. of Circular Rails ... 9/6
 Ditto, 9 1/2 in., ditto 15 ft. ditto ... 13/9
 Ditto, with Tender, 17 1/2 in., ditto 22 ft. ditto ... 21/6
 Post Free.

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS CATALOGUE POST FREE. Mention "The Captain."

90, 91, 93, 94,

FLEET ST., LONDON, E.C.

PHONOGRAPHS FREE

A Practical Up-to-Date Sound Reproducing Instrument, which will take any Standard Record and bring forth the Words, Music, or other Sounds in a Perfect Manner.



This is a genuine offer. It comes to you from the well-known establishment of Symonds London Stores. We are the largest Phonograph suppliers direct to the public of any firm in the United Kingdom. When we make a promise we keep it. We now tell you that we mean to give away a limited number of the celebrated Symonds' Premier Phonographs. You can verify our assertion by answering this advertisement. But do not wait and be too late. We have already given away several thousand of these wonderful Phonographs and are deluged with complimentary letters.

THE REASON FOR OUR FREE OFFER.

We have decided that a quantity of our Symonds' Premier Phonographs shall be distributed for advertising purposes. We offer to give you one of these Phonographs provided that whenever friends ask where you obtained it, you will mention that it came from Symonds London Stores, and also provided that you keep a few of our Records according to the Award which you may obtain from us after having answered this advertisement), recording the Phonograph Records (playing selections of band music, songs, &c.), so that your friends may know their quality. You will not be required to pay a penny for the complete Phonograph. We will send the Phonograph, carefully packed, and by the direction you can learn to operate it quickly and easily. We will supply comic songs, sentimental songs, religious selections, or band music. What kind do you prefer? Our catalogue will help your choice.



You do not to send us any money in answer to this, but merely write a letter. Give us your full address, being particular to also mention the nearest railway station. Enclose stamp

SYMONDS' LONDON STORES,
 124-128 City Road, London, E.C.



Registered Trade Mark.

Christmas Crackers, Cosagues, Bonbons.

BROCK'S Brand Beats Best.

NO PAPER APRONS.
 NO INANE MOTTOES.

Every Single Bonbon contains SOLID GIFT. HARMONY, AMUSEMENT, APPAREL, CONVENIENCE. LONDON RANSACKED for Eccentric Oddments.

Buy them of Brock's SUTTON, SURREY,

And win the £100 in Prizes.
 Selections, 10/-, 15/-, 21/-, Post Free.

PRIZES! PRIZES!! PRIZES!!!

£250 WORTH.

YOU HAVE A SPLENDID CHANCE OF GETTING ONE BECAUSE THERE
ARE UPWARDS OF 400 OF THEM.

(See Below.)

Six Questions for Six Months.

1. Which of the Six Numbers of "The Sunday Strand," from January to June, 1904 (inclusive), do you like least, and why?
2. Which Article in these six numbers do you like best, and which do you like least, and why?
3. Which Story do you like best, and which do you like least, and why?
4. Which Picture do you like best, and which least, and why?
5. Which of the Six Covers do you like best, and which least, and why?
6. Which Advertisement in the six numbers strikes you most, and why?

They are easy questions. No one in the world outside the Firm of GEORGE NEWNES, Ltd., is debarred from answering them. The Magazine itself is the best of its kind in the world, so that you will get

INSTRUCTION, ENTERTAINMENT, BENEFIT,
while preparing to answer them, and, in addition, will probably

WIN A SPLENDID PRIZE.

FIRST PRIZE: A 42-Guinea Upright Grand Piano.

SECOND PRIZE: A 38-Guinea Phoneon (an Organ which can be played with or without a knowledge of music).

THIRD PRIZE: A Smith Premier Typewriter, value £22 9s. 6d.

FOURTH PRIZE: A Humber Light Roadster Free-Wheel Bicycle (Lady's or Gent's.)

(The above Prizes will be competed for by Ladies and Gentlemen on equal terms.)

ADDITIONAL PRIZES.

LADIES' PRIZES.

- 4 Handsome Dining Room Clocks in Fumigated Oak Cases.
- 2 Superior "New Style" Gramophones.
- 5 Inscribed Silver Watches.
- 2 Dinner Services (62 Pieces).
- 4 Unique Automatic Tea-makers.
- 2 Tea Services (40 Pieces).
- 4 Five O'clock Tea Sets.
- 6 Toilet Sets.
- 1 Silver-Backed Hair Brush.
- 30 Engraved Silver Butter Knives.
- 40 Beautiful Flower Vases.
- 50 Chased Silver Button Hooks.

GENTLEMEN'S PRIZES.

- 4 Handsome Dining Room Clocks in Fumigated Oak Cases.
- 6 Superior "New Style" Gramophones.
- 5 Inscribed Silver Watches.
- 10 Fine Art Engravings of "The Two Crowns," by Frank Dicksee, R.A.
- 12 Cases of Engraved Silver Fish Carvers.
- 10 Art Bibles, Limp Morocco, Flexible Back, Solid Gold Edges.
- 10 Art Bibles, Persian Morocco, Red Edges.
- 1 Silver-Backed Hair Brush.
- 36 Swan Fountain Pens.
- 30 Engraved Silver Match Boxes.

CONSOLATION PRIZES.

120 Beautiful Volumes.

Full Particulars may be seen in the **JANUARY**

SUNDAY STRAND

Price **SIXPENCE.** Sold Everywhere.

If you cannot get a copy, drop a postcard to—

The Publisher, **GEORGE NEWNES, Ltd.,** Southampton St., Strand, W.C.

Cut this out and give it to your
Newsagent or Bookseller.

Please supply me with "The Sunday Strand"
for Six Months, commencing Jan., 1904.

Signed.....

.....

COOK'S ATHLETIC Co

Actual Manufacturers and Patentees of all British Sporting Goods and Athletic Specialities—INDOOR AND PARLOUR GAMES.

INDOOR GAMES.

- Draughts ... 6d., 1/-, 2/-
- Draught Boards, 6d., 1/-, 2/-
- Ring Boards, 6d., 1/-, 2/-, 3/-, 5/-
- Dart Boards ... 6d., 1/-, 2/-
- Peg Quoits ... 1/-
- Puff Cricket, 6d., 1/-, 3/6, 5/-
- Puff Football, 6d., 1/-, 2/6
- Compendiums, 6d., 1/-, 2/-, 5/-
- Race Game ... 6d., 1/-
- Magnetic Fishing, 6d., 1/-, 3/6
- Motor Race ... 6d., 1/-
- Table Quoits ... 6d., 1/-
- Table Croquet, 6d., 1/-, 2/6
- Table Bowls, 6d., 1/-, 2/6, 5/-
- Penalty Kick ... 1/-
- Sucker ... 1/-, 3/-, 5/-
- Hockey Ball, 5/-, 10/6, 21/-

HOCKEY BALLS.

- Barcoo (compo) ... 7d.
- Marvel ... 2/-
- Premier ... 2/6
- Magic ... 3/6

FOOTBALLS.

- Practice ... 4/6
- Match ... 5/-
- Club Royal ... 6/-
- Matchless ... 7/6
- Kikcoosi ... 8/6
- Goalfinder ... 10/6



Special for "CAPTAIN" Readers.

"FLUFF-FLUFF" Ping-Pong's Rival.

The latest and most exciting and fascinating Game ever invented. 5/-, 7/6, and 10/6 per set

BOWLETTE, the latest practical Indoor Cricket, quite original, 5/-

BOXING GLOVES.

- Men's, 5/-, 6/-, 8/6
- Youths', 3/6, 4/-
- Special Youths', 5/6

PUNCHING BALLS.

- Kooceah, 10/6, 12/6
- Special ... 8/6

Send for our Illustrated Catalogue of all Games, &c., and SEE WHAT YOU SAVE.

HOCKEY RINGS.

- 4d., 6d., 9d. each.

HOCKEY STICKS.

- Anglo-Saxon ... 5/9 each
- All Cane, selected 4/6 "
- Solid Cane ... 3/- "
- Ash Bound ... 2/6 "

ALL GOODS ARE SENT POSTAGE PAID.

BARBICAN COURT. LONDON, E.C.

29 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. 11d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., & 11s.

COPYRIGHT.

£20 IN CASH
For a PAIR of THESE PANELS.
GREAT £100 FRETWORK PRIZE COMPETITION.

Full particulars of this Competition together with a **Free Entry Coupon** will be found in our new Catalogue.

Send a **SIXPENNY POSTAL ORDER** for Catalogue, which contains *Two Large and Handsome Fretwork Designs* in addition to the Pattern for this Panel.

HOBBIES, Ltd.,
12c PATERNOSTER SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

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 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.

“THE CAPTAIN” LIBRARY CORNER.

WE have received copies of the following:—

FICTION.

The Tickencote Treasure. By William Le Queux. 6s. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

A Frontiersman. By Roger Pocock. 6s. (Methuen.)

The Adventures of Lyderic. By Alexandre Dumas. 6d. net. (R. Brimley Johnson.)

Hugh Brotherton, Curate. By Frances Home. 6s. (Ward, Lock and Co.)

At Sunwich Port. By W. W. Jacobs. 3s. 6d. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

Sarah Tulden. By Orme Agnus. 6s. (Ward, Lock and Co.)

Horses Nine. By Sewell Ford. 6s. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

The Trifler. By Archibald Eyre. 6s. (Ward, Lock and Co.)

The Gold Wolf. By Max Pemberton. 6s. (Ward, Lock and Co.)

The Wonder Book. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. 1s. 6d. (Ward, Lock and Co.)

A Prince of Sinners. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. 6s. (Ward, Lock and Co.)

Helen's Babies. By John Habberton. 1s. 6d. (Ward, Lock and Co.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

Cricket. By Horace G. Hutchinson. 12s. 6d. net. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

Stories from the Old, Old Bible. L. T. Meade. 7s. 6d. net. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

Philosophy Afloat. By “The Boy.” 6d. (“The Thames” Illustrated.)

Paton's List of Schools, 1903. 1s. 6d. (J. and J. Paton, 143 Cannon-street, E.C.)

Impressions of a War Correspondent. By George Lynch. 3s. 6d. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

The Strand Magazine. Vol. 25. 6s. 6d. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

The Sunday Strand. Vol. 7. 6s. 6d. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

Lawn Tennis at Home and Abroad. By A. Wallis Myers. 10s. 6d. net. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

The Handy Shilling Atlas. 1s. net. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

How to Buy a Gun. By H. A. Bryden and Basil Tozer. 1s. 6d. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

Cricket. Edited by G. L. Jessop. 1s. (C. Arthur Pearson.)

Walking. By A. Lang Neil. 1s. (C. Arthur Pearson.)

Training. By Harry Andrews. 1s. (C. Arthur Pearson.)

Swimming. By Montague A. Holbein. 1s. (C. Arthur Pearson.)

Small Electric Motors. By F. E. Powell. 6d. net. (Dawbarn and Ward.)

Machinery for Model Steamers. Edited by Percival Marshall, A.I.Mech.E. 6d. net. (Dawbarn and Ward.)

Simple Scientific Experiments. By Aurel de Ratti. 6d. net. (Dawbarn and Ward.)

Woodwork Joints. By a Practical Joiner. 6d. net. (Dawbarn and Ward.)

The Shakespeare Country. Illustrated. 3s. net. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

The Story of Rapid Transit. By Beckles Willson. 1s. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

The Log of H. M. S. “Victorious,” 1899-1903. By J. S. Reid and T. H. Pearce. 4s. (The Westminster Press.)

The Volunteer Annual (Metropolitan Corps), 1903. 1s. net. (A. and C. Black.)

Cycling. (All England Series.) By H. H. Griffin. 2s. (G. Bell & Sons.)



JUST READY.

For The Cyclist, The Motorist,
The Pedestrian.

120 Pages of Fully-Illustrated

MAPS AND PLANS

By J. G. BARTHOLOMEW.

Cloth, 1/- net; Limp Lambskin, 2/- net. (6in. by 4in.)

Postage 2d extra.

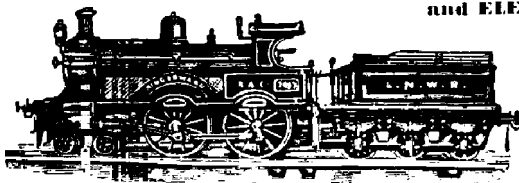
Uniform with *HANDY SHILLING ATLAS OF THE WORLD.*

Published by GEORGE NEWNES, LTD., Strand, London, W.C.

RICHFORD'S EXPRESS ENGINES

High-class Seattle Model of L.N.W.R. famous Loco, King Edward D.A.S.V. Cylinders, with Reversing Gear worked from cab, Water Gauge, Whistle, Starting Wheel, &c. In No. 2 Gauge, with Tender, 57/6 Carriage Paid. With Rails complete, 62/6 Carriage Paid. Length over all, 22 ft., Gauge 2 and 3/8th in.

Ditto, No. 3 Gauge, length of Engine and Tender 24 ft., Gauge 2 and 3/8th in. Complete, with Large Oval Rails, 63/6. Engine and Tender only, 43/10/6 Carriage Paid.



SPECIAL LINES IN CHEAP LOCO SETS and ELECTRICAL NOVELTIES.

697. Solid Brass Loco, with Water Gauge, and 12 1/2 ft. Rails, 10/6 Post Free.
698. Ditto, larger, and with 15 ft. Rails, 15/6 Post Free.

804. Ditto, larger, with Tender, and 22 ft. Rails, 21/6 Post Free.

Electric Torches, from 12/6 each
20 and 24 Lamps, 14/6 and 19/6
Electric Watch Stands, 14/6 each

Electric Pocket Lamps, 12/2/6, 4/2, post free.

Electric Motors, Dynamos, Shock Coils, &c. The above and many others are contained in our New Engine and Electrical Novelty List. Send for a Copy now, post free to all.

RICHFORD & CO., 153 Fleet Street, London, E.C.
BRANCH DEPOT 52a High Holborn, W.C.



TERRY'S PATENT EXERCISER.

Absolutely Free.

We are giving away a Terry's Patent Exerciser to all who submit a bright idea for advertising "IDEAL HEALTH."

This book tells you how to get strong. Sent to intending competitors for 1/11 (post free). Supply limited—send early.

C. HIGHWATER & CO.,

No. 84 The Exchange, Southwark, London.

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 once.

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.



WRIGHT'S PARLOUR FOOTBALL

is admitted the best Association Game of Skill. Board, Men, and Ball, per Parcel Post, 1/3.

RUGBY CHAMPIONSHIP, complete with Board, Rules, &c., 7/6.

CYCO, the game of Circles. Price 1/2.

"Cyco is really capital amusement. Quite above the ordinary parlour game."—*Scottish Sport.*

Other Games to suit all tastes.

W. WRIGHT, 2 Amen Corner, London, E.C.

BRITAIN'S BEST BOY'S

7/6
POST FREE.

NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

IS manufactured by the most up-to-date firm of Watch Manufacturers in the World, with a world-wide reputation for good workmanship, and is only produced at the price by perfect organisation, the employment of a huge capital, and the use of the most magnificent automatic machinery. It is not a toy, but a strong, reliable timekeeper, goes 30 hours with once winding, is keyless short-wind, stem-set hands, has hard enamel dial, with seconds, and an accurate horizontal escapement, the movement being fitted into a practically

7/6

POST FREE.

dust-proof highly polished nickel case. Send a P.O. 7/6 to the **SWIFT WATCH CO., Coventry**, who will then send a "Britain's Best Boy's Watch," registered post free, at their own risk, to any address in the United Kingdom. Money willingly refunded if not satisfactory.

THE SWIFT WATCH CO., COVENTRY.

Fruy's

"FIVE BOYS"

MILK CHOCOLATE.

"Unrivalled as a
Chocolate Confection."

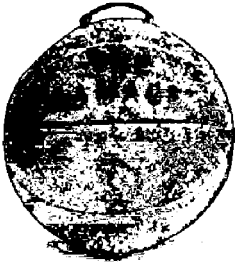
MEDICAL MAGAZINE.



Desperation | Pacification | Expectation | Acclamation | Realization

"CAPTAIN" Competition PRIZES

JANUARY



See "HANDWRITING" Competition if you want to win one of these Footballs by Messrs. A. W. Gamage, Ltd.

This Valuable New COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE

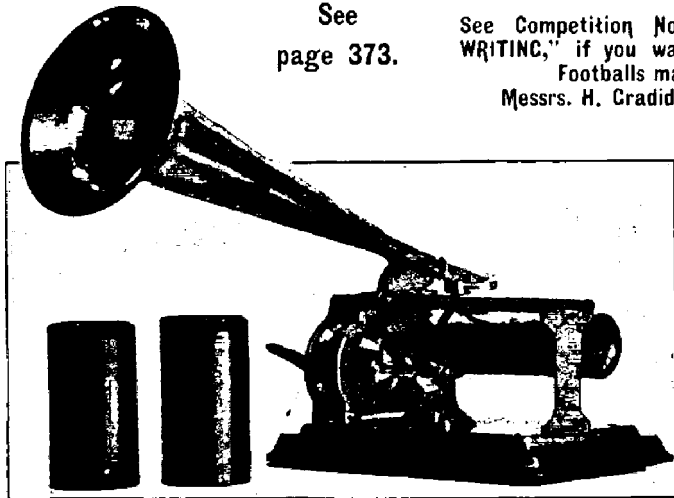
is awarded as the Prize to
Competition No. 1,
"THE BLIND MAN."

See
page 373.



See Competition No. 6, "HANDWRITING," if you want one of the Footballs made by Messrs. H. Cradidge & Sons.

See page 373.
for full
particulars of
the
"Captain"
Competitions.



If you want a **SANDOW DEVELOPER** (value 12 6)
See Competition No. 4, A "CAPTAIN" CHARACTER, on page 373.



Three of these 10.6 "Swan" Fountain Pens are awarded as Prizes to the Winners of Competition No. 2. See page 373.



These Hockey Sticks, by Messrs. Bennett and Co., are awarded in Competition No. 5.

Six of these Photographic Albums, "Sunny Memories," are awarded as Prizes in No. 3, "PHOTOGRAPHIC" Competition.

See Competition No. 5 if you want one of these Hockey Sticks.

H. GRADIDGE & SONS,

Manufacturers and Exporters of all articles used in FOOTBALL and HOCKEY.

A very large assortment of all kinds of STICKS, BOOTS, SHIRTS, SHINGUARDS, BALLS, &c., &c.



Shirts from 2/3.

Shirts, any colour, stripes or halves, made to order.



All Chrome Boots, 8/6, 10/6, and 12/6.

ALL ORDERS EXECUTED WITH UTMOST DESPATCH.

PRICE LISTS AND QUOTATIONS FREE ON APPLICATION.

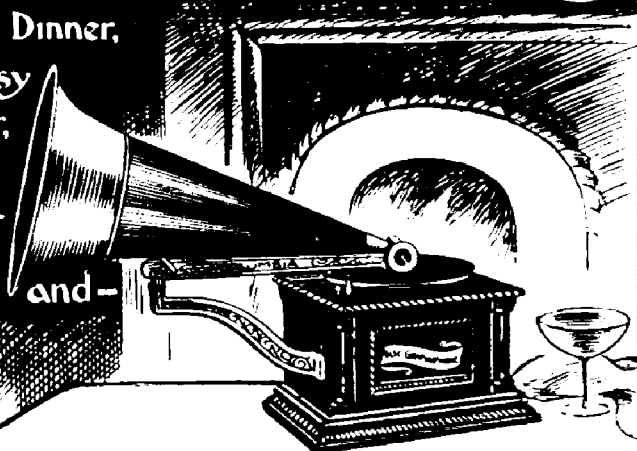


Factory:—Artillery Place, Woolwich, S.E.

HOME COMFORTS.



A Good Dinner,
An Easy Chair,
A Cheerful Fire, and—



A Columbia Graphophone.

Grand Prix, Paris 1900.

A **SPLENDID FEATURE** about the Graphophone is that it brings its great wealth of entertainment right into the home. You don't have to stir from your comfortable fireside to enjoy yourself just as thoroughly as if at the theatre, the opera, the band concert, or the music hall. It costs much less too!

Which do you prefer—a Disc or a Cylinder machine? We make both kinds. Our thirty styles range in price from 15s. to £25. You may be sure we can suit you.

COLUMBIA RECORDS

are the kind that do not screech and have no mechanical twang or harshness. They are loud and musical, brilliant and sweet. Our catalogue lists over 5000 records, both super-hardened, moulded XP wax cylinders, and the flat indestructible discs. They fit all talking machines.

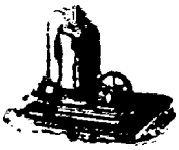
Write for "Price Book 40" If you mention this advertisement we will send free our special list of "Grand Opera Records"

COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH COMPANY, GEN'L, 89, Great Eastern Street, London, E.C. RETAIL BRANCH: 200, OXFORD STREET, W.

New York, Paris, Berlin, Hamburg, St. Petersburg, Chicago, San Francisco.

Scale Model Locomotive Engines, Coloured and Lined in correct Companies' Colours. Fitted with Reversing Gear, Glass Water Gauge, Steam Pressure Gauge, Steam Whistle, Model Ramsbottom Safety Valve, &c., as Illustrated.

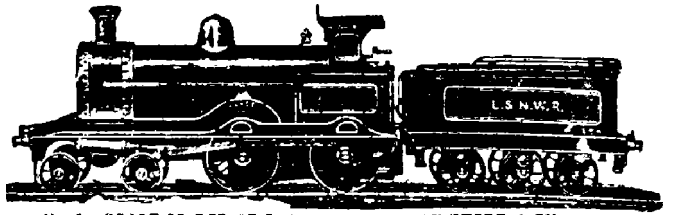
A Few of our Latest Designs of **WORKING MODEL STEAM ENGINES.**
ENGINES MADE IN BRITAIN BY BRITISH WORKMEN. TESTED UNDER STEAM, AND GUARANTEED.



No. 82.—SCALE MODEL D.A.S.V. HORIZONTAL ENGINE, with 3 Cross Tubes to Boiler, Flues, inside Fire Box, Steam Pressure Gauge, Glass Water Gauge, &c., runs at 950 revolutions per minute. Price £5 6. Carriage Free.
 Complete Set Castings, including Boiler Materials for constructing above Engine with full detailed Scale Blue Print Drawings, &c. Price 9/6. Carriage Free.



No. 23c.—REVERSING COPPER BOLLER VERTICAL ENGINE with Steam and Water Taps, Reversing Lever, Safety Valve, &c. Price 10/- Carriage Free.
 DITTO, not Reversing, otherwise same. Price 6/9. Carriage Free.
 No. 83.—NEW MODEL REVERSING D.A.S.V. VERTICAL ENGINE, with Eccentric, Glass Water Gauge, Steam and Water Cocks, &c. Price 12/6. Carr. Free.



No. 1.—SCALE MODEL OF L. & N. W. RAILWAY EXPRESS ENGINE, JUBILEE CLASS, with Cross Tubes, Flues, Fire Box, &c. Spirit Tank fitted to Tender, &c. Length, 25 in., Gauge, 2 1/2 in., Price £4 10s., 6d. Carriage Free.
 DITTO.—"MARR, 1877."—Length, over 24 ft., Gauge, 3 1/2 in., with Link Motion Reversing Gear, Pump for Filling Boiler, and Fittings as above, with Large Tender. Price £12 10s., Carriage Free.
 SCALE MODEL, 1623 CLASS, N.E.R. FAMOUS EXPRESS ENGINES, Boiler fitted as above, with Flues, Cross Tubes, Smoke Boxes, &c. Spirit Tank in Tender, &c. Gauge, 3 in. Price £10.



MAGNIFICENT SCALE MODEL OF G.R. —Length, 24 in., Gauge, 4 in., with Link Motion Reversing Gear, Steam Pressure Gauge, Pump for Filling Boiler, Spirit Tank in Tender, &c. Price £12 15s., Carriage Free.



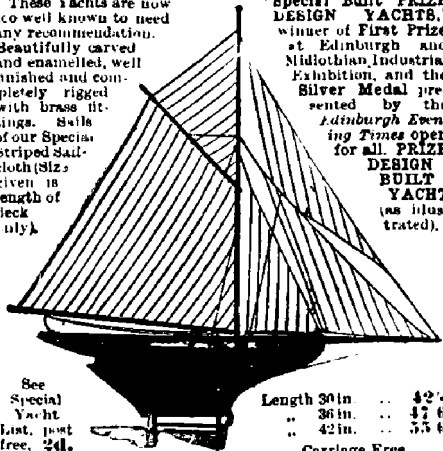
No. 81.—N.E.R. SCALE MODEL, 1/2 in. to 1 ft., of well-known EXPRESS ENGINE "Claud Hamilton," with 4 Tubes to Boiler, Smoke and Fire Boxes (internal flues), Steam Pressure Gauge, &c. Length, 1 ft. 8 in., Gauge 1 1/2 in. Price £3 6s., 6d. Carriage Free.



No. 36.—IMPROVED REVERSING SCALE MODEL OF CALEDONIAN RAILWAY CO. B. FAMOUS EXPRESS ENGINE "Dunalastair," Brass Tubular Boiler, Steam Pressure Gauge, Glass Water Gauge, &c. Spirit Tank in Tender, &c. exactly as Illustrated. D.A.S.V. Cylinder with Eccentric, &c. Length, 22 in. No. 111. Gauge, 2 1/2 in. Price 50/-. Carriage Free.
 With 30 ft. splendid Oval Railroad. Price 60/- Carriage Free.

These Yachts are now to well known to need any recommendation. Beautifully carved and enamelled, well finished and completely rigged with brass fittings. Sails of our Special striped Sail-cloth (12 1/2 given in length of deck only).

"Special Built PRIZE DESIGN YACHTS," winner of First Prize at Edinburgh and Midlothian Industrial Exhibition, and the Silver Medal presented by the Edinburgh Evening Times open for all PRIZE DESIGN BUILT YACHT (as illustrated).



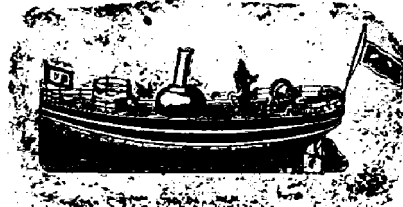
Length 30 in. .. 42/-
 .. 36 in. .. 47 6
 .. 42 in. .. 55 6
 Carriage Free.

No. 1. Length 16 in. 7/6
 No. 2. " 18 in. 9/6
 No. 3. " 20 in. 12/6
 No. 4. " 21 in. 14/6

No. 5. Length 22 in. 15/9
 No. 6. " 23 in. 18/6
 No. 7. " 24 in. 21/-
 Each Carriage Free.

No. 1 Size is Bermuda rigged, the others are Cutter rigged as per Engraving Nos. 4, 5, 6, and 7 have beautifully varnished Spars and Flying Jib extra.

MODELS OF M.R. G.N.R., and N.E.R. of similar design to "Dunalastair," but with Brass O.S. Cylinders and Glass Water Gauge, Whistle, Tender, fitted with "Spirit Tank, &c. Gauge, 2 in. Length, 22 in. Enamelled and lined in correct Colours of the Railway Company they represent. Price 37/6. Carriage Free.
 With 30 ft. of Rails, forming a splendid Oval Railroad. Price 47/6. Carriage Free.
 For extra Rails, Points, Signals, Stations, Bridges, Cars, Trucks, &c., see our New List.



NEW FIRE BOAT. Beautifully Enamelled and fitted with extra Strong Mechanism, fitted with Pump, Hose with Nozzle, &c. as shown. FIRE HOSE PLAYING as Boat sails along the Water. Very amusing and instructive. Length, 12 1/2 in. Price 9/6. Carriage Free.

LATEST SENSATIONAL NOVELTY. 7443—WIND TOSSED BOAT. Well made beautifully Enamelled and lined, and fitted with an ingenious arrangement in connection with the Clockwork by which the Boat, as it sails through the water, is tossed from side to side, making it appear as if Boat was in Storm or very Rough Sea. Exactly as Illustrated Tested and Guaranteed. Go for a considerable time.

No. 1. Length 11 in. Price 3/3. Carriage Free.
 No. 2. " 14 in. " 4/-
 No. 3. " 16 in. " 5/-

NOW READY.—Our Illustrated Catalogue of above, and many other Scale Model Engines, Train Sets, Model Yachts, Ship and Engine Fittings, Dynamos, Motors, Electric Light Sets, Coils, Bells, Accumulators, Submarine Boats, Steam Boats, Scientific and Electrical Experiments, &c. Contains over 600 Engravings of above, and Castings of Engines (separate parts), Dynamos, Launch Motors, &c. Post Free 6d.



CLYDE MODEL DOCKYARD & ENGINE DEPOT, Model Yacht Builders, Engineers and Electricians, ARGYLL ARCADE, GLASGOW, N.B.

BY ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.

"SOCKER"

INDOOR FOOTBALL.

DAVIES & CO., Manufacturers & Patentees, 11 Skipton Street, London, S.E.

The Real game, played with mechanical life-like figures. Field, goal-posts, and balls. Real passing, kicking, dribbling, throwing-in and goal defending. Nothing to equal it. To be obtained at all Stores and Sports Depôts, 3/- and 5/6 each, or post free from

COLLECTORS
 wishing to receive 12 ARTISTIC VIEW CARDS of **Constantinople**, signed and addressed separately, stamped with 5 cent. each, send to **B., Panopoulo, Constantinople**, 1/9 by Post Office Order, or English Stamps, current issue.

— READ —
THE STORY of the ATLANTIC CABLE.
 By CHARLES BRIGHT.
 Numerous Illustrations. Cloth, 1s.
GEORGE NEWNES, LTD.,
 7 to 12 Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.



A Magazine for Boys and "Old Boys."

(With which is Incorporated the "Public School Magazine.")

C. B. Fry.
Athletic Editor.

The Old Fag.
Editor.

Contents for January, 1904.

	PAGE
NOT INTRODUCED	<i>Back of Frontispiece</i>
THE TIGER WITH AN APPALLING ROAR SPRANG AT THE ELEPHANT'S HEAD	<i>Frontispiece</i>
MY FIRST TIGER	C. E. GOULDSBURY 293
Illustrated by J. MACFARLANE.	
"THE CAPTAIN" PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERY	298
THE GOLD BAT. A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY. (CHAPS. XIII.-XVI.)	P. G. WODEHOUSE 300
Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.	
THE PRODIGAL'S CHRISTMAS	WILL N. HARDEN 312
Illustrated by W. R. LEIGH.	
EVENTFUL CHRISTMASSES	A. B. COOPER 317
With Illustrations.	
POOR, DEAR HARRY! (A REAL SCHOOL STORY.) CONCLUSION	GUY N. POCOCK 323
Illustrated by GORDON BROWNE, R.I.	
<i>(Further contents on next page.)</i>	

" and they got more

BOVRIL

Reg 5HB

Contents—continued.

SCREAMER AND SKILFUL "JACK"	320
Illustrated by REX OSBORNE.	
IVAN'S FLIGHT. (A SIBERIAN DRAMA.) CLIVE PHILLIPPS-WOLLEY	333
Illustrated by COLBRON PEARSE.	
THE STAMP COLLECTOR. (OLD KING BOMBA'S STAMPS.) E. J. NANKIVELL	342
With Illustrations.	
MODELS AND MODEL-MAKING A. WILLIAMS	346
With Illustrations from Photographs.	
SCHOOL MAGAZINES REVIEWED	350
ACROSS THE WILDERNESS. (CHAPS. XVI.—XXI.) FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS	352
Illustrated by E. F. SKINNER.	
THE ATHLETIC CORNER. (ABOUT BOYS' CLUBS.) C. B. FRY	367
"VEGETARIANISM"	370
"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR JANUARY	373
"CAPTAIN" CLUB CONTRIBUTIONS	374
"THE OLD FAG." (EDITORIAL.)	379
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS	382
RESULTS OF NOVEMBER COMPETITIONS	386

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., VIII., and IX. 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, 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.

HOW TO BECOME A CRACK SHOT

SHOOTS
DARTS
OR
B B SHOT.

Write for Booklets.



BUY AND USE either a KING OR PRINCE AIR RIFLE.

Price 3/6 each. *Sole Importers:*
MARKT & CO., 20, Chapel St., Milton St., London, E.C.

TRAVEL SMOOTHLY

along during 1904 by having the

HYDE FREE WHEEL

fitted to your bicycle—A Free Wheel that always takes first prize—so follow its good example—by taking a first prize and a prize-winning wheel to start the year well.

Descriptive Art Booklet free from

EADIE MFG. CO., LTD.,
Dept. 3. **REDDITCH.**

"THE MODEL ENGINEER AND ELECTRICIAN"

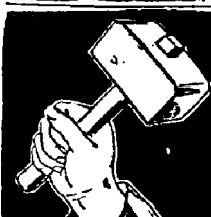
Is a splendid paper for those interested in Model Engines, Railways, Locomotives, Steamboats, Sailing Yachts, Lathes, Tools, Dynamo-Motors, Electric Light, Bells, Batteries, Cuffs, Telegraphs, Electrical Experiments, Scientific Novelties, and all kinds of Mechanical and Electrical Work. Full of practical articles and interesting photographs, and working drawings. Send for specimen copy, post free, 3d., to any part of the world. — PERCIVAL MARSHALL & CO., 26c Poppins Court, Fleet St., London, 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 Woodworking.

Original Artistic Designs and Working Drawings are a Special Feature.

Send for Specimen Copy, post free 3d.
PERCIVAL MARSHALL & CO.,
26c Poppins Court, Fleet St., London, E.C.



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.)

ELECTRIC SCARF PIN.

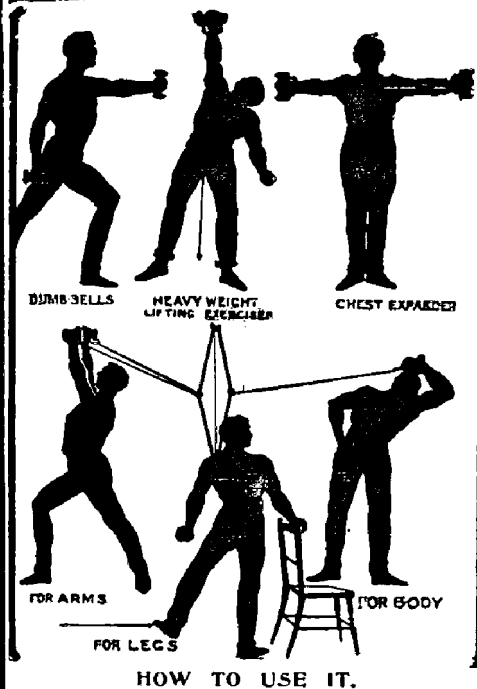
Latest Novelty Out! Handsome Pin, together with Connections, Push, and Battery complete. **Best Three-Cell Batteries only used.** Will last for months.

Price complete and post free, 3/6 ea.
Extra Batteries, 1/2 each, post free.

FRANK CLARKE, Gothic Arcade
Snow Hill, Birmingham.



SANDOW'S OWN COMBINED DEVELOPER.



PHYSICAL CULTURE AT HOME.

This is one of the Grandest Xmas Presents obtainable.

Why ? ?

Because it will afford you infinite pleasure, amusement, and benefit for years to come.

Man, Boy, or Girl can use the same developer.

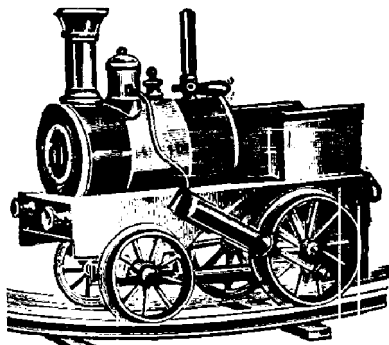
Price 12/6

OBTAINABLE at all USUAL SHOPS & STORES, or DIRECT from :—

SANDOW'S,

17 & 18 BASINGHALL STREET, LONDON, E.C.

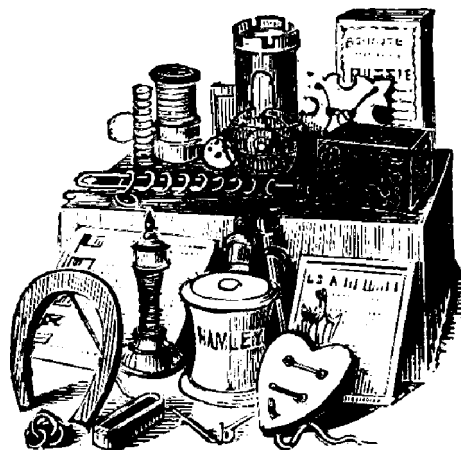
HAMLEY'S NOVELTIES.



Splendid Working Steam Locomotive.
Complete with Rails. Price 17/6, 22/6, 32/6.
Cose and Carriage extra.



The Funny Chinese Tumbler
It won't lie down!
Price 4/6. Post free, 5/6.
Larger size, 9d. Post free, 10d.



Boxes of Puzzles.—Price 2/3, 6/6, 11/3, 22/6. Postage extra.

HAMLEY'S LIST OF NOVELTIES

Japanese Magic Flowers.—Very amusing. Drop a seed into a basin of water and it develops into a Flower.

Price 7d. per Packet. Post free.

Spirit Movers.—Place them under a dish or glass, &c., and it makes a move most startling.
Price 3d., post free, 4d.; and 9d., post free, 10d.

Magnetic Wonders.—An amusing toy for a boy; each box contains numerous experiments. Price 1/6, post free, 1/3;
Larger size, 2/6, post free, 2/4

The Wonderful Complete Modeller. Each box contains a cake of modelling paste moulds, knives, &c.
Price 1/6; post free, 1/4

Harmless Pistol, with arrow and target. Price 1/6, post free, 1/4.

Very Strong Iron Crane.—To wind up and down. Price 1/6, post free, 1/4.

Boys Printing Outfit.—Complete, 1/6, post free, 1/4.
Smaller sizes above, 6d., post free, 3d.

Crystal Gazing Ball (Society's Crystal).—The Crystal Ball enables one to look into the future. It tells future events and things that are going to happen in one's life. Price 2/6, post free, 2/11. With book complete, 2/9, post free, 3/2.

The De Luxe Crown Combination Game Board.—Sixty Games can be played on this Board. Price 15/6, post free, 16/6.

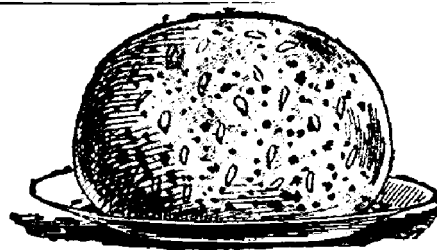
Archery Board, play 100 Games. Price 20/6, carriage to be paid on receipt.



"OBO."

The Bottle Mystery.
A fascinating and scientific toy. The most wonderful and mysterious toy ever put before the public. Price 1/2, post free, 1/8.

Catalogue of Novelties sent post free on application.
Engine Catalogue post free 4 stamps.



Skin Xmas Puddings.—For larding; very amusing. Price 2/6, post free, 2/3.

HAMLEY BROS., Ltd., 510a & 512, Oxford Street, W.



The Principal of Clark's College addresses the readers of the "Captain."

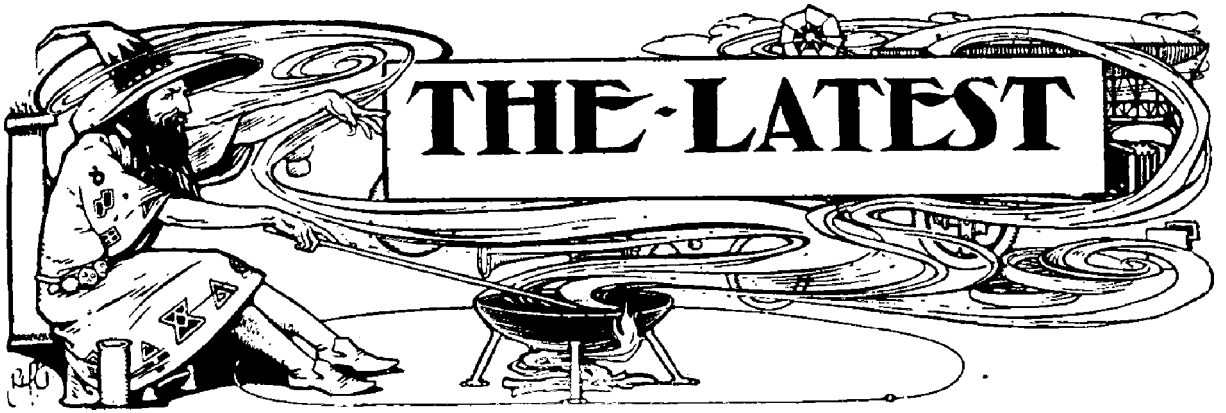
Now, in regard to the future!

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WHEN YOU LEAVE SCHOOL?

This is a subject which necessitates the most careful attention on the part of everyone who desires to enjoy a happy and successful career. It is a momentous question, mind that, and a false step may mean early disaster. Two careers, which stand

far and away in advance of all others, are open to you—I refer to the **Civil Service and Commercial Life**. It will be acknowledged that the tuition provided in the average school is sorely lacking in a number of essentials, the knowledge of which is so necessary for an intelligent understanding of professional or commercial duties. It is not entirely the fault of the schools that this is so—they have to teach such a number of things nowadays, that they find their hours all too short, and, as a consequence, some very important lessons have to be entirely omitted. This is a regrettable fact, but it is so, and the young man who is anxious to lose as little time as possible before entering into business, must needs look about him to find assistance. My College is, without doubt, the Mecca for this young man. Perhaps *you* are in similar circumstances. If so, I earnestly ask you to write to me before definitely deciding as to what you intend doing. **I KNOW I can help you**—the list of our successes is sufficient testimony of this, and also that the Teachers in my College are experts in their own particular branches. Write to me *now* in your own interests. We commence new Terms in all Sections of the College from 28th Dec. to 18th January. Your enquiry would have my personal attention, and I should be pleased to send you further particulars, booklet, and prospectus, per return. Please address all letters to me:—

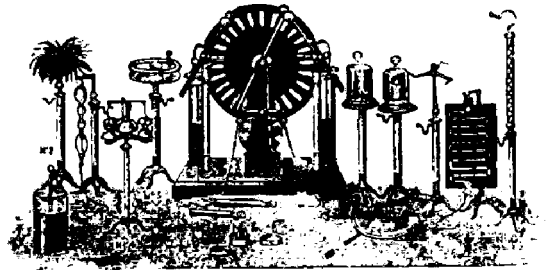
The Principal, CLARK'S COLLEGE, 1, 2, & 3 CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, W.C.



Sinksable Ships.

Of course every modern steamer is provided with watertight compartments, but how best to open and close their doors is a problem that has long concerned shipbuilders and marine engineers. What is known as the "Stone Lloyd" system of hydraulically controlled marine safety bulkhead doors for rendering vessels unsinkable is now being fitted on the N.D.L. and Hamburg American lines, and also on the steamers of the London and North Western Railway. In the event of a sudden mishap the officer in charge of the bridge, by the mere moving of a lever, sounds warning bells throughout the ship, and at the same time sets

in motion the mechanism which closes the bulkhead doors. If any members of the crew happen to be shut in a watertight compartment they have but to move the lever placed at each door on either side of the bulkhead. The doors will then open, and close automatically behind

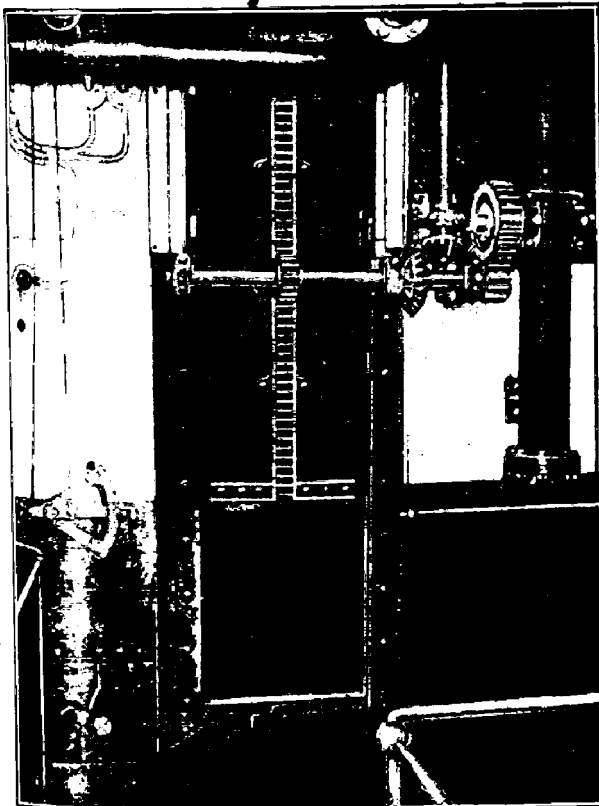


THE "STUDENT'S" ELECTRICAL SET.

them. Moreover, should the officer in charge fail to close the bulkheads, any inrush of water would automatically effect the closing of the doors in the compartment or compartments invaded. The hydraulic power is stored in accumulators, and is always available.

Electrical Experiments.

Every year brings us in closer acquaintance with electricity, as its use in modern business life increases. Consequently, even a somewhat superficial knowledge of the first principles of electricity will save you from many mistakes in conversation, and, possibly, enable you to understand more clearly accounts of the latest electrical inventions. A little knowledge may be a dangerous thing, but it is better than a great deal of ignorance. It is not necessary for a CAPTAIN reader to be contemplating electrical engineering as a career for a Student's Set of Electrical Apparatus, such as is sold by Messrs. Henry J. Redding and Co., of 3 Argyll-place, Regent-street, W., to be of real value to him. These "students' sets" range in price from two guineas to five pounds, and all include Winns-hurst's Electrical Machines, by the aid of which, and other apparatus, upwards of thirty interesting experiments may be performed.

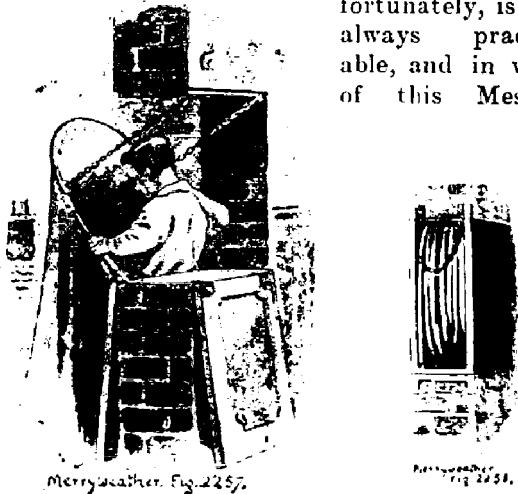


THE NEW "STONE-LLOYD" WATERTIGHT DOOR.

The Latest in Fire Escapes.

Last year's fatal fire at one of the Eton houses will not readily be forgotten. Much attention was directed thereby to the danger of barred windows, and their total abolition urged.

Such a course, unfortunately, is not always practicable, and in view of this Messrs.

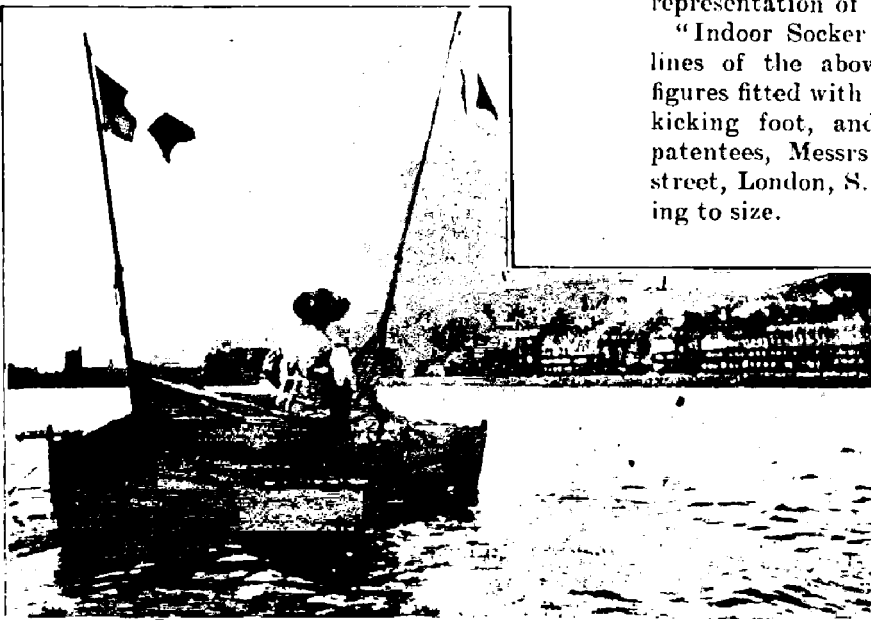


Merryweather, Fig. 2257.

Merryweather, Fig. 2258.

MERRYWEATHER'S FIRE ESCAPE FOR ROOMS WITH BARRED WINDOWS.

Merryweather and Sons have recently brought out a patent "barred window" escape for school dormitories and nurseries. A wrought-iron hinged frame is fitted into an opening cut in the outside wall of a room, so that when out of use the escape folds into the thickness of the wall. The accompanying illustrations are self-explanatory, and show the escape as it appears when folded up in its box and when in use.



MR. CODY IN THE KITE BOAT THAT CROSSED THE CHANNEL.

Three New Games.

We have recently seen three really good indoor games based on the two famous outdoor games, football and golf. Messrs. James Lilywhite, Frowd, and Co., of 24 Haymarket, have brought out a "table golf," which, by the way, was arranged by Mr. G. A. Lockwood-Brown and Mr. Alex. Herd (Open Champion, 1902). The accompanying illustration shows a table as laid out for indoor golf. The scoring is arranged so as to admit of the same handicapping as in ordinary golf, the "bogey" score for the course being 62 (for 18 holes, twice round). The "ball" is a kind of fat "tiddlewink," and is manipulated

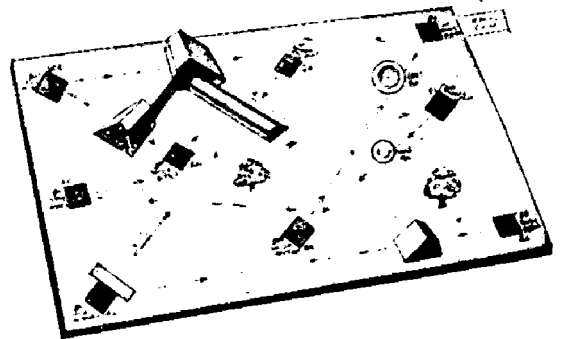


TABLE ARRANGED FOR INDOOR GOLF.

by means of "large" and "thin" clubs, according to the progress of the game.

"Snick Kick" is a form of table football, and, like "table golf," is played with a kind of "tiddlewink." This game, which is manufactured by the Snick Kick Co., of Nightingale Works, Hornsey-road, N., is said to be the best representation of real football yet invented.

"Indoor Socker" is played very much on the lines of the above-mentioned game, but with figures fitted with a lever controlling the player's kicking foot, and may be obtained from the patentees, Messrs. Davies and Co., 11 Skipton-street, London, S.E., for 3s. and 5s. 6d., according to size.

A "Kite" Boat.

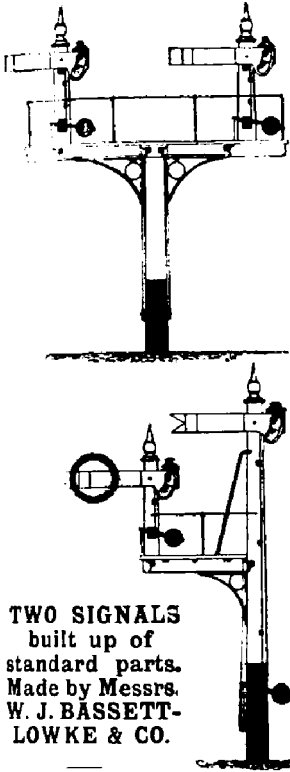
To cross the English Channel in some extraordinary manner has a strange fascination for a few would-be "record breakers." The latest feat of this nature was performed by Mr. Cody, who, after several unsuccessful attempts, accomplished his self-appointed task in a kite-propelled boat.

J. A. K.

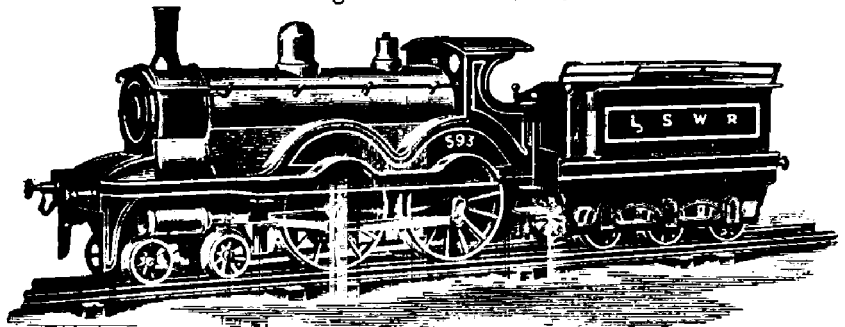
A SIGNAL SUCCESS

is the result of our being in a position to deal with every branch of the Model Engineering business. We have an immense variety of new lines for this season, and we have greatly improved on last season's goods.

Clockwork and Electric Locomotives, Coaches, Brake Vans, in all gauges and correct colours of the leading Railway Companies. Rails, Points, Signals, Crossings, Turntables, Bridges, and every accessory for Model Railway Work. Full Particulars in our **NEW CATALOGUE, Section A. Post Free, 4d.** For Gun-Metal Engine and Boiler Fittings, Injectors, Pressure Gauges, Water Gauges, Model Permanent Way, Marine Engines, Tools, and Electrical Sundries, see Section B of our Catalogue. Post Free, 3d.



TWO SIGNALS built up of standard parts. Made by Messrs. W. J. BASSETT-LOWKE & CO.



W. J. BASSETT-LOWKE & CO., CENTRAL WORKS, **NORTHAMPTON.**

TO FRETWORKERS AND WOOD-CARVERS.

Special Sale of 3-ply Fretwood during January.

Great Bargains.

Send for Particulars.

GIVEN AWAY

with every Catalogue to "Captain" readers 1/- worth of Fretwork Designs.

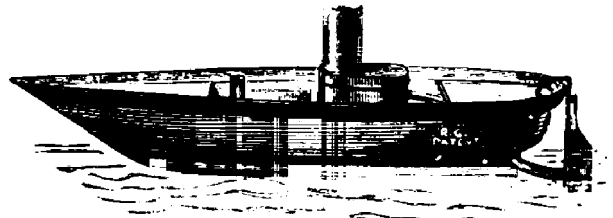
Send **6d.** for our splendid Illustrated Catalogue of Home Handicrafts.

HARGER BROS.,
Home Handicrafts Dept., **SETTLE.**

THE MOST MARVELLOUS OF MODERN INVENTIONS.

NEW PATENT THERMOSTATIC BOAT

NO DIRT SELF-FEEDING. NO SMOKE NEVER FAILS TO WORK. NO DANGER.



It is only necessary to light the lamp and place the boat upon the water when it will immediately start off at full speed, drawing up its own supply automatically as it goes along.

SIZES and PRICES, neatly packed in Boxes:

SIZES	PRICES	neatly packed in Boxes:	BY P. BY
5 inches long, suitable for basin or bath. Goes for 40 minutes each time the lamp is filled	16	29	18
9 inches long. Goes for 3 hours	26	39	29
Do. Do. With Decks	36	39	39
14 inches long. Decked	56	50	50
18 inches long. Decked	76	8-	8-

"Always something new. In many respects the business conducted by Messrs. H. J. REDDING & Co. is one of the most interesting in the West End. It has been established some thirty years, and may be described as a business in which scientific knowledge and mechanical ingenuity have been successfully applied to the production of articles both instructive and entertaining. The stock of such articles displayed at this firm's premises, and illustrated in their excellent Catalogue, is of remarkable comprehensiveness, and we know of no other establishment in the Metropolis which exhibits a greater variety of Scientific Novelties."—EXTRACT from "Representatives of Art, Industries and Commerce of the XX. Century."

Write at once for our New Illustrated Catalogue of all the latest Amusing and Scientific Novelties sent on receipt of 1d. stamp.

H. J. REDDING & CO., Makers of Scientific Novelties, 3 ARGYLL PLACE, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

XXIV FIRST SUPPLEMENTARY LIST OF MEMBERS OF "THE CAPTAIN" CLUB.

THOMPSON, W. E. Butt, 7 Burch Road, Rosherville, Gravesend.
THOMSON, Alexander, 94 Stanmore Road, Mount Florida, Glasgow.
THOMSON, George D., 9, Jamaica Street, Aberdeen.
THORBURN, James, 23 Merchiston Park, Edinburgh.
THORP, S. A., 49 Heavitree Road, Plumstead, Kent.
THORPE, T. C., 7 Kirby Road, The Fosse, Leicester.
THURSBY, H., Harlestone, Northampton.
TIFFEN, L., 51 Sprules Road, Brockley, S.E.
TILLET, Ernest, 46 Mill Hill Road, Norwich.
TILLING, W. G., 20 Streathbourne Road, Upper Tooting, S.W.
TIMSON, Charles, Belgrave House, Manor Street, Berkhamstead.
TODD, H. Laurence, 2 Kensington Terrace, South Shields.
TOWERZEY, Kathleen A., 15 Hanbury Road, Clifton, Bristol.
TROWBRIDGE, Edgar James, Marlhill, Blandford, Dorset.
TRUSCOTT, C. J., 17 Waverley Road, Plumstead, Kent.
TURNER, Edwin Vallis, Roxboro Road, Harrow, Middlesex.
TURNER, Francis G., Melbury House, Clarendon Road, Watford, Herts.
TURNER, J., J. S. S., Bradford.
TURNER, Leith, 194 Marylebone Road, W.
TWIDALE, Percy, West Butterwick, Via Doncaster.
TYTLER, Robert James, 91 Mattison Road, Harringay, N.

U

URQUHART, David Graham, 6 Castle Street, Tain, N.B.
USHERWOOD, B., 23 Montague Street, Russell Square, W.

V

VALE, George T., Maplecroft, Hollywood, near Birmingham.
VALE, John Charles, 131 Stoke Newington Road, N.
VAUGHAN, Arthur D., Spencer House, Weybridge.
VEALE, Frank M., St. Winifred's, Kenley, Surrey.
VERNON, Dorothy, Bankside, Western Road, East Finchley, N.

W

WACKRILL, Cecil, 22 Mimosa Street, Fulham, S.W.
WAGHORN, May, 11 Arkwright Road, Fitzjohn's Avenue, N.W.

WALKER, A. W., Salisbury Villas, Duke Street, Mansfield.
WALKER, Ernest, 2 Westminster Gardens, Hillhead, Glasgow.
WALKER, James H., 21 John Clay Street, Westoe, South Shields.
WALL, Stanley George, 21 Elm Grove, Criecklewood, N.W.
WALLACE, D. Johnston, Ellerslie, Kilmarnock.
WALLACE, S. J. N., Dean Close School, Cheltenham.
WALLIS, Norman, Greenfield, Liver- sedge, Yorks.
WALSHAM, S. S., Kenilworth, Han- worth Road, Hounslow.
WALTER, Gordon, 1 Roxburghe Terrace, Shoeburyness.
WARD, Nora, Springfield, Beech Lane, Macclesfield.
WATES, S. B., Ashcroft, Warren Road, Bexley Heath, Kent.
WATTS, G. J., Edghill Farm, Wid- combe, East Harptree, near Bristol.
WEATHERILL, E. T., 6 Allesbury Road, Dublin.
WEATHERILL, H. T., Garraby, Dun- stable.
WEEKS, J. H., 61 Talbot Street, Whitechurch, Salop.
WELCH, Henry Arthur, 27 Tam- worth Street, Lichfield.
WELLS, O., Jnr., Carrara House, Wilton Road, Shanklin, I. of W.
WEST, Alfred, 52 Saltoun Road, Brixton, S.W.
WHATHAM, Alan, The Rectory, Newtownard, Co. Down.
WHEELER, Edgar, 23 Meynell Road, South Hackney, N.E.
WHITE, B., St. Aubyns School, Carlisle Road, Eastbourne.
WHITE, C. B., West-Stella, Pinder- fields, Wakefield.
WHITE, Charles Stewart, 45 Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.
WHITEHORNE, A. E. R., Supt. of Public Works Office, Kingston, Jamaica, B.W.I.
WHITEHOUSE, R., 49 Old Meeting Street, West Bromwich.
WHITELAW, George A., Middlecroft, Kirkintilloch, near Glasgow.
WHITEMAN, F. W., 53 Waterloo, Northampton.
WHITTAKER, Percy, 148 Castleton Road, Preston, Lancs.
WHITTLE, H. Mills, Crescent House, Regent Road, Leicester.
WILBERFORCE, Octavia Margaret, Lavington, Petworth.
WILLIAMS, Arthur, 31 Cranmore Road, Wolverhampton.
WILLIAMS, Harold M., 16 Manby Park, Stratford, Essex.
WILLIAMS, John Charles, 2 Lower Coombe Street, Croydon, S.E.
WILLICOMBE, W. H., 5 Bute Street, Crookes, Sheffield.

WILLIS, V. B., Te Mawhai, Wanganni, New Zealand.
WILSON, A. G., Glenthorpe, Gore Park Road, Eastbourne.
WILSON, Arthur H., 5 Commercial Street, Lenton, Notts.
WILSON, Cecil, 68 Nichols Square, Hackney Road, N.E.
WILSON, Cecil E., Tulketh Mount, Ashton-on-Ribble, Preston.
WILSON, Leonard, Summer Hill, Far Headingley, Leeds.
WILSON, P. E., Millbrook Rectory, Southampton.
WILSON, R. Meredith, Tulketh Mount, Ashton-on-Ribble, Preston.
WILSON, Victor, 8 Rufford Road, Shetfield.
WILKIE, A., Grand Fort, St. Samp- son's, Guernsey.
WILKINS, R. B., 88 Alexandra Mall, Newport, Isle of Wight.
WILKINSON, Lionel St. George, Sunnyside, Edward Street, Oldham.
WILKINSON, N., 19 Lightfoot Street, Chester.
WINNING, Theodore Norman, Kiln- wick Percy Vicarage, Pocklington, E. Yorks.
WINSLOW, Rainsford H., c/o E. B. Winslow, Esq., Fredericton, New Brunswick, Canada.
WISE, R. W., The Copse, Icehouse Wood, Limpsfield, Surrey.
WISHART, A., 13 Dewhurst Road, Hammersmith, W.
WOMERSLEY, A. S., The Olives, Victoria Park, Manchester.
WOOD, F. F., Bissington, Herham, Walton-on-Thames.
WOOD, J. E., 35 West Street, Boston, Lincs.
WOODHAMS, S., Stone House, Hollington, Sussex.
WOODHOUSE, Fred., Portmore, Mer- ton Road, Bedford.
WOODHOUSE, Sidney H., 26 Higher Eanana, Blackburn.
WOODS, C. S., 133 Bewsey Road, Warrington.
WRAGGE, Greham, 47 Alleyn Park West Dulwich, S.E.
WRIGHT, Roy Neville, Aston Hall, Aston by Stone, Staffordshire.

Y

YBARRONDO, José G. de, 137 Avenue de la Mairie, Canderan, Bordeaux, France.
YEARSLEY, Reggie, 47 Shooter's Hill Road, Blackheath, S.E.
YOUNG, Ellison, 55 Brooklyn Street, Bolton.

THE CATAPULT GUN.

E. P. Timmins' Patent.

This Gun occupies a position intermediate between the air-gun and the ordinary shot-gun. It is absolutely silent and has no equal for clearing gardens of cats, rabbits, and other vermin or for shooting practice. Mr. F. Maynard, The Rectory, Gt. Shefford, says: "The walking-stick gun which I had from you a year ago still gives satisfaction." In Walking-stick form, price 2/6; in Gun form, 3/6. Illustrated Price List post free on receipt of 1d. stamp.—E. P. TIMMINS, 5 COPTIC STREET, W.C.



JUVENILES

£6 : 15 : 0

The Enfield Art Booklet is **Free** of all our Agents, or **Direct**.
The **ENFIELD CYCLE Co., Ltd.** (Dept. 13),
REDDITCH.

PICTURE POSTCARD EXCHANGE.

For 6d. Postal Order we send names and addresses of 25 persons willing to exchange postcards with you.

INTERNATIONAL
PICTURE POSTCARD EXCHANGE AGENCY,
KING'S HEATH, BIRMINGHAM.

SWAN

FOUNTAIN PENS

OF ALL
STATIONERS
AND
JEWELLERS

10/6 16/6
CATALOGUE
FREE

25/-
to
£20
Post free

No
Business
Man
is
FULLY
EQUIPPED
WITHOUT ONE

**Mabie,
Todd & Bard**

65, REGENT STREET, W.
5, EXCHANGE STREET,
MANCHESTER.
Riviera's 27, Avenue de l'Opera,
PARIS

193, Cheapside, London,

HANDSOME GIFTS FOR XMAS.

Nos. 60 to 64.
Reversing Vertical Engines with Oscillating Cylinders, Brass Boiler, and all Fittings Complete, 3/6, larger with Water Gauge, Whistle, &c., 5/6, 6/6, and 10/6, Carriage Paid.

Nos. 101 to 104.
Slide Valve Vertical Engines with Force Pump, Governors, Boiler with Water Gauge, Whistle, all Best Fittings, and Lamp, &c. complete, 11 ins. high, 15", 12 ins. high, 20", 13 ins. high, 30", 14 ins. high, 40", Carriage paid.

Nos. 60 to 64.
High-class Dynamos.
These "dynamos" are of the "Knap" type and specially designed for Electric Light Installations, charging Accumulators, Electro Plating, &c. They are fitted with adjustable Backer Brushes, extra long Bearings, Oil Cups, &c. and are the best small Dynamos procurable, where real and constant work is required.

Nos. 101 to 104.
High Class Model Steam Locomotives.

No. 1 To light 43 C.P. Lamps, 19/6 Carriage Paid.
No. 2 " 45 " " 23/6 "
No. 3 " 48 " " 47/6 "
No. 4 " 68 " " 76/6 "
No. 5 " 516 " " 119/6 "
No. 6 " 10 16 " " 153/6 "

No. 1 and 2 have H Armatures. All others have Drum Armatures. We email with wire and full instructions for constructing same can be supplied at: No. 1, 9/6; No. 2, 13/6; No. 3, 19/6; No. 4, 23/6; No. 5, 37/6; No. 6, 49/6 Carriage Paid.
See Catalogue for other designs of Dynamos and Steam, Gas, and Oil Engines for driving same, Lamps, Wire Fittings, &c.

Battleship. Magnificent Model Battleships fitted up complete with Life-boats, Fore and Aft Barbettes, 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 Funnels, &c. as shown: 22 ins. long, 28/6; 26 ins. long, 38/6; 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, 26/6; 25 ins. long, 45/6, large size, 24 ft. long, 47/6, Carriage Paid. Carriage Abroad, 4/6, 6/6 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.

High Class Model Steam Locomotives.

Torpedo Boats with Steam Engine and Boiler, Guns, &c. complete, 15 ins. long, 8/6; 20 ins. long, 10/6, Carriage Paid. Carr. Abroad, 2/6 & 3/6 extra. See Catalogue for Model Marine Engines and Boilers all kinds. Petrol Motors for Boats from 12 to 30 feet long.

No. 44. **No. 32.**

No. 50b. **No. 45.** **No. 42.**

No. 44. Small Model L. & S.W. Locomotive and Tender. 2 S.V. Cylinders, Reversing Gear, Coupled Wheels, all Fittings, Plated, Gauge 3 ins., Spring Buffer, 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 28 V. Cylinders, Reversing Gear, Waste Steam up Funnel, Spring Buffer, 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, 23/6. Carr. Abroad, 3/6 extra. Gauge 2 ins., 17 ins. long, Price 50/6. 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.

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, &c., post free 6d.

W. MACMILLAN & CO., Engineers and Modellers, Mar Street, Alloa, N.B.

A WELL DEVELOPED BOY MAKES A STRONG MAN.

JOHN

PIGGOTT, LTD.

GYMNASIUM DUMB BELLS.

Polished Wood—
1lb., 6d.; 2lb., 9d.; 3lb., 1/-;
Iron ditto, 1½d. per lb.
Carriage extra.

INDIAN CLUBS.

Polished—1lb., 9d.; 2lb., 1/-;
3lb., 1/3 per pair.
Above these weights, 4d. per lb.

PUNCHING BALLS.

10 6, 14 6, 18 9, 32 6
The "ARMY" Special, 14/9

BOXING GLOVES.

Youths', 3/6 and 4/6 per set.
Men's, 5/6, 7/3, 9/9 "
Postage, 6d.

Our "NATIONAL" Glove.
11/9 per set. Perfect shape.
Best Gold Cape.

CHEST EXPANDERS.

India-Rubber.
No. 1, 1/9; No. 2, 2/3; No. 3,
2/9; No. 4, 3/6; No. 5, 4/6
Postage, 3d.



GYMNASIUM OUTFITS.

Boys' White Flannelette Trousers,
3/6 per pair. Postage, 4d.
White Flannel ditto,
5/6 and 6/6 per pair. Postage, 4d.

GYMNASIIC VESTS.

White Gauze, 1/- each.
Coloured Plain, 1/6 each.
White, trimmed round each arm, 1/9
Postage, 2d. each.

GYMNASIIC SHOES.

White Canvas, 1/11 per pair.
Postage, 3d.

*Every boy should own
the "JP" Tool Chest.*

Only 10 6

THE "JP" TOOL CHEST Contents:—1 hammer,
1 pair pincers, 1 pliers,
3 bradawls, 1 plane, 1
file, 1 chisel, 1 turn-screw,
2 gimlets, 1 saw, 1 oil can, 1 box wood rule.

THE "JP" POCKET KNIFE.
Contains 11 Articles. 2/-
Post free, 2d.

117 & 118 CHEAPSIDE & MILK ST., LONDON, E.C.

Cadbury's Cocoa

Absolutely Pure - therefore Best

REFRESHING AND SUSTAINING.

HEALTH says:

"Cadbury's Cocoa has in a remarkable degree those natural elements of sustenance which give the system endurance and hardihood, building up muscle and bodily vigour."

Dr. ANDREW WILSON says:

"Cocoa in itself is an excellent and nutritious food, and it should be used in a perfectly pure state."

The MEDICAL ANNUAL says:

"Cadbury's is a perfectly pure Cocoa of the highest quality."

PITMAN'S

PRACTICAL TRAINING FOR BUSINESS LIFE,
For Private Secretaryships; for the Merchant's Office;
for posts as Foreign Correspondents, Book-keepers,
Clerks, &c., for Civil Service and other Exams.

METROPOLITAN

Prospectus (60 pages, illustrated) on application
to the Secretary, gratis and post free.

SOUTHAMPTON ROW, LONDON, W.

SCHOOL

FEBRUARY. ARTICLES ON: ATHLETICS. FOREIGN STAMPS.
PHOTOGRAPHY. MODEL-MAKING. NATURAL HISTORY.
BY EXPERTS.

THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE
FOR BOYS & "OLD BOYS"

EDITOR, "THE OLD FAG" ATHLETIC EDITOR, C.B.FRY.

6d

Vol. X. No. 59.

FEBRUARY, 1904.

By
Appointment



To H.M.
THE KING.

ONE GRADE ONLY—THE BEST
PREMIER
"JUVENILE"
BICYCLES.

Price:

£8 8s. Net, or
£1 1s. Monthly.

Catalogue Free from
PREMIER CYCLE CO., LTD.,
COVENTRY.

LONDON:—
20 Holborn Viaduct, E.C., and
133 Hammersmith Road, W.



Published Monthly by **GEORGE NEWNES, Ltd.**, 7-12, Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

GAMAGE FOR GAMES.

CHEAPEST and BEST House in the World for every kind of Sport or Game. NOTHING TOO LARGE. NOTHING TOO SMALL.



BILLIARDS FOR THE MILLION.

Billiard Table, £5 : 7 : 6
Or on the Easiest of Easy Terms.

For standing on Dining Table, fitted with adjustable Legs for levelling. Consisting of Mahogany Frame Billiard Table, with Slate Bed, India Rubber Cushions, Brass Pocket Fittings, Ivory Balls, 2 Cues, Cue Rest, Marking Board, Spirit Level, Chalk, Box of Tips, and Box of Wafers. Outside Measurements of Table, 6 ft. 4 in. by 3 ft. 4 in. Size of Balls 1 1/2 in. Better Qualities at proportionately Low Prices. See Particulars on List.

GAMAGE'S LIST OF GAMES FOR THE WINTER.

<p>DRAUGHTS ... 10½d., 1/1, 1/4 CHESS ... 6½d. to 40/- HALMA ... 9d., 1/3, 2/3 PUFF BILLIARDS 27/6, 35/-, 50/- PARLOUR CRICKET 9d., 2/6, 5/- GRACE CRICKET ... 10/6, 20/- TIVOLI BILLIARDS 1/4, 1/11, 2/6 CASTLE BILLIARDS ... 39/6</p>	<p>ASCOT ... 3/3, 4/8, 6/6 RACE GAMES 4½d., 9d., 1/6 ROULETTE BOARD 6½d., 1/-, 2/-, 3/3 SANDOWN PLAYING CARDS 7½d., 8½d., 1/-, 1/2 DOMINOES 9d., 11d., 1/5, 1/9, 1/11</p>	<p>TRAVELLING CHESS 2/3, 3/11, 6/11 CHESS BOARD 6½d., 9½d., 1/- LEATHER DITTO 1/-, 1/2, 1/4 COMPENDIUMS OF GAMES 2/3, 3/3, 4/3 TABLE CROQUET 1/-, 1/9, 2/4, 3/6 RING GAMES ... 2/11, 4/-, 5/- LUGO ... 9d., 1/-, 1/9</p>	<p>WHEELING ... 9d., 2/-, 2/9 YACHT RACE ... 9d. WOBBLY WOB 1/6, 2/6, 5/-, 6/- TABLE FOOTBALL ... 9d. S'WICK KICK ... 9d. PAYNE'S COUNTER GOLF 21/- BALFOUR COLFETTE ... 8 11 TABLE TENNIS ... 2/3, 2/11, 3/11</p>
--	--	---	---



BOXING and GYMNASIA.

"REFEREE" BOXING GLOVES.

THE MOST PERFECT GLOVE MADE. PRICE 11/9.

Its special and unique feature consists in the arrangement of padding, which is brought over from the back of the hand to the inside of the fingers, passing over the tips of the same and extending to above the second joints. The thumb is padded in the same manner. The great advantage of this is that the fingers are well protected with padding, avoiding the injuries so often caused by inferior and badly padded gloves.

SEE CATALOGUE.

SPECIAL LINE IN BOXING GLOVES.

Buff Chamols, with finger grip.

Men's Size	Price 4/6 set
Youth's Size	" 3/6 "

Buff Leather, Stuffed Hair, with finger grip and side pad.

Men's Size	Price 6/6 set
Youth's Size	" 4/9 "

Gold Cape, Stuffed Horse Hair, ventilated palms.

Men's Size	Price 9/- set
Youth's Size	" 8/3 "

Postage, 4d.

PUNCHING BALLS.

28 in., 10/6 and 13/6; 36 in., 17/6.
 Superior Quality. Welled Seams, 17/6, 20/-, 22/6, 26/-, 30/-.
 Whitley Exercisers. Ladies', 3/6; Men's, 4/6; Athlete's, 5/6; Ex Athlete's, 6/6.
 Whitley 5-Strand Chest Expanders, Men's, 4/6; Athlete's, 5/6; Ex Athlete's, 6/6.
 Sandow's Exerciser, 12/6.
 Sandow's Spring Grip Dumb-Bells, Men's, 7/6 and 12/6; Boys', Youths', and Ladies', from 5/- pair.
 Sole Agents for the New Spiral Spring Exerciser, 8/11, 9/6, 9/11, 10/6.

DUMB-BELLS.

Iron Dumb-Bells, octagon shape, uncovered, 1½d. lb. Carriage extra.
 Handles covered with leather 3d. lb. Carriage extra.
 Wood Dumb-Bells, 4½d., 6d., and 10d. pair.
 Postage 3d. and 4d.

THE NEW WRIST MACHINE.

For strengthening muscles of arms, 1/9 pair, postage 3d.

WHITE FLANNEL TROUSERS, 4/11, 5/11, 7/11.
 STRONG WEB BELTS, all Colours, 10½d.
 GYMNASTIC VESTS. White Gauze, 1/-, 1/6.
 Do. Coloured. Ribbed Neck and Arms, 1/6, 1/9.

GYMNASTIC SETS. HOME GYMNASIA. PORTABLE ROWING MACHINES. CHEST EXPANDERS. CALISTHENIC WANDS. FENCING GOODS. IRON BAR BELLS. INDIAN CLUBS, &c.

Special Agents for all the Sandow Appliances. Appointed Outfitters to all Sandow Schools and Institutes.

(Orders over 20s. Carriage Paid unless otherwise stated.) Write for Illustrated Catalogue, Post Free.

A. W. GAMAGE, Ltd., Holborn, London, E.C.

x L o m a x
To save time is to lengthen life.

There are few accomplishments so useful to all, without distinction of age or sex, as a knowledge of **Pitman's Shorthand**. The art can be readily acquired by anyone, and the new and improved Twentieth Century Instruction Books greatly facilitate the study.

Acknowledged
as the best.—
Morning Post.



The most practical of all.—
Daily News.

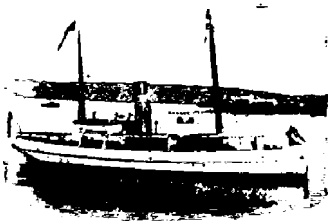
PITMAN'S SHORTHAND INSTRUCTOR is a complete guide to the learner, from the elements of the system up to the advanced knowledge needful for commercial or professional life. This work may be obtained from all Booksellers, price 3s. 6d.

Write for Pamphlet, "All about Pitman's Shorthand."
Sent post free from

Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, Ltd.,
1 Amen Corner, London, E.C.

2 9 x
Shorthand speeds the pen.

SEEKING A PROFESSION.
STUDENTS TO ENGINEERING
AND **NAVAL ARCHITECTURE.**



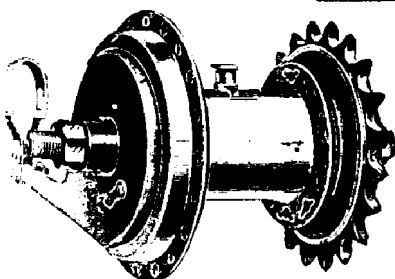
Premium Moderate.
Exceptional Advantages for
Training as Above.
Students from these Works
have obtained IMPORTANT
posts in H.M. Navy and Mer-
cantile Marine.

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.

WHY DON'T YOU GET



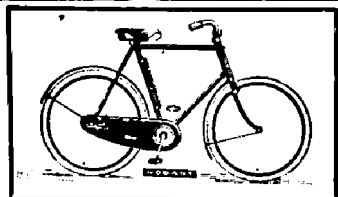
**THE
EADIE
COASTER
HUB**

fitted to your
bicycle? You
will like it
for it is the
best. Book-
let free from

EADIE MFG. CO., LTD.,
Dept. 3.

REDDITCH.

SUPREME
in point of
VALUE!



"HOBART"
BICYCLES. WORLD'S BEST
FREE WHEEL.
Ridden by Royalty. Enulogised by Princess Galitzine, The Lord Bishop
of Coventry, Lord Northcote, Lord Guernsey, Lord Byron, &c., &c.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE, POST FREE.
HOBART WORKS, Coventry, & Leading Agents.

THE 20TH CENTURY
DAISY AIR RIFLE.



SHOOTS B.B. SHOT OR DARTS.
ACCURATELY SIGHTED.
OF HANDSOME APPEARANCE.
AN IDEAL PRESENT FOR A BOY.

Length, 30 inches; Weight, 2lbs.
POWDER, Price 4s. each.
SMOKE, SOLD
DANGER, EVERYWHERE.
NOISE.

NO

An admirable Food for
Cyclists, Footballers, Golfers,

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
S. J. MACKENZIE & CO., LTD., LONDON, N.E.

REFUSE IMITATIONS. INSIST ON PETER'S

6d. The "LATEST" Packet. 6d.

40 Different Good Stamps only.

Including:—Northern Nigeria (King's Head), Southern Nigeria (King's Head), 3 India (all King's Heads), Nabha (King's Head), U.S.A. (Express delivery), 2 Sarawak (Rajah Brooke), Zanzibar (Sultan), Jamaica (2d.), British East Africa, 2 new issue S. Australia, Canada (2c.), Ceylon (1c.), Cape Colony (1/-), Siam (new issue), Gambia (King's Head), Queensland (6d.), Newfoundland (Royal Portraits), and 19 other superior stamps—No Rubbish.

Price 6d. Postal Order Post free, or 7d. in stamps.

In addition, every applicant asking for our renowned **Approval Sheets** will receive **Free** a very handsome set of

THREE NEW ISSUE PERU.

PERRIN BROS.,

57 Fortune Gate Rd., Harlesden, N.W.

UNUSED BRITISH COLONIALS

(King Edward Issues).

BLOCKS, SINGLES, AND SETS.

R. PITTILO, Jun., Kirkgate, Burntisland.

SIX BRITISH COLONIALS (King's heads) FREE

To all purchasers of this month's bargain packet asking for approval sheets. The packet includes Canada (Jubilee), set of West Australia, Orange Free State, (obsolete), Canada (set), Cape (several varieties), Tasmania, Natal (obsolete) Trinidad (old and new), Barbados (set), Victoria, &c., &c. 50 different, many obsolete, price 3d., postage 1d. extra. This is a record bargain; order early and ask for approval sheets.

A **special selection** from all Colonies and countries at low prices with large discount, splendid variety, clean and perfect copies.

Exchange dealt with all Colonies. Collections purchased; good prices paid for rare stamps.

F. G. ROWE

(formerly of Bath), 22 Desborough Road, Plymouth.

IT COSTS YOU NOTHING!

Send me a postcard stating your name and address and I will forward to you, post free, a set of the men of

"POOLE'S MONTHLY PHILATELIST."

It contains particulars of hundreds of genuine stamp BARGAINS, so do not miss this opportunity. Let us forget send me a postcard NOW.

B. W. H. POOLE, 6 Rock Terrace, STAMFORD, Lines.

GRATIS! I want you to inspect my Approval Selections. You will not regret asking for them, and if you enclose stamp for postage, I will present you with 1s. Cape King's Head, 2d. Natal King's Head, 2d. Transvaal King's Head, Colonials a speciality. Plenty of Bargains.

GRAHAM MORRIS, Twickenham.

MIDLAND STAMP CO., CASTLE BROMWICH.

CHEAP SETS, ALL DIFFERENT.

d.	d.	d.
30 Argentine	5 20 French Colonies	5 25 Cuba
33 Hungary	8 45 Germany	7 25 Switzerland
15 Bolivia	9 21 Wurtemberg	6 20 Turkey
50 Belgium	9 24 Greece	5 20 United States
20 Brazil	6 20 Mexico	5 20 Salvador
20 Bulgaria	6 20 Nicaragua	7 20 Venezuela
16 Chili	6 15 Peru	10 Borneo
15 Colombia	6 18 Luxembourg	6 20 Canada
13 Costa Rica	4 24 Portugal	6 25 Cape Good Hope
12 Guatemala	6 30 Rumania	6 23 India
30 Holland	4 15 Finland	5 10 Newfoundland
20 Honduras	8 20 Serbia	6 10 Labuan
19 Ecuador	6 30 Spain	9

CAPTAIN PACKET.—200 varieties, including Newfoundland, Borneo, Labuan, Guatemala, Peru Liama, Honduras, Malay Tiger, Bolivia, Nicaragua, Nyassa, Cape Verde, Mozambique, Zanzibar, Congo, Reunion, Morocco, Senegal, Salvador rare surcharge, Ecuador official, Servia surcharge, Montenegro, Paraguay, Dominica, Uruguay, Persia surcharged, Venezuela, New Granada, Costa Rica 20c., Brazil, Set of 5 Cuba, Bulgaria, Philippine, India King Patiala, Gwalior, Tunis, Argentine, Cape, Barbados, Jamaica, Deccan, Java, free 1 l. List of hundreds sets, packets, cheapest in the trade, free. Wonderful value, 500 varieties Foreign Colonials, 2 6, 100 different Colonials, 1 100 different South America, 2 130 varieties African stamps, 5 130 varieties West India stamps, 5 6.

Only Address - Midland Stamp Co., Castle Bromwich, Birmingham.

GRAND-SET 5 POMPEII FREE

All sending 1d. postage for our View Card List. 160 Splendid Foreign View Cards, all different, 1s. 6d. Grand collection, 400 different, 5s. 6d. Sample dozen, 3d. 24 Ostend, 8d. 6 Cuba, 6d., and hundreds of others. All cards best quality.

TAYLOR & CO. (View Card Importers), Rotherham.

1904 PRICE LIST.

of Albums, Packets, Sets, etc. Free gifts to everybody.

This List should be in the hands of every collector whether he be a beginner or an advanced collector.

Great bargains. No rubbish sold.

Approval Sheets at 6d. in the 1/- discount.

J. W. SPOWART & CO., Nevill St., SOUTHPORT.

THE INVINCIBLE PACKET

(No. 147.) Worth 5/- Our Price 7d. Post-free. Our January Packet contains 30 rare and genuine Colonial and Foreign Stamps, including:—

ANTIGUA (1903),

SOUTHERN NIGERIA (King's Head),

SEYCHELLES ISLANDS (King's Head),

Great Britain Army Official, Cape Colony (old 1d. black), British Guiana, Hong Kong (King's Head), Shanghai, Egypt £1 (Salt Tax), Philippine Islands, Cuba 1878, Set of 5 South Australia (including "On Service"), Set of 6 New South Wales, Spanish Morocco, Korean Imperial Post, Surinam 1902, Ecuador (rare, catalogued 1/-), &c., &c.

GIVEN FREE to all purchasers of the above Packet who apply for a selection of our Approval Sheets (Discount 5d. in 1/-),

A SET OF 8 MAURITIUS,

including old and obsolete issues, new black issue, and scarce One Halfpenny surcharged on 10d., 1877, and Perforation Gauge (usual price 3d.)

J. STUART & CO., SPRING GROVE, ISLEWORTH.

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.

STAMPS "PERSIA" 5d. Post Free.

50 DIFFERENT STAMPS including

Paraguay (Lion), Cape Colony (King's Head),

Pictorial Cuba (Trees), Guiana (Ship), Denmark, Old

Spain, New Zealand (Commerce), Russia, Japan,

Switzerland, set of 4 Oblong United States War

Stamps (Ironclads), a rare set of 10 PERSIA, all

different, including old issues, surcharged, &c.

Money back if not satisfied. Postage abroad extra.

Send for our **New Foreign Stamp and**

Album Price List, 72 pages, illustrated

with over 150 engravings of Stamps. Gratis and

Post Free on application.

ERNEST WOOD & CO.,
Chorlton-cum-Hardy, MANCHESTER.

115 ALL different

The Cheapest Packet **3 1/2d.**
ever offered

Our No. 115 Packet contains 115 different stamps, including

Guatemala, Ceylon, Chili (old issue), Bolivia (obsolete),

West Australia, Tasmania, Uruguay, Brazil, Japan,

United States, obsolete French Empire, Sweden official,

Philippine Islands, Indian

Native State, Queensland, Antioquia, &c., &c. Price 3 1/2d. (abroad 6d.).

Our stock is limited, and only one packet can be supplied at this price to one person; further packets may be had at 7d. each.

OUR NEW 1904 PRICE LIST

is now ready; beautifully illustrated and full of novelties and bargains. Gratis and post free, or if you send a penny stamp to pay for postage we will include with the List (in United Kingdom only) a packet of FIFTY DIFFERENT STAMPS, including a set of Ten Sweden, Ceylon, Cape of Good Hope, Costa Rica, Pictorial Tasmania, Egypt, Canada, set of Three Turkey, set of Ten Australia, &c., &c. (Ask for Packet 72.)

ALFRED GILBERT & CO.,

Weston-super-Mare.

The "VIVID" PACKET 3d.

CONTAINS 120 DIFFERENT STAMPS

Including Orange River Colony, 1903 (King Edward), Persia (Lion), Malta 1903 (King), Labuan (Stag), Ecuador (Jubilee issue),

Colombia Republic (1903), Turkish Empire, Naual 1903 (King), Costa Rica 1902, Great Britain Army Official (King), Japan, West Australia (new),

Argentina, Victoria, Jamaica (Lighthouse Waterfalls), Brazil, (tree), Britain (I.R. Official), Queen, Cape Colony (King), picturesque New Zealand, set of 5 India (including King issues), Cuba 1878,

Set of 10 U.S. America, including Columbus issue, War Revenue (included), unused Telegraph Service, &c.

Set of 10 Canada, including new 1903 issue (King Edward VII in Coronation Robes), &c., &c. 3d., postage 1d. extra. Postage abroad 3d. extra.

IN ADDITION.—Every purchaser applying for a selection of our "Ideal" Approval Sheets will receive a very picturesque

Set of 10 NICARAGUA, 1c. to 50c., gratis.
(Only one packet supplied to each person.)

Grand Price List of Bargains in Albums, Sets and Packets, 84 pages, splendidly illustrated. Post free and gratis.

ERRINGTON & MARTIN,

SOUTH HACKNEY, LONDON, N.E.

THE UNIVERSAL STANDARD CATALOGUE OF THE POSTAGE STAMPS OF THE WORLD



(FOURTH EDITION) now includes a Supplement, containing all the New Issues, which makes it complete up to **JANUARY, 1904.**

Price of the Catalogue and Supplement together, **1s. 6d.**, post free. Collectors who already possess a **Fourth Edition Catalogue** can be supplied with the Supplement separately for **3d.** This is the Ideal Catalogue for the beginner or the General Collector. It contains over **400 pages** and **3,000 illustrations**, and is the cheapest, simplest, and most easily understood Catalogue in the world. An Interleaved Edition, bound in cloth, can be supplied at **3s. 6d.** post free.

NEW 64-PAGE PRICE LIST of over 1,500 Different Packets and Sets of Stamps, sent on receipt of **Penny Stamp** for postage. **STAMP ALBUMS**, from **1s. 6d.** to **£9.** Write for Prospectus.

WHITFIELD KING & CO., IPSWICH.

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.

"CAPTAIN" EYE OPENER February. (Quote Feb. when ordering.) **100** different, **6d.**, including Argentine, Cyprus, China, Gibraltar, U.S. Pan (1 and 2 c.), Venezuela, Jamaica 2d., 2 Old Mexico, Serbia, Gratis Large List Colonialia 1904. 1/- Excelsior Albums, 9d. post free. 250 Mounts and set of 3 U.S. different 10c. gratis to all who apply for sheets. 500 different stamps and Albums, 6s. 6d., free inland, abroad 18s. extra. 1,000 for 15s.
A. C. MEATSLAN & CO., 95w Bath Street, Glasgow.

NOW READY, 1904 CATALOGUE OF SPECIAL SETS, FREE ON APPLICATION.

£10,000 worth of Foreign Stamps—all at Half Catalogue—Want Lists should be sent at once, as stamps in short supply cannot be repeated.

SPECIAL BARGAINS FOR FEBRUARY.

Admiralty 4d. and 1d. (2 varieties each), 4, 9d. Spain and Colonies, 100 rare, 10/-, worth 40/-. Seychelles, 7 for 9d. English K II, 2/6, 5/-, and 10/-, 4/- set.

J. W. JONES, 444 STRAND (opposite Charing Cross), LONDON.

ABSOLUTELY FREE!

For a short time only I will GIVE AWAY

- 3 SHANGHAI** Including an entire unused wrapper and correspondence card.
- 5 U.S.A.** Ironclad series with rare \$1 stamp Figure of Justice.
- 10 ROUMANIA** A very fine set, including new and obsolete issues. Catalogued at 10d.

The 18 stamps mentioned above will be given away only on condition that you ask to see my approval sheets, enclose 1d. stamp for postage, and show this advertisement to at least two other stamp collectors.

H. C. WATKINS, 86 Lordship Lane (3510), Wood Green, N.

ARE YOU IN WANT

Of a good Packet of Genuine Stamps? If so, send for the Europa, which contains 100 different free for 4d. We are giving to each purchaser a fine set of 9 New South Wales. Sheets sent on approval. Big discounts. Price list of 75 Different Packets sent free.

CUTHBERTSON & CO., 14 Exchange St. East, Liverpool.



NEW STAMP ALBUM

No. 2 **EXCELSIOR** 1904 Edition, 209 pages (size 11 by 8 1/2 inches, beautifully bound in cloth, with spaces for 7,000 specimens. Hundreds of illustrations at the heads of various pages. Price 2/6 just free. (The best half-crown album published.)

Full Particulars of others in our 72-page Illustrated Price List, Post Free.

No. 55 **EXCELSIOR** PACKET

- contains 50 different stamps, including New Brunswick, Set of 12 Sweden, 3 Costa Rica, 6 Antioquia, Set of 7 Egypt, New South Wales, 18 U.S. Set of 10 Roumania, Orange River, 6 (King), Canada, Queensland, &c. &c. Price 1/6, 4d., and FREE to any purchaser.

A SET OF
TEN FINLAND.

This set is well
worth 6d

SEND
ONE PENNY

to cover cost of postage (abroad, 3d.), and we will send a packet of 50 stamps including Picturesque and King's Head Colonials, such as Malta, Jamaica, Cape, British Guiana, Transvaal, &c., &c., and our large Illustrated Price List of 72 pages with thousands of cheap offers.

1904 NEW LIST. NEW BARGAINS 1904

BUTLER BROS., CLEVEDON.

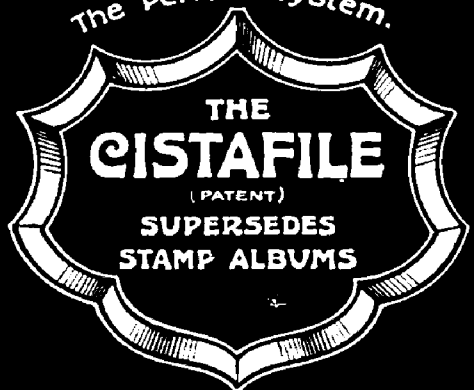
500 COLONIAL AND FOREIGN STAMPS 500

This special Packet includes British South Africa, British Guiana, Cape of Good Hope (King's Head), Canada, Congo, Jamaica (Waterfall), Guatemala (new issue), Natal (King's Head), Nyassa (King's Head), Peru, surcharged Transvaal (King's Head), &c., &c. Post free, 7d.

W. & A. PRINCE (Foreign and Colonial Stamp Importers),
79 Edward St., West Bromwich

UNDER ROYAL PATRONAGE

The perfect System.



- NO LEAVES.
- NO BLANK SPACES.
- SECURE.
- ECONOMICAL.
- INEXPENSIVE.
- EVERLASTING.
- UNBREAKABLE.

LAWN & BARLOW,
STAMP EXPERTS
99, REGENT STREET,
LONDON, W.

Catalogues free.

STAMP COLLECTORS! NOTE THIS!!

EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS IN PACKETS.
2s. 6d. worth of Stamps for 3d.

This Packet, No. 76, contains 100 well mixed Stamps, including following:—Bolivia (rare, catalogued 1s.), States of Columbia (new issue), Cape Colony (King's Head), Ecuador Jubilee (scarce), Borneo (native), Cuba (Baby King), Brazil (old issue), Deccan (Native Indian States), Turkey (obsolete), Greece (latest issue), Argentine, Roumania (old issue), Canada (maple leaves), Spain, India, New Zealand (Universal), Costa Rica (1892), &c., &c. Post free, 3d.

5s. worth of Stamps for 5d.

This Packet, No. 77, contains 100 well mixed Stamps from all parts of the World, and includes Borneo (monkey, rare), Hayti (large stamp), Peru (obsolete), Travancore (Native Indian State), Mexico (obsolete issue), Queensland, New South Wales, Victoria, China (rare), Persia (old issue), Egypt (impaid issue), Roumania (latest issue), Bulgaria, Canada Jubilee (rare), Porto Rico (obsolete), Ecuador (1896, rare), Trinidad (old head issue), United States (Buffalo Exhibition Stamp), Jamaica (Waterfalls, obsolete), Portuguese Indies (scarce), Nicaragua (old issue), Reunion (scarce), &c., &c. Post free, 5d.

Special Collections of Stamps.

The Cheapest in the World. 500 all different, price 3s. 9d. 250 all different, price 1s. 6d. 1,000 all different, price, post free, 12s. 6d. 2,000 all different, price 2 guineas. 100 British Colonials all different, and including many scarce, post free, 2s. 9d.

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.

Our Price List, Post Free on Application. Undoubtedly the Cheapest List in the Trade.

EDWARD COOPER & Co.,
 14, Archway Road, Highgate, London, N.

" GREATLY PLEASED "

CHEAP SETS. Every Stamp different. 50 Australia, 1s.; 36 Austria, 8d.; 10 Barbados, 8d.; 3 Belgium Exhibition, 2s.; 20 Canada, 6d.; 16 Cape, 9d.; 8 Columbia, catalogued 3s. 10d., for 1s. 3d.; 30 Holland, 4d.; 16 French Colonies, 4d.; 40 France, 8d.; 6 British Official, 2d.; 100 different Plate numbers, 2s. 6d.; 25 Greece, 1s.; 50 Greece, 5s. 6d.; 8 Hong Kong, 5d.; 9 Orange River Colony, 1s.; 25 India, 6d.; 14 Transvaal, 1s.; 10 Newfoundland, 9d.; 17 Newfoundland, 2s. 4d. Approval sheets upon application. Lowest prices, 50% discount. Lists, Colonials, Packets, Sets, &c., free. Wholesale Lots for Dealers. Telephone No. 05320.

F. W. FRANKLIN, Exchange Buildings, Birmingham.

ESTABLISHED SAME ADDRESS, 1893.

" PREMIER " INTERCHANGEABLE ALBUMS.

No.	Description	EACH.		DOZ.	
		s.	d.	s.	d.
1.	—8vo, 9½ by 6½ in., holds about 600 stamps	0	11	9	6
2.	—4to, 10 by 8 in., holds about 725 stamps	1	0	11	6
3.	—As No. 2, but stouter cover. &c.	1	2	13	0
4.	—Folio, 11½ by 9½ in., holds about 1000 stamps	1	6	16	0
10.	—4to, 10 by 8½ in., 50 leaves, holds about 1800 stamps, bound in leatherette, gilt lettered, &c.	4	6	48	0

EVERY LEAF IS REMOVABLE, and all the above Albums will admit of extra leaves being inserted. Additional leaves can be supplied at prices ranging from 2/9 to 3/6 per 100.

THE "A B C" CATALOGUE OF STAMPS, ENVELOPES, POST-CARDS, &c., is the only complete up-to-date Catalogue published in the English Language; nearly 900 pp., post free, 2/10. All others are incomplete or misleading.

BRIGHT & SON, 164 Strand, London, W.C.

COLLECTIONS WANTED.

Buy collections and loose lots of postage stamps and pay the very highest prices. Fiscal and Revenue stamps also wanted. Selections of stamps on approval at 50 per cent. discount to responsible applicants. Deposit or references required.

120 Stamps, all different, several scarce, post free 6d.

JOHN JAMES COATES,

4 Southwark Street, London Bridge, London.
 Established 1879.

50 STAMPS 6d. Post free.—Comprising Principally B. Colonials new issues. &c., good value.

50% APPROVAL SHEETS AND SHEETS. off marked prices. Old collections bought. Picture Postcards 1d. each, 15. per doz. off marked prices. **PEARCE & STAMFORD, 7 Katharine St., Croydon.**

HERE IS WHAT YOU ARE LOOKING FOR!

Our Approval Sheets are up to date and contain no rubbish. We do not sell torn, heavily cancelled, or other worthless stuff. Colonials a speciality. Liberal discount. Prices to suit all pockets, from 1d. Send us a postcard stating your requirements, reply by return guaranteed.

W. E. CLARK & Co., Oxford St., Spendon, Derby.

BARGAINS.

Sets (Postage extra):—40 United States, 4d.; 100 United States, 1/6; 25 Greece, 5d.; 20 Ecuador, 6d.; 15 Cape of Good Hope, 8d. Packets of 100 varieties, 3d.; 150 varieties, 8d.; 200 varieties, 1/-; 250 varieties, 1/4; 300 varieties, 2/-; 1,000 varieties, no Bill Stamps, 15/-. Fine Collections of 100 English Colonials (no English), 1/-; and 50 varieties of Australia (Postage only), 1/-.
J. RUSSELL,
 61 Northumberland Park, Tottenham, London, N.

FREE! FREE! FREE!

A Stanley Gibbons' new improved Postage Stamp Album (bound in handsome art cloth), 200 Foreign and British Colonials all different, 1d. black English, and 1,000 mounts, to all applying for our Approval Sheets (liberal discount) and enclosing P.O.O. for 2s. This grand offer only holds good to the end of February, and only one album, etc., can be sent to each customer. A free packet of 30 different or 500 stamp mounts to all applying for our Approval Sheets and enclosing 1d. stamp for return postage. Be sure to call if in town. You will find ours the cheapest stamp shop in the City. 1,000 mounts, post free, 6d. Good collections wanted at once for cash. Wholesale price list free to dealers.

THE LONDON STAMP EXCHANGE,
 8 Broad Street Station, London, E.C.

COLLECT THE STAMPS OF YOUR OWN COUNTRY.

Offers of British Stamps.

Set of 30 different blue-inked series	10 6
Set of 40 different 1840 to 1903	1 9
Collection of 46, to 1, 250 different Plate Numbers, a fine lot	3 0
Complete set of 36 Post Cards used and unused	5 0
Fine collection of over 500 varieties	10 0

Note.—The 10 guinea Collection forms a splendid foundation for a specialist, as it contains nearly every variety of the medium stamps, including almost a complete collection of used plate numbers, including many rarities.

CHARLES NISSEN & CO.,
 77, 78, High Holborn, London, W.C.

WITH THE STAMPS. Will tell all the collectors I know of the reasonable prices of your packets.—Extract from letter received by last mail from New Zealand.

FREE!! FREE!! DON'T

A ONE SHILLING PARCEL GIVEN AWAY to all Stamp Collectors. We are making this wonderful offer to bring before the notice of readers of the "Captain" our 1903 CATALOGUE (full of bargains). THE PARCEL contains the following:

100 FOREIGN STAMPS (Used and unused), including many scarce varieties.
A PACKET OF STAMP MOUNTS. Best quality.
 A Perforation Gauge, with full instructions.

THE WHOLE LOT
ABSOLUTELY FREE.

Send your name and address, with 1d. stamp for postage, and we will send the above PARCEL per return. This is a GENUINE OFFER. Only one lot given away to each applicant.

KING BROTHERS, Stamp Importers, Bilston.
 Colonial Postage, 1d. extra.

100 DIFFERENT COLONIALS

British Colonies only used and unused—including St. Kitts and Nevis, Federated Malay States, St. Lucia, Montserrat, Orange River Colony, Transvaal, Jamaica, Barbados, Trinidad, Cyprus, Hong Kong, Mauritius, Straits Settlements, British Guiana, &c. Price 1/- Postal Order only.
THE PREMIER STAMP CO., BRIGHTON.

ELECTRIC NOVELTIES, KNOCK-OUT PRICES.

Portable Lamps, 1/6; better quality ditto, can be used for lighting, containing motor coil, &c., 2/3; Torches, 4/9; Motors, 3/9; Shocking; Coils, 4/6 and 6/9; Scarf Pins, 3/-; Buttonholes, 3/6; Noses, 3/6; Electric Magic Lanterns, with slides complete, "The Latest Novelty," 4/9; Electric Cycle Lamps, 10/6; Hand Lamps, 4/6 and 7/6; Electric Alarm Clock, 12/6; Electric Watch Stand with lens, 12/-; Telephones, 12/9 pair; Special Phonograph, 38/6; Manifolded Apparatus, for making copies of writing in one or more colours, 3/6. All Post FREE.

BISHOP, Mary Ann Street, BIRMINGHAM.

HAVE YOU SEEN?

That we are giving a handsome set of 10 British Colonials (including latest King's heads) to all bona-fide purchasers sending for our Approval Sheets. Letters answered by return of post. The Imperial Stamp Co., Hoe Street, Walthamstow.

4d. THE CAP. 4d.

110 Genuine Foreign Stamps, all different, including large Guatemala Exhibition, Venezuela, Cuba, Porto Rico, Colombian Republic, Costa Rica, Argentine, Bavaria, all unused; also Japan, Chili, Mexico, Egypt, New Zealand, Roumania, Greece, Luxemburg, Dutch Indies, 7 United States (including Buffalo Exhibition), 3 Canada, &c. &c. Price 4d, post free. To all purchasers of this packet requiring Approvals we present gratis a grand set of 4 handsome long Ecuador unused, catalogued 6d. each. Only one packet to each applicant. Our new and enlarged Illustrated Catalogue gratis and post free.

CAPE & CO. STAMP IMPORTERS, BRISTOL.



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. Post Free. Dept. C., 89, Aldersgate St., London.

TRIANGULAR CAPE STAMPS GIVEN AWAY.

4 1/2 No. 30 contains choice British Colonial Stamp King Edward VII., N.Z. Universal or Barbados, rare 4d. English 1862 issue or Bt. Honduras, 2 Bt. Guinea, obsolete 6d. English Government Parcel, 3 N.S.W. or Orange River Colony stamp, Victoria or Malta, rare Argentine 3c. yellow or Sarawak, Natal, 2 Canada, scarce Trinidad Britannia issue, 8. Australia, Reunio or Seychelles, 3 English Army Officials, or set 5 Cape and 2 oblong Egypt tax stamps. Also 20 other Stamps from BRITISH COLONIES, etc., 51d. post free, including full particulars of Free Triangular Cape of Good Hope Stamps. Lists Free.

THE EMPIRE STAMP CO., Horsmonden, S.O. Kent.

CASH FOR STAMPS.

I DESIRE TO PURCHASE FOR CASH old Postage Stamps, singly or in Albums. It would pay YOU to look up your old letters, as I give highest prices for anything wanting in my private collection. I buy large or small lots of stamps, and send cash by return of post. If desired I can furnish good references. Stamp collectors would find many bargains among my duplicates, which I am glad to sell cheaply, in most cases 50% to 60% below dealers' prices, or I would exchange.

JAMES EVANS, 105, Soho Hill, Handsworth, Staffs.

BIG BARGAINS!

50 to 60 per cent. discount off Gibbon's prices. Unusual opportunities for all collectors. Don't miss them, write to-day. British Colonials a Speciality.

J. S. BREEZE, 18 Crosby Road, Birkdale, Southport.

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.

REPLATE YOUR BICYCLE HANDLE.

For **1/3** only.

You can Replate your own Bicycle with **Herberts' Reliable Plating Solution**. It is easy to apply, makes old machines like new, it never rusts. 1s. 3d. Carriage paid with full instructions.

Our Gem Bicycle Plating Outfit, 2 1/2 complete Does splendid work, no trouble in use, no battery required, most useful outfit, full instructions given with it 2s. 6d. Carriage Paid.

HERBERTS & CO. (Plating Dept. 10), Crumston, Nr. Manchester.

LONGFEATHER THE PEACEMAKER; or The Belt of Seven Totems.

By **KIRK MUNROE.**
Illustrated. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt edges, 3s. 6d.
GEORGE NEWNES, LTD., STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

GEORGE NEWNES, LTD.,

BEAUTIFUL MAMMA, AND OTHER STORIES. By WINIFRED GRAHAM. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt edges, 3s. 6d.

"An altogether delightful selection of short stories dealing chiefly with the thoughts and deeds and unconscious influence for good of winsome little children. Fathers, mothers, and young people will be equally attracted by the stories."—*Liverpool Daily Post.*

THE BOOK OF JOYOUS CHILDREN.

By JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY. With 28 Full-page Illustrations and 103 Headings, Tail-pieces, and Text Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 5s. net.

"There can be no question of the merit of 'The Book of Joyous Children,' which Mr. Whitcomb Riley has filled with some remarkably clever verses."—*Glasgow Herald.*

DADDY'S GIRL. By L. T. MEADE. With Illustrations by GORDON BROWNE. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

"A story that cannot be read without profit."—*Churchman.*

KING CLO: A TALE FOR CHILDREN.

By HARRY A. JAMES. Illustrated by REGINALD SAVAGE. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

THE ARCADIAN CALENDAR. By E. D. CUMING and J. A. SHEPHERD. With 180 Illustrations in black and white, many full-page, and 8 page illustrations in colour. Fcap. 4to, 6s. net.

"A very attractive work, rather original in its style. It is sure to make young readers take an interest in the creatures around them."—*Times.*

ODDLAND, AND OTHER FAIRY TALES.

By HARRY A. JAMES. Illustrated. Gilt top, crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

"We find the tales decidedly new in theme and style. Mr. James is to be congratulated on his happy manner of telling stories."—*Literary World.*

A CHILD AT THE HELM. By WINIFRED GRAHAM. With Illustrations by H. M. BROCK. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

"For freshness and charm in one it is some time since we have read anything more attractive."—*St. James's Gazette.*

PETRONILLA, and other Stories of Early Christian Times. By S. N. SEDGWICK. With 12 Illustrations by PAUL HARDY. Large crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

"These stories of early Christian times are admirably 'worked up' from various good sources. . . . Their writer shows an enviable gift of realising the actual scenery and types of character of the places and the periods dealt with."—*The Week's Survey.*

The Sunday Strand

For February.

Now Ready.

FRED. M. WHITE'S Great Serial: "The Psalm Stone."

Illustrated by FRANCES EWAN.

ORME AGNUS'S New Series: No. 2. "A Storm in a Tea-cup."

Illustrated by TOM BROWNE, R.I.

PRIZES! PRIZES!! PRIZES!!! £250 WORTH.

In order to win one of the 400 valuable prizes, a full list of which is given in the February "Sunday Strand," it is necessary to answer the following six questions:—

- 1.—Which of the Six Numbers of the "SUNDAY STRAND," from January to June, 1904 (inclusive), do you like least, and why?
- 2.—Which Article in these six numbers do you like best, and which do you like least, and why?
- 3.—Which Story do you like best, and which do you like least, and why?
- 4.—Which Picture do you like best, and which least, and why?
- 5.—Which of the Six Covers do you like best, and which least, and why?
- 6.—Which Advertisement in the six numbers strikes you most, and why?

N.B.—THE JANUARY NUMBER may still be obtained through any Newsagent or Bookseller.

FRANK T. BULLEN on "Is Church-going Unpopular?"

MAUD BALLINGTON BOOTH on "Work among Convicts."

The BISHOP OF DURHAM on "The Ladder between Earth and Heaven."

"Famous Pictures in the Royal Holloway College." By A. B. COOPER.

"The Hampton Court Conference of 1604."

"Miss Delmore's Diamonds: A Story of 'Bridge.'" By GRACE PETTMAN.

"A Ringmell Day." By C. EDWARDES. &c. &c.

FEBRUARY SUNDAY STRAND

Price SIXPENCE. Sold Everywhere.

If you cannot get a copy, drop a postcard to the Publishers—

GEORGE NEWNES, Ltd., 7 to 12 Southampton St., Strand, London, W.C.

Cut this out and give it to your
Newsagent or Bookseller.

Please supply me with "The Sunday Strand"
for Six Months, commencing Jan., 1904.

Signed.....

.....

.....

PHONOGRAPHS FREE

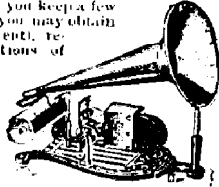
A Practical Up-to-Date Sound Reproducing Instrument, which will take any Standard Record and bring forth the Words, Music, or other Sounds in a Perfect Manner.



This is a genuine offer. It comes to you from the well-known establishment of Symonds' London Stores. We are the largest Phonograph suppliers directly to the public of any time in the United Kingdom. When we make a promise we keep it. We now tell you that we mean to give away a limited number of the celebrated Symonds' Premier Phonographs. You can verify our assertion by answering this advertisement. But do not wait and be too late. We have already given away several thousand of these wonderful Phonographs and are deluged with complimentary letters.

THE REASON FOR OUR FREE OFFER.

We have decided that a quantity of our Symonds' Premier Phonographs shall be distributed for advertising purposes. We offer to give you one of these Phonographs provided that whenever friend or acquaintance you obtained it, you will mention that it came from Symonds' London Stores, and also provided that you keep a few of our Records according to the Award which you may obtain from us (after having answered this advertisement), recording the Phonograph Records (playing selections of band music, songs, &c.), so that your friends may know their quality. You will not be required to pay a penny for the complete Phonograph. We will send the Phonograph, carefully packed, and by the directions you will soon learn to operate it quickly and easily. We can supply comic songs, sentimental songs, religious selections, or band music—what kind do you prefer? Our catalogue will help your choice.



You do not need to send us any money in answer to this, but merely write a letter. Give us your full address, being particular to also mention the nearest railway station. Enclose stamp.

SYMONDS' LONDON STORES,
124-128 City Road, London, E.C.

FRETWORK

THE BEST HOBBY FOR
BOYS OF ALL AGES.

HOBBIES SPECIAL 5/- FRETWORK OUTFIT.

THE OUTFIT CONTAINS:—A Superior Fourteen-inch Hobbies Patent Lever Hand Fretsaw Frame. Hobbies Patent Simplex Drill with Four Bits. Hobbies Patent Iron Cutting-Table with Cramp. Two dozen Fretwork Saw Blades, Glass paper for Fretwork, and Hobbies Illustrated Catalogue. Hobbies Illustrated Handbook, containing full particulars of Tools, Materials, &c., and clear Instructions. Six Gem Fretwork Designs, with sufficient Planed Fretwork of suitable thicknesses for making all the articles. The Complete Outfit is supplied in a serviceable Cardboard Box.

Price **FIVE SHILLINGS**, or Post Free for 5 8.

£100 IN CASH PRIZES.

With **HOBBIES SIXPENNY CATALOGUE** (just published) are presented **TWO** very handsome **FRETWORK DESIGNS**—one for a **JAPANESE MUSICAL HOUSE**, and the other for an **INDIAN WALL CABINET**. In addition to these attractive patterns, we will give away a **THIRD** Design for an **ARABIAN PANEL**; and for the best Fretted Specimens of this we will arrange a

GREAT FRETWORK COMPETITION,

IN WHICH **£100 IN CASH PRIZES** ARE OFFERED. Full particulars of this Competition, together with a Free Entry Coupon, will be found in our new Catalogue.

Send a **SIXPENNY POSTAL ORDER** for Catalogue with Presentation Designs.

HOBBIES LIMITED,
12c PATERNOSTER SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

PHOTOGRAPHY

is made easy
by the use of a

KODAK.

Prices to suit all Purses. 5/- to £7 7 each.



"GOSSIP IN PEKIN."

THE NEW KODAK DAYLIGHT DEVELOPING MACHINE

Does away with the Dark Room.

Films developed in daylight, gaslight, any light, anywhere. No handling the films.

No stained fingers. A child can use it.

Mastered by anyone in a few minutes.

No need for a dark room in Kodak photography.

No need for any previous experience of photography.

No need for any technical knowledge whatever.

Full Catalogue Post Free.

Prices from **10/-** each.

Write for full particulars of this wonderful appliance.

Kodaks and accessories are obtainable of all Dealers, or of

KODAK Ltd.,

41-43 CLERKENWELL ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

Write for the Kodak Illustrated Winter Book Post Free.

HOW TO BECOME A CRACK SHOT

SHOOTS
DARTS
OR
B B SHOT.

Write for Booklets.



BUY AND USE either a
KING OR PRINCE AIR RIFLE.

Price 3 6 each.

Sole Importers:

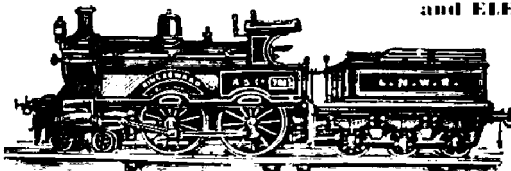
MARKT & CO., 20, Chapel St., Milton St., London, E.C.

RICHFORD'S EXPRESS ENGINES

High-class Scale Model of
L.N.W.R. famous Loco King Edward
D.A.S.V. Cylinders, with Reversing
Gear worked from cab, Water Gauge
Whistle, Starting Wheel, &c. In No 2
Gauge, with Tender, 52 6 Carriage
Paid. With Rails complete, 62 6
Carriage Paid. Length over all, 22 in.,
Gauge 2 and 1/8th in.

Ditto, No 3 Gauge, length of Engine
and Tender 24 in., Gauge 2 and 5/8th
in. Complete, with Large Oval Rails,
£3 15 6. Engine and Tender only,
£3 10 6 Carriage Paid.

Electric Motors, Dynamos, Shock Coils, &c. The above and many others are contained in our
New Engine and Electrical Novelty List. Send for a Copy now, post free to all.



SPECIAL LINES IN CHEAP LOCO SETS
and ELECTRICAL NOVELTIES.

696. Solid Brass Loco, with Water

Gauge, and 12 ft. Rails, 10 6 Post Free.

695. Ditto, larger, and with 15 ft.

Rails, 15 6 Post Free.

694. Ditto, larger, with Tender, and

22 ft. Rails, 21 6 Post Free.

Electric Torches, from 12 6 each

Hand Lanterns, 10 6 and 19 6

Electric Watch Stands, 11 6

each.

Electric Pocket Lamps, 12,

2 6, 4 2, post free.

RICHFORD & CO., 153 Fleet Street, London, E.C.

BRANCH DEPOT 52a High Holborn, W.C.



TERRY'S PATENT EXERCISER.

Absolutely Free.

We are giving away a Terry's Patent Exerciser to all who submit a bright idea for advertising "IDEAL HEALTH."

This book tells you how to get strong. Sent to intending competitors for 1/4 (post free). Supply limited—send early.

C. HIGHWATER & CO.,

No. 84 The Exchange, Southwark, London.

TO SCHOOL MUSEUMS AND COLLECTORS.

For Sale, 1,300 Species of British Lepidoptera, 2,000
Species of British Coleoptera, &c. List, one stamp,
from

Mr. A. FORD,
Hillside, Sunnyhill Road, Boscombe, Hants.

H.M.S. "CONWAY" SCHOOL SHIP

MOORED IN THE MERSEY.

Designed to give a sound TECHNICAL and GENERAL EDUCATION
to boys desirous of entering the MERCANTILE MARINE and other
professions. SEVERAL NOMINATIONS TO ROYAL NAVAL CADET-
SHIPS. Physical culture a special feature.

For full particulars and prospectus apply to the Commander,
Lieut. H. W. BROADBENT, R.N.R., Rock Ferry, Cheshire.

**WHEN
IN
TRAINING
USE**

Fry's PURE
CONCENTRATED
Cocoa

"No Better Food." —Dr. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., &c.

For
The MOTORIST,
The CYCLIST,
The PEDESTRIAN,

THE
TOURING ATLAS
OF THE
BRITISH ISLES.

120 Pages of Fully Illustrated MAPS and PLANS,

By **J. G. BARTHOLOMEW.**

Cloth, 1s. net; Limp Lambskin, 2s. net.
(6 in. by 4 in.).

Postage, 2d. extra.

Uniform with
**HANDY SHILLING ATLAS OF
THE WORLD.**

Published by

GEORGE NEWNES, Ltd., Strand, London, W.C.

HOW TO BECOME AN ELECTRICAL ENGINEER.



THOMAS A. EDISON.

Our free interesting Booklet explains how we have trained thousands of persons in all walks of life to become competent Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, and so ensured them first-class positions and first-class pay. No person is too old or too young, no high education is required, only ability to read and write. We teach by post direct to your home in your spare time Electrical Engineering—the profession of to-day. Our methods have proved successful. Our old students are successful everywhere.

WHY NOT QUALIFY YOURSELF to become an Electrical or Mechanical Engineer? Do not be satisfied to enter the overcrowded and poorly paid trades. We are endorsed by the great Edison and leading engineers. We have amongst others the following courses: Electrical Engineering, Mechanical Engineering, Electric Lighting, Electric Tramways, Steam Engineering, Mechanical Drawing, Telegraphy, Telephony, &c.

Write to-day for our interesting Book, "Can I become an Electrical Engineer." We send it you FREE.

THE ELECTRICAL ENGINEERS INSTITUTE OF CORRESPONDENCE INSTRUCTION,
494 Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.

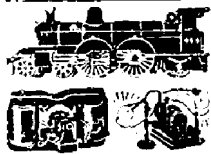
TUITION BY CORRESPONDENCE

Matriculation, B.A., and B.Sc. Examinations.
Civil Service Appointments, Law, Medical and other Preliminaries.

Tuition in any subject:—Latin, Greek, French, German, Italian, Mathematics, Mechanics, Physics, Chemistry, Psychology, Logic, Political Economy, Book-keeping, &c. Tutors Graduates of Oxford, Cambridge, London & Royal Universities.

Address: MR. J. CHARLESTON, B.A.,

Burlington Correspondence College, 8, Crescent Grove, Clapham Common, London, S.W.



"THE MODEL ENGINEER AND ELECTRICIAN"

Is a splendid paper for those interested in Model Engines, Railways, Locomotives, Steamboats, Sailing Yachts, Lathes, Tools, Dynamo 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, 3d., to any part of the world.—PERCIVAL MARSHALL & CO., 26c Poppins Court, Fleet St., London, E.C.



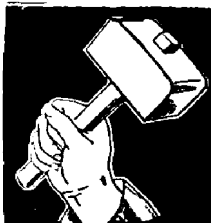
"THE WOODWORKER."

A Journal of Practical Instruction in Carpentry and Joinery, Wood-carving, Fretwork, Cabinet-making, Inlaying, Turning, Manual Training, and all branches of Woodworking.

Original Artistic Designs and Working Drawings are a Special Feature.

Send for Specimen Copy, post free 3d.

PERCIVAL MARSHALL & CO.,
26c Poppins Court, Fleet St., London, E.C.



ELECTRIC SCARF PIN.

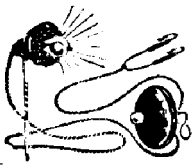
Latest Novelty Out! Handsome Pin, together with Connections, Push, and Battery complete. Best Three-Cell Batteries only used. Will last for months.

Price complete and post free, 3/6 ea.

Extra Batteries, 1/2 each, post free.

FRANK CLARKE, 65 Great Charles St.

1 min from Snow-hill Station, Birmingham.



HAMLEY'S NOVELTIES.

HAMLEY'S LIST OF NOVELTIES.

Japanese Magic Flowers.—Very amusing. Drop a seed into a basin of water and it develops into a Flower.

Price 7d. per Packet. Post free.

Spirit Movers.—Place them under a oil or glass, &c., and it makes a move most startling.

Price 3d., post free, 4d.; and 9d., post free, 10d.

Magnetic Wonders.—An amusing toy for a boy; each box contains numerous experiments.

Price 1s., post free, 13s. Larger size, 2s., post free, 24s.

The Wonderful Complete Modeller. Each box contains a cake of modelling paste, moulds, knives, &c.

Price 1s.; post free, 14s.

Harmless Pistol, with arrow and target. Price 1s. post free, 14s.

Very Strong Iron Crane.—To wind up and down.

Price 1s., post free, 14s.

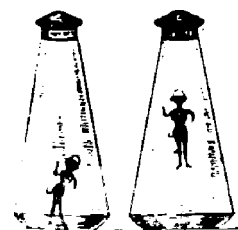
Boys' Printing Outfit.—Complete. 1s., post free, 14s.

Smaller sizes as above, 6d., post free, 9d.

Crystal Gazing Ball (Society's Craze). The Crystal Ball enables one to look into the future. It tells future events and things that are going to happen in one's life.

Price 26s. post free, 21s. With book complete, 29s. post free, 32s.

HAMLEY'S, 512 Oxford Street, W.



"ORO."

The Bottle Mystery.

A fascinating and scientific toy.

The most wonderful and mysterious toy ever put before the public.

Price 12s., post free, 18s.

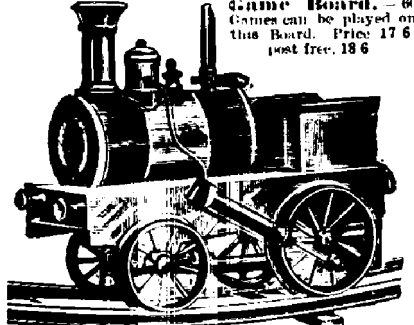
Send for Hamley's Catalogue of Toys & Novelties. Post Free.

Catalogue of Engines, &c.

Post Free, 1d.

The Do Luxe Crown Combination Game Board.

—60 Games can be played on this Board. Price 17/6 post free, 18/6



Splendid Working Steam Locomotive

Complete with Rails. Price 17/6, 22/6, 32/6

(Case and Carriage extra)

"CAPTAIN" Competition PRIZES

See page 472.



A SANDOW DEVELOPER

Value 12/6

is awarded as 2nd Prize in Competition

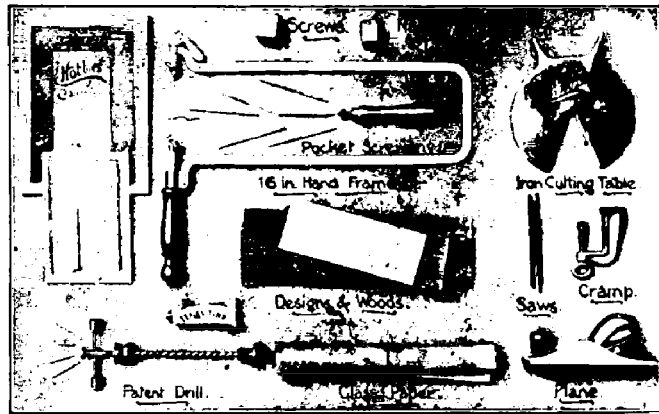
No. 1.



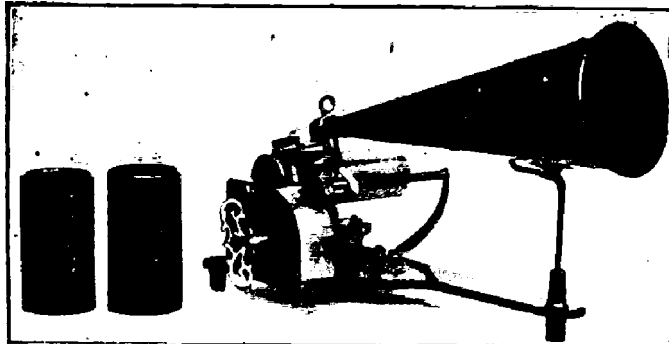
See Competition No. 1 if you want to win this Gradidge Football.

This Two-Cuinea "Coquet" Phonograph is awarded as 1st Prize in Competition No. 1. See page 472.

See our
PORTRAIT COMPETITION
if you want to win a
"SUNNY MEMORIES"
PHOTO ALBUM.



See Competition No. 5 if you want to win one of these Sets of "Hobbies" Fretwork Outfits, value 10 6.



See Competition No. 5 if you want to win one of these All-Cane Hockey Sticks, as supplied by Cook's Athletic Co.

This New Columbia Graphophone is awarded as Prize to the winner of "CHANCE OF NAME" Competition. See page 472.

See Competition No. 4 if you want one of these Hockey Sticks by The City Sale & Exchange.

H. GRADIDGE & SONS,

Manufacturers and Exporters of all articles used in FOOTBALL and HOCKEY.

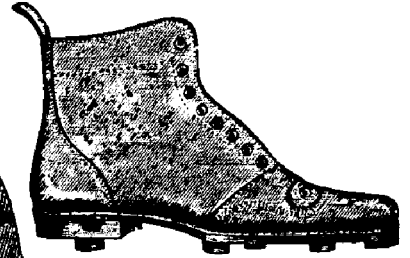
A very large assortment of all kinds of STICKS, BOOTS, SHIRTS, SHINGUARDS, BALLS, &c., &c.



Shirts from 2/3.

Shirts, any colour, stripes or halves, made to order.

PRICE LISTS AND QUOTATIONS
FREE ON APPLICATION.



All Chrome Boots, 8/6,
10/6, and 12/6.

ALL ORDERS
EXECUTED
WITH
UTMOST
DESPATCH.



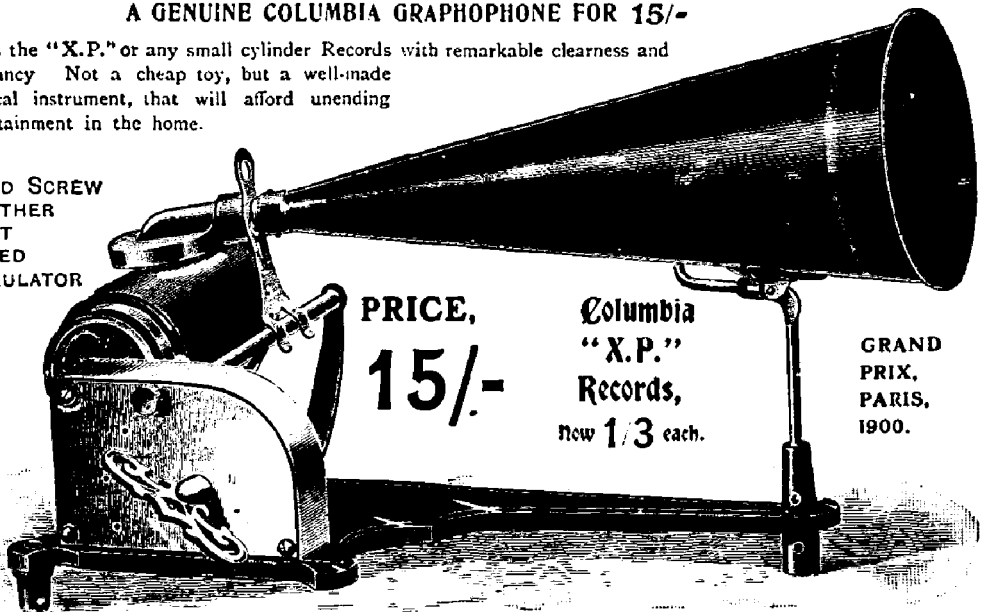
Factory:—Artillery Place, Woolwich, S.E.

New Columbia Graphophone.

A GENUINE COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE FOR 15/-

Plays the "X.P." or any small cylinder Records with remarkable clearness and brilliancy Not a cheap toy, but a well-made musical instrument, that will afford unending entertainment in the home.

HAS
FEED SCREW
LEATHER
BELT
SPEED
REGULATOR



PRICE,
15/-

Columbia
"X.P."
Records,
now 1/3 each.

GRAND
PRIX,
PARIS,
1900.

Write for Price Book 40 to

Don't send stamp if you mention this Advertisement.

COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH Co., Genl.,

89, GREAT EASTERN STREET, LONDON, E.C.

NEW YORK, PARIS, BERLIN, CHICAGO.

Retail Branch: 200 OXFORD STREET, W.

Technics: Introduction

THE word is not exactly a familiar one. At first sight some may think it is coined; but it has all the authority of the dictionary. Though not in general use, it is a word which is much wanted in every-day conversation. It means and implies everything connected with technical matters: so "Technics" shall be the name of this Magazine.

During the last six years the number of students attending Technical Institutions has risen to something like half a million, and is increasing daily. This large body of intelligent and industrious people has had no organ hitherto. "Technics" will endeavour to take that position. It will discuss all matters that are of interest to those attending Technical Institutions. It will be a medium of interchange of ideas between them. It will give a large amount of information useful to them in their work. Hitherto the students in one institution have not known what is going on in another, either in Great Britain, in Germany, America, or elsewhere. "Technics" will keep them informed.

If one Institution has any special method of instruction which it would be of interest to the members of the others to know, it will be given in "Technics." Where any institution has been particularly successful in some branch, the reasons for that success will be set forth. We desire that "Technics" shall become in every sense a useful guide and friend to students at Technical Institutions. We invite their co-operation in making it so and shall welcome their communications.

Some of the most eminent men connected with technical science have already promised their support, their advice, their co-operation. We hope that others, when they see our initial work, will come forward and help us to carry out our idea of making "Technics" useful and valuable to all those who are engaged in the various branches of technical study.

We shall publish articles on technical and scientific subjects, written by men who speak with knowledge, experience, and authority.

We shall give a large number of substantial money prizes to students and teachers.

We shall give a sum of £200 and a gold medal to the best student of the year, who will earn what we hope will become the coveted title of "Technics" prizeman.

We invite discussion and suggestions. Our first number has been compiled with a good deal of thought, and by the kindest assistance from some of the most eminent scientific men. Albeit, it has been compiled in a very short time. Possibly it does not carry out the high ideal we have set before us; but, by the co-operation which we now invite, we hope to be able to make it a valued companion to all those who are engaged in the study of Technics.

TECHNICS

The Magazine for Technical Students.

Devoted exclusively to matters of special interest to technical students. It aims at furthering the cause of Technical Education generally.

Questions relating to all branches of Technology will be fully discussed and illustrated.

"Technics" contains authentic information useful to students in their work and is the medium for the interchange of ideas between students attending Technical Institutions.

Now Ready. JANUARY. Ninepence Net.

Some of the Principal Contents:—

LORD KELVIN. A Biographical Sketch and full-page Portrait.

PROGRESS OF THE MONTH IN SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY.

SIR WM. DE W. ABNEY, K.C.B., D.Sc., F.R.S. On Technical Education.

METALLOGRAPHY, OR THE INTERNAL STRUCTURE OF METALS. Illustrated from Photo-micrographs. By A. H. HIGGS.

RADIUM. An Illustrated Article by EDWIN EDSEY, A.R.C.S.

SCHEMES OF TEXTILE DESIGN. By Prof. R. BEAUMONT, M.I.M.E. Fully Illustrated.

SIR WILLIAM WHITE, K.C.B., F.R.S. On Technical Education.

THE CONTINUOUS-CURRENT DYNAMO. By H. M. HOBART, M.I.E.E. Profusely Illustrated by Diagrams.

PRESENT-DAY MURAL DECORATION. By ARTHUR SEYMOUR JENNINGS.

CHARLOTTENBURG. The Berlin Technical High School. Illustrated from Photographs and Plans. By Prof. W. E. DALBY, M.A., M.I.C.E.

PROFESSOR WERTHEIMER. On Technical Education, and the maintenance of our Industrial and Commercial position.

RAPID CUTTING-STEEL. By Prof. J. T. NICOLSON.

THE MODERN ART OF DYEING. By REGINALD BROWN, F.C.S.

ON THE TRAINING OF CHAUFFEURS. By SIDNEY H. WELLS.

ON THE DIAGRAMMATIC ILLUSTRATION OF CLASS LECTURES. By WILFRED J. LINEHAM, M.I.C.E., M.I.E.E., M.I.M.E. Profusely Illustrated by the Author's Diagrams.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ON SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY, &c., &c., &c.

£200 and a GOLD MEDAL for the "Technics" Prizeman.

£100 IN PRIZES OFFERED IN THIS ISSUE.

GEORGE NEWNES, Ltd., 5-12 Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.

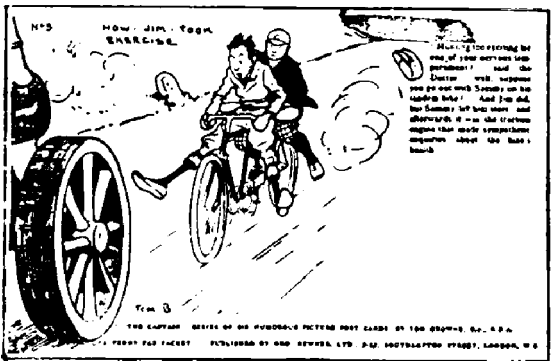
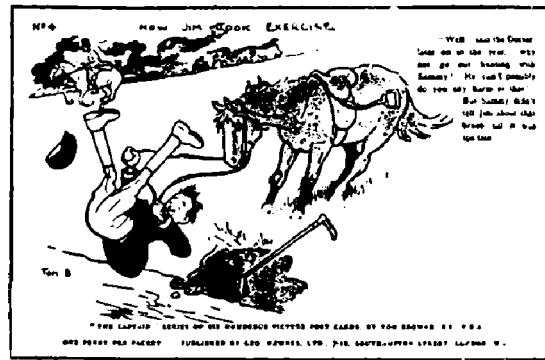
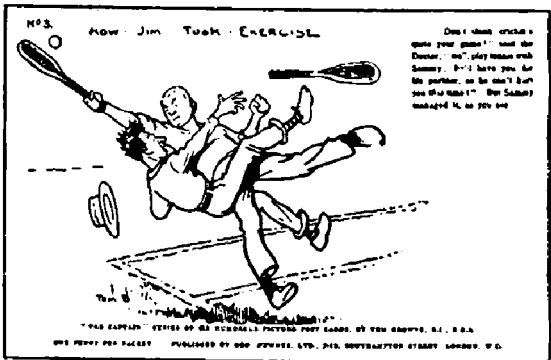
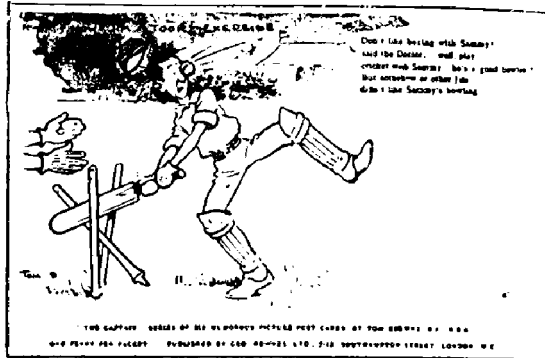
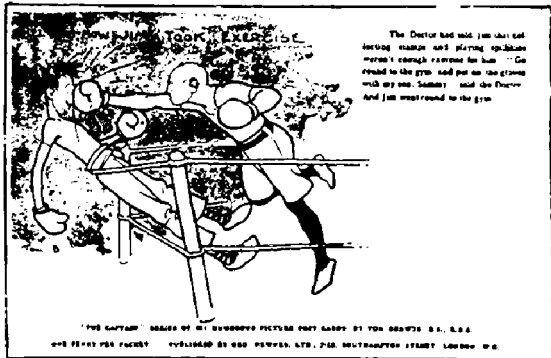
TECHNICS

"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 BOYS' HANDY BOOK BY D. C. BEARD

GEORGE NEWNES LIMITED

NEWNES' LIBRARY OF RECREATIONS.

A Series of Books of useful and delightful amusements for Girls and Boys. Profusely Illustrated. Square crown 8vo, cloth gilt extra, gilt edges, 6s. net each.

- WHAT A GIRL CAN MAKE AND DO. By LINA BEARD and ADELIA B. BEARD.
- THE GIRL'S HANDY BOOK. By LINA BEARD and ADELIA B. BEARD.
- THE BOY'S HANDY BOOK. By D. C. BEARD.
- THE JACK OF ALL TRADES. By D. C. BEARD.

* * The above series, it is hoped by the publishers, will become the Standard Encyclopaedias of Useful Crafts and Recreations for British Boys and Girls, from the number of illustrations no less than the popular style in which the books are written.

GEORGE NEWNES, Ltd.,
3 to 12 Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.

The 'BROWN' MOTOR BICYCLE.

The 1904 Model has more genuine improvements than all the others. It is still the simplest and handsomest; whilst for reliability, strength and power, it is absolutely unequalled. No matter what make of motor bicycle is your ideal, you should consider the "BROWN" before finally deciding. Full particulars on application. Easy payments arranged.

Our Comprehensive Motor Catalogue will be sent to readers of the "Captain" on receipt of request.

Please address "Dept. N."

2 h.p. £35

Automatic Inlet Valve and Triple Head.

2½ h.p. £38

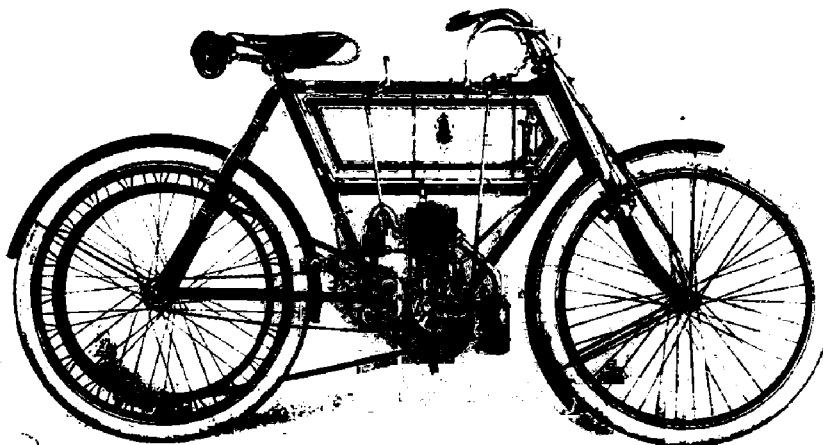
Automatic Inlet Valve and Triple Head.

2¾ h.p. £42

M.O.V., Triple Head, and Girder Forks.

3½ h.p. £48

M.O.V., Triple Head, and Girder Forks.



BROWN BROTHERS, Ltd., Gt. Eastern Street, LONDON, E.C.

The Universal Providers of the Motor World.

SANDOW'S OWN COMBINED DEVELOPER.

PHYSICAL CULTURE AT HOME.

This is one of the best Athletic Outfits a boy can possess.

Why ? ?

Because it will afford him infinite pleasure, amusement, and benefit for years to come.

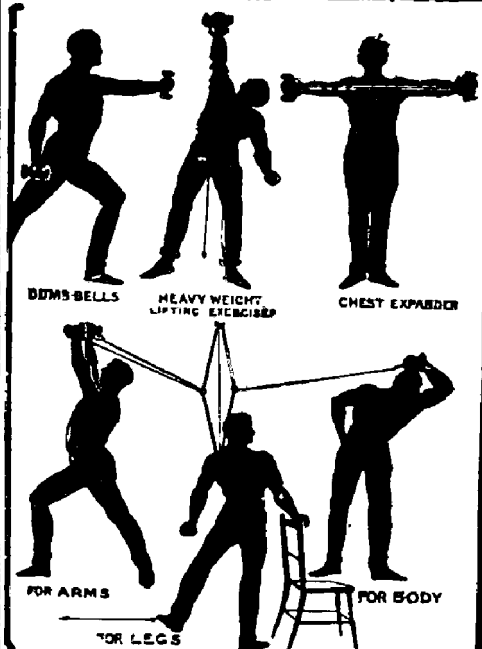
Man, Boy, or Girl can use the same developer.

Price 12/6

OBTAINABLE at all USUAL SHOPS & STORES, or DIRECT from :—

SANDOW'S,

17 & 18 BASINGHALL STREET, LONDON, E.C.



HOW TO USE IT.



W. J. BASSETT-LOWKE & Co.
NORTHAMPTON.

STILL AHEAD

in the manufacture of all that appertains to Model Engines. We would especially draw your attention to our Model Steam Metropolitan Fire Engine, which is one of the most novel introductions of the season. Write for Catalogue A, which will give you all information, post free, 4d.

MODEL SIGNALS.

These are complete in every detail, and are the only **Real** Model Signal parts obtainable. All parts are finished ready for putting up, and are made of non-corrosive metal.

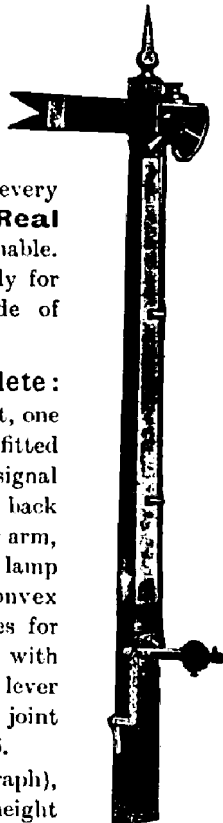
One Set of Parts complete:

One finial or cap for post, one arm, one spectacle, fitted with correct colour signal glass, one front and one back bracket, and spindle for arm, one back shade, one lamp fitted with a plano-convex ground lens, four guides for working-rod, one lever with adjustable weight, one lever bracket, and one crank joint and bracket. Price 5/6.

Finished Signal (as photograph), home or distant, post any height up to 3 feet. Price 12/6.

Our List contains everything for laying a complete Model Railway System.

W. J. BASSETT-LOWKE & CO.,
CENTRAL WORKS. NORTHAMPTON.



Bought or Exchanged:—

**OLD BOOKS,
OLD PICTURES,
OLD PRINTS.**

Send particulars to **WRIGHT & CO.,**
2, AMEN CORNER, E.C., for Best Prices.

Rules of all Indoor and Outdoor Games, 2d.

FOOTBALL RULES, with instructions to Players, Referees, &c., Post Free, 2 1/2d.



PENNA

ELASTIC RUBBER HEELS.



DON'T SLIP OR SPLASH. ARE UP-TO-DATE. Being the PIONEER, and the best made on purely Hygienic principles to relieve the NERVOUS SYSTEM. No rotary movement to retard progress, STRAIN or TURN the ANKLE. Will outwear several leather heels and save the soles from friction and wear. The most ECONOMY and COMFORT. BEWARE OF CLUMSY IMITATION. Ask your shoemaker for PENNA HEELS and see PENNA on each heel. Ladies, 9d.; Men's, 1/3 per pair. Write for pamphlet. - Howison, 4 Snow Hill, London.

BRITAIN'S BEST BOY'S

7/6
POST FREE.

NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

IS manufactured by the most up-to-date firm of Watch Manufacturers in the World, with a world-wide reputation for good workmanship, and is only produced at the price by perfect organisation, the employment of a huge capital, and the use of the most magnificent automatic machinery. It is not a toy, but a strong, reliable timekeeper, goes 30 hours with once winding, is keyless short-wind, stem-set hands, has hard enamel dial, with seconds, and an accurate horizontal escapement, the movement being fitted into a practically

dust-proof highly polished nickel case. Send a P.O. 7/6 to the **SWIFT WATCH CO., Coventry,** who will then send a "Britain's Best Boy's Watch," registered post free, at their own risk, to any address in the United Kingdom. Money willingly refunded if not satisfactory.

7/6

POST FREE.

THE SWIFT WATCH CO., COVENTRY.

PICTURE POSTCARD EXCHANGE.

For 6d. Postal Order we send names and addresses of 25 persons willing to exchange postcards with you.

**INTERNATIONAL
PICTURE POSTCARD EXCHANGE AGENCY,
KING'S HEATH, BIRMINGHAM.**

50 1d. Picture Post Cards 1/6
Printed in art colors on thick card, delightful variety. Stock limited. Write at once. Money back if not satisfied.

Nevill Novelty Co., 26 Mill Road, Eastbourne, N



A Magazine for Boys and "Old Boys."

C. B. Fry.
Athletic Editor.

(With which is Incorporated the "Public School Magazine.")

The Old Fag.
Editor.

Contents for February, 1904.

PAGE

"DON'T BE ASHAMED OF GIVING ONLY A HALF PENNY" ...	<i>Back of Frontispiece</i>	
"THE DAKOTA AND THE CREE SOUGHT EACH TO TAKE AN ADVANTAGE" ...	<i>Frontispiece</i>	
ACROSS THE WILDERNESS. (CHAPS. XXII.-XXVIII.) ...	FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS	389
Illustrated by E. F. SKINNER.		
BLUNDELL'S SCHOOL ...		409
With Illustrations from Photographs.		
VENGEANCE AND FERROTT ...	STUART WISHING	415
Illustrated by GORDON BROWNE, R.I.		
"THE CAPTAIN" PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERY ...		420
A RED, RED ROSE. (A HUNTING STORY) ...	M. HARVEY	422
Illustrated by REX OSBORNE.		
MODELS AND MODEL MAKING. (PART II.) ...	ARCHIBALD WILLIAMS	427
Illustrated with Diagrams by the Author.		

The Most Accurate Movements Made.

WALTHAM WATCHES.

12,000,000 are now in Daily Use.

The Waltham Watches are recognised by experts to be the most accurate timekeepers made. A Waltham Watch is the best in every part, and Jewellers have come to recognise them as standard timekeepers. Waltham Watches are made in several grades, and the aim is to give sterling value and exact timekeeping qualities in each. Jewellers and Watchmakers show the Waltham Watch.

Booklet No. 32 is all about Waltham Watches, post free.

ROBBINS & APPLETON (Wholesale only to the Trade),
25 High Holborn, London, W.C.

FOR BUSINESS or HOME WRITING

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

is the best pen, best in every pen merit. It will help you in every way. It writes easily, never blots or spurts, does not require constant dipping, and is easy to fill and keep in going order.

It is the **Writer's Pen, The Worker's Pen, and the Best Pen.**

OF STATIONERS, JEWELLERS, Etc., From 10 6.

In SILVER and GOLD for Presentation.
Dainty Illustrated Brochure on this Pen, post free, from

L. & C. HARDTMUTH, LONDON, E.C.

Contents—continued.

HOW NUMBER FOUR WAS SAVED... Illustrated by MARVIN WILCOX.	A. I. SHANE	434
THE ATHLETIC CORNER. (INSIDE A TEST MATCH.)	C. B. FRY	443
ADDINGTON'S FATHER ... Illustrated by ALFRED PEARSE.	SCOTT GRAHAM	447
THE STAMP COLLECTOR. (ALSACE AND LORRAINE.) With Illustrations of New Issues.	E. J. NANKIVELL	452
THE GOLD BAT. (CHAPS. XVII.-XX.) Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.	P. G. WODEHOUSE	456
CYCLING CORNER. (CYCLING AS A SPORT.)		467
THE NATURALISTS' CORNER With Illustrations.	EDWARD STEF, F.L.S.	469
"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR FEBRUARY		472
"CAPTAIN" CLUB CONTRIBUTIONS		473
"THE CATAPULT" Drawn by W. G. SIMMONDS.		477
"THE OLD FAG." (EDITORIAL.)		478
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS		480
RESULTS OF DECEMBER COMPETITIONS		481

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., VIII., and IX. 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, 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.

BOYS! See that you get a "Coquet" Phonograph.

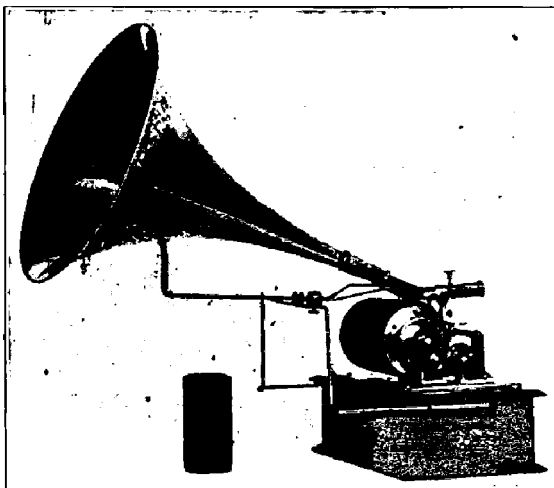
This is the Machine
that gives the . . .

SONGS . .

BAND EFFECTS . .

COMIC STORIES, &c.,

Without that Jarring,
Scraping Noise . .
which always lets
you know you . .
are listening to a
Machine, and not
the real thing . .



Price £2 2s., which
includes :

ONE HORN No. 441.
ONE PATHÉ REPRO-
DUCER,
ONE PATHÉ RECORDER
ONE INTERMEDIATE
MANDREL
ONE "ORPHEUS"
ATTACHMENT.

This Model runs two
Cylinders at one Winding.

MUSIC is what we give you

SCIENCE can go no further

Before choosing a Phonograph be sure you hear what the "Coquet" can do, and you will buy no other. And the records, too, there is a splendid selection from which to make a choice. Just glance at this abbreviated list.

MESDAMES KIRKBY LUNN, ADA REEVE, HILDA MOODY; MESSRS. BEN DAVIES, ANDREW BLACK, THE MEISTER GLEE SINGERS; the BAND OF H.M. GRENADIER GUARDS; and the GARDE REPUBLICAINE, PARIS; MESSRS. R. G. KNOWLES, HARRY LAUDER, HARRY FORD, BURT SHEPARD, &c., &c., &c.

The "Coquet" and our artistic records can be obtained of the principal Music and Talking Machine dealers throughout the United Kingdom; if any difficulty, write direct to

PATHÉ FRÈRES (LONDON), Ltd.,

Manufacturers of the "PERFECTA" Phonographs, and Cinematographs, &c.,

14, 16, 18 LAMB'S CONDUIT STREET, HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

City Sale & Exchange

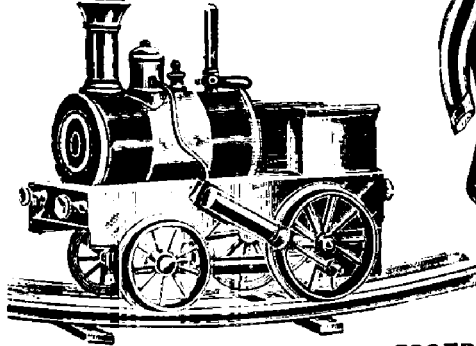
FOOTBALLS.



- The Rival (Match Size) 4/3
- " Ludgate " " 5/6
- " Farringdon " " 6/6
- " Practice " " 7/6
- " Exchange " " 8/6
- " Salex " " 9/6
- " Fleet " " 10/6
- " Rival (No. 2) 2/6
- " " (No. 3) 3/-
- " Ludgate (No. 3) 3/9
- " Farringdon (No. 3) 4/6

Postage 4d. under 10/-.
COMPLETE WITH BEST RED RUBBER BLADDERS.

STEAM LOCOMOTIVE.



All Brass, Copper Guards, Water Gauge, Safety Valve, Whistle, as illustration. Length over all, 7 1/2 in., complete with 12 1/2 ft. of Circular Rails, 9/6.
Ditto, 9 1/2 in., ditto, 15 ft. ditto, 13/9.
Ditto, with Tender, 17 1/2 in. ditto, 22 ft. ditto, 21/6. Post Free.

Full Illustrated List Post Free
Mention "The Captain."



FOOTBALL SHIRTS.

Flannelette, any Colours, Plain, Stripes, or Halves, 1/10
Superior do., 2/6.
Postage 3d.

FOOTBALL KNICKERS.

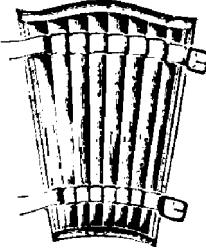
Navy Blue, or White Swansdown, 1/4, 1/11, 2/11 per pair. Postage 3d.
Special Reduction for Dozens of Football Shirts and Knickers.

FOOTBALL BOOTS.



Per pair.
Stout Russet Hide (Boys) 4/11
Ditto (Men's) 5/11
Superior Quality 7/11
Scotch Chrome 8/6, 10/6
Postage 6d.

FOOTBALL SHIN GUARDS



9 1/2 d., 1/-, 1/6, 2/3, & 3/6 per pair. Postage 3d.

90, 91, 93, & 94
FLEET ST., LONDON, E.C.

3 6 POST FREE.

For SHOT, DARTS, or SLUGS

(Part Barrel only.)



A GENUINE 'PRINCE' Air Gun

By far the best of its class.
Darts, 6d. per doz. Targets, 1s.
Lee-Melford Air Rifles, 17 6 Post Free.
(Exact Pattern and Action)

THE NOAH'S ARK EMPORIUM, DERBY.

SPECIAL 1904 MODELS.
A RELIABLE CYCLE sent on APPROVAL



REFLEX CLIPPER TYRES.
BOWDEN BRAKE.

HIDE BALL BEARING FREE WHEEL. Brompton's Chain.

Plated Hollow Rims, Middlemoor Saddle, Front Rim Brake, Mudguards, &c. &c.
Send for Sample on Approval.

SOUND BARGAINS. FULLY GUARANTEED.
LADIES' CYCLES, 7 8 extra. £6 6 0
THE NATIONAL CYCLE CO., CROWLE.
Compare with any £10 10 0 Machine.

ACTON'S FEUD

By F. SWAINSON.

With 12 Illustrations by T. M. R. WHITWELL.

Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt edges, 3s. 6d.

"It is so seldom that we come across a really good story of public school life, that it is a particular pleasure to be able to give unstinted praise to 'Acton's Feud.'" — *Bookman*.

GEORGE NEWNES, Ltd., Strand, London, W.C.

The newest Indoor Game,
only perfected this month.

"CHUCK-CHUCK"

Price 2/6; 5/-; 7/6.

For further particulars of
this and other New Games,
send Postcard to:—

COOK'S ATHLETIC CO.,
BARBICAN COURT, LONDON.





Mr. GEO. E. CLARK,
 Founder and Principal of Clark's College

CHOOSE A CAREER

FOR YOUR

Sons and
Daughters

IN THE

CIVIL SERVICE

OR IN THE

BUSINESS WORLD.



Youths and Young Ladies specially trained
 from the age of 13.

CLARK'S COLLEGE

occupies absolutely and indisputably the premier
 position among all similar Training Colleges.

13,000 STUDENTS

have received appointments
 through its specialised training.

THIS IS THE BEST TIME TO ENROL

FOR NEW TERMS IN ALL SECTIONS.

CALL OR WRITE.

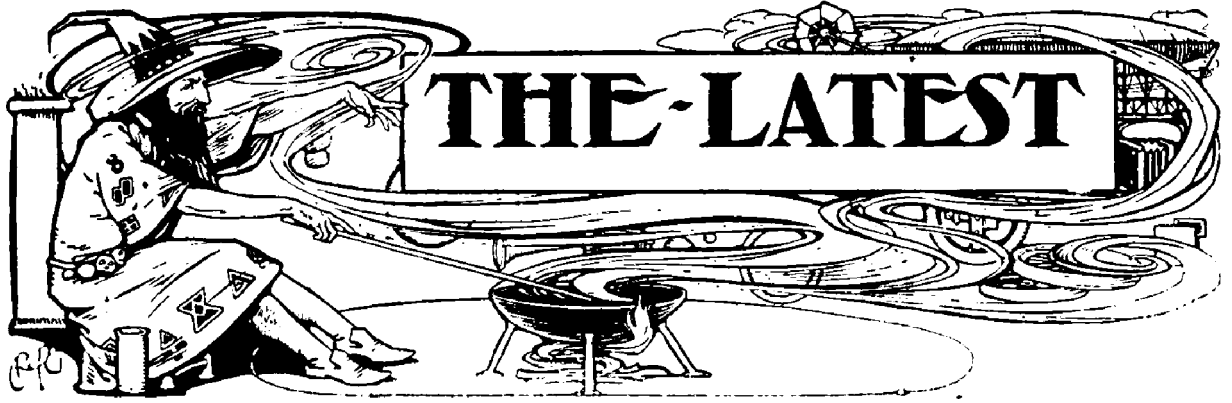
Prospectus Free.

*Children under 13 received into our
 High School for Boys and High
 School for Girls, preparatory for
 specialised training.*

CLARK'S COLLEGE

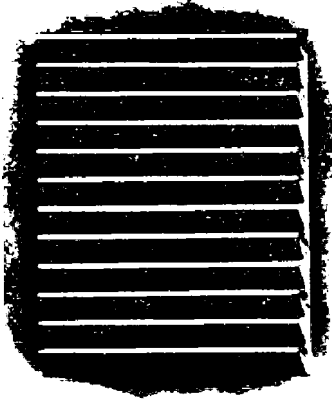
1, 2, & 3 CHANCERY LANE, W.C.

To face back of Front.



Prismatic Rolled Glass.

It will be news to many readers to hear that the effective lighting of a schoolroom, playroom, or workshop depends not only on the number of windows, but also to a large extent on the nature of the glass used. In their Prismatic Rolled Glass, Messrs. Pilkington Bros., the well-known glass manufacturers of St. Helens, Lancashire, on the principles of the prism concentrate, so to speak, many rays of light into a small space. The improvement to be effected by the use of this glass is strikingly illustrated by the two photographs at the foot of this page, showing the same store-room when lighted by ordinary glass and when lighted by "Prismatic Rolled Glass."



PRISMATIC GLASS.

The Chamberlain Game of Chess.

Something quite novel in the way of chessmen has recently been brought out by Messrs. Fraenkel Bros., of Houndsditch, London. One

set of chessmen is carved to represent the free-traders, the Duke of Devonshire, Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman, and so forth, whilst the others represent Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Balfour, &c.

Postcards for Numismatists.

The very latest in pictorial postcards is the series which the Photochrome Company, of 35 and 36 Hosier Lane, Snow Hill, E.C., have just sent to us. The series deals with old coins of almost every description, dating so far back as 100 B.C. These cards ought to be of interest to all readers who collect coins.

A Chain-Making Machine.

We have all heard of the wonderful machine, located somewhere in Chicago, which, fed with pigs at one end, turns out a string of sausages at the other. The machine shown on the next page is somewhat of the same genesis as that ingenious contrivance which, we have a suspicion, really exists only in

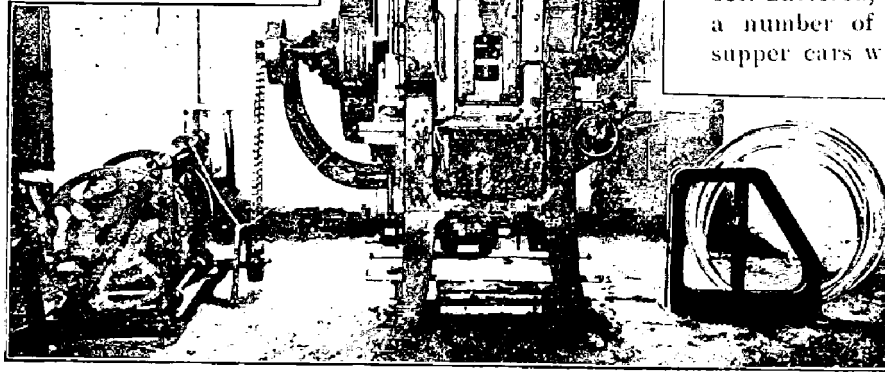


ROOM LIGHTED WITH ORDINARY GLASS.



THE SAME ROOM LIGHTED WITH PRISMATIC GLASS.

the fertile imagination of some American pork butcher; but it is no less wonderful. In fact, existing engineering definitions have not been found adequate to describe it. In untechnical language this mechanical chain maker, manufactured by the Locke Steel Chain Company, Limited, produces a steel sprocket-chain from an endless rib-



THE WONDERFUL CHAIN-MAKING MACHINE.

bon of steel. The upper portion of the machine looks very much like a steam hammer. Both this and the anvil move in unison, and easily accomplish the cutting and linking. The coil is then tempered by being passed through a tank of hot oil. In the ordinary way the manufacture of a belt-chain from malleable cast iron involves seventeen mechanical processes, and the labour of five or six men. This machine, whilst requiring only one man to watch it, can turn out 2,000 feet of chain a day.

Shelter for Outsiders.

It is invariably more interesting to ride outside than inside a tramcar, but our variable climate often makes inside seats much sought after, and in really bad weather reduces the carrying capacity of a car to just half its normal amount. The Ilford Town Council, to remedy this state of affairs, have adopted in their latest tramcars a design whereby there are no longer any outside passengers in the old sense of the word, the upstairs seats being as weather-proof as those down below.

A Motor Car Train.

In Paris, considerable interest has recently centred in a motor car train, the invention of Colonel Renard. Long distances have been successfully and quickly covered by

this "road train," which consists of a series of motor cars coupled together, but so arranged that all of them are steered and controlled by the man in charge of the foremost car.

Supper-Cars for London Streets.

This latest novelty is intended for the special benefit of those who are latest to bed. The movable coffee stalls which at present take up their positions in different parts of London in the small hours should feel flattered, because they are soon to have a number of elaborate imitators. These supper cars will be under the management of the American Quick Lunch Syndicate, and the first one will be situated not far from Charing Cross.

A Great Bridge.

The new Williamsburg Bridge, which spans the East River from Brooklyn to New York, is the finest suspension bridge in the world. It cost £2,000,000, and took seven years to build. The total length of the bridge is 7,200ft., and, from centre to centre of towers, 1,600 ft., compared with 1,595ft. in the case of the Brooklyn Bridge.



TRAMCAR WITH COVERED TOP.

ROYAL "MADE LIKE
A GUN"
ENFIELD
JUVENILES
£6 : 15 : 0
The Enfield Art. Booklet is **Free** of all our
Agents, or **Direct**.
The **ENFIELD CYCLE Co., Ltd.** (Dept. 13),
REDDITCH.

DENNISON'S
The City House for
WALTHAM
WATCHES
6 Cheapside, London, E.C.

Why
do many
of the
world's greatest
athletes use
BOVRIL
?

BIRD'S
CUSTARD
POWDER

BIRD'S CUSTARD
is the ONE THING NEEDED
with all Stewed, Tinned,
or Bottled Fruits. It
enhances their flavour
and imparts to them a
grateful mellowness.

Completely supersedes the use of Eggs in the
preparation of High-Class Custard — Greatly
increases the popularity of all Sweet Dishes—The
unfailing resource of every successful Hostess.

RICH IN NUTRIMENT—DELICATE IN FLAVOUR.
NO EGGS! NO RISK! NO TROUBLE!

Continued from December, 1902, issue.—

MOON, Guy L., Oswestry, Bridge Road, Worthing.
MORGAN, Richard, Meikleour, R.S.O., Porthshire, N.B.
MORRIS, Cecil, Caxton House, Corwen, N. Wales.
MORTON, A. E., Broom Lodge, Kilmaleshin, N.B.
MORTON, William Douglas, Fairview, Wigginton, Tamworth.
MORTON, Gilbert Douglas, Fairview, Wigginton, Tamworth.
MOSS, H. G., Montorio, Park Hill Rise, Croydon.
MOSSE, Ewen F. C., 7 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.
MULLER, H., Polytechnic, 309 Regent Street, W.
MULLER, P. J., Leonard House, Green Lanes, N.
MULLETT, Elsie G., 208 Abbey Road, Alexandra Villa, Barrow-in-Furness.
MURPHY, A. V., 7 Lowndes Square S.W.
MURRAY, R. M., Devonshire House, Humber Road, Westcombe Park, S.E.
MURRAY, T. A., 51 Sackville Gardens, Hove.
MURRAY, Val., 11 Manor Road, Sidecup.
MURRAY-MORGAN, E. M., 8 Merridale Lane, Compton Road, Wolverhampton.

N

NEALE, C. H., 34 Kempton Road, Wavertree, Liverpool.
NELSON, J. P., 14 Sefton Road, Walton, Liverpool.
NEWCOMEN, Thomas Guy, Sunny Bank, Coleford, Glos.
NEWELL, H. W., 35 Plymouth Avenue, Manchester.
NEWMAN, James S., 4 Market Street, Saffron Walden, Essex.
NEWNHAMLATT, R., Upādhi, Beacon Road, Heme Bay.
NEWSOME, A., Woodland Villa, Batley, Yorks.
NEWTON, G. W., 45 Victoria Avenue, Whitley Bay, Northumberland.
NEWTON, W. D., 97 Rye Lane, Peckham, S.E.
NOBLE, D., 19 Railway Street, Altrincham.
NORTH, Wm., Jnr., 45 Wellington Street, Batley, Yorks

O

OKOSKI, Teizo, c/o W. Bancroft, Esq., 2 Blenheim Road, Bedford Park, W.
OLDERSHAW, C., Jnr., 78 Granby Street, Leicester.
OLIVER, A. E., Trimmor, Hanbury Road, Pontnewynydd.
OMBLER, Ed. H., 60 Cromwell Street, Stretford, near Manchester.
OMEROD, Alfred, Sandywood, Pendlebury, near Manchester.
OSBORNE, G., 9 Hayercroft Road, Brixton Hill, S.W.
OWEN, E., 24 Disraeli Road, Ealing, W.
OWEN, H., Little Grimsby Hall, Louth, Lincolnshire.
OWEN, H. Lanyon, 4 Cromwell Houses, Southsea, Hants.
OXLEY, Cameron G. R., 12 York Avenue, Seacombe, Cheshire.

P

PAGE, Charles T. H., 32 Farleigh Road, Stoke Newington, N.
PAGG, James Herbert, 9 Lansdowne Street, Southsea.
PAISLEY, Tom, East Mause, Brechin, N.B.
PALMER, C., 16 Elm-bourne Road, Tooting Common, S.W.
PALMER, W. G., 122 Hawksley Road, Stoke Newington, N.
PANTON, S. F., 50 Woodvale, Forest Hill, S.E.
PARISH, C. W., Sellarsbrook, Monmouth.
PARKER, George E., 29 Hastings Road, Southend-on-Sea.
PARKINSON, C., 312 Woolwich Road, Charlton, S.E.
PARR, G. J., 39 Princes Avenue, Muswell Hill, N.
PARSONS, Albert, 315 Anhurst Road, Stoke Newington, N.
PARTON, Neville Lloyd, 30 Riches Street, Wolverhampton.
PASS, Jas. H., 226 Abbey Road, Barrow-in-Furness.
PATERSON, Archibald, Post Office, Lockerbie, N.B.
PATERSON, William, 28 Comely Bank Place, Edinburgh.
PATERSON, William Jas., 8 Sardinia Terrace, Hillhead, Glasgow.
PATTERSON, J. D., 31 Alfred Street, Harpurhey, Manchester.
PAYNE, Harry, 14 Dryden Street, Nottingham.
PEACH, Bridgford, Westhorpe, Rowley Park, Stafford.
PEARCE, J. V., Hand-in-Hand Buildings, Georgetown, British Guiana.
PEARCE, W. G. H., 48 Kew Road, Richmond, Surrey.
PEARSON, Arthur C., 5 Claremont Road, St. Margaret's, Twickenham.
PEARSON, E. A., 53 Waldeck Avenue, Bedford.
PEED, Percy, 121 Norwood Road, S.E.
PEEL, Herbert, 22 Nicholas Street, Burnley.
PEEL, P., St. Andrew's Road, Bedford.
PELLOW, F. G., Kingston Road, Oxford.
PENFOLD, A. W., 54 Exeter Street, Brighton.
PENTONY, Thorold H., 42 Queen's Avenue, Muswell Hill, N.
PERROTT, Maurice S., Pirie Street, Adelaide, South Australia.
PERRY, Bert., 13 Trefoil Road, West Side, Wandsworth Common, S.W.
PETTER, R. Seymour, Green Hill, Sherborne, Dorset.
PHILLIPS, Tom, The Vicarage, Pembroke Dock.
PITT, Samuel R., 8 Minto Street, Edinburgh.
PITTAWAY, Thomas, Haden Hill, Old Hill, near Dudley.
PLOWDEN, Phillip, 33 Warwick Square, South Belgravia, S.W.
POCOCK, George C., Stoneleigh, Streatham Place, Streatham Hill, S.W.
PONTER, H., Kingsholme, Weston-super-Mare.
POPE, P. G., c/o J. Collins, Esq., 1 Hillmorton Road, Rugby.
POPE, W., 81 Queen Elizabeth's Walk, Stoke Newington, N.
POTTER, E., 6 Endelsham Road, Balham, S.W.
POTTER, E. S., 6 Endelsham Road, Balham, S.W.

POWELL, R. A., 28 Stafford Terrace, Kensington, W.
POWELL, Reginald Victor, Mountside, Redland Court Road, Redland, Bristol.
POWELL, W. E., c/o D. Henderson & Co., Kingston, Jamaica, B.W.I.
PRICE, Edgar J. M., 255 Stanstead Road, Forest Hill, S.E.
PRICE, H. A. F., 10 Queen Street, Margate.
PRICHARD, R., c/o Wilson, Sons & Co., Ltd., Casilla Correo 115, Rosario, Argentine Republic, South America.
PRICKETT, Charles, 17 Gresley Road, Hornsey Lane, N.
PRITCHARD, Jason H., 3 St. Nicholas Terrace, Wincheap, Canterbury.
PRITCHARD, J. T., Delamere, Penbury Road, Barbourne, Worcester.
PROBERT, C. H., Grove House, Trentham Road, Longton, Staffs.
PROCTER, Arthur, Boston Spa, Yorkshire.
PROUDFOOT, Harold, Mountsorrel, near Loughborough.
PRYKE, W. M., The Vicarage, Ottery St. Mary.
PURCELL, R. G., A.C.'s Quarters, Brompton Barracks, Chatham.
PURNELL, A. J., 5 The Walk, Cardiff.
PYCROFT, W. C., Cumbergate, Peterborough.

Q

QUIRK, N. D., 9 Gains Road, Southsea

R

RADCLIFFE, H. W. V., 11 Castle Street, High Wycombe.
RAINEY, Ierne, 6 Albany Terrace, St. Ives, Cornwall.
RAINEY, JANIE A. C., Newton Mause, Ayr, N.B.
RAITT, C., 1 Frant Road, Tunbridge Wells.
RAVEN-HART, R., The Vicarage, Snath, R.S.O., Yorks.
RAWLINSON, J. H., 161 Stanley Road, Bootle, Liverpool.
RAYNER, J. L., Sevenoaks School, Kent.
READ, R. G., La Martiniere College, Lucknow, India.
REDDY, DAISY M., 21 Waterloo Road, Dublin.
REDFORD, H., Seacot, Penarth, Glam.
REED, L., 29 Bastione Sta. Barbara, Valetta, Malta.
REES, Fred A., 119 Gorse Lane, Swansea.
REEVES, F. T., 48 Whitbread Road, Brockley, S.E.
REGAN, Crawford H., 97 Cotham Brow, Redland, Bristol.
REID, R. Wanlock, The Grange, Alba, Scotland.
REINMANN, C. L., 8 Bank Buildings, Hastings.
REMON, John, 1 New Street, Westminster, S.W.
RENWICK, Herbert, Moss Lane, Farington, Preston.
RENWICK, W., 2 Bagdale, Whithy.
REYNOLDS, H. E., 1 Leonard Street, Burslem, Staffs.
REYNOLDS, Tom, Brynteg, Aberdare.
RICARDS, Les., 15 Deerbrook Road, Tulsa Hill, S.E.
RICE, Edward J., 63 Grosvenor Road, Ilford.

RALEIGH'S

PROOF POSITIVE.

TWO MORE MEMBERS of the C.T.C. testify in the Dec. "Gazette" to their pleasure in the use of the

Speed 3 Gear

(STURMEY & ARCHER'S PATENT.)

"As to the gear itself, after a little experimental moving of the change fitting to and fro on the handle-bar, it works perfectly, and gives not the slightest trouble in changing. I find the change of gears very useful, and a great help up-hill or against a wind, if one is content to go slow on the low gear, and I should not care to be without it now." No. 3107.

"I can say that anyone getting this gear through the Raleigh Co. will find a new delight in cycling." W. H. M. (2284).

The 3-Speed Gear may be tried on application to the principal Raleigh Agents, or our Depots: 41, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.; 5, Leinster St., Dublin; 45 to 49, Berry St., Liverpool; Deansgate Arcade, Manchester; Leonard's Buildings, 83, Queen's Rd., Bristol; 6, London Rd., Leicester; King St., Nottingham.

SEE 1904 CATALOGUE FREE, for particulars of RALEIGH SPECIALITIES.

DUNLOP TYRES & BROOKS' SADDLES on all Models.

ROMAN NON-RUSTING RIMS.

RALEIGH CATALOGUES post free from The Raleigh Cycle Co., Ltd., Lenton, Nottingham.

THE 3-SPEED GEAR CAN BE FITTED to all makes of Cycles. For particulars apply to The 3 Speed Gear Syndicate, Lenton, Nottingham.

Mention "CAPTAIN."

"SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN

Make your Secretary's work easier by presenting a SWAN FOUNTAIN PEN.

One filling lasts for days; one Pen a lifetime.

10/6, 16/6, 25/- to £20,

Post Free.

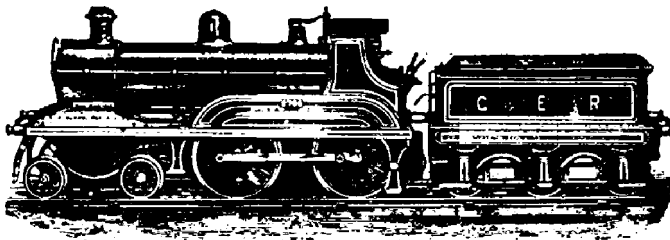
Catalogue Free.



Mabie, Todd & Bard, 93, Cheapside, E.C. 95a, Regent Street, London, W. 3, Exchange Street, Manchester. 41 BRENTANO'S, 30, AVENUE DE L'OPERA, PARIS

Established 1789.

WORKING MODEL STEAM ENGINES.



SPLENDID MODELS OF BRITISH ENGINES, with Tender complete. L. & N.W. Ry., G.N. Ry., L. & S.W. Ry., C. Ry., G.E. Ry., M. Ry., N.E. Ry., &c. Scale Models, correctly Lined and Lettered in colours of railway company they represent. Tested under steam. Guaranteed.

Gauge 0.	Length 14 in.	14/6	With 12 ft. Oval Railroad	17/6	Carriage free.
" I.	16 1/2 in.	27/6	" 16 ft.	33/-	"
" II.	22 in.	57/6	" 24 ft.	63/-	"
" III.	25 in.	70/6	" 30 ft.	80/-	"
" IV.	28 in.	90/6	" 36 ft.	100/-	"

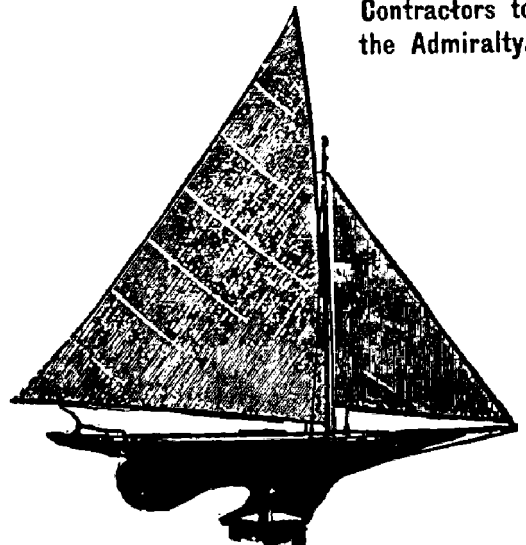
Write to-day for our Complete Illustrated List of above and all kinds of Engines, Fittings, Castings, Yacht, Ships Fittings, Steering Gear, Dynamos, Motors, Collis, Electric Light Fittings, and all the latest Scientific Novelties; contains over 600 splendid Engravings. Post free 6d.

CLYDE MODEL DOCKYARD AND ENGINE DEPOT,

Model Yacht Builders, Engineers, and Electricians,

ARGYLL ARCADE,

Contractors to the Admiralty.



OUR FAMED CLYDE-BUILT MODEL RACING YACHTS are now too well known to require description. Each one Tested in water under full sail and guaranteed.

No. 1.	Length of Deck 16 in.	7/6	Carriage free.
" 2.	" 18 in.	9/9	"
" 3.	" 20 in.	11/6	"
" 4.	" 21 in.	14/-	"
" 5.	" 22 in.	16/-	"
" 6.	" 23 in.	18/6	"
" 7.	" 24 in.	22/6	"

No. 1. is Bermuda rig, the others Cutter rig; and Nos. 4, 5, 6, and 7 have flying jib extra.

GLASGOW, N.B.

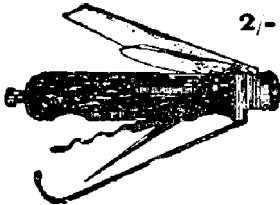
JOHN PIGGOTT, LTD. 117 & 118 CHEAPSIDE & MILK ST., LONDON, E.C.

SEND FOR LARGE ILLUSTRATED LIST, SENT POST FREE.

[Dept. J.]

INSTRUCTIVE AND AMUSING ARTICLES FOR WINTER EVENINGS.

THE "J.P." BOY'S POCKET KNIFE. Sheffield Make.



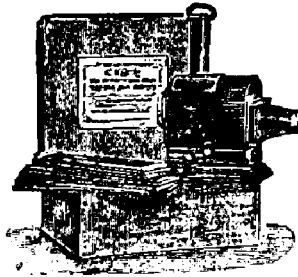
2/-

Stag or Bone Handle, with Large & Small Blades, Pickers, Tweezers, Corkscrew, Leather Bore, Nut Crackers, Screw-driver, and Horse Hook. Price complete, 2/- each. Postage, 1d.

Games of all kinds.

PILADIX	...	9½d. & 2/3
ROYAL LUDO	...	9½d.
HALMA	...	9½d.
	Postage, 3d.	
SPOOF GOLF	...	9½d.
REVERSI	...	9½d.
	Postage, 2d.	
STRATEGY	...	9½d.
	Postage, 3d.	
SNAP	...	9d.
	Postage, 1d.	

DUMBBELLS.
INDIAN CLUBS.
SCEPTRES.
BAR BELLS.
PUNCHING BALLS.



WELL-MADE RUSSIAN IRON MAGIC LANTERNS.

Fitted with Powerful Paraffin Oil Lamp, Reflector, Sliding Tubes to Lens, with 12 Coloured Slides, assorted subjects, complete in Strong Fancy Box.

No. 1, 3/6,	postage, 6d.	No. 3, 7/6,	postage, 6d.
No. 2, 4/6	" 7d.	No. 4, 9/6	" 6d.
No. 2A, 5/6	" 7d.	No. 5, 14/6	" 6d.

THE BOY'S OWN PHONOGRAPH. 4/11 each.

Packing and Postage, 1/-.

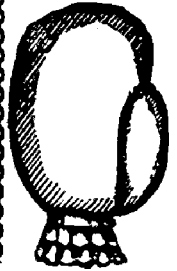
NEW GAME.
WIBLY-WOB.
Two Players ... 1/6
Four " ... 2/6
Postage, 3d.

NEW GAME.
SNICK KICK.
3/6 each.
Postage, 3d.

BOYS' FRETWORK OUTFITS.

1/11, 2/11, 3/6, and 4/6.
Carriage extra.

BOYS' TICK TACK CLOCK, 3/11 each
Postage, 4d.
Keeps Perfect Time



YOUTHS' BOXING GLOVES.

3/6 and 4/6 per set.
Postage, 4d

Games of all kinds.

DOMINOES 10½d., 1/3 per set.
Superior, 2/- & 2/6 per set.
DRAUGHTS, 8d., 1/3, 1/8, 2/3, per set.
DRAUGHT BOARDS, Folding, 12 inch 1/-, 16 inch 1/4.
CHESS, 1/4, 1/9, 2/9, 3/3 per set.
Staunton, 2/11, 3/11, 4/9 "
CRIBBAGE BOARDS, 11d., 1/1, 1/5, 2/5 each.
Postage on any of the above, 3d.

Cadbury's Cocoa

Absolutely Pure - therefore Best

REFRESHING AND SUSTAINING.

HEALTH says:

"Cadbury's Cocoa has in a remarkable degree those natural elements of sustenance which give the system endurance and hardihood, building up muscle and bodily vigour."

Dr. ANDREW WILSON says:

"Cocoa in itself is an excellent and nutritious food, and it should be used in a perfectly pure state."

The MEDICAL ANNUAL says:

"Cadbury's is a perfectly pure Cocoa of the highest quality."

PITMAN'S

Prospectus (60 pages, illustrated) on application to the Secretary, gratis and post free.

SOUTHAMPTON ROW, LONDON, W.C.

METROPOLITAN

PRACTICAL TRAINING FOR BUSINESS LIFE,
For Private Secretaryships; for the Merchant's Office; for posts as Foreign Correspondents, Book-keepers, Clerks, &c., for Civil Service and other Exams.

SCHOOL

ARCH. **WHY SOME SCHOOLS FAIL.**

BY **C. B. FRY.**

THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE
FOR BOYS & "OLD BOYS"

EDITOR, "THE OLD FAG" ATHLETIC EDITOR, C.B.FRY.

6d


Vol. X. No. 60.

MARCH, 1904.

PREMIER " From
JUVENILE **£7 7 0** NET,
CYCLES, **£1 1 0** MONTHLY.

WHEN YOU BUY A BICYCLE

Buy a



Premier

One Grade Only - The Best

Booklet Post Free on application to

Premier Cycle Co Ltd
Coventry.

£12. 12. 0. Net.
or
£1. 1. 0. Monthly



London Branches:—
20 Holborn Viaduct, E.C.
133 Hammersmith Road, W.
Agents Everywhere.

Published Monthly by **GEORGE NEWNES, Ltd.**, 7-12, Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

GAMAGE'S CRICKET CARTOONS.

THE "PROGRESS OF CRICKET."



SERIES I.

The Prehistoric Period.

This Series will be continued.

There is nothing Prehistoric, Mediæval, Early Georgian, or Early Victorian in GAMAGE'S CRICKET GOODS. Cheapest, Best, and Largest Variety in the World. Everything for the Game. Everything for all Games.



CRICKET BALLS.

Gamage's—	Youths'	Men's. 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, Maponite	—	2/-
„ Eclipse	—	1/9
„ Practice	7½d.	9d.
„ Boys', 4½d.	—	—
„ Child's, 2½in. 3½d.	—	—

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 SHIRTS, &c.

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 Handle,	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

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,	2/8
„ Youths'	2/11
„ Men's	4/3
White Buck, Youths'	4/6 & 5/6
„ Men's	6/3 & 6/6
Do., Rubber-faced	5/9
Gold Cape, Men's	6/11 & 8/6
Do., Rubber-faced	6/11 & 8/6

BATTING GLOVES.

White Leather (Tubular Rubber)	3/9 & 4/-
Extra Qualities	4/11, 5/11, 6/11, 7/6

BELTS.

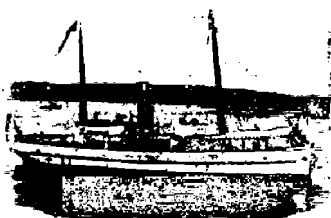
Elastic Web, all Colours	6d. & 10½d.
--------------------------	-------------

GAMES LIST POST FREE.

A. W. GAMAGE, Ltd., HOLBORN, E.C.

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 Mer-
cantile Marine.
For terms and full particulars
apply to—

COX & CO.
Engineers & Shipbuilders

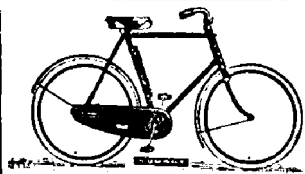
Docks Ironworks & Dock Head Foundry, **FALMOUTH.**

Approved for the Practical Training of Candidates for the direct
entry of Probationary Assistant Engineers in His Majesty's Navy.

SUPREME

in point of

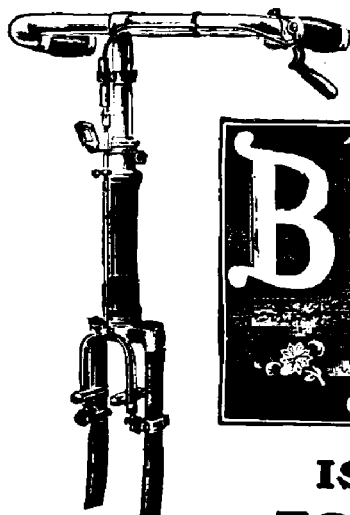
VALUE!



“HOBART”

**BICYCLES. WORLD'S BEST
FREE WHEEL.**

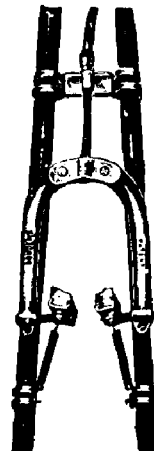
Ridden by Royalty. Eulogised by Princess Galitzine, The Lord Bi-hop
of Coventry, Lord Northcote, Lord Guernsey, Lord Byron, &c., &c.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE. POST FREE.
HOBART WORKS, Coventry, & Leading Agents.



Front

**OVER A MILLION
NOW IN USE.**

The
**BOWDEN
BRAKE**



Back

**IS THE BEST
FOR BICYCLES.**

Either of these Patterns can be fitted to any Bicycle, by any Cycle Agent
in the United Kingdom.

THE GENTLEWOMAN says:—“How
little we should like to go back to the old-
fashioned lever articles that had to serve our
purpose till this best of brakes came in.”

THE BOWDEN BRAKE CO., Ltd.,
151, FARRINGTON ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

**“HOBBIES” EVERY SATURDAY,
ONE PENNY.**

“HOBBIES” has now been published every week for over
eight years, and its steady popularity shows how universally
the need for such a Journal was felt.

It is quite impossible in a small space to give an idea of the immense
variety of subjects which are dealt with in “Hobbies.” Fretwork,
Metal Turning, Microscopy, Physical Culture, Marquetry, Carving,
Bent Iron Work, Poker Work, the Collecting of Stamps and Coins,
Photography, Horticulture in all its branches, Needlework, Elec-
tricity, Drawing-room Amusements, &c., &c.

If you are wondering how best to occupy the long Winter Evenings,
“Hobbies” will help you. If you already have a favourite occupation,
“Hobbies” will assist you in its pursuit. If you do not already take
“Hobbies,” ask your Newsagent for a Specimen Copy, and you are
almost sure to become a regular subscriber. About £600 worth of
Designs for Fretwork, Wood Carving, or Bent Iron Work, are Given
Away with “Hobbies” every week.

ASK YOUR NEWSAGENT FOR A SPECIMEN COPY, OR SEND DIRECT
TO THE PUBLISHERS—

HOBBIES LTD.,
12c Paternoster Sq., London, E.C.

An admirable Food for
Cyclists, Footballers, Golfers,

EPPS'S

IS THE BEST

COCOA

and all engaged in outdoor
sports and pursuits.

THE INVINCIBLE PACKET

(No. 148). Worth 5/- Our Price 7d. Post free.

Our March Packet contains 30 scarce and genuine British Colonial and Foreign Stamps, including:—

- BAHAMAS 1884 (Queen's head).
- NEW BRUNSWICK 1860 (Queen's head).
- ORANGE RIVER COLONY 1903 (King's head).
- Mauritius, Barbados, Trinidad, Straits Settlements, Western Australia, New Zealand (Univers.).
- BRITISH NORTH BORNEO 1889.
- QUEENSLAND ONE SHILLING (old issue), UNITED STATES ONE DOLLAR (War Tax), Bolivia 1801, Dutch Indies (surcharged provisional issue), Colombia Republic, old Portugal, Austria 24 Kr., Set of CANADA including 1869, JUBILEE, MAPLE, and NEW KING'S HEAD Issues, NYASSA surcharged on MOZAMBIQUE, HELIGOLAND, &c., &c.

GIVEN FREE to all purchasers of the above Packet who apply for a selection of our Approval Sheets (10 count 5d. in 1/).

A SET OF 10 NEW SOUTH WALES, including Centenary issue, Sydney Harbour, Emu, Captain Cook 4d., scarce 6d. Queen's head (orange Cat. 6d.), One Shilling Kangaroo, Jubilee issue, and rare On Service, &c., &c. Also one of our Perforation Gauges, usually sold at 3d. (This Set alone is catalogued at nearly 2s.)

J. STUART & CO., SPRING GROVE, ISLEWORTH.

COLLECT THE STAMPS OF YOUR OWN COUNTRY. Offers of British Stamps.

- Set of 30 different line-engraved series 10 6
 - Set of 40 different 1840 to 1903 1 9
 - Collection of 4d. to 1s. 350 different Plate Numbers, a fine lot 3 0 0
 - Complete set of 30 Post Cards used and unused 5 0 0
 - Fine collection of over 500 varieties 10 10 0
- NOTE.*—The 10 guinea Collection forms a splendid foundation for a specialist, as it contains nearly every variety of the medium stamps, including almost a complete collection of used plate numbers, including many rarities.

CHARLES NISSEN & CO.,

77, 78, High Holborn, London, W.C.

TEN SWEDEN SERVICE GIVEN AWAY.

No 175 MONSTER PRIZE PACKET contains 110 Stamps, all different, including Guatemala, obsolete Bermuda, picturesque new issue Djibouti, Costa Rica, U.S.A. Omaha (Farming in the West), Comoro Islands, Newfoundland, Orange River Colony (new King's Head issue), Gold Coast, U.S.A. Columbus, &c., &c. **PRICE 7d. POST FREE** (abroad 10d.). We shall present free with every packet a magnificent set of **TEN OBLONG SWEDEN SERVICE**, 2 ore to 1 kroner. We give this set, which is alone worth more than we ask for the whole packet, simply as an advertisement, and orders should be sent at once, as the stock is limited.

1904 ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST

gratis and post free to any address, or for **ONE PENNY** (abroad 3d.) to cover postage, we will send the List together with a packet of 50 stamps, including British Colonial (King's Head), Trinidad, Argentine, Ceylon, Indian Native State, Brazil, picturesque New Zealand, Venezuela, &c., &c.

ALFRED GILBERT & CO.,
Weston-super-Mare.

THE "FAR EAST" PACKET 3D.

Contains 110 Different Stamps, including Korea (1903, large), Siam 1900 (portrait of Prince), Gold Coast 1902 (King), Travancore 1888 (Native Indian State), Somali Coast 1903 (Native fort), China 1808, Hyderabad Hong Kong (obsolete), Guatemala, India O.H.M.S., India (King), India (Telegraph), New Zealand, "Army Official" King, "I.R." (official Set of 10 France, Ceylon, Set of 9 Holland, Canada (King), Chili 1901 (perf.), Cape Colony (King), Straits Settlements (King, new issue just out), Shanghai, State of North Borneo, Set of 5 Russia, Set of 10 Japan, including Telegraph.

3d. (Only one packet supplied to each person.)

In addition every purchaser applying for a selection of our Ideal Approval Sheets, will receive a fine

SET OF 12 CUBA,

including 1 and 2 pesetas, **GRATIS.**

Grand Price List of Bargains in Albums, Sets and Packets, 84 pages, splendidly illustrated, free. Mounts 6d. per 1,000.

ERRINGTON & MARTIN,

SOUTH HACKNEY, LONDON, N.E.

FORGED STAMPS

No. 55 EXCELSIOR PACKET

contains 50 different stamps, including **New Brunswick**, Set of 12 Sweden, 3 Costa Rica, Ceylon, **Antioquia**, Set of 7 Egypt, New South Wales, 1903, O.S. Set of Roumania, Orange River Colony (King), Canada, Queensland, &c., &c. Post free, **4d.; and FREE** to any purchaser.

A SET OF TEN FINLAND.

This set is well worth 6d.

SEND ONE PENNY

to cover cost of postage (abroad, 3d.), and we will send a packet of 50 stamps including **United States Special Delivery** (Messenger Boy), Cape of Good Hope, Egypt, Brazil, U.S.A., Omaha, Turkey, Chili, Ceylon, Argentine, India, Jamaica, Canada, New Zealand, &c. Mention Packet "A." Our large Illustrated Price List of 72 pages with thousands of cheap offers.

BUTLER BROS., CLEVEDON.

6d. The "FIJI" Packet. **6d.**
40 Different Good Stamps only

including FIJI (King's Head), ST. LUCIA (King's Head), 3 New Zealand (Pictorials), SELANGOR 5c. (Tiger), Deccan (1903), MONTSERRAT, 2 Natal (King's Head), CHAMBA (King's Head), Korea (1903), GWALIOR (King's Head), Straits Settlements 8c. (King's Head), BERMUDA (Floating Dock), BRITISH EAST AFRICA AND UGANDA (King's Head), and 24 other superior stamps.

Price, **6d.** Postal Order, Post free, or 7d. in stamps.

In addition, every applicant asking for our renowned Approval Sheets will receive Free a fine set of

13 OBSOLETE FRANCE
(from 1c. complete.)

PERRIN BROS.,
57 Fortunegate Rd., Harlesden, N.W.

MIDLAND STAMP CO., CASTLE BROMWICH.
CHEAP SETS, ALL DIFFERENT.

30 Argentine 8	20 French Colonies 5	25 Cuba 6
33 Hungary 8	45 Germany 7	29 Switzerland 5
15 Bolivia 9	21 Württemberg 6	20 Turkey 5
50 Belgium 9	24 Greece 6	40 United States 5
20 Brazil 6	20 Mexico 5	20 Salvador 7
20 Bulgaria 6	20 Nicaragua 6	20 Venezuela 7
16 Chili 6	15 Peru 6	10 Borneo 6
15 Colombia 6	16 Luxembourg 6	20 Canada 6
13 Costa Rica 4	24 Portugal 6	15 Cape Good Hope 6
12 Guatemala 6	30 Roumania 6	25 India 6
30 Holland 4	15 Finland 5	10 Newfoundland 5
20 Honduras 8	20 Servia 6	10 Labuan 9
19 Ecuador 6	50 Spain 9	14 Mauritius 1 0
70 Austria 1 4	10 Siam 1 0	17 Newfoundland 2 0
24 Chili 1 2	50 Cuba 1 6	10 Orange Colony 1 0
10 China 1 0	16 Philippine 8	9 Seychelles 1 0
30 Ecuador 1 3	20 Uruguay 7	20 Straits 1 0
24 Egypt 1 0	12 Jamaica 8	10 Transvaal 1 3
40 Japan 6	30 India 1 0	24 Victoria 1 3
50 Nicaragua 1 0	10 Labuan 10	10 West Australia 1 0
12 Paraguay 1 0	20 India 1 0	10 Johore 1 0
45 Salva 1 0	Native States 1 0	

500 varieties Foreign Colonial, 2 6. 250 varieties Foreign Colonial 9d. List of hundreds of packets and sets, free.

Only Address—**CASTLE BROMWICH, BIRMINGHAM.**

AND HOW TO DETECT THEM.

If you desire to know something of great use and importance about Forged and Bogus Issues—if you want to understand and be more interested in the Stamps you collect, send **One Penny Stamp** to Chief Editor of the

"**STAMP COLLECTOR.**" Constitution Hill, Birmingham. The Editor and Staff of the above old-established journal (a monthly of about 40 pages) are at present engaged in describing all Forged Stamps for the benefit of collectors. *This Advertisement will not appear again. SEND*—it will be a penny well invested.

THE UNIVERSAL STANDARD CATALOGUE OF THE POSTAGE STAMPS OF THE WORLD



(FOURTH EDITION) now includes a Supplement, containing all the New Issues, which makes it complete up to **JANUARY, 1904.**

Price of the Catalogue and Supplement together, **1s. 6d.**, post free. Collectors who already possess a **Fourth Edition Catalogue** can be supplied with the Supplement separately for **3d.** This is the Ideal Catalogue for the beginner or the General Collector. It contains over **400 pages** and **3,000 illustrations**, and is the cheapest, simplest, and most easily understood Catalogue in the world. An Interleaved Edition, bound in cloth, can be supplied at **3s. 6d.** post free.

NEW 64-PAGE PRICE LIST of over 1,500 Different Packets and Sets of Stamps, sent on receipt of **Penny Stamp** for postage. **STAMP ALBUMS**, from **1s. 6d.** to **£9.** Write for Prospectus.

WHITFIELD KING & CO., IPSWICH.

WANTED.

COLLECTIONS from 5 - to **£500** for Cash!!

If not purchased, Carriage refunded.

Selections of British Colonials sent on approval, at 60 per cent. under Catalogue price.

All Auctions attended, and Stamps bought on Commission. Lowest terms.

SPECIAL LINE.—500 fine Postage Stamps, all soaked free from paper, and superb copies. **43.** post free, from

HORACE W. BECK, 13 Cullum Street, London, E.C.

"CAPTAIN" EYE OPENER March. (Quote March when ordering.) **100** different, **6d.**, including Argentine, Cyprus, China, Gibraltar, Japan Prince Imp. and Wedding stamps, U.S. Omaha (1 and 2 c.), Venezuela, Jamaica 3d. green. **GRATIS** Large List Sets. **SHEETS** 1d. Stamps, upwards. **250** Mounts and set of 3 Iceland gratils to all who apply for sheets. **500** different stamps and Albums, **2s. 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. McAUSLAN & CO., 21w Bath Street, Glasgow.

50 STAMPS 6d. Post free.—Comprising Principally B. Colonials new issues &c., good value.

50% APPROVAL BOOKS AND SHEETS. off marked prices. Old collections bought. Picture Postcards 1d. each, 1s. per doz. **PEARCE & STAMFORD, 7 Katharine St., Croydon**

NOW READY, 1904 CATALOGUE OF SPECIAL SETS, FREE ON APPLICATION.

£10,000 worth of Foreign Stamps—all at Half Catalogue—Want Lists should be sent at once, as stamps in short supply cannot be repeated.

SPECIAL BARGAINS FOR MARCH.

Admiralty 1d. and 1d. (2 varieties each), 4, 9d. Spain and Colonies, 100 rare, 10/-, worth 40/-. Seychelles, 7 for 9d. English K H. 2/6, 5/-, and 10/-, 4/- set.

J. W. JONES, 444 STRAND (opposite Charing Cross), LONDON.

THE CISTAFILE IS NOW STOCKED IN 3 DIFFERENT SIZES.
No. 1.—FOR SINGLE STAMPS ON EACH CARD.
No. 2.—FOR COMPLETE SETS ON EACH CARD.
No. 3.—FOR SPECIALISTS.

UNDER ROYAL PATRONAGE



NO LEAVES.
NO BLANK SPACES.
SECURE.
ECONOMICAL.
INEXPENSIVE.
EVERLASTING.
UNBREAKABLE.

LAWN & BARLOW.
STAMP EXPERTS
99, REGENT STREET,
LONDON, W.

Catalogues free.

THE STAMP EDITOR OF
"THE CAPTAIN"

SAYS:

"FOR THE CONVENIENT ARRANGEMENT AND CAREFUL PRESERVATION OF STAMPS, I FIND THE CISTAFILE THE BEST SYSTEM YET DEvised."

ABSOLUTELY FREE!

For a short time only I will GIVE AWAY

3 SHANGHAI Including an entire unused wrapper and correspondence card.
5 U.S.A. Ironclad series with rare \$1 stamp Figure of Justice
10 ROUMANIA A very fine set, including new and obsolete issues. Catalogued at 10d.

The 16 stamps mentioned above will be given away only on condition that you ask to see my approval sheets, enclose 1d. stamp for postage, and show this advertisement to at least two other stamp collectors.

H. C. WATKINS, 86 Lordship Lane (3510), Wood Green, N.

COLLECTIONS WANTED.

I buy collections and loose lots of postage stamps and pay the very highest prices. Fiscal and Revenue stamps also wanted.

Selections of stamps on approval at 50 per cent. discount to responsible applicants. Deposit or references required.

120 Stamps, all different, several scarce, post free 6d.

JOHN JAMES COATES,

4 Southwark Street, London Bridge, London.

Established 1879.

GREATLY PLEASED

CHEAP SETS. Every Stamp different. 50 Australia, 1s.; 36 Austria, 8d.; 10 Barbados, 8d.; 3 Belgium Exhibition, 2d.; 20 Canada, 6d.; 16 Cape, 9d.; 8 Columbia, catalogued 3s. 10d., for 1s. 3d.; 30 Holland, 4d.; 16 French Colonies, 4d.; 40 France, 8d.; 6 British Official, 2d.; 100 different Plate numbers, 2s. 6d.; 25 Greece, 1s.; 80 Greece, 5s. 6d.; 8 Hong Kong, 5d.; 9 Orange River Colony, 1s.; 25 India, 6d.; 14 Transvaal, 1s.; 10 Newfoundland, 9d.; 17 Newfoundland, 2s. 4d. Approval sheets upon application. Lowest prices, 50% discount. Lists, Colonials, Packets, Sets, &c., free. Wholesale Lots for Dealers. Telephone No. 05320.

F. W. FRANKLIN, Exchange Buildings, Birmingham.

ESTABLISHED SAME ADDRESS, 1893.

NOTE THIS GREAT BARGAIN.

The following Stamps from all parts of the world will be sent post free for 4½d.

DON'T MISS THIS, BUT SEND AT ONCE.

No. 63 contains 100, including Gold Coast, Transvaal, and Cape, all King's Head; Egypt, Costa Rica, Bulgaria, Peru, Chile, Ecuador (catalogued 1s.), Canada (Maple Leaves), Mozambique Company (1892, very scarce), Cuba, Porto Rico, Philippines, Mauritius, New Zealand (Universal), Japan, San Salvador (scarce), Columbia (new issue, rare), Roumania, Greece (new issue), Hyderabad, Bolivia (catalogued 1s.), Argentine, India, Brazil, Borneo (4c. Monkey, scarce), Spain, &c., &c. Post free, 4½d.

5s. worth of Stamps for 5d.

This Packet, No. 77, contains 100 well mixed Stamps from all parts of the World, and includes Borneo (Monkey, rare), Hayti (large stamp), Peru (obsolete), Travancore (Native Indian State), Mexico (obsolete issue), Queensland, New South Wales, Victoria, China (rare), Persia (old issue), Egypt (unpaid issue), Roumania (latest issue), Bulgaria, Canada Jubilee (rare), Porto Rico (obsolete), Ecuador (1896, rare), Trinidad (old head issue), United States (Buffalo Exhibition Stamp), Jamaica (Waterfalls, obsolete), Portuguese Indies (scarce), Nicaragua (old issue), Reunion (scarce), &c., &c. Post free, 5d.

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.

Our Price List, Post Free on Application. Undoubtedly the Cheapest List in the Trade.

EDWARD COOPER & Co.,
14, Archway Road, Highgate, London, N.

STAFFORD SMITH'S ALBUMS.

Send for 86-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.

4d. THE CAP. 4d.

110 Genuine Foreign Stamps, all different, including large Guatemala Exhibition, Venezuela, Cuba, Porto Rico, Colombian Republic, Costa Rica, Argentine, Bavaria, all unused; also Japan, Chili, Mexico, Egypt, New Zealand, Roumania, Greece, Luxemburg, Dutch Indies, 7 United States (including Buffalo Exhibition), 3 Canada, &c., &c. Price 4d., post free. To all purchasers of this packet requiring Approvals we present gratis a grand set of 4 handsome long Ecuador unused, catalogued 6d. each. Only one packet to each applicant. Our new and enlarged Illustrated Catalogue gratis and post free.

CAPE & CO.

STAMP IMPORTERS, BRISTOL.

UNUSED BRITISH COLONIALS

(King Edward Issues.)

BLOCKS, SINGLES, AND SETS.

R. PITTILO, Jun., Kirkgate, Burntisland.

WITH THE STAMPS. Will tell all the collectors I know of the reasonable prices of your packets.—Extract from letter received by last mail from New Zealand.

10 Barbados, 8d.; 3 Belgium Exhibition, 2d.; 20 Canada, 6d.; 16 Cape, 9d.; 8 Columbia, catalogued 3s. 10d., for 1s. 3d.; 30 Holland, 4d.; 16 French Colonies, 4d.; 40 France, 8d.; 6 British Official, 2d.; 100 different Plate numbers, 2s. 6d.; 25 Greece, 1s.; 80 Greece, 5s. 6d.; 8 Hong Kong, 5d.; 9 Orange River Colony, 1s.; 25 India, 6d.; 14 Transvaal, 1s.; 10 Newfoundland, 9d.; 17 Newfoundland, 2s. 4d. Approval sheets upon application. Lowest prices, 50% discount. Lists, Colonials, Packets, Sets, &c., free. Wholesale Lots for Dealers. Telephone No. 05320.

500 COLONIAL AND FOREIGN STAMPS 500
This special Packet includes British South Africa, British Guiana, Cape of Good Hope (King's Head), Canada, Congo, Jamaica (Waterfall), Guatemala (new issue), Natal (King's Head), Nyassa (King's Head), Peru, surcharged Transvaal (King's Head), &c., &c. Post free, 7d.

W. & A. PRINCE (Foreign and Colonial Stamp Importers),
79 Edward St., West Bromwich.

LOOK HERE! There are hundreds of bargains in our Approval Selections and collectors desirous of getting stamps cheap should give us a trial.

ENORMOUS VARIETY. LIBERAL DISCOUNT.

Our Price List should also be in the possession of every collector, which contains hundreds of cheap packets and sets. Every purchaser from our Price List receives a Free Gift with every purchase made. Send for it at once.

J. W. SPOWART & CO. (Foreign Stamp Importers), **SOUTHPORT.**

APPROVAL SELECTIONS

of stamps of all countries, in good condition, at very low prices. Large discount.

BRIDGER & KAY, 65 Bishopsgate St. Without, London, E.C.

NOW READY.

Supplement to the 5th Edition

"A B C" CATALOGUE,

Containing a complete list of all NEW ISSUES since the last Catalogue was published to the present date, priced and Fully Illustrated.

Price 6d.; post free, 7d.

THE 5th EDITION "A B C" CATALOGUE

Consists of nearly 900 pages, with about 6,000 Illustrations, and contains a full list of all adhesive Stamps, also Envelopes, Post Cards, &c., and with the SUPPLEMENT advertised above is COMPLETE TO DATE EVERY COUNTRY IN ONE HANDY VOLUME

Price for CATALOGUE and SUPPLEMENT, **2/6;** or post free, **2/10.**

The London Philatelist, the premier Stamp Journal of the World, says: "We can confidently recommend the 'A B C' to all collectors as a truly excellent and comprehensive guide."

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 Philatelic Accessories, 36 pages, post free.

BRIGHT & SON, 164 Strand, London.

TO STAMP COLLECTORS.—A FREE PRESENT.

Catalogue of British and British Colonial Stamps (nearly 1000 illustrations, 260 pages), giving our selling prices for used and unused stamps. Cheaper than any other Catalogue. Free to all applicants.

Healey's Royal British and British Colonial Stamp Album.

Contains spaces for nearly all stamps issued to date. Illustrations and matter on one side, ruled spaces on the other. Absolutely the cheapest and best Colonial Album on the market. 3s. 6d., post free. New Price List of Sets and Packets now ready. Collections and rare stamps bought for ready cash to any amount. Write or call.

EDWIN HEALEY & CO., Stamp Merchants and Stamp Album Publishers,
14 Workwood St., Old Broad St., London, E.C. Established 23 years.
Telephone—9358 LONDON WALL. Telegrams and Cables—"STAMPVOT," LONDON.

KING AND QUEEN PACKET, ONLY THREEPENCE.

A splendid packet; 50 different postage stamps, price 3d., postage 1d., extra, includes set of O.H.M.S. Indian King's and Queen's heads, with high values, West Australia (New V. and C. watermark), Great Britain (set of obsolete Queen's heads), King's head Canada, Bermuda (Queen), Barbados (set) Gibraltar, etc., etc., and in addition every purchaser of this packet asking to see my Approval Sheets will receive Free a set of 8 West Indian, including obsolete and King's heads. Selections of all countries on approval, large discount, low prices. Exchange desired with all Colonies. Good prices paid for loose stamps. Collections purchased.

F. G. ROWE

(formerly of Bath), 22 Desborough Road, Plymouth.

OUR SPECIALITY.

Variety Packets.

Each packet contains only perfect genuine postage stamps all different (no fiscals, wrappers, or envelopes included).

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
200 All different ..	1 0	50 British Colonies, all different
500	3 6	150
1,000	12 6	200
1,500	1 5 0	300
2,000	2 7 6	400
3,000	6 10 0	500
4,000	11 17 6	750
5,000	22 10 0	1,000
6,000	37 10 0	1,500
7,000	62 10 0	2,000
8,000	100 0 0	2,500

Wanted to purchase, any quantity up to 10,000,000 British Colonies for cash or good exchange.

WALLACE BROS.,
59 Finsbury Pavement, London, E.C.
(Established at above address 11 years.)

ROMAN DENARII. 1/- and 1/6 each, nearly 2,000 years old
SHILLINGS:—Edw. VI., Eliz., Jas. I., Chas. I., Wm. III., Anne, Geo. I., II., and III., 2/- and 2/6 each.
COINAGE:—Edw. III. and IV., Henry VI. and VIII., Mary, Eliz., 1/8 to 2/8.
50 Colonial Coppers 5/6. 50 English Coppers 5/6. 50 Tokens 5/6, 7/6, 10/-. 25 Roman Bronze 5/6. All good coins, different and classified. Mention "Captain."
BALDWIN'S COIN & STAMP BOWLE, Duncannon Street, Charing Cross.

SPECIALIZE IN ENGLISH!
THE BEST INVESTMENT.
1d. black, 2d. blue (no lines), 1/6 the pair.
Fine Selections on Approval.

HERBERT, JAMES & CO., 43 EASTCHEAP, E.C.
60 DIFFERENT FOREIGN STAMPS FREE

Approval Sheets for beginners and medium collectors. Good value and good discount. To induce Collectors to give these a trial, I will give gratis to all bona-fide applicants applying for my Sheets, 60 Different Foreign and Colonial stamps. Mention "Captain."

JAMES SEED, 21 Broadgate, Preston.
"COLLECTORS' ADVERTISER."
A monthly magazine for Stamp, Coin, View Card collectors: contains Exchange advertisements from all parts of the world, also interesting reading for all collectors. 16 pages, subscription 9d. for 12 issues. **WRITE FOR FREE SPECIMEN COPY.** PHILATELIC PRINTING CO., Publishers, ROTHERHAM.

KERR and LANHAM,
16 Farnival Street, Holborn, London, E.C.
Removed from Chichester Rents.
List of Cheap Sets post free.
A Book of very fine English on Sale.

WE ARE CONSTANTLY BUYING STAMPS that come to the City offices from all parts of the world: a large quantity of these stamps go straight on to our Approval Sheets, and we can afford to mark them at exceptionally low prices and still allow a large discount. A Free Packet of 30 different Foreign and British Colonials, including several King's head, to all applying for our Approval Sheets and enclosing 1d. stamp for postage. 1,000 Mounts post free 6d.
Wholesale Price List free to Dealers.
Good Collections wanted at once for Cash.
Send or Call.

THE LONDON STAMP EXCHANGE,
8 Broad Street Station, London, E.C.
12 BRITISH COLONIALS
(including latest King's head and double head Canadian Jubilee) given free to all bona-fide purchasers sending for our Approval Sheets, and enclosing 1d. stamp for return. 25 per cent. discount.
The Imperial Stamp Co., Hoe Street, Walthamstow.

BARGAINS.
Sets (Postage extra):—40 United States, 4d.; 100 United States, 1/-; 25 Greece, 3d.; 20 Ecuador, 6d.; 15 Cape of Good Hope, 5d. Packets of 100 varieties, 3d.; 150 varieties, 5d.; 200 varieties, 1/-; 250 varieties, 1/4; 300 varieties, 2/-; 1,000 varieties, no Bill Stamps, 15/-. Fine Collections of 100 English Colonials (no English), 1/-; and 50 varieties of Australia (Postage only), 1/-.
J. RUSSELL,
64 Northumberland Park, Tottenham, London, N.

£5 FOR 1/1. "It costs no more."
THE CITY STAMP CO. will send for 1/1 a packet of 50 British Colonials with particulars of an easy competition. All you have to do is to make from the names of countries the stamps represent a list of English towns. The sender of highest number will receive £5, second £2, third £1. Competition closes April 31, 1904. Result will be published in STAMP COLLECTOR'S FORTNIGHTLY, May 27.
CITY STAMP CO., 32 Poultry, London.

OUR ZOOLOGICAL PACKET contains 50 different stamps representing an animal upon each stamp, 1/1 post paid.
OUR PICTURESQUE PACKET contains 50 different stamps representing views of towns, villages, rivers, mountains, &c., 1/1 post paid.
OUR QUEEN VICTORIA PACKET contains 50 different stamps depicting our Late Queen as she appeared at different periods of her reign, from the Coronation 1838 till 1901. Very interesting packet, 1/1 post paid.
OUR APPROVAL SHEETS are cheap, and a good discount allowed. Send for them, also price list post paid.
COLONIALS, 50 for 10d.: 102, 2 6; 200, 7 6; 300, 17 6. All different, and post paid in Great Britain.

A. & J. ANDERSON,
208 Hornsey Road, London, N.
IT COSTS YOU NOTHING!
Send me a postcard stating your name and address and I will forward to you, post free, a specimen copy of
"POOLE'S MONTHLY PHILATELIST."
It contains particulars of hundreds of genuine stamp BARGAINS, so do not miss this opportunity. Let us forget send me a postcard NOW.
B. W. H. POOLE, 6 Rock Terrace, STAMFORD, Lincs.

I want you to inspect my Approval Selections. They are Unique, and it will cost you less than nothing to see them. Applicants enclosing stamp for postage receive gratis a Fine Set of 3 Dutch Indies, all New Issue, just cut! Colonials a speciality at Bargain Prices.

GRAHAM MORRIS, Twickenham.

A RECORD OFFER!
PACKET No. 37 contains **SPECIALLY SELECTED STAMPS**, including Obsolete Cape of Good Hope, Triangular Issue Liberia, scarce Nive, and Penrhyn Islands, 2 new Cape Edward VII. Correos del Peru, 10c. Llamas, very rare St. Christopher (surcharged), St. Kitts, Nevis, Cayton, Edward VII. issue, new issue Chili (unused), scarce Transvaal 4d. E.R.I., selling at high prices in town, and 20 other good stamps, no rubbish or common. Bargain, price 1/1, post free. (Established 1889.)

THE EMPIRE STAMP CO.,
Commercial Chambers, Horsmonden, S.O.
Send for 36-page Stamp Circular, post free, containing
600 CHEAP SETS OF STAMPS.
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.

1904 CATALOGUE.
Now Ready Part I. GREAT BRITAIN AND COLONIES, post free 2 3.
In the Press. Part II. FOREIGN COUNTRIES, post free 2 3.
Ready early in February. Prepaid orders booked.

STANLEY GIBBONS' Catalogues are the only ones in which the actual selling prices of stamps are all quoted from stock in hand at the time of going to press, and they are the standard upon which all other catalogues are more or less based.

OUR GREAT BARGAIN SET AND PACKET LIST for 1904 is now ready, and will be sent gratis and post free receipt of postcard. This list contains full details of over 2,000 Sets and Packets of Stamps at wonderfully cheap prices.

THE IMPROVED POSTAGE STAMP ALBUM. No. 0. 176 pages, post free 1 3 each.
THE STRAND ALBUM. No. 14. 320 pages, post free 2/11 each.
THE CENTURY ALBUM. No. 21. 560 large pages, post free 13/4 each. Just published and up to date.

Large illustrated prospectus of Stamp Albums and Collectors' Requisites sent post free on demand.

STAMP COLLECTING AS A PASTIME AND INVESTMENT. By E. J. NANKIVELL. How to collect, what to collect, how to make money in stamps, and all about stamps, great collectors, &c.
H. R.H. the Prince of Wales, K.T., &c., referring to stamp collecting, wrote:—"It is one of the greatest pleasures of my life." See Chapter II. of "Stamp Collecting."
Profusely illustrated and bound in Art Cloth.
Post free 1/3 each.

STANLEY GIBBONS, LTD.,
391 Strand, London, W.C.

BIG BARGAINS!

50 to 60 per cent. discount off Gibbons's prices.
Unusual opportunities for all collectors.
Don't miss them, write to-day.
British Colonials a Speciality.

J. S. BREEZE, 18 Crosby Road, Birkdale, Southport.

"N Gorilla" Packet, 4^d. Post Free



Contains 50 different stamps, including rare set of **THREE** different **BORNEO** and **LABIAN** (all with **GORILLAS** design, usually sold at 2d. and 3d. each), **SOMALILAND** (40), **COLOMBIA**, Jamaica, Korea, Senegambia and Niger, Chili, Porto Congo, Cape, Borneo (Dyaki), rare set of 7 different **PHILIPPINE ISLANDS**, &c., &c. **MONEY** BACK if not satisfied. Postage abroad extra.

If you are a Stamp Buyer, you need our new price list, a handsome book of 72 Pages, 150 Illustrations. Thousands of Carzains. Sent Gratis and Post Free on application.

ERNEST WOOD & CO.,

Chorlton-cum-Hardy, MANCHESTER.

FREE SETS OF COSTA RICA & BULGARIA.

Approval Books of Colonials, &c., chiefly for Beginners and Medium Collectors. Splendid value and good discount. In order to induce Collectors to give these a trial, I will present **GRATIS** to all intending purchasers sending stamp for postage, and applying for one of these Books, a

SET OF 5 COSTA RICA AND 10 BULGARIA.

AGENTS WANTED in Schools and Colleges; Special Terms.
F. L. HEYGATE, RUSHDEN, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

GEORGE NEWNES, LTD.,

Southampton Street,
Strand, London, W.C.

* * Complete Illustrated Catalogue post free on application.

THE ARCADIAN CALENDAR. By E. D. CUMING and J. A. SHEPHERD. With 180 Illustrations in black and white, many full page, and 8 page Illustrations in colour. Fcap. 4to, 6s. net.

"A very attractive work, rather original in its style. It is sure to make young readers take an interest in the creatures around them."—*Times*.

Odd Craft.

By W. W. JACOBS. With Sixteen Illustrations by WILL OWEN. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

At Sunwich Port.

By W. W. JACOBS. With Sixteen Illustrations by WILL OWEN. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

66% **DISCOUNT** 66%
(8d. in Shilling)

Approval Books and Sheets. A trial only costs a postcard.
Business by post only.

J. C. DOUGLAS, 138 York Road, London, N.

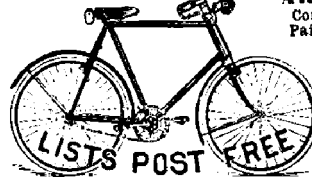


THE "MARVEL" MONOGRAM BOX 6^d.

Any 2-letter Monogram, mounted in enamelled metal pocket box, self-linking, style as shown. Agents wanted for this and other novelties. Dept. C. 89, Aldersgate St., London.

Post Free.

JUNO Cycles For Ladies and Gentlemen
ARE THE VERY BEST.



Complete with all fittings and Carriage Paid. Cash, or 12 Payments of

£8 0 0 15/- each,
£8 8 0 15 10 "
£9 10 0 17 6 "

JUNO Motor Cycles, £32
Cash, or 12 Payments of
60/- each.

Write for New Season's List of JUNO Cycles and Accessories, over 130 pages. Sent Post Free.

METROPOLITAN MACHINISTS CO., Ltd., C. Dept. 75, Bishopsgate St. Without, London, E.C., and Piccadilly Circus, London, W.

20 GUATEMALA 4d.

All different, including the beautiful Parrot issue of 1886, several rare Provisionals, the very handsome Exhibition stamps of 1897, the rare 1900 issue (new colours), the scarce issue of 1902, new designs showing birds, horsemen, palaces, landscapes, &c., and many other rare and beautiful issues.

Price 4½d., postage 1d. extra.

THE COLONIAL STAMP CO., Villiers Street, Strand, London.

IMPRESSIONS OF A WAR CORRESPONDENT.

By **GEORGE LYNCH**. Illustrated from Photographs by the Author. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

"An eminently readable book, and one, besides, from which an attentive reader might learn more about the truth of modern warfare than from many more assuming histories."—*Scotsman*.

GEORGE NEWNES, Ltd.,
3-12, Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.

LIBRARY OF RECREATIONS.

A series of Books of useful and delightful amusements for Girls and Boys. Profusely Illustrated. Square crown 8vo, cloth gilt extra, gilt edges, 6s. net each.

The Jack of all Trades.

By D. C. BEARD.

The Girl's Handy Book.

By LINA BEARD and ADELIA B. BEARD.

The above series, it is hoped by the publishers, will become the Standard Encyclopedias of Useful Crafts and Recreations for British Boys and Girls, and from the number of illustrations no less than the popular style in which the books are written, the measure of success is anticipated for the new volumes which welcomed the first volume of the series.

The Boy's Handy Book.

By D. C. BEARD.

What a Girl can make and do.

By LINA BEARD and ADELIA B. BEARD.

THE STORY OF KING ARTHUR AND HIS KNIGHTS.

Profusely Illustrated by the Author. Large 8vo (9½ by 6¾ ins.), cloth gilt, 10s. 6d. net.

"A sympathetic presentation of the various Arthurian legends."—*Times*.

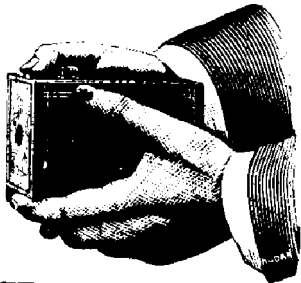
"The illustrations exhibit his well-known powers of design and bold effects in many characteristic drawings."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

"A beautiful variation of an ancient and beautiful theme. . . . It is enough praise to say that the prose of these old tales is equal to the pictures."—*Daily News*.

HOWARD PYLE.

BROWNIE KODAKS

For BOYS and GIRLS.



THE No. 1 BROWNIE,

giving Photographs 2½ ins. × 2½ ins. Price 5s. only.

THE No. 2 BROWNIE,

giving Photographs 3½ ins. × 3½ ins. Price 10s. only.

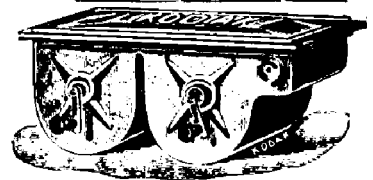
For LADIES, CYCLISTS, Etc.

The FOLDING POCKET KODAKS, from
£2 2s. to £5 2s. 6d.

The Dark-Room Dispensed with!

KODAK Daylight Developing Machine

Develops Films in Daylight, Gaslight, Any Light,
Anywhere. Marvellously Simple and Efficient.



10s. to 45s.

OF ALL PHOTOGRAPHIC DEALERS, or of

KODAK, Ltd., 41-43, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.

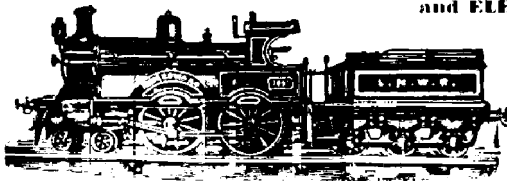
Wholesale and Retail Depot: 96 Bold Street, LIVERPOOL, and 72-74 Buchanan Street, GLASGOW.

Retail Branches: 59 Brompton Road, S.W.; 60 Cheapside, E.C.; 115 Oxford Street, W.;
171-3 Regent Street, W.; and 40 Strand, London, W.C.

RICHFORD'S EXPRESS ENGINES

High-class Scale Model of
L.N.W.R. famous Loco, King Edward,
D.A.S.V. Cylinders, with Reversing
Gear worked from cab, Water Gauge,
Whistle, Starting Wheel, &c. In No 2
Gauge, with Tender, 57 6 Carriage
Paid. With Rails complete, 62 6
Carriage Paid. Length over all, 22 in.,
Gauge 2 and 1 8th in.

Ditto, No 3 Gauge, length of Engine
and Tender 24 in., Gauge 2 and 5/8 in.
Complete, with Large Oval Rails,
43 15 6. Engine and Tender only,
43 10 6 Carriage Paid.



SPECIAL LINES IN CHEAP LOCO SETS
and ELECTRICAL NOVELTIES.

696. Solid Brass Loco, with Water
Gauge, and 12 1/2 ft. Rails, 10 6 Post Free.
695. Ditto, larger, and with 15 ft.
Rails, 15 6 Post Free.
694. Ditto, larger, with Tender, and
22 ft. Rails, 21 6 Post Free.

Electric Torches, from 12 6 each
Hand Lanterns, 14 6 and 19 6
Electric Watch Stands, 14 6
each.

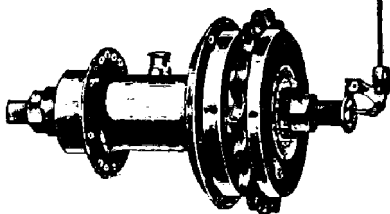
Electric Pocket Lamps, 12,
2 6, 4/2, post free.

Electric Motors, Dynamos, Shock Coils, &c. The above and many others are contained in our
New Engine and Electrical Novelty List. Send for a Copy now, post free to all.

RICHFORD & CO., 153 Fleet Street, London, E.C.

BRANCH DEPOT: 52a High Holborn, W.C.

IT IS NOT WISE to overtax your strength—if the FAGAN TWO-SPEED HUB



is fitted to
your bicycle
you will save
yourself a lot
of unneces-
sary exertion.
Free wheel on
both gears.
Descriptive
Art Booklet
free.

EADIE MFG. CO., LTD.,
Dept. 3.

REDDITCH.

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.

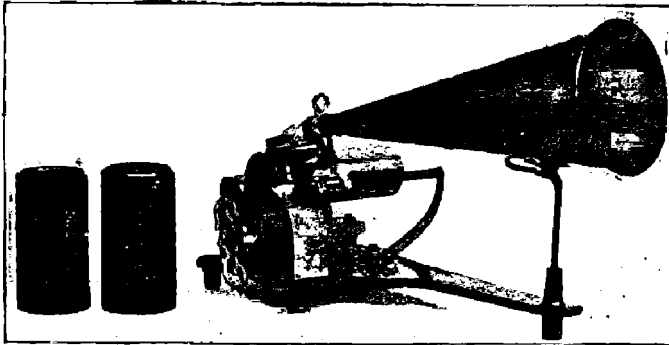
The Daisy Air Rifle is of handsome appearance, being fitted with
walnut stock, nickel-plated steel barrel, improved sights, &c.

NO POWDER,
SMOKE,
DANGER,
NOISE.

Price 4s. each.
SOLD
EVERYWHERE.

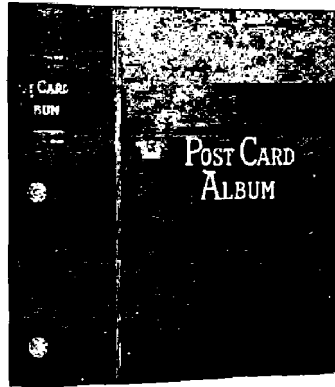
"CAPTAIN" PRIZES

See page 572 if you want to win any of these Prizes.

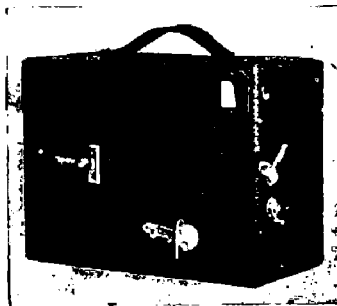


Three of these New Columbia Graphophones are awarded as prizes to the winners of "TWELVE BEST FEATURES" Competition. See page 572.

We are awarding Six of these High-class Post-card Albums to the Winners of Competition No. 2, "COMIC SENTENCE."

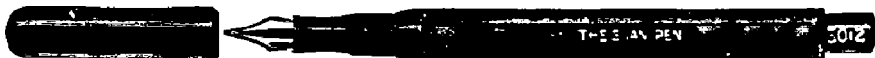


Three of these Bonet-fink Cricket Bats (or Tennis Racquets) are given as prizes in our "PHOTOGRAPHIC" Competition.



Three of these 10- "Scout" Hand Cameras are awarded as prizes in our "COMIC SENTENCE" Competition.

Three of these "Imperial Driver" Bats, made by Messrs. H. Cradidge and Sons, are given away as prizes in Competition No. 3.



Two of these 10,6 "Swan" Fountain Pens are awarded as prizes to the winners of our "POETS AND THE SPRING" Competition.

WE ALSO GIVE NUMEROUS CONSOLATION PRIZES IN ALL COMPETITIONS.

H. GRADIDGE & SONS,

Manufacturers and Exporters of all articles used in FOOTBALL and HOCKEY.

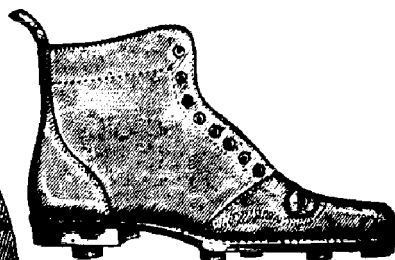
A very large assortment of all kinds of STICKS, BOOTS, SHIRTS, SHINGUARDS, BALLS, &c., &c.



Shirts from 2/3.

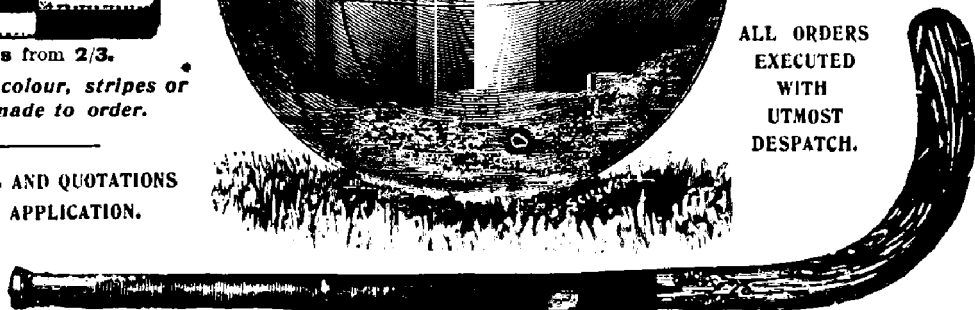
Shirts, any colour, stripes or halves, made to order.

PRICE LISTS AND QUOTATIONS
FREE ON APPLICATION.



All Chrome Boots, 8/6,
10/6, and 12/6.

ALL ORDERS
EXECUTED
WITH
UTMOST
DESPATCH.



Factory:—Artillery Place, Woolwich, S.E.

BOYS! See that you get a "Coquet" Phonograph.

This is the Machine
that gives the . . .

SONGS . . .

BAND EFFECTS . . .

COMIC STORIES, &c.,

Without that Jarring,
Scraping Noise . . .
which always lets
you know you . . .
are listening to a
Machine, and not
the real thing . . .



Price £2 2s., which
includes :

- ONE HORN No. 441.
- ONE PATHÉ REPRO-
DUCER.
- ONE PATHÉ RECORDER
- ONE INTERMEDIATE
MANDREL.
- ONE "ORPHEUS"
ATTACHMENT.

This Model runs two
Cylinders at one Winding.

MUSIC is what we give you

SCIENCE can go no further

Before choosing a Phonograph be sure you hear what the "Coquet" can do, and you will buy no other. And the records, too, there is a splendid selection from which to make a choice. Just glance at this abbreviated list.

MESDAMES KIRKBY LUNN, ADA REEVE, HILDA MOODY; MESSRS. BEN DAVIES, ANDREW BLACK, THE MEISTER GLEE SINGERS; the BAND OF H.M. GRENADIER GUARDS; and the GARDE REPUBLICAINE, PARIS; MESSRS. H. G. KNOWLES, HARRY LAUDER, HARRY FORD, BURT SHEPARD, &c., &c., &c.

The "Coquet" and our artistic records can be obtained of the principal Music and Talking Machine dealers throughout the United Kingdom; if any difficulty, write direct to

PATHÉ FRÈRES (LONDON), Ltd.,

Manufacturers of the "PERFECTA" Phonographs, and Cinematographs, &c.,

14, 16, 18 LAMB'S CONDUIT STREET, HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.



**Guy's
Tonic**

Indigestion & Weakness.

A Nurse's Experience:—

Miss H. Harding, of Brechin Place, South Kensington, London, W., writes on 14th December, 1903:—

"Guy's Tonic has indeed done wonders for me. I can now eat anything, and by following the hints you give with every bottle of Guy's Tonic, I have quite got rid of the Indigestion I suffered with so long. I have already recommended Guy's Tonic to some of my friends. Not only did Guy's Tonic cure me of Indigestion, but as a Tonic for general Weakness I have found it all I could wish for. Shall certainly take Guy's Tonic in future when needing a Restorative."

When you cannot sit down to eat without misgivings as to whether the meal will agree with you, take a dose of Guy's Tonic afterwards. The Food will be digested without Pain or Discomfort, and all the Nutriment it contains will be Absorbed to Strengthen and Nourish the System generally.

Continue with Guy's Tonic for one Week—three doses a day—and your Digestive Organs will be capable of performing their work efficiently without help. This means better Appetite, good Digestion, stronger Nerves, purer Blood, greater Mental and Physical power and improved Health. Is not such an inexpensive treatment worth a trial? Commence to-day.

For Indigestion, Guy's Tonic is the most Successful Remedy known. For Weakness and General Debility there is no better Restorative. If you suffer from either of these Ailments you are advised to take Guy's Tonic—it never fails. A Six-Ounce Bottle of Guy's Tonic is sold by Chemists and Stores everywhere at 1s. 1½d.

AAA

Thos. A. Edison recommends this Institute to YOU.



ARE YOU SATISFIED?

With your present position and your present wages? Do you want to get out of the overcrowded and poorly-paid trades, and enter a paying profession? If so, let us tell you how to do it. Our interesting booklet,

"CAN I BECOME AN ELECTRICAL OR MECHANICAL ENGINEER?"

which we send free to all, explains how we have been the means of enabling thousands in all walks of life all over the world to improve their position, increase their wages, and spell success throughout their life.

We teach you by post direct to your home and in your spare time. Electrical Engineering, Mechanical Engineering, Steam Engineering, Mechanical Drawing, Electric Lighting, Electric Tramways, Short Electrical Course, Electric Motorman's Course, Dynamo Tender's Course, Telephony, Telegraphy, &c., &c. Our terms are low and within the reach of everybody.

We are recommended by the great Edison and the leading engineers of the day. If you want to advance in life, write for our interesting booklet. We send it you free.

The Electrical Engineer Institute of Correspondence Instruction,
494 Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.

REPLATE YOUR BICYCLE HANDLE.

For
1/3
only.

You can Replate your own Bicycle with **Herbert's Reliable Plating Solution**. It is easy to apply, makes old machines like new, it never rusts. 1s. 3d. Carriage paid with full instructions.

Our Gem Bicycle Plating Outfit, 2 6 complete

Does splendid work, no trouble in use, no battery required, most useful outfit, full instructions given with it. 2s. 6d. Carriage Paid.

HERBERTS & CO. (Plating Dept 10),
Urmston, Nr. Manchester.

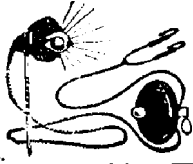
ELECTRIC SCARF PIN.

Latest Novelty Out! Handsome Pin, together with Connections, Push, and Battery complete. **Best Three-Cell Batteries only used.** Will last for months.

Price complete and post free, 3/6 ca.

Extra Batteries, 1/2 each, post free.

FRANK CLARKE, 66 Great Charles St.
1 Min. from Snow-hill Station, Birmingham.



TUITION BY CORRESPONDENCE

Matriculation, B.A., and B.Sc. Examinations.
Civil Service Appointments, Law, Medical and other Preliminaries.

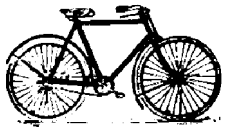
Tuition in any subject:—Latin, Greek, French, German, Italian, Mathematics, Mechanics, Physics, Chemistry, Psychology, Logic, Political Economy, Book-keeping, &c. Tutors Graduates of Oxford, Cambridge, London & Royal Universities.

Address: **MR. J. CHARLESTON, B.A.,**

Surlington Correspondence College, 8, Crescent Grove, Clapham Common, London, S.W.

SPECIAL 1904 MODELS.

A RELIABLE CYCLE sent on APPROVAL.



REFLEX CLIPPER TYRES.
BOWDEN BRAKE.

HYDE BALL BEARING FREE
WHEEL. Brampton's Chain.

Plated Hollow Rims, Middlemoor Saddle,
Front Rim Brake, Mudguards, &c. &c.
Send for sample on Approval.

SOUND BARGAINS.
LADIES' CYCLES, 7 6 extra. **£6 6 0** FULLY GUARANTEED.
THE NATIONAL CYCLE CO., CROWLE.
Compare with any £10 10 0 Machine.

ODD & SONS,

. Cricket Bat .
Manufacturers

*Cricket, Football, Tennis, Golf,
and General Sports Outfitters,*

55, NORTH END, CROYDON,

AND

111, HIGH ST., SUTTON, SURREY.

FACTORY:—

WILLOW WORKS, SUTTON.

C. B. Fry in a recent number of the "Captain" says:—"Odd & Sons are Famous Bat Makers. Their bats have been much used by County Cricketers."

Illustrated Price Lists Post Free.

Indispensable to the Cyclist or the Pedestrian. The Ordnance Survey of the British Isles in Miniature.

THE HANDY TOURING ATLAS of the BRITISH ISLES.

120 pages of Fully Coloured Maps and Plans, specially prepared by J. G. BARTHOLOMEW, F.R.G.S., showing all Roads, Villages, and Hamlets. Reduced by permission from the Ordnance Survey. With table of Routes and Distances. 6 in. by 4 in. Cloth, 1s. net; limp lambskin, 2s. net.

THE HANDY SHILLING ATLAS of the WORLD.

Containing 120 Fully Coloured Maps by J. G. BARTHOLOMEW, and a Gazetteer of the World with 10,000 entries. Uniform in size with The Handy Touring Atlas.

While useful for the pocket or desk, it also fulfils the requirement of a School Atlas in compact form. Cloth, 1s. net.

GEORGE NEWNES, LTD., 3-12 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, LONDON.

THE
3 Speed Gear
 WILL MAKE 1904 A
3 Speed Year

The IDEAL COMBINATION
 FOR CYCLISTS WILL BE A



From £10 10 0 cash.

RALEIGH

Fitted with **The Sturmey-Archer 3 Speed Gear.**
 You may learn all about this wonderful invention by reading "The Book of the Raleigh," gratis and post free from *The Raleigh Cycle Co., Ltd., Nottingham; 41, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.*
 5, Leinster St., Dublin; 4-49, Bury St., Liverpool; Dally Mall Buildings, 178, Deansgate, Manchester; Lennard's Bldgs., Clifton, Bristol; Babington Bldgs., St. Peter's Street, Derby; 6, London Road, Leicester; and from Agents every where.

The 3 Speed Gear may be fitted to any make of cycle.
 Particulars from—
The 3 SPEED GEAR SYNDICATE, LTD., Lenton, Nottingham.

Build yourself a

YACHT

Your name and address on a
Penny Post Card
 will bring a copy of our
How-To Catalogue
 Write for it to-day

The Rudder Publishing Co.

9 Murray Street, New York, U.S.A.

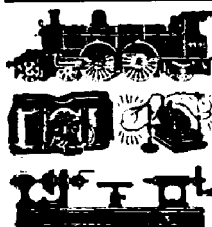
29
 YEARS' SUCCESS.
 THE
 UNIVERSAL REMEDY
 FOR
**Coughs, Colds,
 Asthma, Bronchitis,
 Influenza, Whooping-
 Cough, Hoarseness, &c.**

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.**

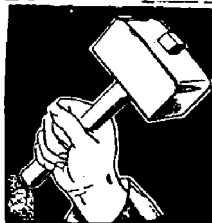
Sold everywhere
 in bottles, at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d.,
 4s. 6d., & 11s.

COPYRIGHT.



"THE MODEL ENGINEER AND 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, 3d., to any part of the world. — PERCIVAL MARSHALL & CO., 26c Poppins Court, Fleet St., London, 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 Woodworking.

Original Artistic Designs and Working Drawings are a Special Feature.

Send for Specimen Copy, post free 3d.
PERCIVAL MARSHALL & CO.,
 26c Poppins Court, Fleet St., London, E.C.

50 1d. Picture Post Cards 1/6

Printed in art colors on thick card, delightful variety. Stock limited. Write at once. Money back if not satisfied.

Nevill Novelty Co., 28 Mill Road, Eastbourne, N

Bought or Exchanged:—

**OLD BOOKS,
 OLD PICTURES,
 OLD PRINTS.**

Send particulars to **WRIGHT & CO.,**
 2, AMEN CORNER, E.C., for Best Prices.

Rules of all Indoor and Outdoor Games, 2d.
FOOTBALL RULES, with instructions to Players, Referees, &c., Post Free, 2½d.





A Magazine for Boys and "Old Boys."

C. B. Fry.
Athletic Editor.

(With which is Incorporated the "Public School Magazine.")

The Old Fag.
Editor.

Contents for March, 1904.

	PAGE
A COMBAT A OUTRANCE	<i>Back of Frontispiece</i>
WHEN THE HORSE WAS ALMOST UPON HIM, ETAPA FIRED	<i>Frontispiece</i>
ACROSS THE WILDERNESS. (CONCLUSION.)	FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS 485
Illustrated by E. F. SKINNER.	
MODELS AND MODEL MAKING. (PART III)	ARCHIBALD WILLIAMS 502
With Illustrations from Diagrams by the Author.	
JUNIOR CLERKS. (POEM.)	ARTHUR STANLEY 507
A LOCUM TENENS	STUART WISHING 508
Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.	
HOW WILD ANIMALS ARE TRAINED	HAROLD J. SHEPSTONE 513
With Illustrations from Photographs.	
THE LOAFER	H. HERVEY 520
Illustrated by GEORGE SOPER.	
"THE CAPTAIN" PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERY	526
THE ATHLETIC CORNER. (WHY SOME SCHOOLS FAIL.)	C. B. FRY 528
And Answers to Correspondents.	

EXERCISE discretion when buying pencils

The Best Pencils for all Purposes. Artistic, Business, Photographic, or Scholastic, are

HARDTMUTH'S KOH-I-NOOR.

Of Stationers, Artists' Colourmen, Photographic Dealers, &c.
Delightful Booklet, Illustrated in three colours, about "Koh-I-Noor" Pencils, post free for the asking.

L. & C. HARDTMUTH, 12, Golden Lane, London, E.C.

The Most Accurate Movements Made.

WALTHAM WATCHES.

12,000,000 are now in Daily Use.

The Waltham Watches are recognised by experts to be the most accurate timekeepers made. A Waltham Watch is the best in every part, and Jewellers have come to recognise them as standard timekeepers. Waltham Watches are made in several grades, and the aim is to give sterling value and exact timekeeping qualities in each. Jewellers and Watchmakers show the Waltham Watch.

Booklet No. 32 is all about Waltham Watches, post free.

We specially recommend the "Riverside Maximus," the "Vanguard," the "Riverside," and the "Royal."

ROBBINS & APPLETON (Wholesale only to the Trade).
25 High Holborn, London, W.C.

Contents—continued.

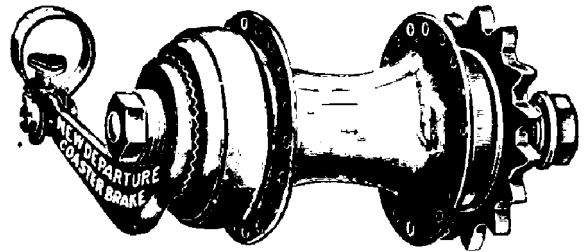
MUTINY	CAPTAIN FRANK H. SHAW	535
Illustrated by PAUL HARDY.		
THE STAMP COLLECTOR. (NEW ZEALAND: WATERLOW SERIES.)	E. J. NANKIVELL	538
With Illustrations.		
"MY FAVOURITE QUOTATION"		543
INDIAN SCHOOLS AND SCHOOLBOYS	CECIL M. BARROW	544
With Illustrations from Photos.		
HANDICAPPED	ARTHUR STANLEY	547
THE NATURALISTS' CORNER	EDWARD STEU, F.L.S.	548
With Illustrations.		
THE GOLD BAT. (CONCLUSION.)	P. G. WODEHOUSE	550
Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.		
SCHOOL MAGAZINES REVIEWED		560
TENNYSON'S ULYSSES	"GOLCONDA"	562
AN OLD-TIME STORY	B. E. MACLEOD	563
Illustrated by CHARLES HORRELL.		
"CAPTAIN" CAMERA CORNER	THE PHOTOGRAPHIC EDITOR	566
"CAPTAIN" CLUB CONTRIBUTIONS		568
"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR MARCH		572
"THE OLD FAG." (EDITORIAL.)		573
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS		575
RESULTS OF JANUARY COMPETITIONS		577

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., VIII., IX., and X. 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, 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.

The Pleasure and Sport you will derive from Your New Machine

will depend entirely upon the kind of accessories you have it fitted with. Nothing is so important as the free wheel and brake, and it is absolutely essential that these indispensable adjuncts are the best and most trustworthy that can be procured. If you insist upon the maker fitting a



New Departure Coaster Hub

you may rest assured that you have THE MOST EFFICIENT and TRUSTWORTHY FREE WHEEL AND BRAKE YET INVENTED. If you have already used one, you can testify to the truth of this assertion—if you haven't, then you have a real treat in store.

No matter what make of machine you order, specify a **NEW DEPARTURE HUB.** It can be fitted to any known make of bicycle or tandem, old or new, at a very moderate cost.

Bear in mind that you have nothing to risk. It is the original and most advanced device of its kind, and is guaranteed for a year from date of purchase against everything but accidents.

Largest sale in the world.

Hundreds of testimonials.

Send postcard for booklet (Address Dept. N):

BROWN BROTHERS, LIMITED, Gt. Eastern Street, London, E.C.

DEANSGATE, MANCHESTER.

To properly lubricate the New Departure Hub, use only "NEW DEPARTURE LUBRICANT."



POST FREE

to any
address



Apply at once:
RUDGE-WHITWORTH, Ltd.,

Head-Office:
COVENTRY.



**The RUDGE-WHITWORTH
ART CATALOGUE for 1904.**

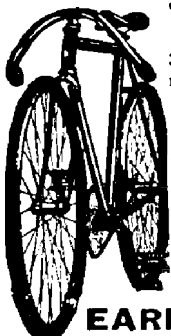
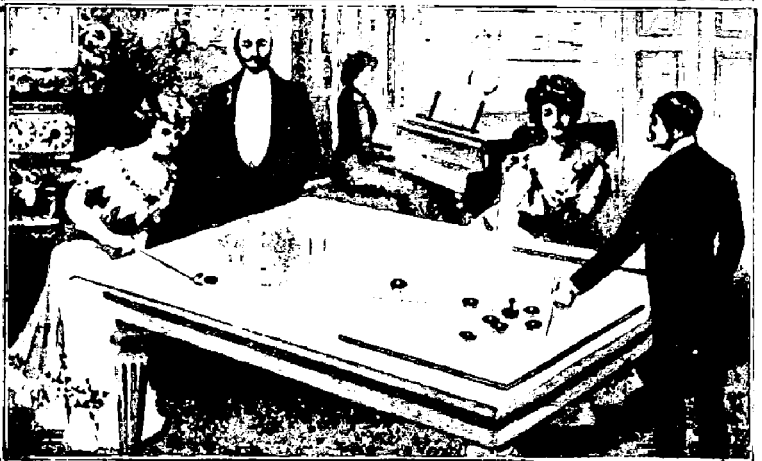
The newest Indoor Game,
only perfected this month.

“CHUCK-CHUCK”

Price 2/6; 5/-; 7/6.

For further particulars of
this and other New Games,
send Postcard to:—

COOK'S ATHLETIC CO.,
BARBICAN COURT, LONDON.



TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL

Allowed on every cycle bought of us. Your money
with carriage charges refunded without question if
not perfectly satisfactory. Highest grade fully warranted

BRITISH MADE CYCLES
£2 10 to £6.

LATEST MODELS. New Departure Free Wheel and
Hub Brake. Best Makes Tyres, and best equipment
throughout.

200 Second-hand Cycles, all makes,
good as new,
£1 to £2 10.

Great Factory Clearing Sale at half factory
prices.

EARN A CYCLE taking orders from sample
machine furnished by us.
Active Agents wanted in each district. Large profits easily
made. Write at once for free catalogues and our special offer. Tyres,
Sundries, Sewing Machines, Phonographs, &c., at half prices.

MEAD CYCLE CO. (Dept. 43r),
85-91 Paradise Street, Liverpool;
19 Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.

**TO SCHOOL MUSEUMS
AND COLLECTORS.**

For Sale, 1,300 Species of British Lepidoptera, 2,000
Species of British Coleoptera, &c. List, one stamp,
from

Mr. A. FORD,
Hillside, Sunnyhill Road, Boscombe, Hants.



TERRY'S PATENT EXERCISER.
Absolutely Free.

We are giving away a Terry's Patent Exer-
ciser to all who submit a bright idea for
advertising "IDEAL HEALTH."

This book tells you how to get strong.
Sent to intending competitors for 1/1 (post
free). Supply limited—send early.

C. HIGHWATER & CO.,
No. 84 The Exchange, Southwark, London.

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 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/-

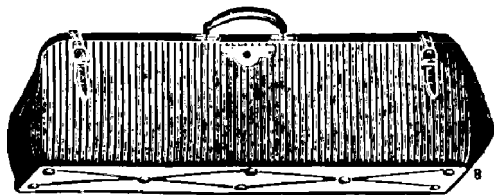
Postage, 7d.

CRICKET BALLS.

Duke's SUPER... ..	5/3
Dark's CROWN	6/-
GRASSHOPPER	4/10
Benetfink's Practice, 3-seam	3/6
Ditto, B.C.B. (Warranted)... ..	4/8
Ditto, Ditto, Boys'... ..	3/1
Wisden's Special School Boys'	3/10
Ditto, Crown Match Ball	5/-
Per dozen, 57/-.	Post free.
"Eclipse" Compo., 5½ 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.

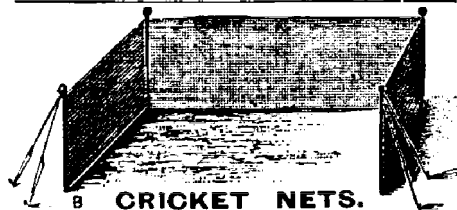


CRICKET BATS.

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, Odd, Bryan, Gardiner, and Nicolls.



CRICKET NETS.

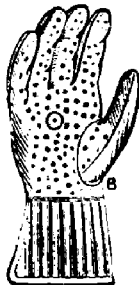
BACK NETS ONLY, With Poles, Lines, & Pegs.	18 ft. by 6 ft.	18 ft. by 7 ft.	18 ft. by 8 ft.
	7/11 nett.	9/- nett.	9/10 nett.
WITH SIDE WINGS (as illustration). With Poles, Lines, and Pegs.	42 ft. by 6 ft.	42 ft. by 7 ft.	42 ft. by 8 ft.
	17/9 nett.	19/10 nett.	22/- nett.

STEAM TARRED.

19/6	22/6	25/6
------	------	------

WICKET-KEEPING GLOVES.

Men's Chamois, 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.

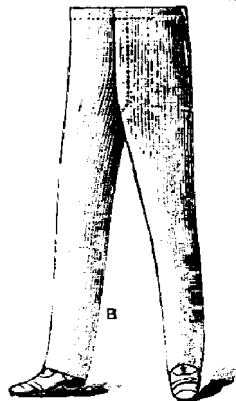
	Boys'.	Men's.
White Flannel, shrunk,	4/6, 5/6, 7/6,	4/11, 5/11, 7/11
Best Quality Flannel, well shrunk,		9/11 nett.
Best White Doe Cloth, guaranteed not to shrink		15/6
Plain Grey or Striped Flannel		7/6, 10/6
White Drill		5/11, 7/6

Postage, 4d. each 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.

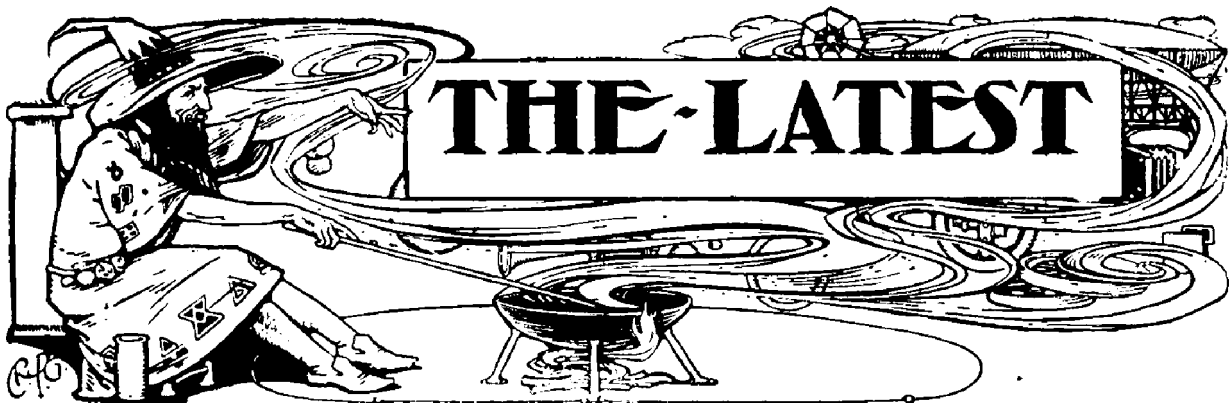


The "UNIVERSAL" White Canvas	Men's. 4/11
The "SPECIAL," White Mock Buck, Spiked, equal in wear and appearance to real Buck (as illustration)	8/11
The "MARVLEBONE" Buck Dressed Pyramid Spikes	10/6
The "LORDS" Real Buck Skin, Guaranteed Machine Welled, equal to Hand Sewn, Pyramid Spikes	16/6

Postage under 10/-, 5d. pair.

89, 90,
107 & 108,

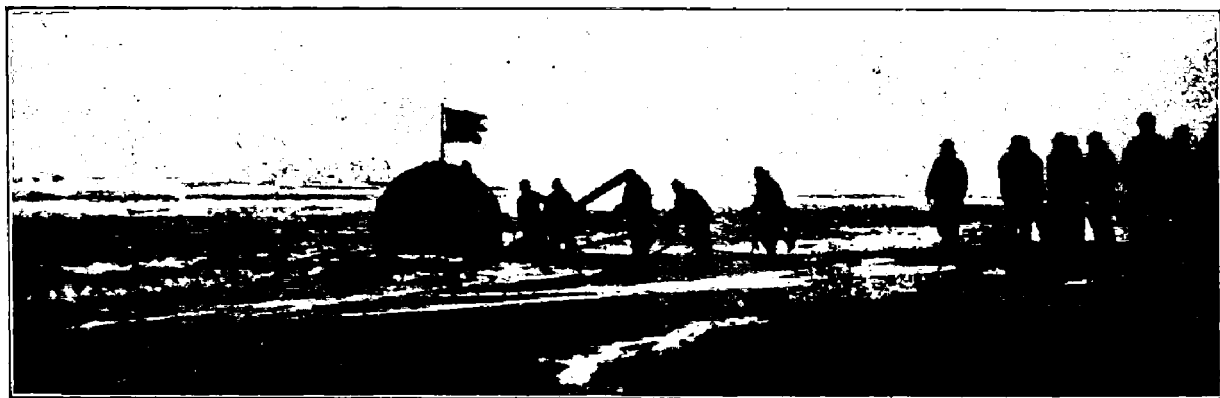
CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.



The Latest in Lifeboats.

A lifeboat that can be lowered into the angriest sea without danger of swamping or overturning, has recently made its appearance

road motor cars, by which this enterprising line is bringing outlying villages into direct communication with the nearest railway stations. This innovation has been much appreciated.



By permission of Messrs.]

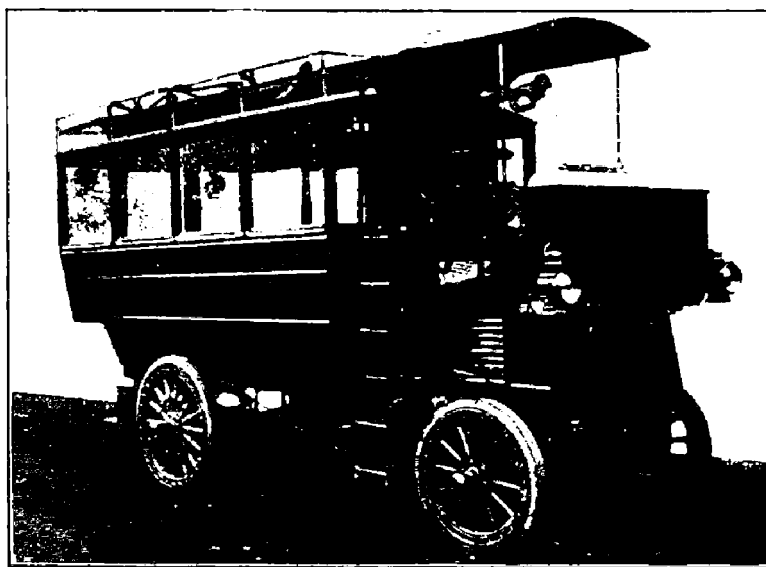
CAPTAIN DÖNVIG'S LIFE-SAVING GLOBE.

[Johnsen and Jespersen.

in the shape of Captain Dönvig's life-saving globe. Trials with this apparatus have taken place in the Cattegat, notorious for its squally weather. In the accompanying photograph it looks like a large ball floating in the sea, but in reality it is twenty feet in diameter, and inside there is room for about eighteen people. During extensive trials the life-saving globe so successfully established its stability and sea-worthiness that a steamer running between Sweden and this country has already been fitted with similar apparatus.

The De Brouwer Coal Projector.

It has long been the wish of gas engineers



Railways and Motor Cars.

Last summer we illustrated a "rail motor car" on the London and South Western Railway, and now, by the courtesy of the North Eastern Railway Company, we are enabled to publish a photograph showing one of the recently built

ONE OF THE NORTH EASTERN RAILWAY'S POWERFUL ROAD MOTOR CARS.



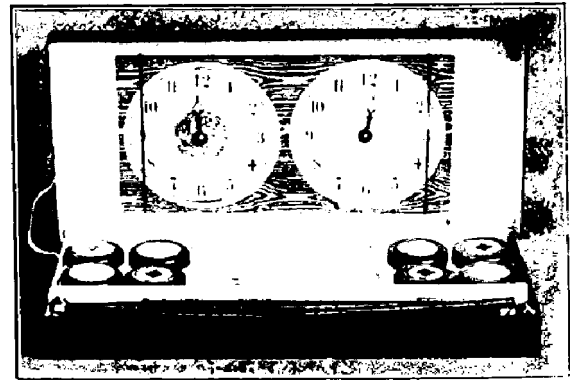
TWO VIEWS SHOWING THE DE BROUWER COAL PROJECTOR AS USED AT THE DERBY GASWORKS.

to obtain a machine for charging retorts which shall be at once simple in character and efficient, most of the existing machines of this description being both cumbersome and intricate. This want has now been supplied by M. De Brouwer, the engineer of the Bruges Gas Works, Holland. By means of the elevator shown in one of the accompanying photographs, the coal is lifted to the conveyor, which runs over the top of and feeds the overhead hoppers. Of these there is one in front of every retort, and each has a door at the bottom, which is released by a lever when the time arrives for a fresh charge. This method is much superior to hand charging, and the coal is laid on in a more even layer than is possible by the older method. Messrs. W. J. Jenkins and Co., Ltd., the well-

known engineers of Retford, have the sole right of erecting these projectors in England.

The Latest in Games.

In these pages we have recently referred to several amusing new games. Their names sometimes have been curious, to say the least of it (the latest arrival is called "Chuck-chuck"), but that has not made them any less worthy of notice. "Chuck-chuck" is a table game that makes a winter's evening pass away all too quickly. It may be played by any number of players up to eight. We have also received yet another indoor cricket game. This one has the happy title of "Cricket on the Hearth," and its makers and sole patentees are Messrs. Proctor Bros., Call Lane, Leeds.



THE NEW "CHUCK-CHUCK" GAME.



This photograph shows one of the new electric trains which will soon be running between Liverpool and Southport on the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway. Just as the steam locomotive gradually replaced the old stage coach, so the former in its turn seems destined to be ousted from its present proud position by the "electrified" railway.

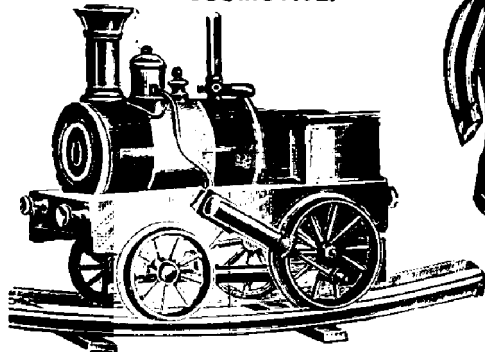
City Sale & Exchange

FOOTBALLS.



The Rival (Match Size) 4/3
 „ Ludgate „ „ 5/6
 „ Farrington „ „ 6/6
 „ Practice „ „ 7/6
 „ Exchange „ „ 8/6
 „ Salex „ „ 9/6
 „ Fleet „ „ 10/6
 „ Rival (No. 2) 2/6
 „ (No. 3) 3/-
 „ Ludgate (No. 3) 3/9
 „ Farrington (No. 3) 4/6
 Postage 4d. under 10/.

STEAM LOCOMOTIVE.



All Brass, Copper Guards, Water Gauge, Safety Valve, Whistle, as illustration. Length over all, 7 1/2 in., complete with 12 1/2 ft. of Circular Rails, 9/6.
 Ditto, 9 1/2 in., ditto, 15 ft. ditto, 13/9.
 Ditto, with Tender, 17 1/2 in. ditto, 22 ft. ditto, 21/6. Post Free.

Full Illustrated List Post Free.
 Mention "The Captain."



FOOTBALL SHIRTS.
 Flannelette, any Colours, Plain, Stripes, or Halves, 1/10.
 Superior do., 2/6.
 Postage 3d.

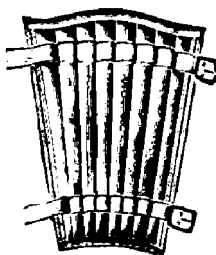
FOOTBALL KNICKERS.
 Navy Blue, or White Swansdown, 1/4, 1/11, 2/11 per pair. Postage 3d.
 Special Reduction for Dozens of Football Shirts and Knickers.

FOOTBALL BOOTS.



Per pair.
 Stout Russet Hide (Boys) 4/11
 Ditto (Men's) 5/11
 Superior Quality 7/11
 Scotch Chrome 8/6, 10/6
 Postage 6d.

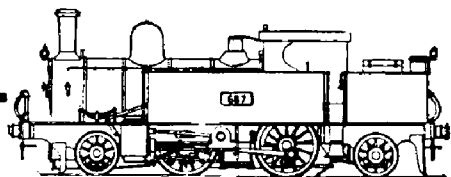
FOOTBALL SHIN GUARDS.



9/4d., 1/-, 1/6, 2/3, & 3/6 per pair. Postage 3d.

COMPLETE WITH BEST RED RUBBER BLADDERS.

90, 91, 93, & 94
FLEET ST., LONDON, E.C.



LOCOMOTIVES

All readers of the "Captain" interested in Railway matters should write for a list and selection of F. Moore's photographs of locomotives, on approval. The collection includes over 20,000 varieties taken in all parts of the world. SPECIAL OFFER.—Magnificent bound volume containing over 1,000 illustrations of locomotives, also 3 beautiful coloured plates; post free 16 stamps. Only one volume sent to each applicant.

THE LOCOMOTIVE PUBLISHING CO., LTD.,
 3 Amen Corner, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

ROYAL ENFIELD JUVENILES

"MADE LIKE A GUN"

£6 : 15 : 0

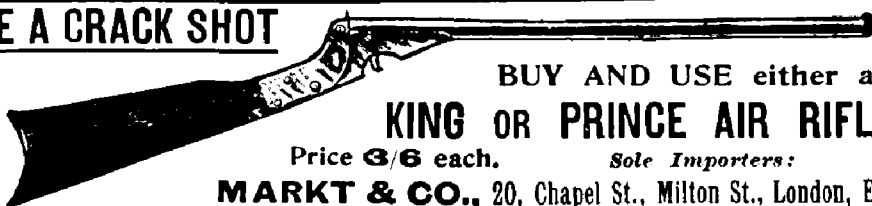
The Enfield Art Booklet is Free of all our Agents, or Direct.

The ENFIELD CYCLE Co., Ltd. (Dept. 18), Redditch.

HOW TO BECOME A CRACK SHOT

SHOOTS
 DARTS
 OR
 B B SHOT.

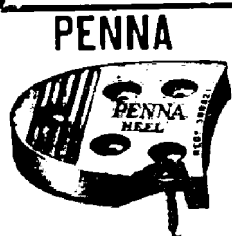
Write for Booklets.



BUY AND USE either a
KING OR PRINCE AIR RIFLE.

Price 3/6 each. Sole Importers:

MARKT & CO., 20, Chapel St., Milton St., London, E.C.



PENNA ELASTIC RUBBER HEELS.
 DON'T SLIP OR SPLASH.
ARE UP-TO-DATE. being the PIONEER, and the best made on purely Hygienic principles to relieve the NERVOUS SYSTEM. No rotary movement to retard progress, STRAIN or TURN the ANKLE. Will outwear several leather heels and save the soles from friction and wear. They are ECONOMY and COMFORT. BEWARE OF CLUMSY IMITATION. Ask your shoemaker for PENNA HEELS and see PENNA on each heel. Ladies: 9d. Men's: 1/3 per pair. Write for pamphlet.—Howison, 4 Snow Hill, London.

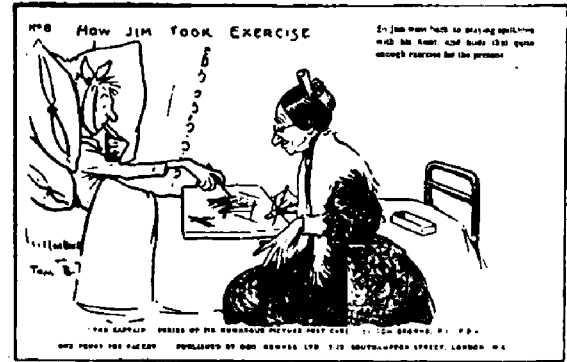
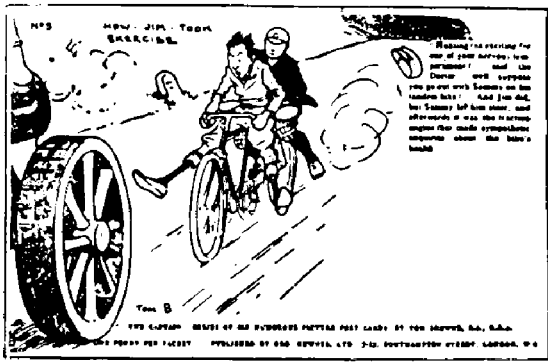
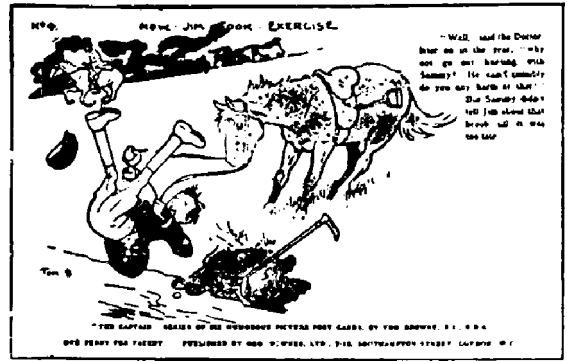
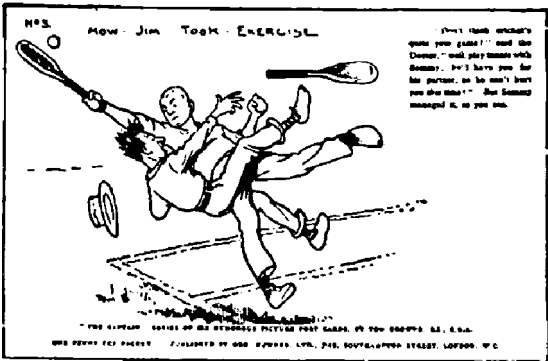
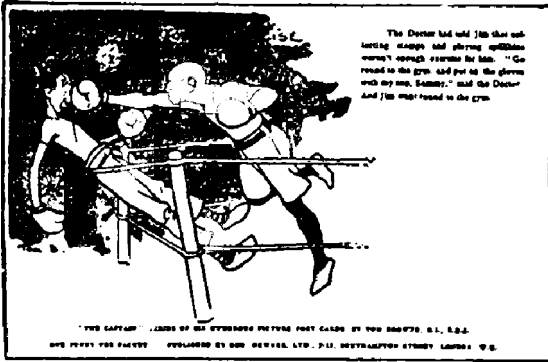
DENNISON'S
 The City House for
WALTHAM
WATCHES.
 Illustrated Price List post free.
6 CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.

"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.



**WHEN
IN
TRAINING
USE**

Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED
Cocoa

"No Better Food." —Dr. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., &c.

A HANDY WATCH AT A HANDY PRICE . .

Just the Watch
for Work, School,
or Office . . .

THOROUGHLY RECOMMENDED
AND WARRANTED PERFECT.

Sent Post Free on Receipt
of P.O. 7,6, by
THE SWIFT WATCH CO.,
COVENTRY.

The "SWAN"
Fountain Pen
LEADS THE WAY

Catalogue Free
10/6 16/6 25/- to £20
Post free



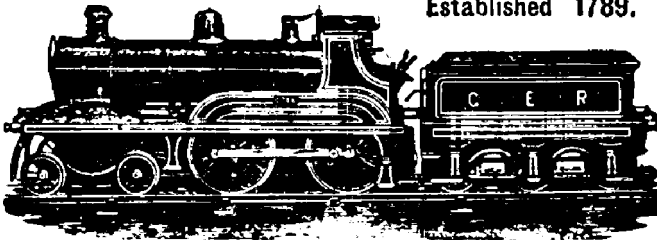
OF ALL
STATIONERS
AND
JEWELLERS

83, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.
65a, REGENT STREET, LONDON
1, EXCHANGE STREET,
MANCHESTER
BREYANOS, 27, AVENUE DE L'OPERA, PARIS

MABIE,
TODD & BARD

WORKING MODEL STEAM ENGINES & CLYDE BUILT MODEL RACING YACHTS.

Established 1789.



SPLENDID MODELS OF BRITISH ENGINES, with Tender complete. L. & N.W. Ry., G.N. Ry., C. & S.W. Ry., C. Ry., G.E. Ry., M. Ry., N.E. Ry., &c. Scale Models, correctly Lined and Lettered in colours of railway company they represent. Tested under steam. Unparalleled.

Gauge	Length	With 12 ft. Oval Railroad	17/6 Carriage free
I.	16 1/2 in.	16 ft.	33/-
II.	22 in.	24 ft.	63/-
III.	25 in.	30 ft.	80/-
IV.	28 in.	36 ft.	100/-
V.	33 in.	42 ft.	112/-

Write to-day for our Complete Illustrated List of above and all kinds of Engines, Fittings, Castings, Yachts, Ships' Fittings, Steering Gear, Dynamos, Motors, Coils, Electric Light Fittings, and all the latest Scientific Novelties; contains over 600 splendid Engravings, post free 6d. Special Illustrated Yacht List, post free, One Stamp.

CLYDE MODEL DOCKYARD AND ENGINE DEPOT,

Model Yacht Builders, Engineers, and
Electricians,

ARGYLL ARCADE,

Contractors to
the Admiralty.



**SPECIAL PRIZE
DESIGN YACHTS.**
Built of Yellow
Pine and Teak,
planked alternately
and riveted on
Ash Kile, with
Patent Brass Quad-
rant Steering Gear,
&c. (as illustrated),
with Stand,
Complete.
Length of Deck:—
30 in. . . . 40/-
36 in. . . . 45/6
42 in. . . . 55/6
Carriage
free.

OUR FAMED CLYDE-BUILT MODEL RACING YACHTS are now too well known to require description. Each one Tested in water under full sail and guaranteed.

No.	Length of Deck	7/6 Carriage free.
1.	16 in.	9/9
2.	18 in.	11/6
3.	20 in.	14/-
4.	21 in.	16/-
5.	22 in.	18/6
6.	23 in.	22/6
7.	24 in.	22/6

No 1. is Bermuda rig, the others Cutter rig; and Nos. 4, 5, 6, and 7 have Flying Jib, and beautifully varnished spars, extra.

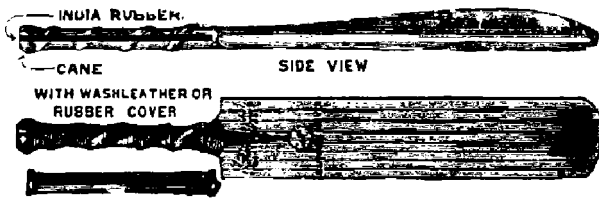
GLASGOW, N.B.

JOHN PIGGOTT, LTD., 117 & 118 CHEAPSIDE & MILK ST., LONDON, E.C.

SEND FOR SPECIAL CRICKET LIST, SENT POST FREE.

(Dept. J.

CRICKET & GENERAL SPORTS OUTFITTERS, CLUBS SUPPLIED.



OUR WORLD FAMOUS SURREY DRIVER.
 Youths, No. 6, 12/9 each. Full size, 15/9.
 Other Bats, 4/11, 6/9, 8/9, 10/6, 12/9.
 All Warranted.

YOUTHS' WHITE FLANNEL-ETTE CRICKET TROUSERS,
 3/6 per pair.

WHITE OR GREY FLANNEL CRICKET TROUSERS,
 5/-, 5/6, 6/-, 6/11 per pair,
 Postage 4d.

WHITE FLANNELLETTE SHIRTS,
 1/11 each.
 Postage, 3d.

WHITE FLANNEL SHIRTS,
 3/6, 4/11 each.

WHITE OXFORD SHIRTS,
 1/11, 2/6 each.

SWEATERS,
 2/3, 2/11, 3/11 each.
 Postage, 3d.

OUR NEW CRICKET JACKET
 Plain Colour ground, with different colour pin Stripes, 3/9 each.
 Postage, 3d.

YOUTHS' CRICKET SHOES.

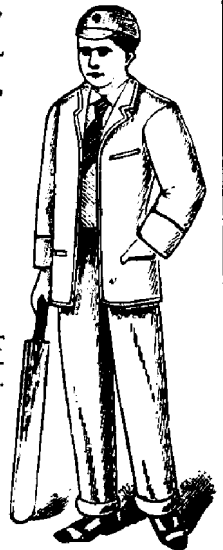
White Canvas, with Leather Facings, 4/3 and 4/11 per pair.

CANVAS CRICKET BOOTS,
 Fluted Soles, 2/11 per pair.
 Plain Rubber, 5/11 per pair.

WHITE BUCKSKIN BOOTS,
 8/11, 10/6 per pair.

CRICKET BAGS, 3/11, 5/3, 7/6, 9/6 each.
 Postage, 6d.

CRICKET BELTS, 10d., 1/-, 1/6 each.
 Postage, 2d.



JOHN PIGGOTT'S BOUNDARY BALL, Specially Selected Hide Covers. Best Cork and Worsted Quilts. 5/3 each, 30/- 4-doz.
YOUTHS' BATTING GLOVES,
 2/9 per pair.

CRICKET BALLS.
 2/3, 3/3, 4/6, 4/11 each.
 Postage, 3d.

COMPOSITION BALLS.

Boy's, 4 1/2-oz.	8d. each.
Men's "J.P.", 5 1/2-oz.	9d. "
" " "Crescent," 5 1/2-oz.	10d. "
" " "J.P." Match	18 "
" " "Eclipse"	19 "

CRICKET STUMPS.

Special Value Every Stump Guaranteed Full Match Size.

	Per Set.
Youths' Polished Ash Stumps	1/11
Best Ash, Polished	2/6
" " "brass bound	3/-

Balls are supplied with each set.

Cadbury's Cocoa

Absolutely Pure - therefore Best

REFRESHING AND SUSTAINING.

HEALTH says:

"Cadbury's Cocoa has in a remarkable degree those natural elements of sustenance which give the system endurance and hardihood, building up muscle and bodily vigour."

Dr. ANDREW WILSON says:

"Cocoa in itself is an excellent and nutritious food, and it should be used in a perfectly pure state."

The MEDICAL ANNUAL says:

"Cadbury's is a perfectly pure Cocoa of the highest quality."

PITMAN'S

Prospectus (60 pages, illustrated) on application to the Secretary, gratis and post free.

SOUTHAMPTON ROW, LONDON, W.C.

METROPOLITAN

SCHOOL

PRACTICAL TRAINING FOR BUSINESS LIFE,
 For Private Secretaryships; for the Merchant's Office; for posts as Foreign Correspondents, Book-keepers, Clerks, &c., for Civil Service and other Exams.